

CLASSICAL TYPE COMICS DEPT.: ONCE UPON AN EVENING DREARY, WHILE WE PONDERED WEAK AND WEARY IN THE PUBLIC LIBREARY, ON A COMIC STORY PLOT; WHILE WE NODDED NEARLY NAPPING, CAME AN ATTENDANT A-TAPPING, ON OUR HEAD SO GENTLY RAPPING, SPOKE "THAT'S ALL THE TIME YOU'VE GOT!...OOH WERE WE MAD! WE HOWLED! WE RAYED! AND THAT'S WHAT THIS STORY IS ABOUT...

THE RAVEN

By EDGAR ALLAN POE TRY.

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 visiter," I
muttered,
"tapping at my chamber
door —

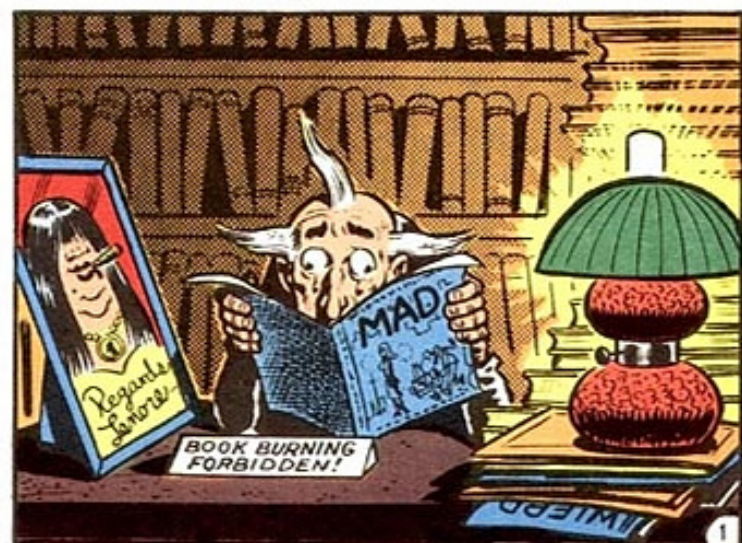
Only this and
nothing more."

CLONK
CLONK
BASH
BAM



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.

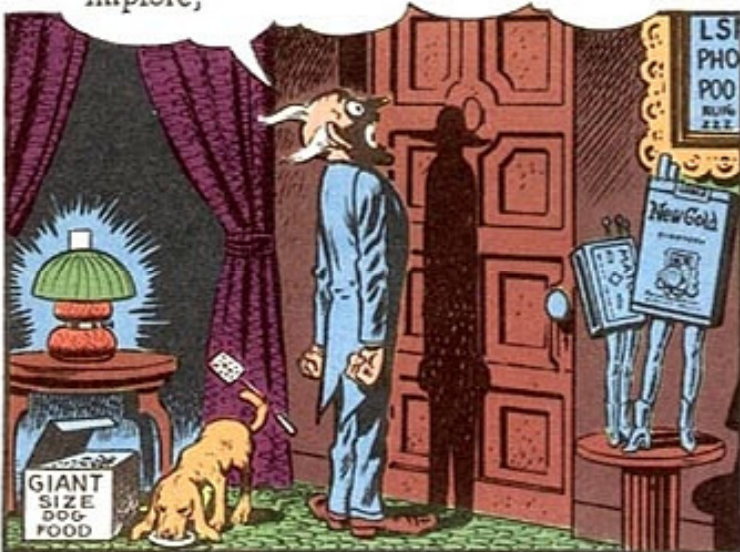


And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never
felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating



Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;



That I scarce was sure I heard you"— here I opened wide the door;—

Darkness there and nothing more.

"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,—

This it is and nothing more."



