

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."

