

The Raven

Eric Woolfson

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;

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

"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 named Lenore
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels named 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!