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 all the beating of my heart, I stood repeating

"Tis some visitor entreat's entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreat's entrance at my chamber door—

This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no
longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness 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 sure 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 mortal ever dared to dream before,
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the 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 soul within me burning,
'Surely, said I, 'surely that is something at my window lattice;'

Let me see, then, what threat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore—

'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 the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped;
or stayed he;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest he shorn and shaven, thou," I said,  
"Art sure no craven,  
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from  
the Nightly shore—"

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's  
Plutonian shore!"

Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore")

"Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear  
discourse so plainly,  
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;  
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being  

Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—  
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door;  

With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only  
That one word, as if his soul in that one word, he did outpour:  
Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then  
he fluttered.—"

Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before—  
On the morrow he will leave me as my hopes have flown before."

Then the bird said ("Nevermore")
Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utter's is its only stock
and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom merciless Disaster
Fell to and followed faster till his song's one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—Nevermore!'

But the Raven still beguiling my sad fancy into
smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird,
and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to
linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird
of yore—

What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous
bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's
core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining

This is the Lesson of the Raven which I must repeat and prophesy.
On the cushion’s velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o’er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp light gloating o’er.

She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.

"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee — by these angels
he hath sent thee

Respite — respite and nepenthe from the memories of Lenore;
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"

Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore.")

Prophet! said I, 'thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or
devil! —

Whether Tempter sent or tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Descend yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted —

On this home by Horror haunted — tell me truly, I implore —
Is there — is there balm in Gilead? — tell me — tell me I implore!

Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore.")

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or
or devil!

By that heaven that bends above us — by that God we
both adore —

SMEK! SMEK! SMEK!
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aylenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore —

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.

Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore.")

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting —
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night’s Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token that I die thy soul hath spoken!

"Leave my loneliness unbroken!—Quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!

Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore.")

And the Raven Never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting.
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door.
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon’s that is dreaming.

And the lamp, light o’er him streaming, throws his shadow on the floor.
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor

Shall be lifted — nevermore!