



# EDUCATIONAL MATERIALS FOR TEACHERS

## EDGAR ALLEN POE’S “THE RAVEN” AND “ANNABEL LEE”

### Instructions to Teachers

Attached you will find the following educational materials:

<u>Materials</u>	<u>Pages</u>
TEXTS, POE’S “THE RAVEN” and “ANNABEL LEE”	2 - 6
DISCUSSION/WRITING GUIDE – MIDDLE SCHOOL	7
DISCUSSION/WRITING GUIDE – HIGH SCHOOL	8

Please print out the pages you need for your class.

## TEXT OF EDGAR ALLEN POE'S "THE RAVEN" AND "ANNABEL LEE"

Source: <https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/48860/the-raven>

### The Raven

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

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 some one 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 it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,  
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;  
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 mortal ever dared to dream before;  
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness 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 the 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 a 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, thou,” 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 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 farther 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, ungainly, 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 lamp-light gloated o'er,  
But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,  
*She* shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer  
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls 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 implore—  
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"  
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’s that is dreaming,  
And the lamp-light 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!

Source: <https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/44885/annabel-lee>

## 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 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;

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.

# EDGAR ALLAN POE – “THE RAVEN” AND ANNABEL LEE”

## Discussion or Writing Topics – Middle School

Developed by experienced PhD educators

1. “The Raven” is a narrative poem. Describe the situation as the poem begins: the setting, what we know about the central character, the narrator, what he is doing and what is his state of mind as the poem opens? Follow the elements of action that occur as the plot of this narrative poem unrolls. At the same time, additional revelations are made about the Narrator, his situation and his concerns. How and when are these revelations made and how do they relate to the actions of the plot?
2. Why is the narrator so unnerved by the tapping he hears? How does he react to the intrusion of the Raven. How does his view of the Raven change over the course of the poem? The Raven is treated as physical character in this narrative poem. Is he also symbolic? Explain.
3. Does the narrator of “The Raven” want to remember his loss and continue to grieve? Or would he prefer to forget his loss, heal from his grief and move on with his life? Both? How does the entry of the Raven affect his future?
4. “Annabel Lee” is the last poem completed by Edgar Allan Poe. Describe what we know from the poem about the narrator’s beloved and her family, the relationship between the narrator and his beloved, what we know about his loss, and how he deals with this loss.



# EDGAR ALLAN POE – “THE RAVEN” AND ANNABEL LEE”

## Discussion or Writing Topics – High School

Developed by 2 experienced PhD educators

1. “The Raven” is a narrative poem. Describe the situation as the poem begins: the setting, what we know about the central character, the narrator, what he is doing and what is his state of mind as the poem opens? Follow the elements of action that occur as the plot of this narrative poem unrolls. At the same time, additional revelations are made about the Narrator, his situation and his concerns. How and when are these revelations made, and how do they relate to the actions of the plot?
2. The Raven is treated as physical character in this narrative poem. Is he also symbolic? Explain. How does he influence the character development of the narrator?
3. Does the narrator of “The Raven” want to remember his loss and continue to grieve? Or would he prefer to forget his loss, heal from his grief and move on with his life? Both? How does the entry of the Raven affect his future?
4. How does Poe use sound and rhythm to create emotional impact. Find 3 examples from either “The Raven” or “Annabel Lee”, and explain how sound and rhythm are used create emotional impact or further character development, plot and thematic development. Do you find Poe’s techniques effective?
5. “Annabel Lee” is the last poem completed by Edgar Allan Poe. Like “The Raven,” this poem deals with the theme of loss and grief. Describe how the treatment of the theme differs in the two poems. Consider the characterization of each Narrator, the situations described, the emotional tone and the use of sound, rhythm and poetic form.

