

Carpathian Forest, The Eclipse 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....

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...