



THE RAVEN

RETRIEVAL



Name: _____ Date: _____

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."



1

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.



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.



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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,
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 thereat 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 be 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."



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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 blest with seeing bird above
his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust
above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so
aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its
only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom
unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his
songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy
burden bore
Of 'Never—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 further 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."

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."



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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."



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"Be that word our sign in 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."



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!