But the fact is I was napping and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,



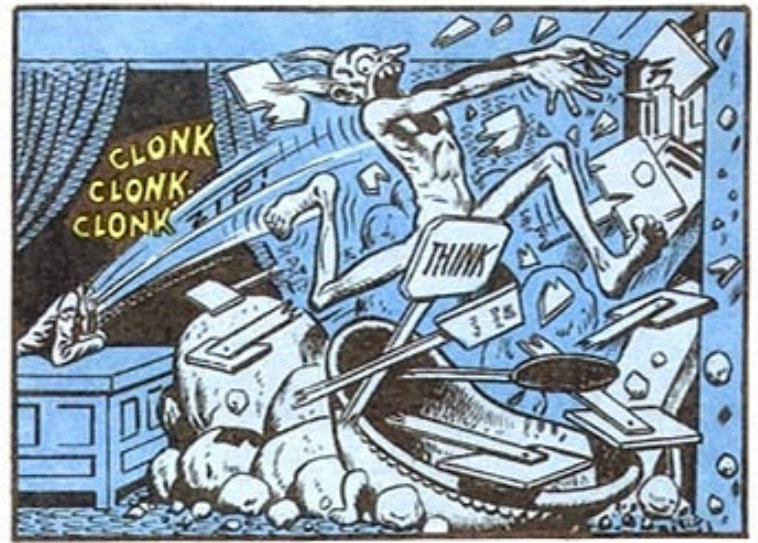
Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal 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?' Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning.
 This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, 'Lenore!' Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
 'Surely, said I, 'surely that is something at my window lattice;

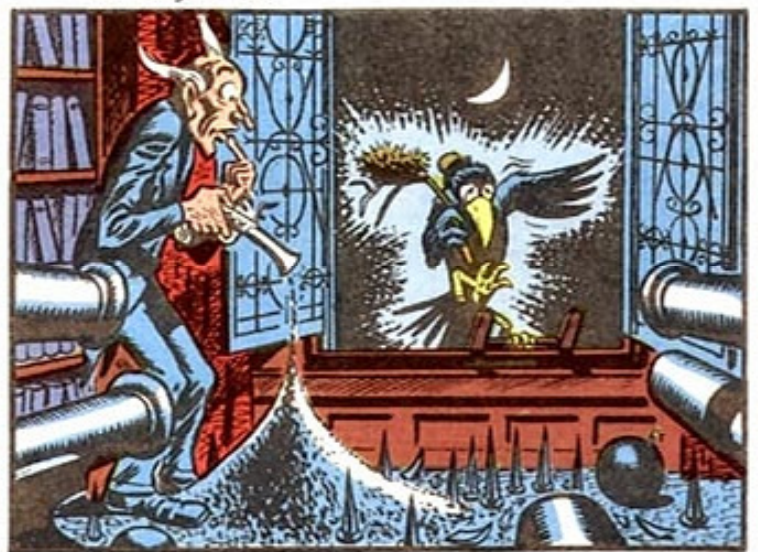
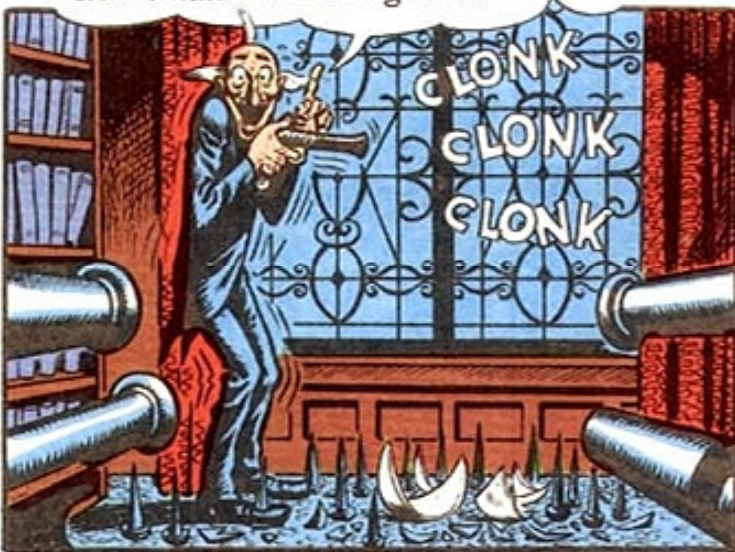
Merely this and nothing more.



