

EDGAR ALLAN POE

THE RAVEN

AND OTHER WORKS



WWW.KLAUSNORDBY.COM

EDGAR ALLAN POE

THE RAVEN
&
OTHER WORKS



THE CONTENTS

THE CONTENTS • 3

THE LEGAL • 4

THE REMARKS • 5

THE RAVEN • 6

THE RAVEN • 6

A VALENTINE • 27

ULALUME • 28

A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM • 38

ANNABEL LEE • 40

ELDORADO • 44

THE CONQUEROR WORM • 46

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMPOSITION • 50

THE WORDS • 73

THE POOR MAN'S POE POSTER • 79

THE LEGAL

Graphic design & editorial text © 2013 by Klaus Nordby.

All rights reserved.

Design and typesetting was done by KLAUS NORDBY in ADOBE INDESIGN CS6.

The soulful Adobe BRIOSO PRO typeface was designed by ROBERT SLIMBACH.

This PDF ebook may be freely shared. However, all printing has been disabled, because . . .

. . . I'd really like you to buy a handsomely printed hardcover edition from my webshop

www.Blurb.com/user/KlausNordby.



VERSION 1.0 • JANUARY 19 • 2013

WWW.KLAUSNORDBY.COM/POE

THE REMARKS

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S THE RAVEN, first published on January 29, 1845, is my all-time favorite poem. I have read it countless times in the past thirty-plus years — and I *never* tire of reading, reciting and studying it. I have used it for elocution lessons as well as for teaching prosody. It's only 108 lines — but with 1001 uses. So I designed a book which tries to do *typographical justice* to this masterwork. It also contains these niceties:

- A line counter (18 stanzas × 6 lines = 108 lines)
- Explanations for the more obscure words
- A stanza timeline
- A word index of the 437 words used in THE RAVEN
- Poe's 1846 essay THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMPOSITION

... plus 5 other Poe poems I also think very highly of. I am smugly pleased with the result — and I hope that others will also enjoy this book.

KLAUS NORDBY

Oslo, February 19, 2013

ego1@klausnordby.com

THE RAVEN

1845

1

1 **O**NCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
2 Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
3 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
4 As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
5 “’Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “*tapping at my chamber door;*
6 *Only this, and nothing more.*”

2

7 *A*^H, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
8 And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
9 Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
10 From my books surcease of sorrow, sorrow for the lost Lenore,
11 For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,
12 Nameless *here* forevermore.

3

13 **A**ND the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
14 Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;

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

16 “’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,

17 Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door.

18 *This is it, and nothing more.”*

4

19 **P**RESENTLY my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,

20 “Sir,” said I, “or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;

21 *But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,*

22 *And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,*

23 *That I scarce was sure I heard you.”* Here I opened wide the door;

24 **Darkness there, and nothing more.**

5

25 **D**EEP into the darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
26 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
27 But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
28 And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "*Lenore?*"
29 This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "*Lenore!*"
30 Merely this, and nothing more.

6

31 **B**ACK into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,

32 Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before,

33 “Surely,” said I, “surely, that is something at my window lattice.

34 Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore.

35 Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore.

36 ‘Tis the wind, and nothing more.”

7

37 **O** **PEN** here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,

38 In there stepped a stately raven, of the saintly days of yore.

39 Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;

40 But with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door.

41 Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door,

42 Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

OBEISANCE: Taking
a bow, to show an
obedient attitude.

MIEN: Demeanor; facial expression
or attitude, especially one which is
intended by its bearer.

PALLAS: Pallas Athena, the
Greek goddess of wisdom

8

43 **T**HEN this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
44 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
45 “*Though thy crest be shorn and shaven thou,*” I said, “*art sure no craven,*
46 *Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly shore.*
47 *Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night’s Plutonian shore.*”
48 Quoth the raven, “*Nevermore.*”

CREST: A tuft growing on
an animal’s head; the comb
of a cock.

CRAVEN: Unwilling to fight;
lacking even the rudiments of
courage; extremely cowardly.

PLUTONIAN: Of or relating
to *Pluto*, the Greek god of
the underworld.

9

49 *M*^{UCH} I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
50 Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
51 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
52 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door,
53 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
54 With such name as “*Nevermore.*”

10

55 **B**UT the raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
56 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.

57 Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered;

58 Till I scarcely more than muttered, *“Other friends have flown before;*

59 *On the morrow HE will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.”*

60 Then the bird said, *“Nevermore.”*

11

61 **S**TARTLED at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
62 “Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters is its only stock and store,
63 Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
64 Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore —
65 Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore
66 Of ‘Never — nevermore.’”

DIRGE: A mournful piece of music intended as a memorial to a deceased person.

