



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 rare and radiant maiden
whom the angels name 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."

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Author	Edgar Allen Poe
Language	English
Year	1845

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