

The Raven.

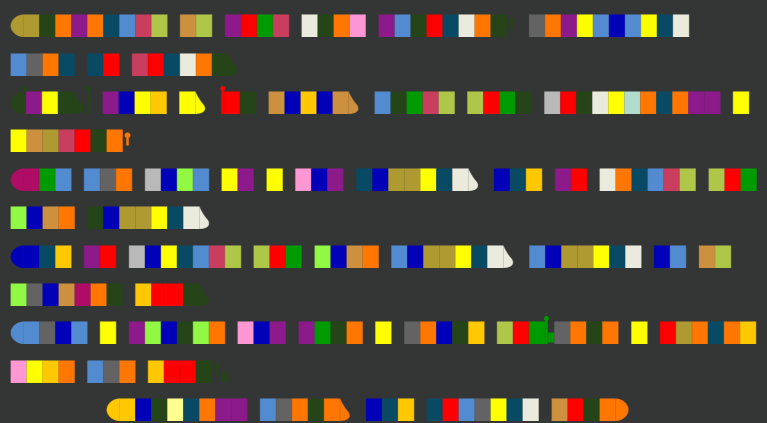
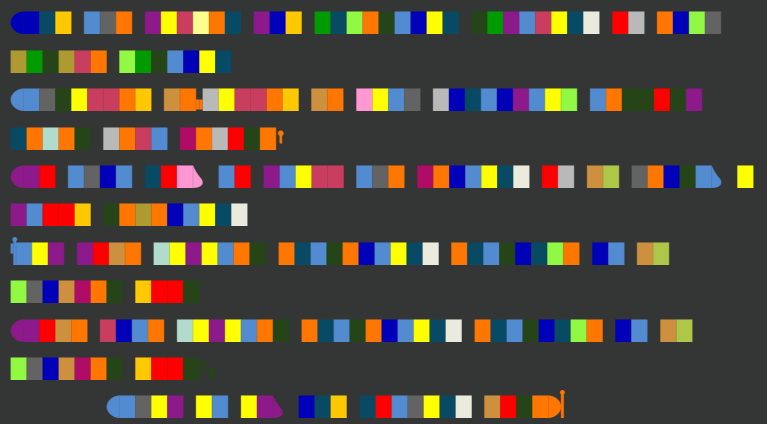
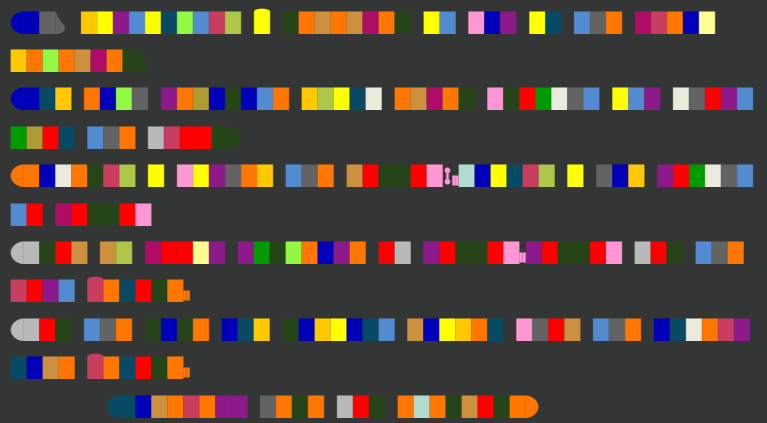
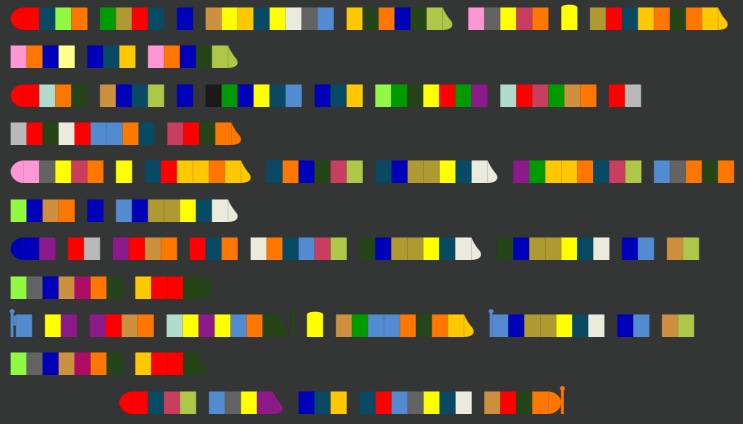
Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered,
weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of
forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there
came a tapping,
as of some one gently rapping, rapping at my
chamber door--
"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my
chamber door--
 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 sake and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore--
 nameless here for evermore.

and the silken sad unrustling of each
purple curtain
thilled 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, 'ent eating, 'ent eating at my
chamber door--
some late visitor, 'ent eating, 'ent eating 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"--he then
opened wide the door--
 darkness there, and nothing more.