12

67 **B**UT the raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,
68 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
69 Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
70 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore,
71 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
72 Meant in croaking, “*Nevermore.*”

13

73 *T***HUS** I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
74 To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
75 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
76 On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
77 But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er
78 *She shall press, ah, nevermore!*

14

79 **T**HEN, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
80 Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.

81 “Wretch,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee, by these angels he hath sent thee

82 Respite — respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!

83 Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!”

84 Quoth the raven, “Nevermore!”

CENSER: A container for
burning incense, especially
during religious ceremonies.

SERAPHIM:
Angels.

QUAFF: To
drink vigorously.

NEPENTHE: A drug described
in Homer’s Odyssey that relieves
one of pain, grief or sorrow.

15

85 **P**ROPHET!" said I, "thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil!
86 Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
87 Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted —
88 On this home by horror haunted — tell me truly, I implore:
89 Is there — IS there balm in Gilead? — tell me — tell me, I implore!"
90 Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

BALM IN GILEAD: A biblical reference to balsam; something that is healing and soothing.

16

91 **P**ROPHET!" said I, "thing of evil — prophet still, if bird or devil!
92 By that heaven that bends above us — by that God we both adore —
93 Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
94 It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore —
95 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore?"
96 Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

AIDENN: Archaic spelling of "Eden"; Paradise;
Poe's intended meaning here is Heaven.

17

97 ***B**E that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting —*

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

99 *Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!*

100 *Leave my loneliness unbroken! — quit the bust above my door!*

101 *Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"*

102 *Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."*

18

103 *A*ND the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, *still* is sitting

104 On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;

105 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming.

106 And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws the shadow on the floor;

107 And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor

108 Shall be lifted — *nevermore.*



THIS FOLLOWING VALENTINE was written by Poe's wife Virginia Eliza Clemm Poe at age 23. It is dated February 14, 1846 — about a year before she died on January 30, 1847, after five years of tuberculosis. Her prolonged illness and ever-looming, inevitably eventual death had a profound effect on Poe's life and work.

They were first cousins and married when Virginia was 13 and Poe was 27. Yes, this seems a bit unusual to us 21st century people — but everything we know about them tells us they were a very happy, devoted couple. For instance, Virginia's own mother, Maria Clemm, lived with them for much of their married life, and her testimonials all reveal her high regard for Poe and his treatment of his young wife. So I don't think we moderns have any high-minded moral right to worry about those unusual marital factors.

I print this charming Valentine poem not for its poetic qualities, but as evidence of Virginia's love for her husband. For were it not for Virginia's life and love, Poe would not have been the poet I so love and admire.

A VALENTINE

1845 (VIRGINIA ELIZA CLEMM POE)

EVER with thee I wish to roam —
Dearest my life is thine.
Give me a cottage for my home
And a rich old cypress vine,
Removed from the world with its sin and care
And the tattling of many tongues.
Love alone shall guide us when we are there —
Love shall heal my weakened lungs;
And Oh, the tranquil hours we'll spend,
Never wishing that others may see!
Perfect ease we'll enjoy, without thinking to lend
Ourselves to the world and its glee —
Ever peaceful and blissful we'll be.

ULALUME

1847

THE skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crisped and sere —
The leaves they were withering and sere;
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year;
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid region of Weir —
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

HERE once, through an alley Titanic,
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul —
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
There were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll —
As the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole —
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
In the realms of the boreal pole.

OUR talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere —
Our memories were treacherous and sere —
For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year —
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)
We noted not the dim lake of Auber —
(Though once we had journeyed down here),
Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

AND now, as the night was senescent,
And star-dials pointed to morn —
As the star-dials hinted of morn —
At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous lustre was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn —
Astarte's bediamonded crescent
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

AND I said — “She is warmer than Dian:
She rolls through an ether of sighs —
She revels in a region of sighs:
She has seen that the tears are not dry on
These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
And has come past the stars of the Lion,
To point us the path to the skies —
To the Lethean peace of the skies —
Come up, in despite of the Lion,
To shine on us with her bright eyes-
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
With love in her luminous eyes.”

BUT Psyche, uplifting her finger,
Said — “Sadly this star I mistrust —
Her pallor I strangely mistrust: —
Oh, hasten! — oh, let us not linger!
Oh, fly! — let us fly! — for we must.”
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Wings until they trailed in the dust —
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Plumes till they trailed in the dust —
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I REPLIED — “This is nothing but dreaming:
Let us on by this tremulous light!
Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
Its Sybilic splendor is beaming
With Hope and in Beauty to-night: —
See! — it flickers up the sky through the night!
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
And be sure it will lead us aright —
We safely may trust to a gleaming
That cannot but guide us aright,
Since it flickers up to Heaven through the night.”

