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The Raven

Edgar Allan Poe

Illustrated by
Gustave Doré



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• THE RAVEN •

POE

DORE



LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

WITH NAMES OF ENGRAVERS

Title-page, designed by Elihu Vedder. *Frederick Juengling.*

"Nevermore." *H. Claudius, G. J. Buchner.*

ANATKH. *H. Claudius.*

"Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore." *R. A. Muller.*

"Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor." *R. G. Tietze.*

"Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore." *H. Claudius.*

"Sorrow for the lost Lenore." *W. Zimmermann.*

"For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore." *Frederick Juengling.*

"'T is some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door.'" *W. Zimmermann.*

—"Here I opened wide the door;—
Darkness there, and nothing more." *H. Claudius.*

"Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before." *F. S. King.*

"'Surely,' said I, 'surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore.'" *Frederick Juengling.*

"Open here I flung the shutter." *T. Johnson.*

- “A stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he.” *R. Staudenbaur.*
- “Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.” *R. G. Tietze.*
- “Wandering from the Nightly shore.” *Frederick Juengling.*
- “Till I scarcely more than muttered, ‘Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.’” *Frank French.*
- “Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy.” *R. Schelling.*
- “But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o’er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!” *George Kruell.*
- “‘Wretch,’ I cried, ‘thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!’” *Victor Bernstrom.*
- “On this home by Horror haunted.” *R. Staudenbaur.*
- “‘Tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!’” *W. Zimmermann.*
- “‘Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore.’” *F. S. King.*
- “‘Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!’ I shrieked, upstarting.” *W. Zimmermann.*
- “‘Get thee back into the tempest and the Night’s Plutonian shore!’” *Robert Hoskin.*
- “And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!” *R. G. Tietze.*
- The secret of the Sphinx. *R. Staudenbaur.*



Title Page





ANATKH (Inevitability)

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.”



G. Dore

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

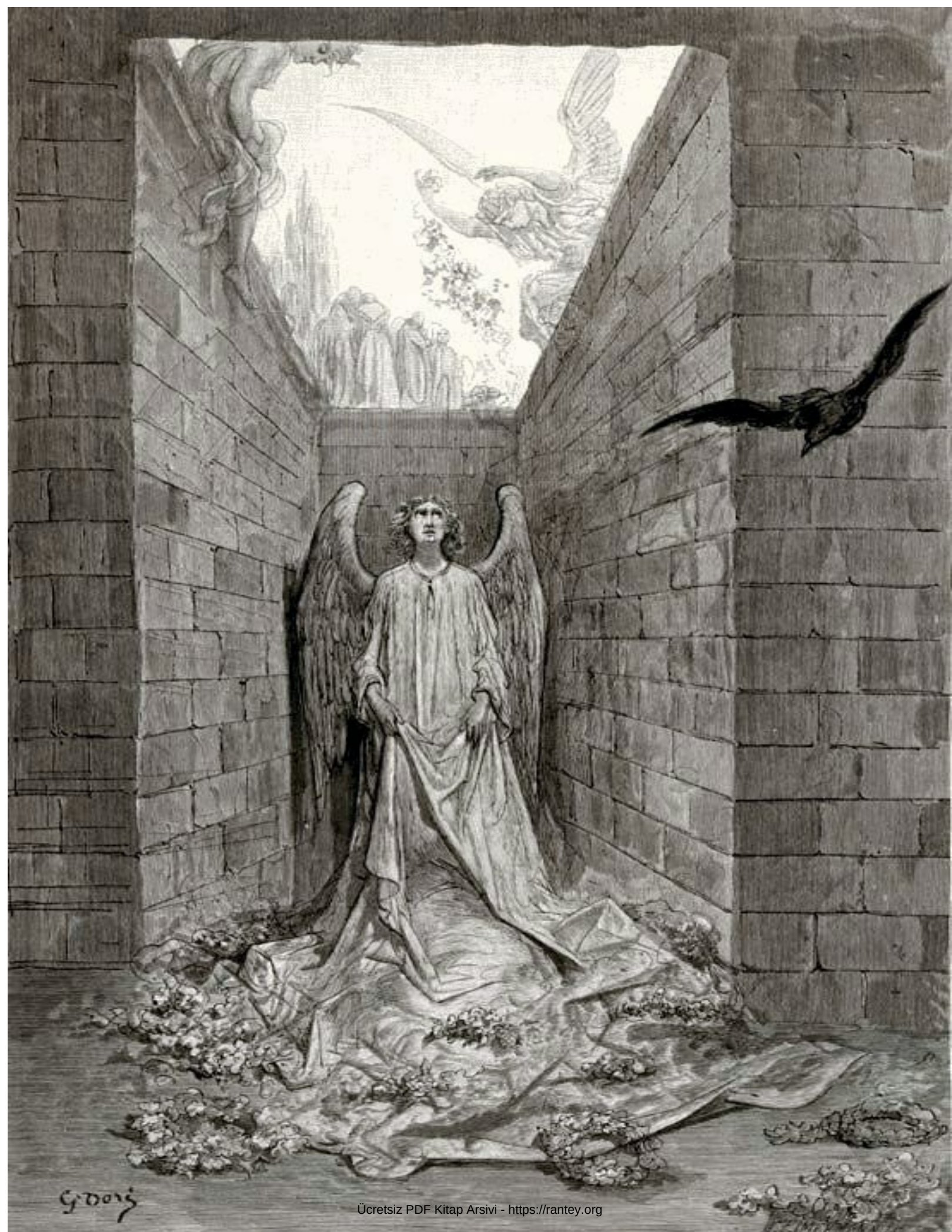
From my books surcease of sorrow —
sorrow for the lost Lenore —