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.

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—



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

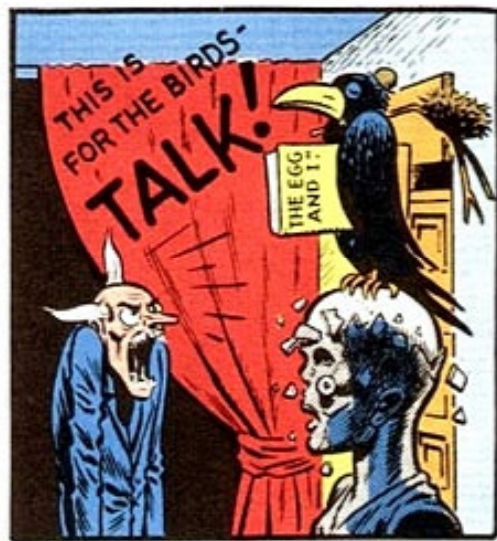
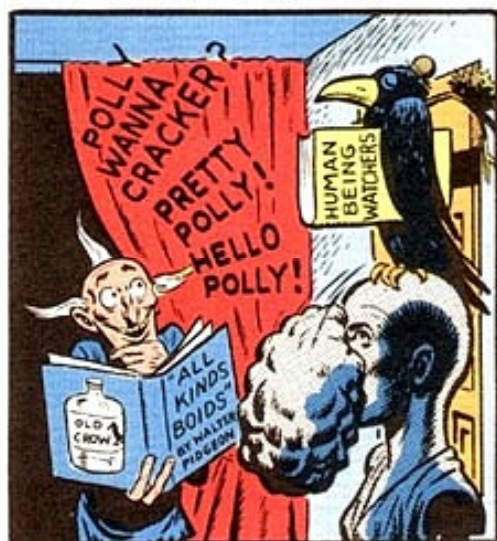
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's
 Plutonian shore!"

Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore.")



Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,

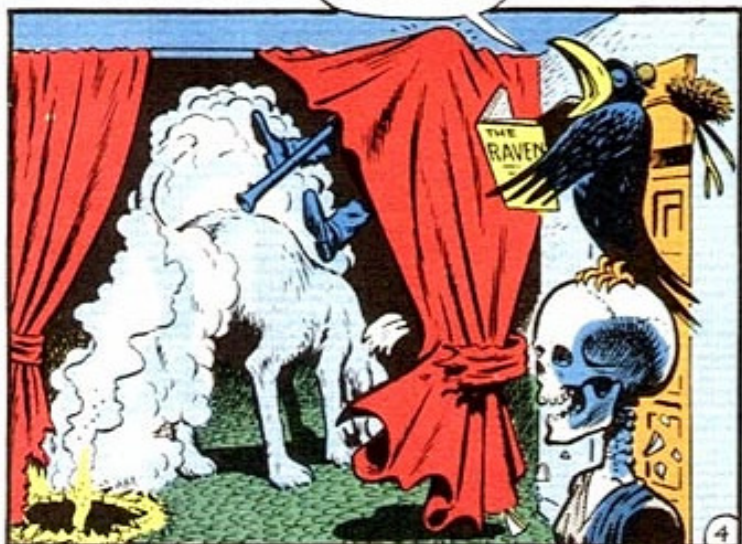
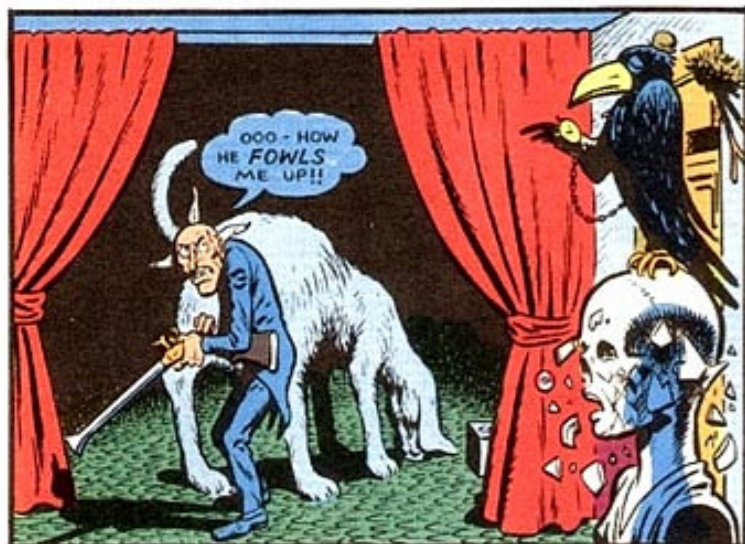
With such name as "Nevermore."



