

Perched, and sat, 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

TO READ THE REST OF THIS
FAMOUS POEM AND FIND OUT
WHAT HAPPENS NEXT,
SCAN THE QR CODE BELOW!



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.

A SELECTION FROM
EDGAR ALLEN POE'S
THE RAVEN



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED 1845

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.

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."

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 visitor entreating
entrance at my chamber door —
Some late visitor entreating entrance
at my chamber door; —
This it is and nothing more."

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.