- On desperate seas long wont to roam,
- Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
- Thy Naiad airs, have brought me home
- To the glory that was Greece
- And the grandeur that was Rome.

- Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
- How statue-like I see thee stand,
- The agate lamp within thy hand!
- Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
- Are Holy Land!

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 wingéd seraphs in 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 high-born 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: —

- 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 her sepulchre there by the sea —
  In her tomb by the sounding sea.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMPOSITION

- The initial consideration was that of extent. If any literary work is too long to be read at one sitting, we must be content to dispense with the immensely important effect derivable from unity of impression —for, if two sittings be required, the affairs of the world interfere, and every thing like totality is at once destroyed.

- That pleasure which is at once the most intense, the most elevating, and the most pure, is, I believe, found in the contemplation of the beautiful.
- Beauty of whatever kind, in its supreme development, invariably excites the sensitive soul to tears. Melancholy is thus the most legitimate of all the poetical tones.

- I asked myself — "Of all melancholy topics, what, according to the *universal* understanding of mankind, is the *most* melancholy?" Death — was the obvious reply. "And when," I said, "is this most melancholy of topics most poetical?" From what I have already explained at some length, the answer, here also, is obvious — "When it most closely allies itself to *Beauty:* the death, then, of a beautiful woman is, unquestionably, the most poetical topic in the world

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