

Name: _____



The Raven
By: Edgar Allan Poe
(abridged version)

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 -
"T is some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door -
Only this 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.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see then, what theraut is, and this mystery explore -
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore; -
'T is 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 be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure
no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly
shore -
Tell me what they lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian

*Who do you think Lenore
is?*

*What is the mood of the
poem (how does it make
you feel)?*

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shore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

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."

Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

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

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! – prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us – by that God we both
adore –

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
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."

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!

*Why do you think Poe has
the Raven repeat the
word "Nevermore?"*

*Why do you think the
Raven is referred to as a
"thing of evil" and "devil?"*