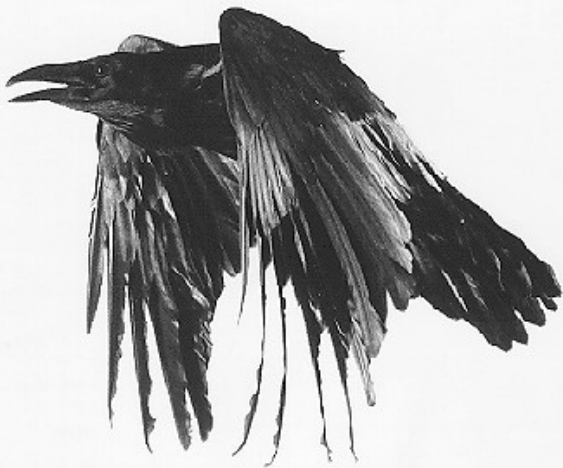


The Raven

Edgar Allan Poe



EBook version by weread.in.th

Halloween Eve 2009

*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 named 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
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 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 above 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 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 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, 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 has 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 named Lenore -*

*Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom
the angels named 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!