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# THE RAVEN

A Dramatic Poem

by  
Edgar Allan Poe



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THE RAVEN  
A Dramatic Poem

Edgar Allan Poe

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 named Lenore,--  
Nameless here forevermore.

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,  
“T is some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,--  
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;  
That it is, and nothing more.”

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