

THE RAVEN: with simple text

<p>Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,</p>	<p>Around midnight, I was up thinking while I was tired</p>
<p>Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,</p>	<p>with a lot of interesting old books</p>
<p>While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,</p>	<p>I had almost drifted off to sleep when there was a knocking at the door</p>
<p>As if some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.</p>	<p>like someone was gently knocking on my bedroom door</p>
<p>'Tis some visitor,' I muttered, 'tapping at my chamber door –</p>	<p>'must be a visitor,' I said to myself 'knocking at the door'</p>
<p>Only this, and nothing more.'</p>	<p>just that, not reading anything into it</p>
<p>Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,</p>	<p>I remember quite clearly this happened back in December</p>

And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.	and the fireplace with its dying embers where making creepy shadows on the floor
Eagerly I wished the morrow; – vainly I had sought to borrow	I wished it daylight, and really hoped I was going to...
From my books surcease of sorrow – sorrow for the lost Lenore –	get a mental break from being sad about Lenore being dead-
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels named Lenore –	She was special and beautiful and the angels named her Lenore
Nameless here for evermore.	and I shall not say her name again
And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain	the purple silk curtains were moving, making a sound
Thrilled me – filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;	scaring me like I had never been scared before

<p>So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating</p>	<p>so to calm myself and slow the rapid beating of my heart I kept saying to myself...</p>
<p>’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door –</p>	<p>“It just a visitor knocking on the door to come in...”</p>
<p>Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door; –</p>	<p>“some visitor who at midnight wants to come into my house</p>
<p>This it is, and nothing more,’</p>	<p>“that is all it is, nothing to be afraid of”</p>
<p>Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,</p>	<p>Immediately, I became braver and without hesitation...</p>
<p>’Sir,’ said I, ’or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;</p>	<p>said ’sir or madam, sorry it took so long to answer the door...”</p>
<p>But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,</p>	<p>but i was about to fall asleep– because it’s almost midnight–but I hear your gentle knock and woke up...</p>

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,	it was so quiet, your knock, on my door...
That I scarce was sure I heard you' – here I opened wide the door; –	that i almost did not hear it" and then opened the door to see...
Darkness there, and nothing more.	Absolutely nothing and no one.
Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,	For a long time I looked into the darkness of the night letting my imagination get to me
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before	and letting my imagination scare me like no one else has ever been scared
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,	And for all my looking and thinking saw nothing and heard nothing...
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, 'Lenore!'	Until a voice whispered : Lenore.

<p>This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, `Lenore!`</p>	<p>It was me who whispered her name, and someone said it back to me, her name, Lenore.</p>
<p>Merely this and nothing more.</p>	<p>And then said nothing else.</p>
<p>Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,</p>	<p>So I turned and went back inside, crept out and frightened</p>
<p>Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.</p>	<p>and pretty soon I heard a louder knocking</p>
<p>`Surely,' said I, `surely that is something at my window lattice;</p>	<p>I tried to convince myself it was something knocking on my window</p>
<p>Let me see then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore –</p>	<p>I better have a look to be sure</p>
<p>Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore; –</p>	<p>As soon as I calm down that it, then I will go and take a peak.</p>

<p>‘Tis the wind and nothing more!’</p>	<p>It has to be the wind</p>
<p>Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,</p>	<p>I opened up the shutters</p>
<p>In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.</p>	<p>And a raven flew in...</p>
<p>Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;</p>	<p>...like he owned the place</p>
<p>But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door –</p>	<p>and like he was royalty sat himself on a shelf over my bedroom door</p>
<p>Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door –</p>	<p>on a statue head of Pallas (of the goddess Athena) above my bedroom door</p>
<p>Perched, and sat, and nothing more.</p>	<p>It just sat there.</p>
<p>Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,</p>	<p>Then this black bird changed my mood from sad to happy...</p>

<p>By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,</p>	<p>because it looked so serious</p>
<p>'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,' I said, 'art sure no craven.</p>	<p>so I said to it 'you may look the part, but you are not a thing of evil...'</p>
<p>Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the nightly shore –</p>	<p>although you are creepy and old and came into my house from heaven</p>
<p>Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!</p>	<p>"what is your name?" from heaven</p>
<p>Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'</p>	<p>"It said 'Nevermore'</p>
<p>Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,</p>	<p>I was amazed that the raven could speak so well (like a human)</p>
<p>Though its answer little meaning – little relevancy bore;</p>	<p>but what it was was not a reasonable answer to the question I had asked</p>
<p>For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being</p>	<p>"cause you have to admit no person alive now..."</p>

