The Raven

By Edgar Allan Poe

Once upon a midnnight dreary, while I pondred weak and weary  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came an 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 named Lenore -  
Nameless here for evermore.  
  
And the silken sad un certain 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,'