The Raven



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 someone 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,'  
  
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 darkness 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.