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the
angels name Lenore —

Nameless here for evermore.



Vainly I had Sought to Borrow



Sorrow for Lenore



Nameless Here for Evermore



And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each
purple curtain

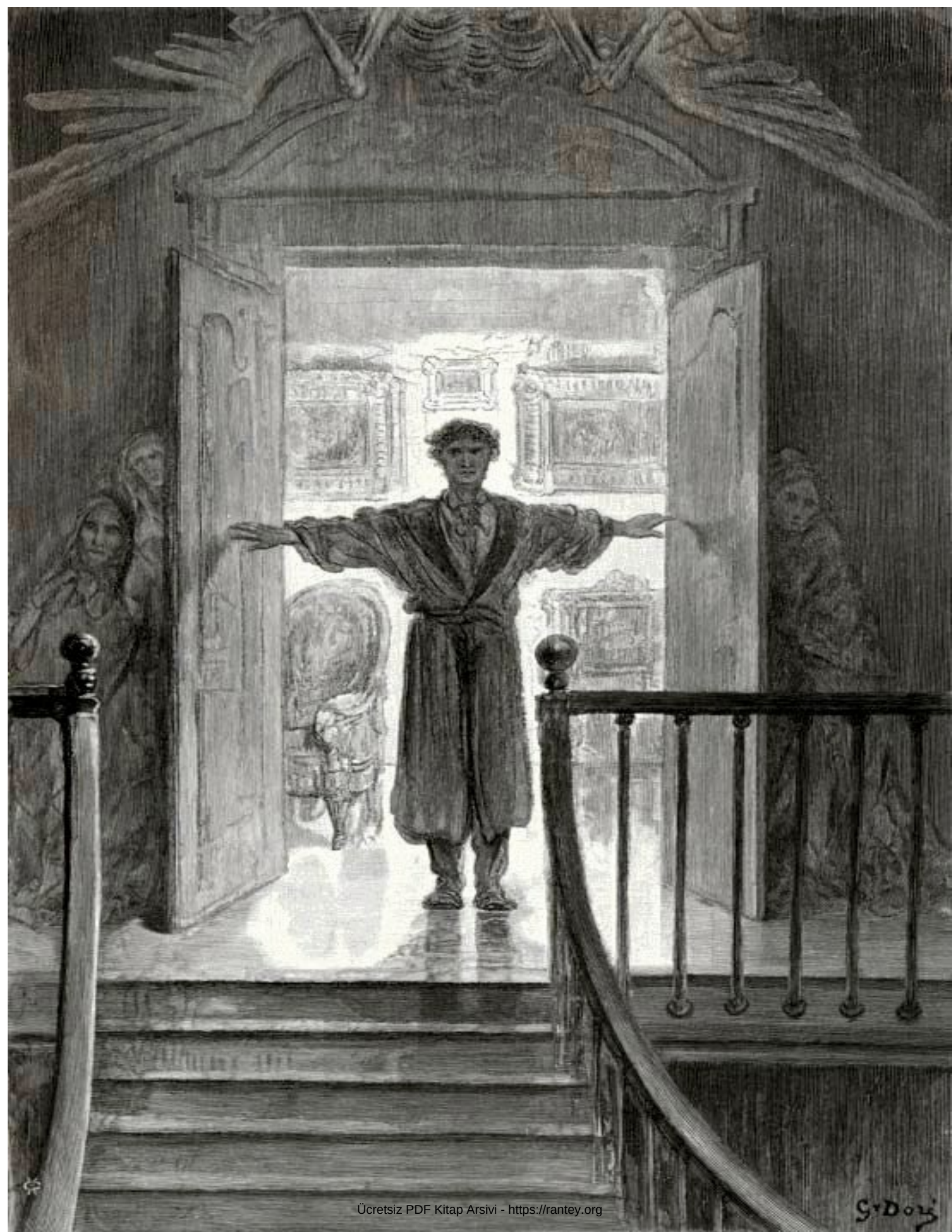
Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors
never felt before;

