

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,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.

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

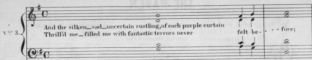
Verse 2.

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

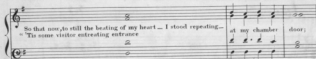
Eagerly I wished the morrow; - vainly I had tried to burrow
From my books surcease of sorrow - sorrow for the lost Le - - - more;

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

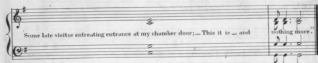
V^o 3.



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

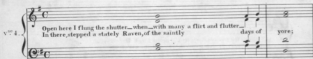


So that now, to still the beating of my heart - I stood repeating - at my chamber door;
'Tis some visitor entreating entrance

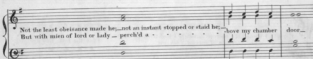


Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door; - This it is - and
nothing more.

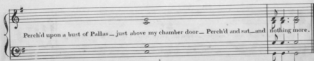
V^o 4.



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; - here 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 sat, - 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—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden— whom the angels name Lencore!— 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!*