

THE RAVEN

By Edgar Allen Poe

Midnight Dreary

Once Upon a Midnight Dreary, as I pondered weak and weary. As I nodded, nearly napping,
suddenly there came a tapping

Gentely Rapping

Rapping at my chamber door.

Nearly this 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?"

Only this and nothing more

Quoth the Raven "Nevermore.

Lenore

Then I felt the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer

"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee

"Will I again clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."

Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

Nevermore

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, *still* is sitting

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!