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.



Dreams No Mortal Ever Dared to Dream Before

Deep into that darkness peering, long I
stood there wondering, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals 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!"—

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 —

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 a
minute stopped or stayed he;

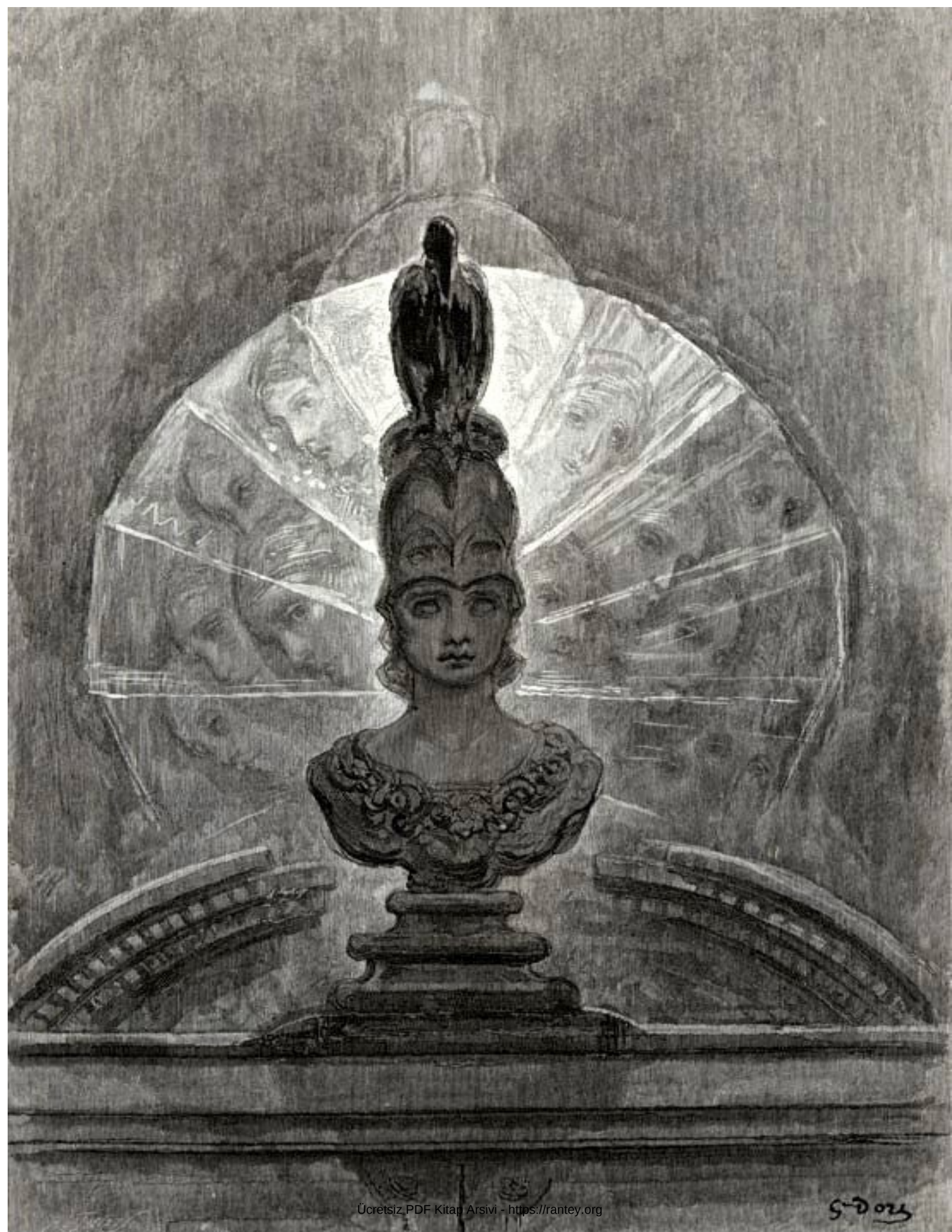
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched
above my chamber door —

Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my
chamber door —

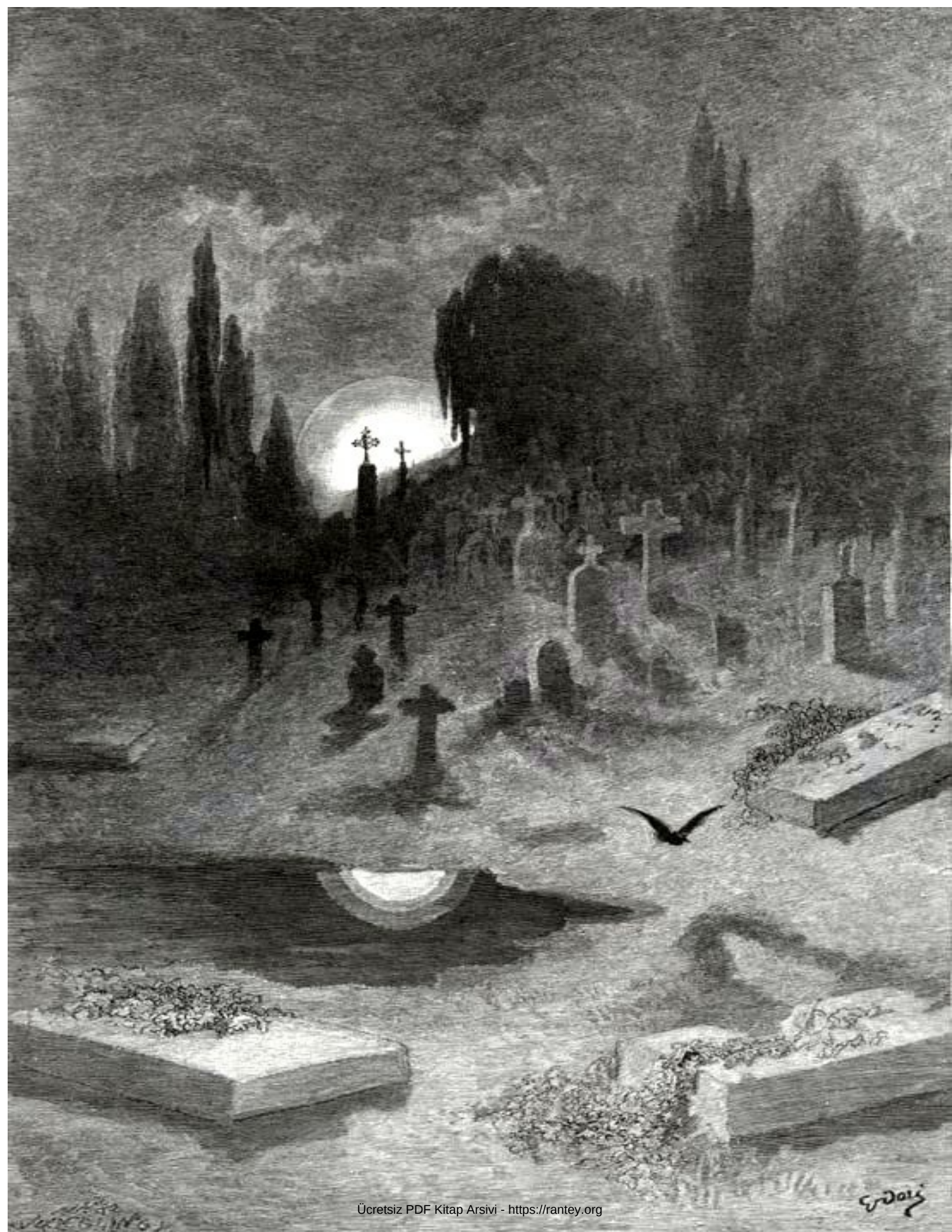
Perched, and sat, and nothing
more.



Not the Least Obeisance Made He



Perched Upon a Bust of Pallas



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 blest 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 further 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’.”



G. Dore

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.”



Velvet Lining

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 Seraphim whose footfalls 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.”



Balm in Gilead



“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 in 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.”



Back into the Tempest



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 lamplight 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!



The Secret of the Sphinx



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