

By a route obscure and lonely,  
Haunted by ill angels only,  
Where an Eidolon, named NIGHT,  
On a black throne reigns upright,  
55 I have wandered home but newly  
From this ultimate dim Thule.

1844, 1849

## The Raven<sup>1</sup>

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—

5 "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  
10 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;  
15 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;—  
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.

<sup>1</sup>First published in 1845 in the *American Review*; thereafter published numerous times in the year of initial publication. Poe's best known poem in the U.S. and famous the world over. It has been reprinted, imitated, and satirized more than any other poem by an American, with the possible exception of Eliot's *Waste Land*. This text is taken from Poe's final revisions to the poem in the *Richmond Examiner* (1849).

25 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!"

30

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—  
35 Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—  
'T is 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;

40 But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—  
Perched upon a bust of Pallas<sup>2</sup> 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,  
45 "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no  
craven,<sup>3</sup>

Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore—  
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"<sup>4</sup>  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,

50 Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;  
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being  
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—  
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,  
With such name as "Nevermore."

55 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.

<sup>2</sup>Pallas Athena was the Greek goddess of wisdom.  
<sup>3</sup>A cowardly knight sometimes had his head shaved as a sign of his disgrace.

<sup>4</sup>Relating to Pluto; thus the lower world, hellish.

Nothing farther 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."

60

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 dinges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore  
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my 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."

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<sup>5</sup> 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<sup>6</sup> 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?<sup>7</sup>—tell me—tell me, I implore!"  
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

90

Angels.

<sup>5</sup>A legendary drink supposed to soothe the be-  
in the future? or (biblical) is there hope for me  
in heaven?

<sup>7</sup>A complex reference, meaning: is there solace  
in the future? or (biblical) is there hope for me  
in heaven?

"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,<sup>8</sup>  
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."

95

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!"

100

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;

105

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor  
Shall be lifted—nevermore!  
1845, 1849

## Ulalume<sup>1</sup>

The skies they were ashen and sober;  
The leaves they were crispéd and sere—  
The leaves they were withering and sere;  
It was night in the lonesome October  
<sup>5</sup> Of my most immemorial year;  
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,  
In the misty mid region of Weir—  
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,  
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>8</sup>Poe's spelling of Eden.

<sup>1</sup>First published in the *American Review* for De-  
cember 1847 and several times thereafter in  
1848 and 1849. It is recorded that Poe wrote  
the poem on a friend's suggestion that he do  
something for public recitation expressing a  
variety of vocal effects. "Ulalume" derives

from the Latin *ululare*, to wail; and *lumen*,  
light. This text includes Poe's last known revi-  
sions to the poem.

<sup>2</sup>Auber was a French composer whose ballet  
*Le lac des Fées* Poe might have seen. Weir was  
a landscape painter of the Hudson River  
School.