THUS I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom —
And conquered her scruples and gloom;
And we passed to the end of the vista,
But were stopped by the door of a tomb —
By the door of a legended tomb;
And I said — “What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?”
She replied — “Ulalume — Ulalume —
‘Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!”

THEN my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crisped and sere —
As the leaves that were withering and sere —
And I cried — “It was surely October
On this very night of last year
That I journeyed — I journeyed down here —
That I brought a dread burden down here —
On this night of all nights in the year,
Ah, what demon has tempted me here?
Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber —
This misty mid region of Weir —
Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.”



A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM

1847

TAKE this kiss upon the brow!

And, in parting from you now,

Thus much let me avow —

You are not wrong, who deem

That my days have been a dream;

Yet if Hope has flown away

In a night, or in a day,

In a vision, or in none,

Is it therefore the less *gone*?

All that we see or seem

Is but a dream within a dream.

I STAND amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand —
How few! yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep,
While I weep — while I weep!
O God! can I not grasp
Them with a tighter clasp?
O God! can I not save
One from the pitiless wave?
Is *all* that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream?

ANNABEL LEE

1847

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than love —
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingéd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

AND this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

THE angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me —
Yes! — that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

BUT our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we —
Of many far wiser than we —
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

FOR the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling — my darling — my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.



ELDORADO

1849

GAILY bedight,
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

BUT he grew old —
This knight so bold —
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

AND, as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow —
“Shadow,” said he,
“Where can it be —
This land of Eldorado?!”

“OVER the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,”
The shade replied —
“If you seek for Eldorado!”

THE CONQUEROR WORM

1847

Lo! 'tis a gala night
Within the lonesome latter years!
 An angel throng, bewinged, bedight
In veils, and drowned in tears,
Sit in a theatre, to see
 A play of hopes and fears,
While the orchestra breathes fitfully
The music of the spheres.

MIMES, in the form of God on high,
Mutter and mumble low,
 And hither and thither fly —
Mere puppets they, who come and go
At bidding of vast formless things
 That shift the scenery to and fro,
Flapping from out their Condor wings
 Invisible Woe!

THAT motley drama — oh, be sure
 It shall not be forgot!
With its Phantom chased for evermore,
 By a crowd that seize it not,
Through a circle that ever returneth in
 To the self-same spot,
And much of Madness, and more of Sin,
 And Horror the soul of the plot.

BUT see, amid the mimic rout

A crawling shape intrude!

A blood-red thing that writhes from out
The scenic solitude!

It writhes! — it writhes! — with mortal pangs
The mimes become its food,
And seraphs sob at vermin fangs
In human gore imbued.

OUT — out are the lights — out all!

And, over each quivering form,
The curtain, a funeral pall,

Comes down with the rush of a storm,
While the angels, all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy, “MAN,”
And its hero the Conqueror Worm.



THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMPOSITION

1846

CHARLES DICKENS, in a note now lying before me, alluding to an examination I once made of the mechanism of BARNABY RUDGE, says — “By the way, are you aware that Godwin wrote his CALEB WILLIAMS backwards? He first involved his hero in a web of difficulties, forming the second volume, and then, for the first, cast about him for some mode of accounting for what had been done.”

I cannot think this the precise mode of procedure on the part of Godwin — and indeed what he himself acknowledges, is not altogether in accordance with Mr. Dickens’ idea — but the author of CALEB WILLIAMS was too good an artist not to perceive the advantage derivable from at least a somewhat similar process. Nothing is more clear than that every plot, worth the name, must be elaborated to its denouement before

anything be attempted with the pen. It is only with the denouement constantly in view that we can give a plot its indispensable air of consequence, or causation, by making the incidents, and especially the tone at all points, tend to the development of the intention.

There is a radical error, I think, in the usual mode of constructing a story. Either history affords a thesis — or one is suggested by an incident of the day — or, at best, the author sets himself to work in the combination of striking events to form merely the basis of his narrative — designing, generally, to fill in with description, dialogue, or authorial comment, whatever crevices of fact, or action, may, from page to page, render themselves apparent.

I prefer commencing with the consideration of an effect. Keeping originality always in view — for he is false to himself who ventures to dispense with so obvious and so easily attainable a source of interest — I say to myself, in the first place, “Of the innumerable effects, or impressions, of which the heart, the intellect, or (more generally) the soul is susceptible, what one shall I, on the present occasion, select?” Having chosen a novel, first, and secondly a vivid effect, I consider whether it can be best wrought by incident or tone — whether by ordinary incidents and peculiar tone,

or the converse, or by peculiarity both of incident and tone — afterward looking about me (or rather within) for such combinations of event, or tone, as shall best aid me in the construction of the effect.