<p>Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door –</p>	<p>has ever had such a crazy thing as this happen to them...</p>
<p>Bird or beast above the sculptured bust above his chamber door,</p>	<p>At midnight a raven come into their house and sit on a statue situated over their front door..</p>
<p>With such name as `Nevermore.</p>	<p>and that the raven's name would be Nevermore.</p>
<p>But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only,</p>	<p>the raven just sat there on the white statue only said...</p>
<p>That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.</p>	<p>the same word over and over</p>
<p>Nothing further then he uttered – not a feather then he fluttered –</p>	<p>and that was all it said. It did not even move after that.</p>
<p>Till I scarcely more than muttered `Other friends have flown before –</p>	<p>So I said to the raven "Other people have left me..."</p>

<p>On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.’</p>	<p>“and come the morning, he’ll leave, just like other people have left me...”</p>
<p>Then the bird said, ‘Nevermore.’</p>	<p>and the raven said ‘Nevermore.’</p>
<p>Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,</p>	<p>It speaking startled me as it broke the silence</p>
<p>‘Doubtless,’ said I, ‘what it utters is its only stock and store,</p>	<p>“It can only say the one word, in all likelihood.”</p>
<p>Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster</p>	<p>taught to say it by its owner who was depressed...”</p>
<p>Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore –</p>	<p>“saying that word over and over again to himself till the bird learned to say it as well”</p>
<p>Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore</p>	<p>and the owner’s misery now passed on to the raven who can say”</p>
<p>Of “Never-nevermore.”</p>	<p>“only Nevermore.”</p>

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,	Crazy or no, it still made me smile to look at the raven...
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;	so I pulled up a chair and sat in front of it
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking	and as I sunk down into the cushion started thinking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore –	wild thought about this mysterious raven
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore	and all the symbolism associated to it and its kind over the centuries
Meant in croaking `Nevermore.`	and what all that meant when combined with the word `Nevermore.`
This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing	I sat there wondering to myself as the bird sat in silence

<p>To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;</p>	<p>Its eyes burning into my soul</p>
<p>This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining</p>	<p>I sat thinking about the bird as I laid back my head</p>
<p>On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,</p>	<p>on the cushion that the lamp light glowed upon</p>
<p>But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er</p>	<p>But the chair with cooshy lining and the lamp light shining more</p>
<p><i>She</i> shall press, ah, nevermore!</p>	<p><i>She</i> (Lenore) won't ever lay her head here anymore</p>
<p>Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer</p>	<p>Then the air in the room grew denser, and I smelled a Lenore's perfume</p>
<p>Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.</p>	<p>Swung by angels who I thought I heard lightly walking upon the floor</p>
<p>'Wretch,' I cried, 'thy God hath lent thee – by these angels he has sent thee</p>	<p>"Jerk!" I cried, "God sent you to me, sent here by angels to me</p>

Respite – respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!	to remove my memories Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!’	You want me to drink your medication/ anti-depressant so I will forget the dead Lenore!
Quoth the raven, ‘Nevermore.’	And to quote the raven “Nevermore.”

‘Prophet!’ said I, ‘thing of evil! – prophet still, if bird or devil! –	“Prophet (One who knows/guides others)!” I said “thing of evil! Prophet, be a bird or devil!-
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,	Sent by Satan or sent by a storm that pushed you here ashore
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted –	Alone, not yet discouraged, to this desert land
On this home by horror haunted – tell me truly, I implore –	Tell me why you’ve come to my haunted (depressed) home
Is there – <i>is</i> there balm in Gilead? – tell me – tell me, I implore!’	Is there – is there a healing compound to help me get over Lenore – tell me, I beg of you!”

Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'	Quoting the raven "Nevermore."
'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil! – prophet still, if bird or devil!	"Prophet!" I said "thing of evil! Prophet be a bird or devil!-
By that Heaven that bends above us – by that God we both adore –	By Heaven that is above us – by the God we both adore
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,	Tell this sorry sad soul, if you're able, that if in heaven...
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels named Lenore –	if it has a beautiful woman whom the angels named Lenore –
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels named Lenore?'	A very beautiful woman, whom the angels named Lenore?'"
Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'	Quoting the raven here "Nevermore."
'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!' I shrieked upstarting –	"Say that word again and you're out of here," I screamed standing

<p>'Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!</p>	<p>Get back into the storm that sent you from heaven</p>
<p>Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!</p>	<p>And don't leave even so much as one of your black feathers here either!</p>
<p>Leave my loneliness unbroken! – quit the bust above my door!</p>	<p>Leave me alone, I have spoken! – Get off my statue over the door!</p>
<p>Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!'</p>	<p>Looking at you breaks my heart, move away and out my door!"</p>
<p>Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'</p>	<p>Quoting the raven here "Nevermore."</p>
<p>And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting</p>	<p>The raven never moved, just sat there, is still sitting</p>
<p>On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;</p>	<p>On the white statue of Pallas just above my bedroom door</p>
<p>And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,</p>	<p>And his eyes look like a scheming evil monster or a demon</p>

<p>And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;</p>	<p>And the lamp over him makes seemingly throws his shadow 'cross the floor</p>
<p>And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor</p>	<p>And my soul like the raven's shadow that lies floating on the floor</p>
<p>Shall be lifted – nevermore!</p>	<p>Shall be lifted – nevermore!</p>

Lenore

By Edgar Allan Poe

Text of the Poem

1

Ah, **broken is the golden bowl!**—the spirit
flown forever!

