

From the thing that lies hidden in these wolds—  
 Had drawn up the spectre of a planet  
 From the limbo of lunary souls—  
 This sinfully scintillant<sup>6</sup> planet  
 From the Hell of the planetary souls?"

1847

Annabel Lee<sup>1</sup>

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 wingèd 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 kinsmen 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:

6. Sparkling, shining.

1. The text is that of the first printing, in an article by Rufus Griswold in the *New York Tribune*

(October 9, 1849), signed "Ludwig," which was printed two days after Poe's death.

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams  
 Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE; 35  
 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 her sepulchre there by the sea— 40  
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.

1849

## Ligeia<sup>1</sup>

*And the will therein lieth, which dieth not. Who knoweth the mysteries of the will, with its vigour? For God is but a great will pervading all things by nature of its intentness. Man doth not yield himself to the angels, nor unto death utterly, save only through the weakness of his feeble will.*

—Joseph Glanvill<sup>2</sup>

I cannot, for my soul, remember how, when, or even precisely where I first became acquainted with the lady Ligeia. Long years have since elapsed, and my memory is feeble through much suffering: or, perhaps, I cannot *now* bring these points to mind, because, in truth, the character of my beloved, her rare learning, her singular yet placid cast of beauty, and the thrilling and enthralling eloquence of her low, musical language, made their way into my heart by paces, so steadily and stealthily progressive, that they have been unnoticed and unknown. Yet I know that I met her most frequently in some large, old, decaying city near the Rhine. Of her family—I have surely heard her speak—that they are of a remotely ancient date cannot be doubted. Ligeia! Buried in studies of a nature, more than all else, adapted to deaden impressions of the outward world, it is by that sweet word alone—by Ligeia, that I bring before mine eyes in fancy the image of her who is no more. And now, while I write, a recollection flashes upon me that I have *never known* the paternal name of her who was my friend and my betrothed, and who became the partner of my studies, and eventually the wife of my bosom. Was it a playful charge on the part of my Ligeia? or was it a test of my strength of affection that I should institute no inquiries upon this point? or was it rather a caprice of my own—a wildly romantic offering on the shrine of the most passionate devotion? I but indistinctly recall the fact itself—what wonder that I have utterly forgotten the circumstances which originated or attended it? And indeed, if ever that spirit which is entitled *Romance*—if ever she, the wan, and the misty-winged *Ashtophet*<sup>3</sup> of idolatrous Egypt, presided, as they tell, over marriages ill-omened, then most surely she presided over mine.

1. "Ligeia" was first published in the *American Museum* 1 (September 1838), the source of the present text. Poe later revised the tale slightly and added to it the poem "The Conqueror Worm."

2. Like many of Poe's epigraphs (often added after first publication), this one is fabricated.

Joseph Glanvill (1636–1680) was one of the Cambridge Platonists, 17th-century English religious philosophers who tried to reconcile Christianity and Renaissance science.

3. Variant of Ashtoreth, Phoenician goddess of fertility.