

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;--  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
Than to love and be loved by me.  
She was a child and I was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
But we loved with a love that was more than love--  
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,  
A wind blew out of a cloud by night  
Chilling my Annabel Lee;  
So that her high-born kinsman came  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulchre  
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)  
That the wind came out of a cloud, 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-  
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  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And the stars never rise but I see 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,  
In her sepulchre there by the sea--  
In her tomb by the side of the sea.