

# Alan Parsons, The Raven

The clock struck midnight  
And through my sleeping  
I heard a tapping at my door  
I looked but nothing lay in the darkness  
And so I turned inside once more

To my amazement  
There stood a raven  
Whose shadow hung above my door  
Then through the silence  
It spoke the one word  
That I shall hear for evermore

Nevermore  
Thus quoth the raven, nevermore

And still the raven remains in my room  
No matter how much I implore  
No words can soothe him  
No prayer remove him  
And I must hear for evermore

Quoth the raven, nevermore  
Nevermore  
Thus quoth the raven, nevermore