deep into that darkness peering, long I stood
there wondering, fearing,



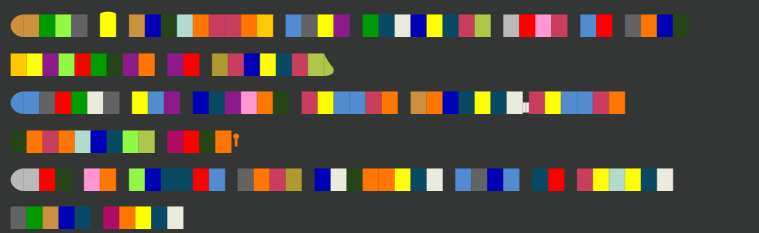
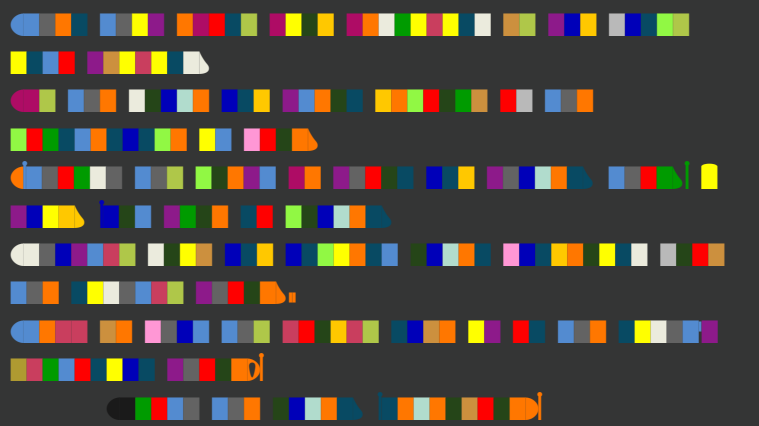
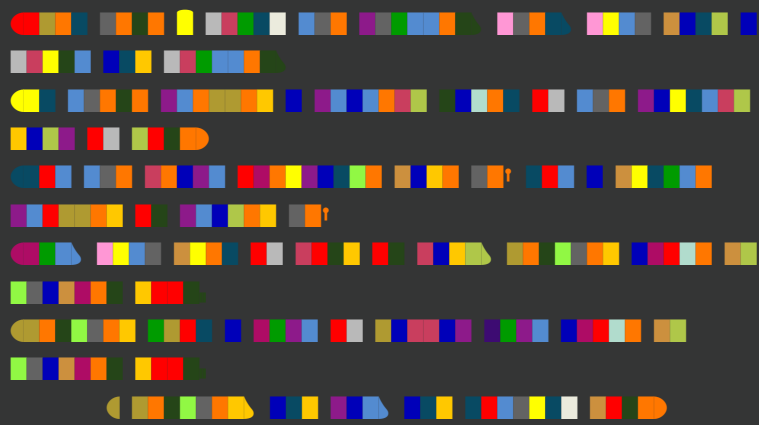
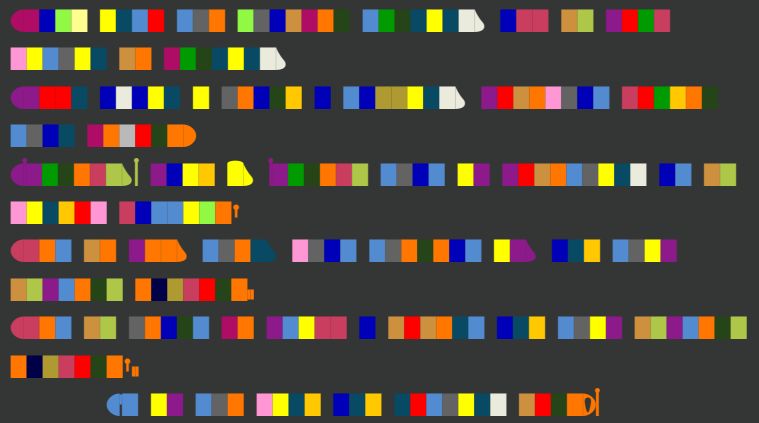
doubting, deeming deems no mortal ever daed
to deem before;
but the silence was unbroken, and the darkness
gave no token,
and the only word she spoken was the
whispered word, "Lenore!"
this I whispered, and an echo murmured back
the word, "Lenore!"
merely this and nothing more.

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 the cat is, and this
mystery explore--
let my heart be still a moment and this mystery
explore;--
't is the wind and nothing more!"

open hee I flung the shutter, when, with many a
flit and flutter,
in she 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, "at least no caven,
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 plain,
though its answer little meaning--little relevancy
bore;
for we cannot help agreeing that no living human
being