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 farther 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.")



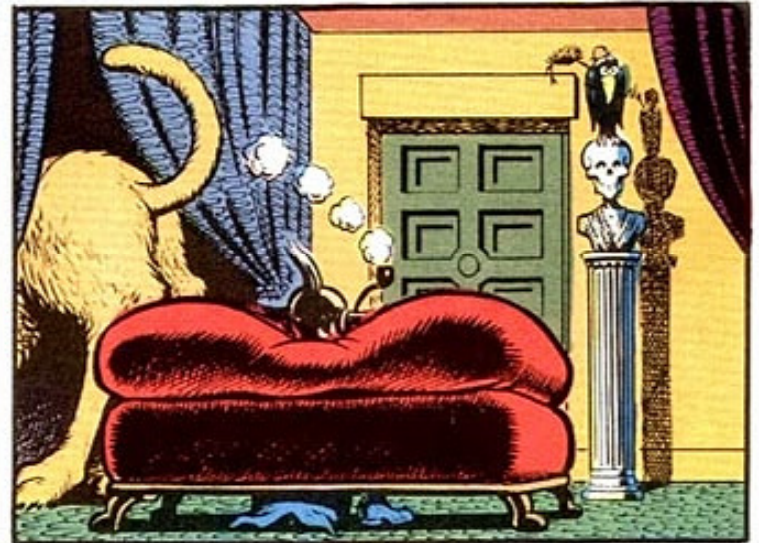
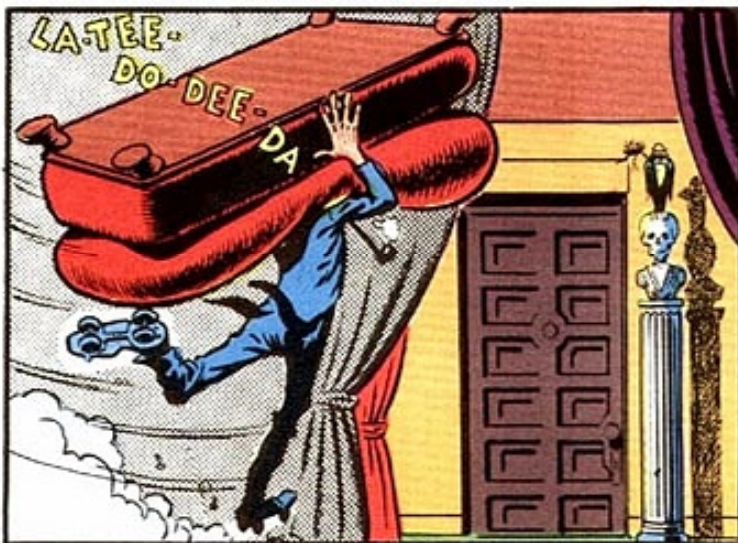
Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock
 and store
 Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster

Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore-
 Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
 Of ("Never - Nevermore")