Let the bell toll!—a saintly soul floats on the
Stygian river:

And, Guy de Vere, hast thou no tear?—weep
now or never more!

See! on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy
love, Lenore!

Come! let the burial rite be read—the funeral
song be sung!—

An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever
died so young—

A dirge for her the doubly dead in that she
died so young.

2

"Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth and
hated her for her pride;

And when she fell in feeble health, ye blessed
her—that she died!

How shall the ritual, then, be read?—the
requiem how be sung

By you—by yours, the evil eye,—by yours, the
slandrous tongue

That did to death the innocence that died,
and died so young?"

..

Summaries and Notes

1

Stanza 1 Summary: The speaker is an insincere relative or acquaintance of Lenore. He asks that the bell toll for her as her soul floats into the afterlife. Lenore's lover, Guy de Vere, should weep for her, the speaker says, as she lies on a bier awaiting the funeral. He then directs the funeral rite to begin asks the mourners to sing a dirge for this queenly woman who was so young when death claimed her.

broken . . . bowl: An allusion to Chapter 12, Verse 6, of Ecclesiastes (Old Testament). The golden bowl symbolized life. Breaking it symbolized death.

Stygian River: In Greek mythology, the River Styx, which surrounds the Underworld, or Hades. A boatman, Charon (pronounced KARE un) ferried souls across the river to reach the abode of the dead. .

2

Stanza 2 Summary: The speaker is Lenore's lover, Guy de Vere. He lashes out at the Stanza 1 speaker and his friends, calling them wretches and asserting that the kind and loving words spoken in Stanza 1 are hypocrisy. After all, de Vere says, the Stanza 1 speaker and his friends loved her only for her wealth and despised her for her rightful pride in herself. When Lenore died, de Vere says, the Stanza 1 speaker even pronounced a blessing in jubilation at her death. De Vere asks how the funeral rites can take place with dignity and respect when hypocrites pretend to honor Lenore.

requiem: In Roman Catholic theology, a Mass for a dead person; any funeral rite; a funeral song. In Latin, *requiem* means *rest* (as in *May she rest in peace*).

slandrous tongue: De Vere accuses the speaker of having slandered Lenore.

3

Peccavimus; but rave not thus! and let a Sabbath song

Go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel no wrong.

The sweet Lenore hath "gone before," with Hope, that flew beside,

Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have been thy bride.

For her, the fair and debonair, that now so lowly lies,

The life upon her yellow hair but not within her eyes

The life still there, upon her hair, the death upon her eyes.

4

"**Avaunt!** avaunt! from fiends below, the indignant ghost is **riven**—

From Hell unto a high estate far up within the Heaven—

From grief and groan, to a golden throne, beside the King of Heaven!

Let no bell toll, then, lest her soul, amid its hallowed mirth,

Should catch the note as it doth float up from the damnèd Earth!

And I!—to-night my heart is light!—no dirge will I upraise,

But waft the angel on her flight with a **Paeon** of old days!"

3

Stanza 3 Summary: The speaker from Stanza 1 tells de Vere "we have sinned" (*peccavimus*). But he tells de Vere to stop raving with accusations, for he believes Lenore was a sweet and loving person. De Vere is wildly angry, the speaker says, because Lenore died before de Vere could marry her. She still looks lovely, with life in her yellow hair, but not in her eyes.

Peccavimus (pronounced pec AH ve mus): Latin *for we have sinned*..

4

Stanza 4 Summary: De Vere again speaks. He says Lenore rises up from the Stygian depths and takes her place on a golden throne beside God himself. There she knows no grief or sadness. Therefore, no bell should toll for her, he says, lest its peal should rise up from earth and disturb her contented soul. De Vere ends by saying that he is happy and will sing no funeral songs. Instead, he will speed her soul to heaven with a hymn of joy and thanksgiving.

Avaunt: Go away; begone; get thee hence; fly away.

riven: torn apart; split. Here, de Vere says Lenore has been torn away from the Underworld and taken into heaven

Paeon (pronounced PE in): song of joy, praise, triumph, or thanksgiving.