

Once upon  
a midnight dreary,  
while I pondered, weak  
and weary, Over many a quaint an  
d curious volume of forgotten lore, Whil  
e 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, "tappi  
ng at my chamber door- Only this, and nothi  
ng more." Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the  
bleak December, And each separate dying ember wrought  
t its ghost upon the floor. Eagerly I wished the morrow;  
vainly I had sought to borrow From my books surcease of sor  
row-sorrow for the lost Lenore- For the rare and radiant maid  
whom the angels name Lenore- Nameless here for evermore. An  
d 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 en  
treating entrance at my chamber door- Some late visitor entreating entrance  
at my chamber door;- This it is, and nothing more." Presently my soul grew s  
tronger; hesitating then no longer, "Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiv  
eness I implore; But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door, That I scarce was su  
re I heard you"-here I opened wide the door;- Darkness there, and nothing more.  
Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing, Doubting  
dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before; But the silence was u  
'nbroken, and the stillness gave no token, And the only word there spoken was th  
e whispered word, "Lenore!" This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word,  
"Lenore!"- Merely this, and nothing more. Back into the chamber turning, all my so  
ul within me burning, Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before. "Sure  
ly," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice: Let me see, then, what th  
ereat is, and this mystery explore- Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery expl  
ore;- 'Tis the wind and nothing more." Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many  
a flirt and flutter, In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days  
of yore; Not t  
ute stopped or stayed  
or lady, perched above my c  
a bust of Pallas just above my ch  
n d sat, and nothing more. Then th  
ng my sad fancy into smiling, By the grave and ste  
untenance it wore. "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven  
rt sure no craven, Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering  
hore- Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian  
Raven, "Nevermore." Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse  
ugh its answer little meaning- little relevancy bore; For we cannot help agr  
hat no living human being Ever yet was blest with seeing bird above his chamb  
er door- Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door, With s  
uch name as "Nevermore." But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke o  
nly That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour. Nothing further t  
hen he uttered-not a feather then he fluttered- Till I scarcely more than mutter ed,  
"other friends have flown before- On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have f lo  
wn before." Then the bird said, "Nevermore."