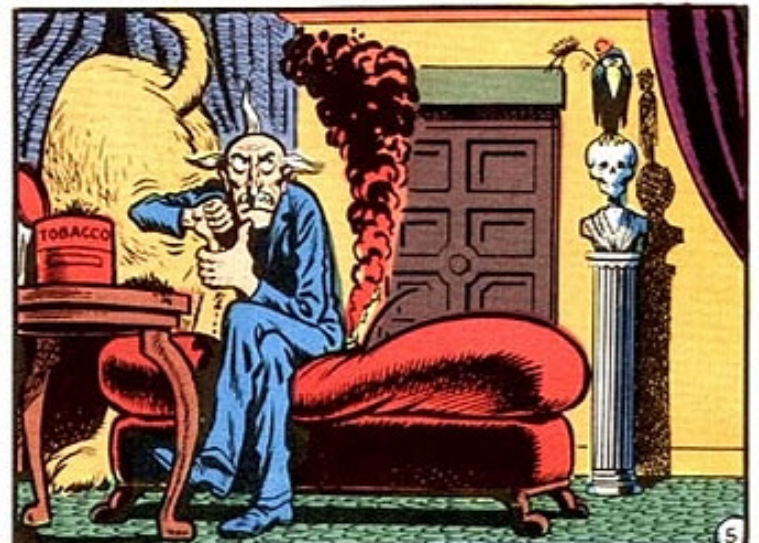
But the Raven still beguiling my sad fancy into
 smiling,
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird,
 and bust and door;

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to
 linking
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird
 of yore -



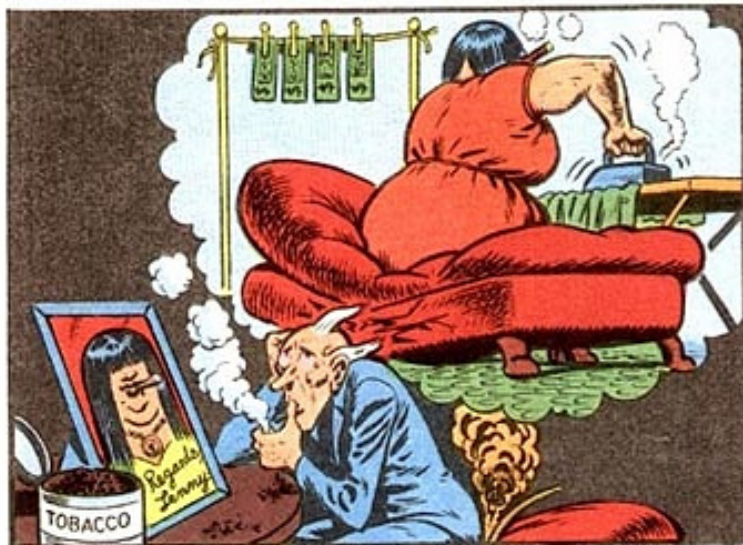
What this grim, uncleanly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous
 bird of yore
 Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

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



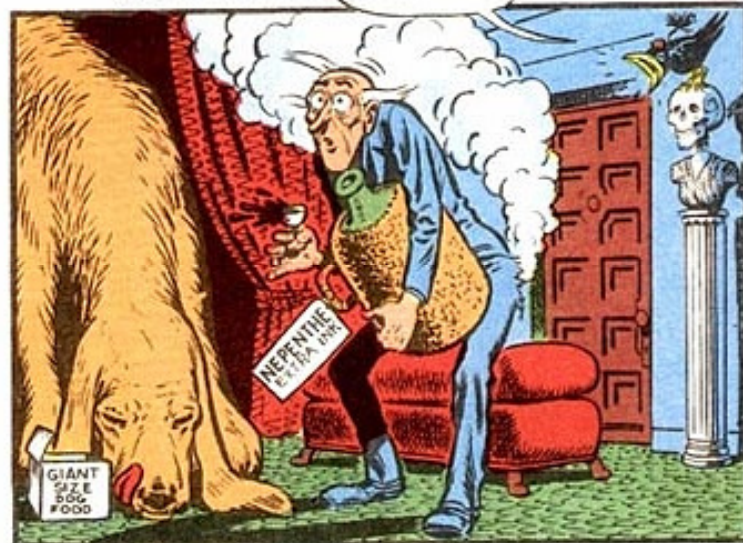
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,

She shall press, ah, nevermore!