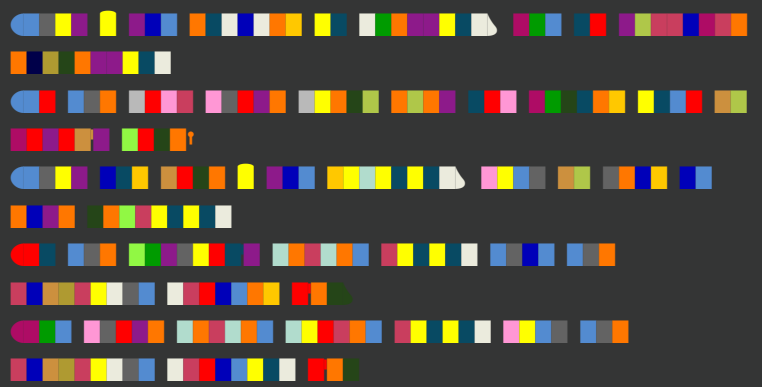
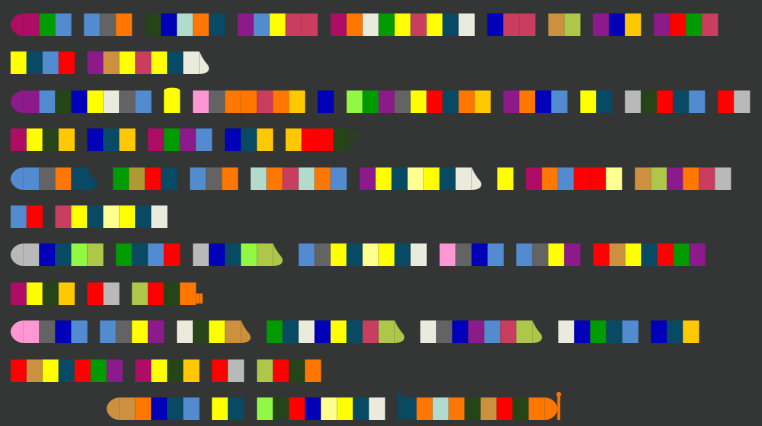
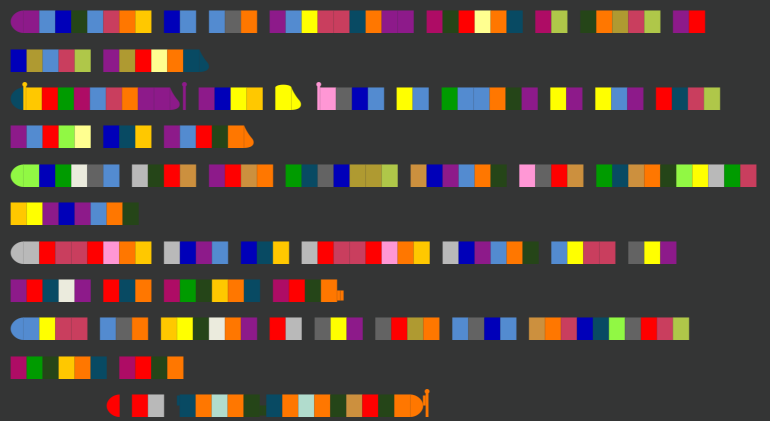
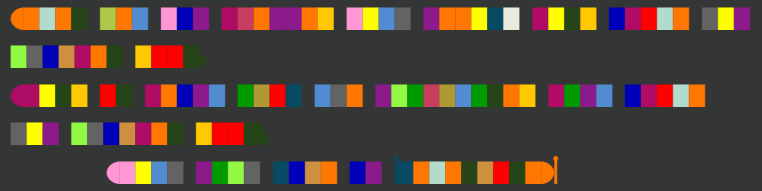
ever yet was blessed with seeing bid above his
chamber door--
bid of beast upon the sculptured bust above his
chamber door;
with such name as "never more."

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 scarcely more than muttered, "other fiends
have flown before--
on the morrow _he_ will leave me, as my hopes
have flown before."
then the bird said, "never more."

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 dinges of his hope that melancholy burden
bore
of 'never--never more.'"

but the raven still beguiling all my sad soul 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 "never more."

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 violet lining with the lamplight
gloating o'er



she shall press, ah, never more!



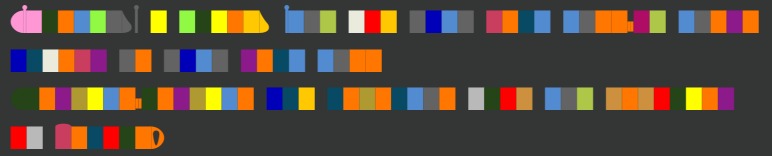
then, methought, the air grew dense, he fumed
from an unseen cause



swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on
the tufted floor.



"Watch," cried, "thy god hath lent thee--by
these angels he hath sent thee
respite--respite and repentance from thy memories
of Lenore!



Quaff, oh quaff this kind repentance, and forget
this lost Lenore!"



Quoth the raven, "never more."



"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!--prophet still, if
bid of 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 the e--is the e balm in gilead?--tell me--tell
me, I implore!"



Quoth the raven, "never more."



"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!--prophet still, if
bid of 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--



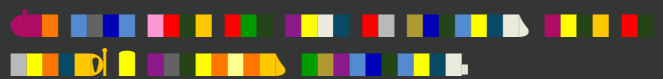
clasp a fair and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore."



Quoth the raven, "never more."



"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, "never more."



And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is
sitting



on the pallid bust of pallas just above my
chambe door
and his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's
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--neve more!

