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.”