

THE

# RAVEN.

A DESCRIPTIVE POEM  
by  
EDGAR A. POE.

ARRANGED AS A RECITATIVE CHANT  
by

# GEORGE BARKER.



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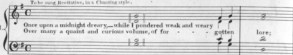
## THE RAVEN.

By Edgar Allan Poe.

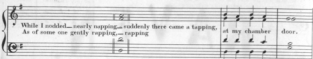
Arranged by G. Barker.

To be sung Recitativo, in a Chanting style.

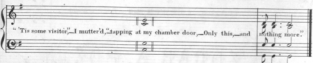
Verse 1.



Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary  
Over many a quaint and curious volume, of for - - - gotten lore;

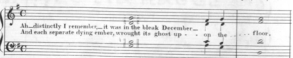


While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
At my chamber door,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping

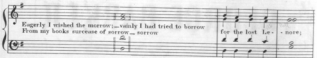


"Tis some visitor," I mutter'd, "tapping at my chamber door, - Only this, - and nothing more."

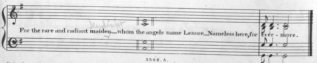
Verse 2.



Ah, distinctly I remember, - it was in the bleak December, -  
And each separate dying ember, wrought its ghost up - - - on the . . . floor,



Eagerly I wished the morrow; - vainly I had tried to burrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow - sorrow for the lost Le - - - more;



For the rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore, - Nameless here, for ever - more.

V<sup>o</sup> 3.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling, of each purple curtain  
Thrill'd me, - filled me with fantastic terrors never felt be . . . fore;

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.

V<sup>o</sup> 4.

Open here I flung the shutter, - when, with many a flirt and flutter, -  
In three, - stopped a stately Raven, of the saintly days of yore;

Not the least obeisance made he; - not an instant stopped or staid he; -  
'bove my chamber door - But with mien of lord or lady - perch'd a -

Perch'd upon a bust of Pallas - just above my chamber door - Perch'd and set, - and  
nothing more.

v. 5.

"Prophet" said I... thing of evil... prophet still... if bird or devil...  
Whether Tempter sent... or whether tempter lo'd thee here a . . share,

Desolate... yet all unshanted... on this desert land enchanted...  
On this home by Horror haunted... tell me tru-ly... I im- . . plore,

Is there... is there balm in Gilead?... tell me... tell me... I implore! Quoth the Raven, Nevermore!

v. 6.

"Prophet" said I... thing of evil... prophet still... if bird or devil...  
By that Heaven that bends above us... by that God we both a . . dove;

Tell this soul with sorrow laden... if within the distant Aidens...  
It shall clasp a sainted maiden... whom the an-gels name 'Le-nore...  
Le-nore...  
Le-nore...

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden... whom the angels name Lenore! Quoth the Raven, Nevermore!

v. v. 7. *Be that word our sign of parting—bird or fiend!—I shriek'd upstarting—  
 Get thee back into the tempest—and the Night's Plu . . . tonian shore!*

Leave no black plume as a token, of that lie thy soul hath spoken!—  
 Leave my loneliness unbroken—quit the *heart—leave my door!*

Take thy beak from out my heart—and take thy form from off my door!—*Quoth the Raven* *Nevermore!*

v. v. 8. *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 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!*