

TH RAEVEN.

Wunss upon a midniet dreery, whiel I ponderd, week and weery,

Oever meny a qaent and cuerius voluem of forgotten lor —

Whiel I noded, neerly naping, sudenly thaer caem a taping,

As of sum wun jently raping, raping at mi chaember dor.

“ ’Tis sum viziter,” I muterd, “taping at mi chaember dor —

Oenly this and nuthing mor.”

Aa, distinktly I remember it wuz in th bleek Desember;

And eech separat dieing ember raut its goest upon th flor.

Eegerly I wisht th morro; — vaenly I had saut to borro

From mi buuks serseess of sorro — sorro for th lost Lenor —

For th raer and raediant maeden hoom th aenjels naem Lenor —

Naemles heer for evermor.

And th silken, sad, unsurten rustling of eech purpl curten

Thrild me — fild me with fantastik terrors never felt befor;

So that now, to stil th beeting of mi hart, I stuud repeeting

“ ’Tis sum viziter entreeting entranss at mi chaember dor —

Sum laet viziter entreeting entranss at mi chaember dor; —

This it is and nuthing mor.”

Prezently mi soel groo strongger; hezitaeting then no longger,
“Sur,” sed I, “or Madam, trooly yuur forgivnes I implor;
But th fakt is I was naping, and so jently U caem raping,
And so faently U caem taping, taping at mi chaember dor,
That I scaerss wuz shuur I hurd U” — heer I oepend wied th dor;

Darknes thaer and nuthing mor.

Deep into that darknes peering, long I stuud thaer wondering,
feering,
Douting, dreeming dreems no mortal ever daerd to dreem befor;
But th sielenss wuz unbroeken, and th stilnes gaev no toeken,
And th oenly wurd thaer spoeken wuz th whisperd wurd,
“Lenor?”

This I whisperd, and an eco murmerd bak th word, “Lenor!” —
Meerly this and nuthing mor.

Bak into th chaember turning, all mi soel within me burning,
Soon agen I hurd a taping sumwhot louder than befor.
“Shuurly,” sed I, “shuurly that is sumthing at mi windo latis;
Let me see, then, whot thaerat is, and this mistery explor —
Let mi hart be stil a moement and this mistery explor;—

‘Tis th wind and nuthing mor!”

Oepen heer I flung th shuter, when, with meny a flurt and fluter,

In thaer stept a staetly Raeven of th saently daes of yor;

Not th leest oebeesanss maed he; not a minit stopt or staed he;

But, with meen of lord or laedy, purcht abuv my chaember dor —

Purcht upon a bust of Palas just abov my chaember dor —

Purcht, and sat, and nuthing mor.

Then this ebony burd begieling mi sad fansy into smieling,

Bi th graev and sturn decorum of th countenanss it wor,

**“Tho thi crest be shorn and shaeven, thow,” I sed, “art shuur no
craeven,**

Gastly grim and aenshent Raeven wondering from th Nietly shor

—

Tel me whot thi lordly naem is on th Niet’s Plootoenian shor!”

Qoeth th Raeven “Nevermor.”

Much I marveld this ungaenly foul to heer discorss so plaenly,

Tho its anser litl meening — litl relevansy bor;

For we cannot help agreeing that no living hueman being

Ever yet wuz blest with seeing burd abuv his chaember dor —

Burd or beest upon th sculpcherd bust abuv his chamber dor,
With such naem as “Nevermor.”

But th Raeven, siting loenly on th plasid bust, spoek oenly
That wun wurd, as if his soel in that wun wurd he did outpor.
Nuthing farther then he uterd — not a fether then he fluterd —
Til I scaersly mor than muterd “Uther frends hav floen befor —
On th morro *he* wil leev me, as mi Hoeps hav floen befor.”

Then th burd sed “Nevermor.”

Startld at the stilnes broeken bi replie so aptly spoeken,
“Doutles,” sed I, “whot it uters is its oenly stok and stor
Caut from sum unhapy master hoom unmursiful Dizaster
Foloed fast and foloed faster til his songs wun burden bor —
Til th durjes of his Hoep that melancoly burden bor
Of ‘Never — nevermor’.”

But th Raeven stil begieling mi sad fansy into smieling,
Straet I wheeld a cuushond seet in frunt of burd, and bust and
dor;

Then, upon th velvet sinking, I betuuk mieself to linking
Fansy unto fansy, thinking whot this ominous burd of yor —

Whot this grim, ungaennly, gastly, gaunt, and ominous burd of yor
Ment in croeking “Nevermor.”

This I sat engaejd in gesing, but no silabl expresing
To th foul hoos fiery ies now burnd into mi buuzom’s cor;
This and mor I sat diviening, with my hed at eez recliening
On the cuushon’s velvet liening that th lamp-liet gloeted oe’er,
But hoos velvet-vieolet liening with th lamp-liet gloeting oe’er,
She shal pres, aa, nevermor!

Then, me-thaut, th aer groo denser, perfuemd from an unseen
senser

Swung bi serrafigim hoos fuut-fauls tinkld on th tufted flor.
“Rech,” I cried, “thi God hath lent thee — bi thees aenjels he
hath sent thee

Respit — respit and nepenthy from thi memorys of Lenor;
Qaaf, o qaaf this kiend nepenthy and forget this lost Lenor!”
Qoeth th Raeven “Nevermor.”

“Profet!” sed I, “thing of eevil! — profet still, if burd or devil! —
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tost thee heer ashor,
Desolat yet all undaunted, on this dezert land enchanted —

On this hoem bi Horror haunted — tel me trooly, I implor —
Is thaer — *is* thaer baam in Giliad? — tel me — tel me, I implor!”

Qoeth th Raeven “Nevermor.”

“Profet!” sed I, “thing of eevil! — profet stil, if burd or devil!
Bi that Heven that bends abuv us — bi that God we both ador —
Tel this soel with sorro laeden if, within th distant Aeden,
It shal clasp a saented maeden hoom th aenjels naem Lenor —
Clasp a raer and raediant maeden hoom th aenjels naem Lenor.”

Qoeth th Raeven “Nevermor.”

“Be that wurd our sien of parting, burd or feend!” I shreekt,
upstarting —

“Get thee bak into th tempest and th Niet’s Plootoenian shor!
Leev no blak ploom as a toeken of that lie thi soel hath spoeken!

Leev mi loenlynes unbroeken! — qit th bust abuv mi dor!
Taek thi beek from out mi hart, and taek thi form from off mi
dor!”

Qoeth th Raeven “Nevermor.”

And th Raeven, never fliting, stil is siting, *stil* is siting
On th palid bust of Palas just abuv mi chaember dor;

And his ies hav all th seeming of a deemon's that is dreeming,

**And th lamp-liet oe'er him streeming throes his shado on the
flor;**

And mi soel from out that shado that lies floeting on the flor

Shal be lifted — nevermor!