

This story is brought to you by Ririro.com for free. Our mission is to give all children in the world free access to a variety of stories. The stories can be read, downloaded and printed online and cover a wide range of topics, including animals, fantasy, science, history, diverse cultures and much more.

Support our mission by sharing our website. We wish you a lot of fun reading!



Ririro

IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

Ririro

The Raven

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."



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.

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.”

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.

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 darkness 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 I heard again 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 an instant 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."

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 blessed with seeing bird above his
chamber door—

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his
chamber door,

With such name as "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 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."

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 still beguiling all my sad soul 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 lamplight gloated
o'er,

But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating
o'er,

She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from
an unseen censer

Swung by Angels whose faint 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.”

"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!"

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!