

The Raven

Edgar Allen Poe

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.

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