I have often thought how interesting a magazine paper might be written by any author who would — that is to say, who could — detail, step by step, the processes by which any one of his compositions attained its ultimate point of completion. Why such a paper has never been given to the world, I am much at a loss to say — but, perhaps, the authorial vanity has had more to do with the omission than any one other cause. Most writers — poets in especial — prefer having it understood that they compose by a species of fine frenzy — an ecstatic intuition — and would positively shudder at letting the public take a peep behind the scenes, at the elaborate and vacillating crudities of thought — at the true purposes seized only at the last moment — at the innumerable glimpses of idea that arrived not at the maturity of full view — at the fully-matured fancies discarded in despair as unmanageable — at the cautious selections and rejections — at the painful erasures and interpolations — in a word, at the wheels and pinions — the tackle for scene-shifting — the step-ladders, and demon-traps — the cock's feathers, the red paint and the

black patches, which, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, constitute the properties of the literary histrio.

I am aware, on the other hand, that the case is by no means common, in which an author is at all in condition to retrace the steps by which his conclusions have been attained. In general, suggestions, having arisen pell-mell are pursued and forgotten in a similar manner.

For my own part, I have neither sympathy with the repugnance alluded to, nor, at any time, the least difficulty in recalling to mind the progressive steps of any of my compositions, and, since the interest of an analysis or reconstruction, such as I have considered a desideratum, is quite independent of any real or fancied interest in the thing analyzed, it will not be regarded as a breach of decorum on my part to show the *modus operandi* by which some one of my own works was put together. I select THE RAVEN as most generally known. It is my design to render it manifest that no one point in its composition is referable either to accident or intuition — that the work proceeded step by step, to its completion, with the precision and rigid consequence of a mathematical problem.

Let us dismiss, as irrelevant to the poem, per se, the circumstance — or say the necessity — which, in the first place, gave rise to the intention of composing a poem that should suit at once the popular and the critical taste.

We commence, then, with this intention.

The initial consideration was that of extent. If any literary work is too long to be read at one sitting, we must be content to dispense with the immensely important effect derivable from unity of impression — for, if two sittings be required, the affairs of the world interfere, and everything like totality is at once destroyed. But since, *ceteris paribus*, no poet can afford to dispense with anything that may advance his design, it but remains to be seen whether there is, in extent, any advantage to counterbalance the loss of unity which attends it. Here I say no, at once. What we term a long poem is, in fact, merely a succession of brief ones — that is to say, of brief poetical effects. It is needless to demonstrate that a poem is such only inasmuch as it intensely excites, by elevating the soul; and all intense excitements are, through a psychal necessity, brief. For this reason, at least, one-half of the PARADISE LOST is essentially prose — a succession of poetical excitements interspersed, inevitably, with corresponding depressions — the whole being

deprived, through the extremeness of its length, of the vastly important artistic element, totality, or unity of effect.

It appears evident, then, that there is a distinct limit, as regards length, to all works of literary art — the limit of a single sitting — and that, although in certain classes of prose composition, such as ROBINSON CRUSOE (demanding no unity), this limit may be advantageously overpassed, it can never properly be overpassed in a poem. Within this limit, the extent of a poem may be made to bear mathematical relation to its merit — in other words, to the excitement or elevation — again, in other words, to the degree of the true poetical effect which it is capable of inducing; for it is clear that the brevity must be in direct ratio of the intensity of the intended effect — this, with one proviso — that a certain degree of duration is absolutely requisite for the production of any effect at all.

Holding in view these considerations, as well as that degree of excitement which I deemed not above the popular, while not below the critical taste, I reached at once what I conceived the proper length for my intended poem — a length of about one hundred lines. It is, in fact, a hundred and eight.

My next thought concerned the choice of an impression, or effect, to be conveyed: and here I may as well observe that throughout the construction, I kept steadily in view the design of rendering the work universally appreciable. I should be carried too far out of my immediate topic were I to demonstrate a point upon which I have repeatedly insisted, and which, with the poetical, stands not in the slightest need of demonstration — the point, I mean, that Beauty is the sole legitimate province of the poem. A few words, however, in elucidation of my real meaning, which some of my friends have evinced a disposition to misrepresent. That pleasure which is at once the most intense, the most elevating, and the most pure is, I believe, found in the contemplation of the beautiful. When, indeed, men speak of Beauty, they mean, precisely, not a quality, as is supposed, but an effect — they refer, in short, just to that intense and pure elevation of soul — not of intellect, or of heart — upon which I have commented, and which is experienced in consequence of contemplating the “beautiful.” Now I designate Beauty as the province of the poem, merely because it is an obvious rule of Art that effects should be made to spring from direct causes — that objects should be attained through means best adapted for their attainment — no one as yet having been weak enough to deny that the peculiar

elevation alluded to is most readily attained in the poem. Now the object Truth, or the satisfaction of the intellect, and the object Passion, or the excitement of the heart, are, although attainable to a certain extent in poetry, far more readily attainable in prose. Truth, in fact, demands a precision, and Passion, a homeliness (the truly passionate will comprehend me), which are absolutely antagonistic to that Beauty which, I maintain, is the excitement or pleasurable elevation of the soul. It by no means follows, from anything here said, that passion, or even truth, may not be introduced, and even profitably introduced, into a poem for they may serve in elucidation, or aid the general effect, as do discords in music, by contrast — but the true artist will always contrive, first, to tone them into proper subservience to the predominant aim, and, secondly, to enveil them, as far as possible, in that Beauty which is the atmosphere and the essence of the poem.