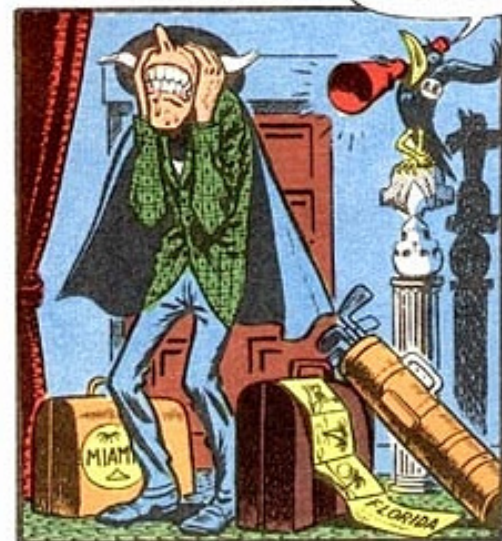
Respite - respite and nepenthe from the memories of Lenore;
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!

Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore.")



On this home by Horror haunted - tell me truly, I implore -
Is there -is there balm in Gilead? - tell me - tell me, I implore!

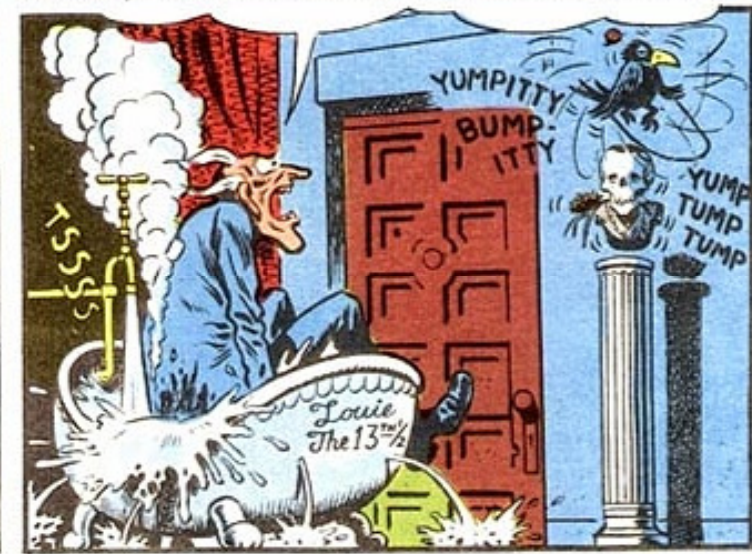
Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore.")



Then, methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee - by these angels
he hath sent thee



"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! - prophet still, if bird or
devil! -
Whether Tempter sent, or tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted -

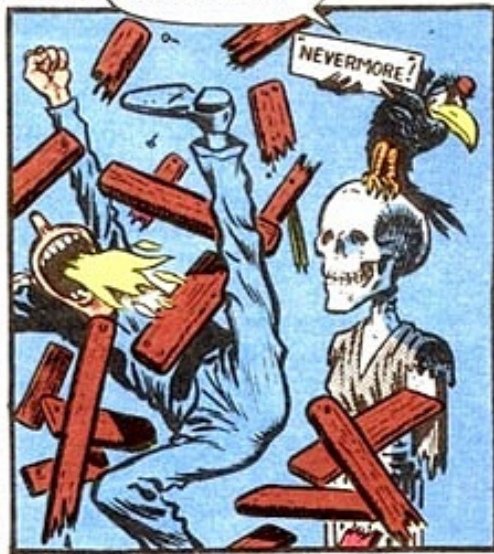
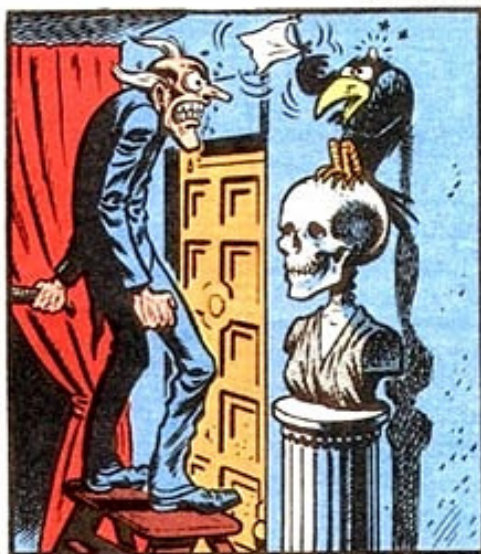


