

**Annabel Lee [1940]**

**Edward Joseph Collins, music**

**Edgar Allen Poe, words  
adapted by E.J. Collins**

*dedicated to Ethel Reid*

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 that 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 took her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulcher  
In this kingdom by the sea.

But 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 through the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,  
In her sepulcher there by the sea,  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.