Regarding, then, Beauty as my province, my next question referred to the tone of its highest manifestation — and all experience has shown that this tone is one of sadness. Beauty of whatever kind in its supreme development invariably excites the sensitive soul to tears. Melancholy is thus the most legitimate of all the poetical tones.

The length, the province, and the tone, being thus determined, I betook myself to ordinary induction, with the view of obtaining some artistic piquancy which might serve me as a key-note in the construction of the poem — some pivot upon which the whole structure might turn. In carefully thinking over all the usual artistic effects — or more properly points, in the theatrical sense — I did not fail to perceive immediately that no one had been so universally employed as that of the refrain. The universality of its employment sufficed to assure me of its intrinsic value, and spared me the necessity of submitting it to analysis. I considered it, however, with regard to its susceptibility of improvement, and soon saw it to be in a primitive condition. As commonly used, the refrain, or burden, not only is limited to lyric verse, but depends for its impression upon the force of monotone — both in sound and thought. The pleasure is deduced solely from the sense of identity — of repetition. I resolved to diversify, and so heighten the effect, by adhering in general to the monotone of sound, while I continually varied that of thought: that is to say, I determined to produce continuously novel effects, by the variation of the application of the refrain — the refrain itself remaining for the most part, unvaried.

These points being settled, I next bethought me of the nature of my refrain. Since its application was to be repeatedly varied it was clear that the refrain itself must be brief, for there would have been an insurmountable difficulty in frequent variations of application in any sentence of length. In proportion to the brevity of the sentence would, of course, be the facility of the variation. This led me at once to a single word as the best refrain.

The question now arose as to the character of the word. Having made up my mind to a refrain, the division of the poem into stanzas was of course a corollary, the refrain forming the close to each stanza. That such a close, to have force, must be sonorous and susceptible of protracted emphasis, admitted no doubt, and these considerations inevitably led me to the long “o” as the most sonorous vowel in connection with “r” as the most producible consonant.

The sound of the refrain being thus determined, it became necessary to select a word embodying this sound, and at the same time in the fullest possible keeping with that melancholy which I had pre-determined as the tone of the poem. In such a search it

would have been absolutely impossible to overlook the word “Nevermore.” In fact it was the very first which presented itself.

The next desideratum was a pretext for the continuous use of the one word “nevermore.” In observing the difficulty which I had at once found in inventing a sufficiently plausible reason for its continuous repetition, I did not fail to perceive that this difficulty arose solely from the preassumption that the word was to be so continuously or monotonously spoken by a human being — I did not fail to perceive, in short, that the difficulty lay in the reconciliation of this monotony with the exercise of reason on the part of the creature repeating the word. Here, then, immediately arose the idea of a non-reasoning creature capable of speech, and very naturally, a parrot, in the first instance, suggested itself, but was superseded forthwith by a Raven as equally capable of speech, and infinitely more in keeping with the intended tone.

I had now gone so far as the conception of a Raven, the bird of ill-omen, monotonously repeating the one word “Nevermore” at the conclusion of each stanza in a poem of melancholy tone, and in length about one hundred lines. Now, never losing sight of the object — supremeness or perfection at all points, I asked myself — “Of

all melancholy topics what, according to the universal understanding of mankind, is the most melancholy?” Death, was the obvious reply. “And when,” I said, “is this most melancholy of topics most poetical?” From what I have already explained at some length the answer here also is obvious — “When it most closely allies itself to Beauty: the death then of a beautiful woman is unquestionably the most poetical topic in the world, and equally is it beyond doubt that the lips best suited for such a topic are those of a bereaved lover.”

