

1   **The Raven**   By Edgar Allan Poe

2 Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,  
3 Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—

4 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
5 As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.

6 “’Tis some visiter,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door—  
7       Only this and nothing more.”

8  
9 Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;  
10 And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.

11 Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow  
12 From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—  
13 For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
14       Nameless *here* for evermore.

15  
16 And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain  
17 Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;

18 So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating  
19       “’Tis some visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door—

20 Some late visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door;—  
21       This it is and nothing more.”

22  
23 Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,  
24 “Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;  
25 But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,  
26 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,  
27 That I scarce was sure I heard you”—here I opened wide the door;—  
28       Darkness there and nothing more.

29  
30 Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,  
31 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;

32 But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,  
33 And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, “Lenore?”  
34 This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, “Lenore!”—  
35       Merely this and nothing more.

36  
37 Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
38 Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.

39 “Surely,” said I, “surely that is something at my window lattice;  
40 Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—

41 Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—  
42       ’Tis the wind and nothing more!”

43  
44 Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,  
45 In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;

46 Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;  
47 But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—  
48 Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—  
49 Perched, and sat, and nothing more.  
50  
51 Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
52 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,  
53 “Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I said, “art sure no craven,  
54 Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore—  
55 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night’s Plutonian shore!”  
56 Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”  
57  
58 Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,  
59 Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;  
60 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being  
61 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—  
62 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,  
63 With such name as “Nevermore.”  
64  
65 But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only  
66 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.  
67 Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—  
68 Till I scarcely more than muttered “Other friends have flown before—  
69 On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before.”  
70 Then the bird said “Nevermore.”  
71  
72 Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
73 “Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters is its only stock and store  
74 Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster  
75 Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—  
76 Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore  
77 Of ‘Never—nevermore’.”  
78  
79 But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,  
80 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door;  
81 Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking  
82 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—  
83 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore  
84 Meant in croaking “Nevermore.”  
85  
86 This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
87 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom’s core;  
88 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining  
89 On the cushion’s velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o’er,  
90 But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o’er,  
91 *She* shall press, ah, nevermore!

92  
93 Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer  
94 Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.  
95 “Wretch,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee  
96 Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore;  
97 Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!”  
98 Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”  
99  
100 “Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—  
101 Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,  
102 Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—  
103 On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—  
104 Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!”  
105 Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”  
106  
107 “Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!  
108 By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—  
109 Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,  
110 It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
111 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.”  
112 Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”  
113  
114 “Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!” I shrieked, upstarting—  
115 “Get thee back into the tempest and the Night’s Plutonian shore!  
116 Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!  
117 Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!  
118 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!”  
119 Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”  
120  
121 And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, *still* is sitting  
122 On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;  
123 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon’s that is dreaming,  
124 And the lamp-light o’er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;  
125 And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor  
126 Shall be lifted—nevermore!