**Annabel Lee**

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.  
  
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-  
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, chilling  
My beautiful Annabel Lee;  
So that her highborn 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 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-  
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 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,  
In the sepulchre there by the sea,  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

-Edgar Allan Poe

**The Bells, by Edgar Allan Poe**

I   
Hear the sledges with the bells -   
Silver bells!   
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!   
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,   
In the icy air of night!   
While the stars that oversprinkle   
All the heavens, seem to twinkle   
With a crystalline delight;   
Keeping time, time, time,   
In a sort of Runic rhyme,   
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells   
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,   
Bells, bells, bells -   
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.   
  
II   
Hear the mellow wedding bells -   
Golden bells!   
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!   
Through the balmy air of night   
How they ring out their delight! -   
From the molten - golden notes,   
And all in tune,   
What a liquid ditty floats   
To the turtle - dove that listens, while she gloats   
On the moon!   
Oh, from out the sounding cells,   
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!   
How it swells!   
How it dwells   
On the Future! - how it tells   
Of the rapture that impels   
To the swinging and the ringing   
Of the bells, bells, bells -   
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,   
Bells, bells, bells -   
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!   
  
III   
Hear the loud alarum bells -   
Brazen bells!   
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!   
In the startled ear of night   
How they scream out their affright!   
Too much horrified to speak,   
They can only shriek, shriek,   
Out of tune,   
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,   
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,   
Leaping higher, higher, higher,   
With a desperate desire,   
And a resolute endeavor   
Now - now to sit, or never,   
By the side of the pale - faced moon.   
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!   
What a tale their terror tells   
Of Despair!   
How they clang, and clash and roar!   
What a horror they outpour   
On the bosom of the palpitating air!   
Yet the ear, it fully knows,   
By the twanging,   
And the clanging,   
How the danger ebbs and flows;   
Yet the ear distinctly tells,   
In the jangling,   
And the wrangling,   
How the danger sinks and swells,   
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells -   
Of the bells -   
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,   
Bells, bells, bells -   
In the clamor and the clanging of the bells!   
  
IV   
Hear the tolling of the bells -   
Iron bells!   
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!   
In the silence of the night,   
How we shiver with affright   
At the melancholy menace of their tone!   
For every sound that floats   
From the rust within their throats   
Is a groan.   
And the people - ah, the people -   
They that dwell up in the steeple,   
All alone,   
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,   
In that muffled monotone,   
Feel a glory in so rolling   
On the human heart a stone -   
They are neither man nor woman -   
They are neither brute nor human -   
They are Ghouls: -   
And their king it is who tolls: -   
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,   
Rolls   
A paean from the bells!   
And his merry bosom swells   
With the paean of the bells!   
And he dances, and he yells;   
Keeping time, time, time,   
In a sort of Runic rhyme,   
To the paean of the bells: -   
Of the bells:   
Keeping time, time, time   
In a sort of Runic rhyme,   
To the throbbing of the bells -   
Of the bells, bells, bells: -   
To the sobbing of the bells: -   
Keeping time, time, time,   
As he knells, knells, knells,   
In a happy Runic rhyme,   
To the rolling of the bells -   
Of the bells, bells, bells -   
To the tolling of the bells -   
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,   
Bells, bells, bells, -   
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.