I had now to combine the two ideas of a lover lamenting his deceased mistress and a Raven continuously repeating the word “Nevermore.” I had to combine these, bearing in mind my design of varying at every turn the application of the word repeated, but the only intelligible mode of such combination is that of imagining the Raven employing the word in answer to the queries of the lover. And here it was that I saw at once the opportunity afforded for the effect on which I had been depending, that is to say, the effect of the variation of application. I saw that I could make the first query propounded by the lover — the first query to which the Raven should reply “Nevermore” — that I could make this first query a commonplace one, the second less so, the third still

less, and so on, until at length the lover, startled from his original nonchalance by the melancholy character of the word itself, by its frequent repetition, and by a consideration of the ominous reputation of the fowl that uttered it, is at length excited to superstition, and wildly propounds queries of a far different character — queries whose solution he has passionately at heart — propounds them half in superstition and half in that species of despair which delights in self-torture — propounds them not altogether because he believes in the prophetic or demoniac character of the bird (which reason assures him is merely repeating a lesson learned by rote), but because he experiences a frenzied pleasure in so modelling his questions as to receive from the expected “Nevermore” the most delicious because the most intolerable of sorrows. Perceiving the opportunity thus afforded me, or, more strictly, thus forced upon me in the progress of the construction, I first established in my mind the climax or concluding query — that query to which “Nevermore” should be in the last place an answer — that query in reply to which this word “Nevermore” should involve the utmost conceivable amount of sorrow and despair.

Here then the poem may be said to have had its beginning — at the end where all works of art should begin — for it was here at this point of my preconsiderations that I first put pen to paper in the composition of the stanza:

“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.”

I composed this stanza, at this point, first that, by establishing the climax, I might the better vary and graduate, as regards seriousness and importance, the preceding queries of the lover, and secondly, that I might definitely settle the rhythm, the metre, and the length and general arrangement of the stanza, as well as graduate the stanzas which were to precede, so that none of them might surpass this in rhythmical effect. Had I been able in

the subsequent composition to construct more vigorous stanzas I should without scruple have purposely enfeebled them so as not to interfere with the climacteric effect.

And here I may as well say a few words of the versification. My first object (as usual) was originality. The extent to which this has been neglected in versification is one of the most unaccountable things in the world. Admitting that there is little possibility of variety in mere rhythm, it is still clear that the possible varieties of metre and stanza are absolutely infinite, and yet, for centuries, no man, in verse, has ever done, or ever seemed to think of doing, an original thing. The fact is that originality (unless in minds of very unusual force) is by no means a matter, as some suppose, of impulse or intuition. In general, to be found, it must be elaborately sought, and although a positive merit of the highest class, demands in its attainment less of invention than negation.

Of course I pretend to no originality in either the rhythm or metre of *THE RAVEN*. The former is trochaic — the latter is octametre acatalectic, alternating with heptametre catalectic repeated in the refrain of the fifth verse, and terminating with tetrametre catalectic. Less pedantically the feet employed throughout (trochees) consist of a long syllable followed by a short, the first line of the stanza consists of eight of these feet,

the second of seven and a half (in effect two-thirds), the third of eight, the fourth of seven and a half, the fifth the same, the sixth three and a half. Now, each of these lines taken individually has been employed before, and what originality the THE RAVEN has, is in their combination into stanza; nothing even remotely approaching this has ever been attempted. The effect of this originality of combination is aided by other unusual and some altogether novel effects, arising from an extension of the application of the principles of rhyme and alliteration.

The next point to be considered was the mode of bringing together the lover and the Raven — and the first branch of this consideration was the locale. For this the most natural suggestion might seem to be a forest, or the fields — but it has always appeared to me that a close circumscription of space is absolutely necessary to the effect of insulated incident — it has the force of a frame to a picture. It has an indisputable moral power in keeping concentrated the attention, and, of course, must not be confounded with mere unity of place.

I determined, then, to place the lover in his chamber — in a chamber rendered sacred to him by memories of her who had frequented it. The room is represented as

richly furnished — this in mere pursuance of the ideas I have already explained on the subject of Beauty, as the sole true poetical thesis.

The locale being thus determined, I had now to introduce the bird — and the thought of introducing him through the window was inevitable. The idea of making the lover suppose, in the first instance, that the flapping of the wings of the bird against the shutter, is a “tapping” at the door, originated in a wish to increase, by prolonging, the reader’s curiosity, and in a desire to admit the incidental effect arising from the lover’s throwing open the door, finding all dark, and thence adopting the half-fancy that it was the spirit of his mistress that knocked.

I made the night tempestuous, first to account for the Raven’s seeking admission, and secondly, for the effect of contrast with the (physical) serenity within the chamber.

I made the bird alight on the bust of Pallas, also for the effect of contrast between the marble and the plumage — it being understood that the bust was absolutely suggested by the bird — the bust of Pallas being chosen, first, as most in keeping with the scholarship of the lover, and secondly, for the sonorousness of the word, Pallas, itself.

About the middle of the poem, also, I have availed myself of the force of contrast, with a view of deepening the ultimate impression. For example, an air of the fantastic — approaching as nearly to the ludicrous as was admissible — is given to the Raven's entrance. He comes in "with many a flirt and flutter."

