

Canvas.drawString

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

Canvas.drawCentredString

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

Canvas.drawRightString

“ ‘Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door—  
Only this and nothing more.”

Canvas.beginText (Text object)

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

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