"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! - prophet still, if bird or
devil!
By that heaven that bends above us - by that God we
both adore -

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."

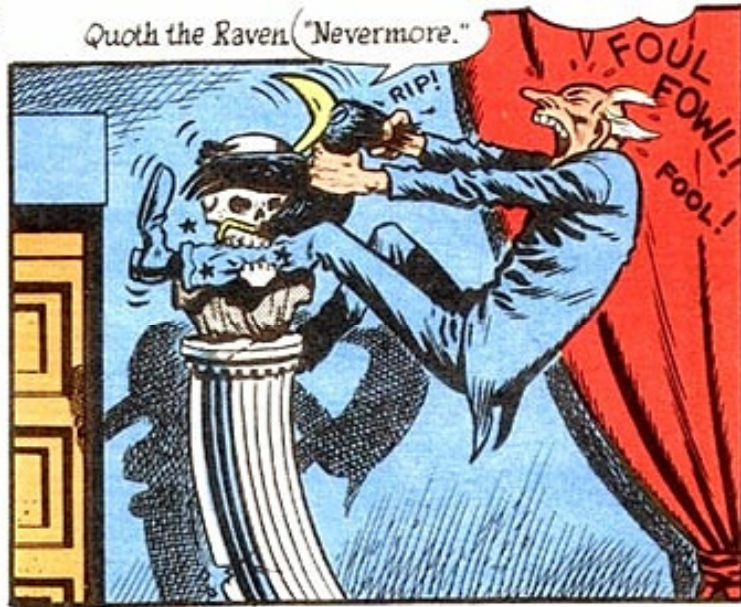
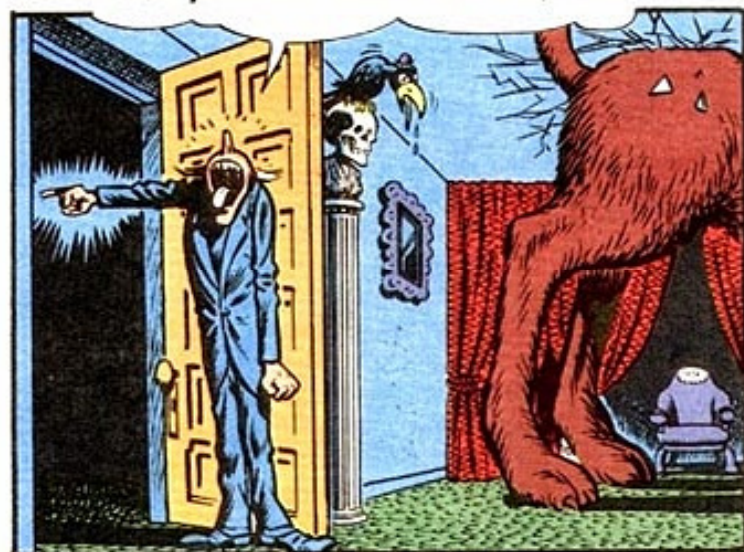
Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore.")



"Be that word our sign of 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.")



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 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!

