

THE BELLS

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 tintinabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
bells, bells, bells
From the jingling and the tinkling of the
bells.

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 gust 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 ring
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
bells, bells, bells,
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

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,
By the jangling
And the wrangling
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking and 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 clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells -
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their
melody 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 it is their king 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.

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 her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

THE RAVEN

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered,
weak and weary
Over many a quaint and curious volume of
forgotten lore,--
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there
came a tapping
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my
chamber door.
"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my
chamber door;
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly, I remember it was in the bleak
December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost
upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;--vainly I had sought
to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow--sorrow for the
lost Lenore,
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore;
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each
purple curtain
Thrilled me--filled me with fantastic terrors never
felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood
repeating,
"Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my
chamber door,
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my
chamber door:
This is it, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then
no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I
impore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you
came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my
chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"--here I opened
wide the door--
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood
there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared
to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness
gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the
whispered word, "Lenore?"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the
word, "Lenore":
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into my chamber turning, all my soul within
me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder
than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my
window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery
explore;
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery
explore;
'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a
flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly
days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute
stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my
chamber door,

Perched upon the bust of Pallas just above my
chamber door;
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into
smiling
By the grave and stern decorum of the
countenance it wore,--
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, though,"
I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim and ancient Raven wandering from
the Nightly shore:
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's
Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear
discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy
bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human
being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his
chamber door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his
chamber door,
With such a name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust,
spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he
did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered, not a feather then
he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered--"Other friends
have flown before,
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes
have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly
spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock
and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom
unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs
one burden bore:
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden
bore
Of 'Never-nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into
smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of
bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to
linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird
of yore,
What this grim, ungodly ghastly, gaunt and
ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable
expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my
bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at
ease reclining,
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight
gloated o'er,
But whose velvet lining with the lamplight gloating
o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed
from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose footfall tinkled on the
tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee--by
these angels he hath sent thee

Respite--respite and nepenthe, from thy memories
of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this
lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!--prophet still, if bird
or devil!--
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed
thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land
enchanted--
On this home by horror haunted--tell me truly, I
impore--
Is there--is there balm in Gilead?--tell me--tell me,
I impore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!--prophet still, if bird
or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us--by that God
we both adore--
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the
distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels
name Lenore--
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore?"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend," I
shrieked, upstarting--
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's
Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy
soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!--quit the bust
above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy
form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is
sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my
chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon
that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his
shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies
floating on the floor
Shall be lifted--nevermore!