

Nevermore: The Imaginary Life and Mysterious Death of Edgar Allan Poe

A Musical by Jonathan Christenson

PLAYER 4/5/6

Hey Edgar!

Have you heard of the woman they buried alive?
Her name was Ann Carter Lee— (beat)
They say she and her husband loved with a love
That was greater than any you'll see.

She developed, they say, a peculiar disease
A sleeping (beat) aberration (beat)
Which meant that her body just shut itself down
In a strange sort of (beat) hibernation. (beat)

With no breath—so it seemed—for three long days
Her husband concluded she'd died (beat)
So he placed her corpse in the family crypt
And locked her up inside. (beat)

Two days later, they say, poor Ann Carter Lee
Awoke to quite a sight— (beat)
Two ancient, rotting corpses (beat)
To her left (beat) and to her right. (beat)

Trembling in terror she leapt from the shelf
And threw herself onto the floor, (beat)
And she shook with an uncontrollable dread
As she crawled toward the door. (beat)

Where she shouted and cried 'til her throat was raw
And her eyes were swollen and red, (beat)
And she clawed her fingers down to the bone
And pounded her fists 'til they bled. (beat)

But sadly for Ann Carter Lee, no one came—
Or if anyone heard her they'd fled— (beat)
For who do you know that would stay in a graveyard
That's filled with the cries of the dead? (beat)

And so, five years on, when her husband died
And they opened the crypt once more, (beat)
They say that the corpse of poor Ann Carter Lee
Was found clutching its merciless door. (beat)

(with morbid delight)
Mmmmmm!