

## Famous Narrative Poems

### Annabel Lee

by Edgar Allan Poe

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 \_\_\_\_\_

I was a child and she was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
But we loved with a love that was

\_\_\_\_\_

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 \_\_\_\_\_, chilling  
My beautiful Annabel Lee;  
So that her highborn kinsmen came  
And bore her away from me,  
To \_\_\_\_\_ 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 \_\_\_\_\_  
(as all men know, In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
\_\_\_\_\_ my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
Of those who were \_\_\_\_\_  
Of many far wiser than we—  
And neither the angels in Heaven above  
Nor the demons \_\_\_\_\_  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

For the moon never beams,

\_\_\_\_\_

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And the stars never rise, but I

\_\_\_\_\_

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And so, all the night-tide,

\_\_\_\_\_

Of my darling—my darling—my life and my  
bride,  
In her sepulchre there by the sea—  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

### Charge of the Light Brigade

by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Half a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the \_\_\_\_\_  
Rode the six hundred.  
"Forward the Light Brigade!  
\_\_\_\_\_!" he said.

Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

Forward, the Light Brigade!"  
Was there a man dismay'd?  
Not tho' the soldier knew  
Some one had blunder'd.  
Theirs not \_\_\_\_\_,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but \_\_\_\_\_.  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
Volley'd and thunder'd;  
Storm'd at with shot and shell,

\_\_\_\_\_

Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the \_\_\_\_\_  
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,  
Flash'd as they turn'd in air  
Sabring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while  
All the world wonder'd.  
Plunged in the battery-smoke  
Right thro' the line they broke;  
Cossack and Russian  
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke  
Shatter'd and sunder'd.

\_\_\_\_\_, but not,  
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them  
Volley'd and thunder'd;  
Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
While \_\_\_\_\_  
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They that \_\_\_\_\_  
Came thro' the jaws of Death,  
Back from \_\_\_\_\_  
All that was left of them,  
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?  
O the wild charge they made!  
All the world wonder'd.  
Honor the charge they made!  
Honor the Light Brigade,  
Noble six hundred!

. . .

### **We Are Seven**

By William Wordsworth

— — — A simple Child,  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it \_\_\_\_\_?

I met a little cottage Girl:  
She was eight years old, she said;  
Her hair was thick \_\_\_\_\_  
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,  
And she was wildly clad:  
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;  
— Her beauty \_\_\_\_\_.

"Sisters and brothers, little Maid,  
How many \_\_\_\_\_?"  
"How many? Seven in all," she said,  
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."  
She answered, "Seven are we;  
And two of us at Conway dwell,  
And two \_\_\_\_\_."

"Two of us in the church-yard lie,  
My \_\_\_\_\_;  
And, in the church-yard cottage, I  
Dwell near them \_\_\_\_\_."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea,  
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,  
Sweet Maid, how this may be."

Then did the little Maid reply,  
"Seven boys and girls are we;

Two of us in the church-yard lie,  
Beneath \_\_\_\_\_."

"You run about, my little Maid,  
Your limbs \_\_\_\_\_;  
If two are in the church-yard laid,  
Then ye \_\_\_\_\_."

"Their graves are green, \_\_\_\_\_,"  
The little Maid replied,  
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,  
And they are \_\_\_\_\_."

"My stockings there I often knit,  
My kerchief there I hem;  
And there \_\_\_\_\_,  
And sing a song to them."

"And often after sun-set, Sir,  
When it is light and fair,  
I take my little porringer,  
And \_\_\_\_\_."

"The first that died was sister Jane;  
In bed she moaning lay,  
Till God released \_\_\_\_\_;  
And then she went away."

"So in the church-yard she was laid;  
And, when the grass was dry,  
Together round \_\_\_\_\_,  
My brother John and I."

"And when the ground was white with snow,  
And I could run and slide,  
My brother John \_\_\_\_\_,  
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,  
"If they two \_\_\_\_\_?"  
Quick was the little Maid's reply,  
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!  
Their spirits are in heaven!"  
'Twas throwing words away; for still  
The little Maid would \_\_\_\_\_  
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"