**Not the least obeisance made he — not a moment stopped or stayed he,
But with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door.**

In the two stanzas which follow, the design is more obviously carried out: —

**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 —
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore?"
Quoth the Raven — "Nevermore."**

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
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.”

The effect of the denouement being thus provided for, I immediately drop the fantastic for a tone of the most profound seriousness — this tone commencing in the stanza directly following the one last quoted, with the line,

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only, etc.

From this epoch the lover no longer jests — no longer sees anything even of the fantastic in the Raven’s demeanor. He speaks of him as a “grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore,” and feels the “fiery eyes” burning into his “bosom’s core.” This revolution of

thought, or fancy, on the lover's part, is intended to induce a similar one on the part of the reader — to bring the mind into a proper frame for the denouement — which is now brought about as rapidly and as directly as possible.

With the denouement proper — with the Raven's reply, "Nevermore," to the lover's final demand if he shall meet his mistress in another world — the poem, in its obvious phase, that of a simple narrative, may be said to have its completion. So far, everything is within the limits of the accountable — of the real. A raven, having learned by rote the single word "Nevermore," and having escaped from the custody of its owner, is driven at midnight, through the violence of a storm, to seek admission at a window from which a light still gleams — the chamber-window of a student, occupied half in poring over a volume, half in dreaming of a beloved mistress deceased. The casement being thrown open at the fluttering of the bird's wings, the bird itself perches on the most convenient seat out of the immediate reach of the student, who amused by the incident and the oddity of the visitor's demeanor, demands of it, in jest and without looking for a reply, its name. The raven addressed, answers with its customary word, "Nevermore" — a word which finds immediate echo in the melancholy heart of the

student, who, giving utterance aloud to certain thoughts suggested by the occasion, is again startled by the fowl's repetition of "Nevermore." The student now guesses the state of the case, but is impelled, as I have before explained, by the human thirst for self-torture, and in part by superstition, to propound such queries to the bird as will bring him, the lover, the most of the luxury of sorrow, through the anticipated answer, "Nevermore." With the indulgence, to the extreme, of this self-torture, the narration, in what I have termed its first or obvious phase, has a natural termination, and so far there has been no overstepping of the limits of the real.

But in subjects so handled, however skillfully, or with however vivid an array of incident, there is always a certain hardness or nakedness which repels the artistical eye. Two things are invariably required — first, some amount of complexity, or more properly, adaptation; and, secondly, some amount of suggestiveness — some under-current, however indefinite, of meaning. It is this latter, in especial, which imparts to a work of art so much of that richness (to borrow from colloquy a forcible term), which we are too fond of confounding with the ideal. It is the excess of the suggested meaning — it is the rendering this the upper instead of the under-current of the theme — which

turns into prose (and that of the very flattest kind), the so-called poetry of the so-called transcendentalists.

Holding these opinions, I added the two concluding stanzas of the poem — their suggestiveness being thus made to pervade all the narrative which has preceded them. The under-current of meaning is rendered first apparent in the line —

“Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!”

Quoth the Raven “Nevermore!”

It will be observed that the words, “from out my heart,” involve the first metaphorical expression in the poem. They, with the answer, “Nevermore,” dispose the mind to seek a moral in all that has been previously narrated. The reader begins now to regard the Raven as emblematical — but it is not until the very last line of the very last stanza that the intention of making him emblematical of Mournful and never ending Remembrance is permitted distinctly to be seen:

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 that is dreaming,
And the lamplight 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.

THE WORDS

THIS ALPHABETICAL WORD LIST contains all the 437 different words Poe used in THE RAVEN. The numbers following the word refer to the corresponding *stanzas* — and *not* the pages of this book — hence the word list has general applicability for studying the text.

I was shocked when I first compiled this list: it takes *only 437 different words* to write this poem — a really puny vocabulary! However, this “punyness” quickly evaporates when we consider how many words Poe had to *know* in order to *properly select* these 437 words. The whole poem is of course ample proof of the vastness of his vocabulary, as well as of his cultural and literary erudition. I hope you’ll agree it’s fascinating just to skim this word list and ponder where and how Poe used these words to attain his literary goal.

