

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
 As the leaves that were crispéd and sore—
 As the leaves that were withering and sere,
 85 And I cried—"It was surely October
 On *this* very night of last year
 That I journeyed—I journeyed—down here—
 That I brought a dread burden down here—
 On this night of all nights in the year,
 90 Ah, what demon has tempted me here?
 Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber—
 This misty mid region of Weir—
 Well I know, now, the dank tarn of Auber,
 This ghoulish-haunted woodland of Weir."
 95 Said we, then—the two, then: "Ah, can it
 Have been that the woodandish ghouls—
 The pitiful, the merciful ghouls—
 To bar up our way and to ban
 From the secret that lies in these wolds—
 100 From the thing that lies hidden in these wolds—
 Have drawn up the spectre of a planet
 From the limbo of lunar souls—
 The sinfully scintillant planet
 From the Hell of the planetary souls?
 1847, 1849

Annabel Lee¹

It was many and many a year ago,
 In a kingdom by the sea
 That a maiden there lived whom you may know
 By the name of ANNABEL LEE;
 5 And this maiden she lived with no other thought
 Than to love and be loved by me.
 I was a child and *she* was a child,
 In this kingdom by the sea,
 But we loved with a love that was more than love—

10 I and my ANNABEL LEE—
 With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
 Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
 In this kingdom by the sea,
 15 A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
 My beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
 So that her highborn kinsmen came
 And bore her away from me,
 To shut her up in a sepulchre
 20 In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
 Went envying her and me—
 Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
 In this kingdom by the sea)
 25 That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
 Chilling and killing my ANNABEL LEE.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
 Of those who were older than we—
 Of many far wiser than we—
 30 And neither the angels in heaven above,
 Nor the demons down under the sea,
 Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
 Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
 35 Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
 And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
 Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE:
 And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
 Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
 40 In the sepulchre there by the sea—
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.

1849, 1850

¹Initial authorized publication was in *Sartain's* *Union Magazine* for January, 1850. But in his last summer, Poe distributed copies to several friends, who assumed he intended them to publish the poem; or who rushed it into print when they heard of Poe's death in October. Thus some versions appeared late in 1849.

Name:

Mr. Haflin

American Studies

Date:

“Annabelle Lee” by Edgar Allan Poe

Study Guide Questions: Please answer the following questions as you read “Annabelle Lee”

- 1) Common motifs in Poe’s work are the ideas of a beautiful woman and obsession. How does stanza 1 highlight these motifs?
- 2) Stanza 2 includes a conflict—what is that conflict?
- 3) What happened to Annabelle Lee in stanza 3? What is a sepulchre?
- 4) The speaker asserts that the connection between him and Annabelle Lee is quite strong. Use a DQ from stanza 4 to support this claim.
- 5) Use a DQ from stanza 4 to prove the speaker’s arrogance.
- 6) Use a DQ from stanza 5 to describe the love shared by Annabelle Lee and the speaker.
- 7) What does the speaker do every night?
- 8) What’s your overall reaction to this poem?