

# THE RAVEN

BY

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Poem: “The Raven”

Author: Edgar Allan Poe, 1809–49

First published: 1845

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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.”

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 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 mortals 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.



But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul 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  
 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 thy 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 whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,  
 Desolate, 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 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.”

“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 of that lie 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.”

