



Illustrations of “The Raven”

By Gustave Dore



"Nevermore"



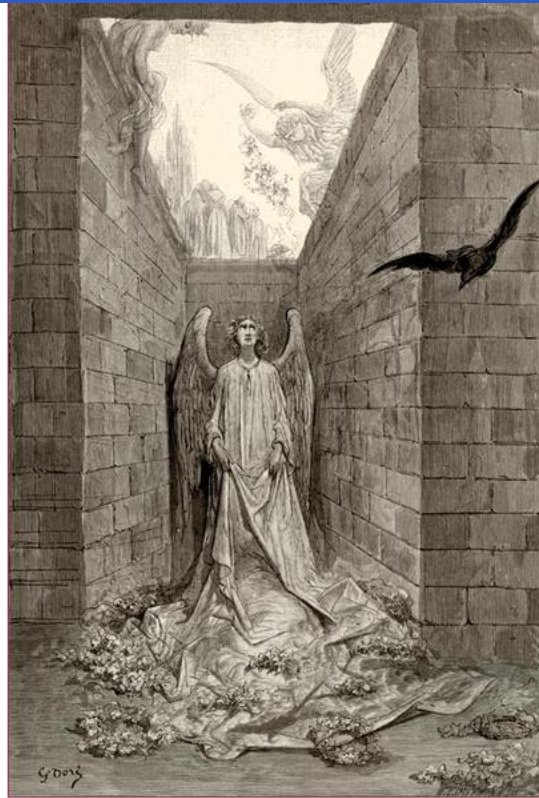
*Once Upon a Midnight Dreary,
while I pondered weak and weary,
Over many and quaint and curious
volume of forgotten lore...*



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



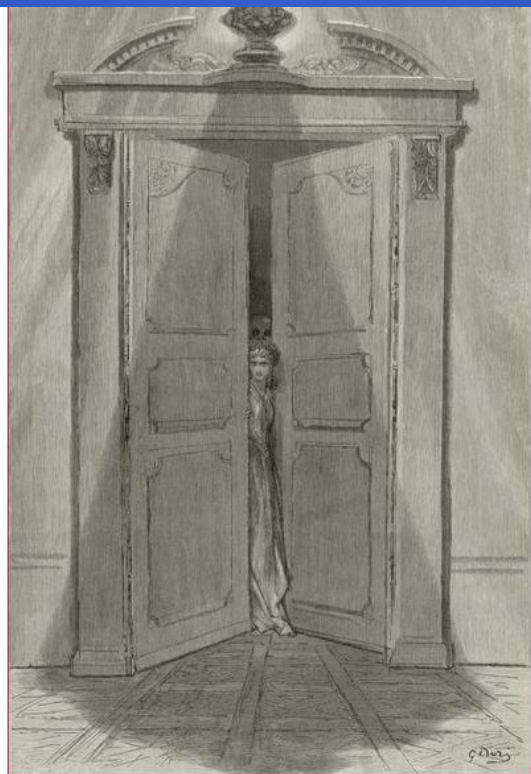
*Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to
borrow from my books surcease of sorrow -
sorrow for the lost Lenore.*



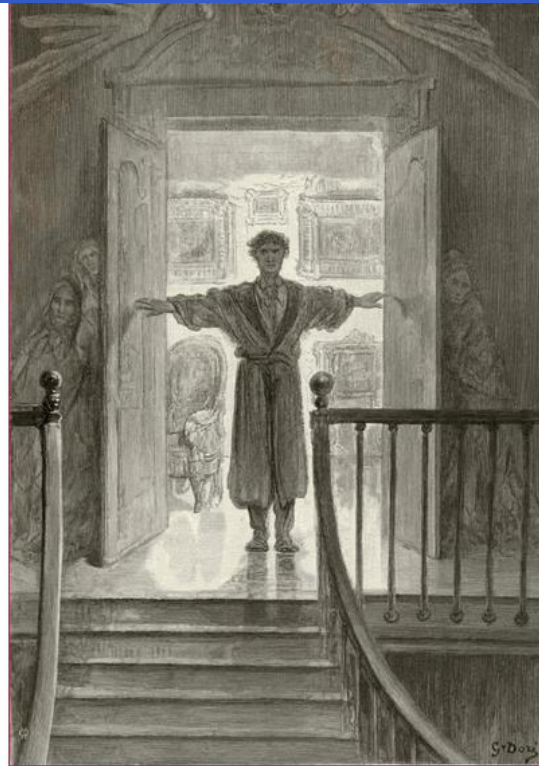
Sorrow for the lost Lenore.



*For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore -- Nameless here for evermore.*



*'Tis some visitor entreating entrance
at my chamber door-- Some late visitor
entreating entrance at my chamber door.*



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



*Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal
ever dared to dream before.*



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



Open here I flung the shutter.



*A stately Raven of the saintly
days of yore. Not the least obeisance made he;
not a minute stopped or stayed he.*



*Perched upon a bust of Pallas
just above my chamber door --
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.*



Wandering from the nightly shore



*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, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself
to linking Fancy unto fancy.*



*But whose velvet lining
with the lamplight gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore.*



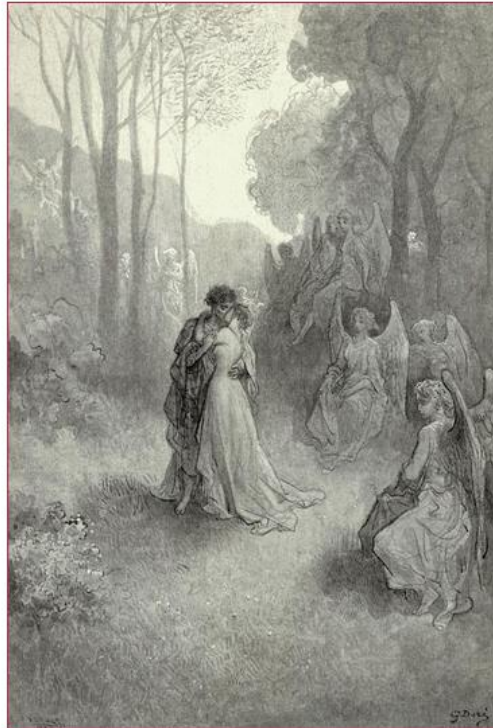
*'Wretch', I cried, 'thy God hath lent thee--
by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite-- respite and nepenthe
from the memories of Lenore!'*



On this home by Horror haunted



*Tell me truly, I implore—
Is there— is there balm in Gilead?
—tell me — tell me, I implore!*



*Tell this soul with sorrow laden,
if within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden
whom the angels name Lenore.*



'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!'



*Get thee back into the tempest
and the Night's Plutonian shore!*



*And my soul from out that shadow
that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted -- nevermore.*