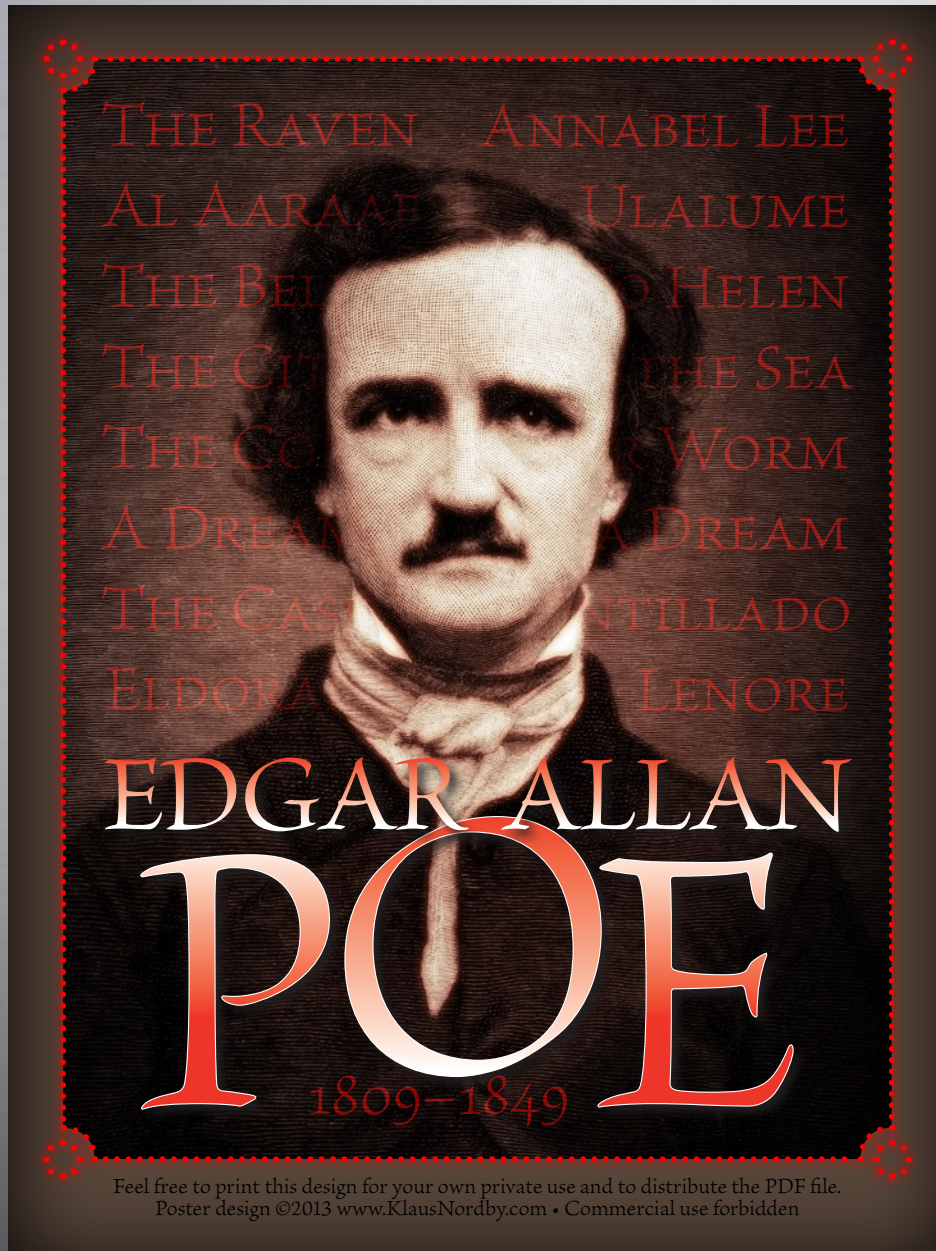
| | | | | | | | |
|----------|--|-----------|-----------------------------|-------------|-------------------------|------------|------------------------------|
| a | 1, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 | balm | 15 | bust | 7, 9, 10, 12, 17, 18 | darkness | 4, 5 |
| above | 7, 9, 16, 17, 18 | be | 6, 8, 17, 18 | but | 4, 5, 7, 10, 12, 13 | days | 7 |
| adore | 16 | beak | 17 | by | 7, 8, 11, 14, 15, 16 | December | 2 |
| again | 6 | beast | 9 | came | 1, 4 | decorum | 8 |
| agreeing | 9 | beating | 3 | cannot | 9 | deep | 5 |
| ah | 2, 13 | before | 3, 5, 6, 10 | caught | 11 | demon's | 18 |
| Aidenn | 16 | beguiling | 8, 12 | censer | 14 | denser | 14 |
| air | 14 | being | 9 | chamber | 1, 3, 4, 6, 7, 9, 18 | desert | 15 |
| all | 6, 12, 15, 18 | bends | 16 | clasp | 16 | desolate | 15 |
| an | 5, 7, 8, 14 | betook | 12 | core | 13 | devil | 15, 16 |
| ancient | 8 | bird | 8, 9, 10, 12, 15, 16, 17 | countenance | 8 | did | 10 |
| and | 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 | black | 17 | craven | 8 | dirges | 11 |
| angels | 2, 14, 16 | bleak | 2 | crest | 8 | disaster | 11 |
| answer | 9 | blessed | 9 | cried | 14 | discourse | 9 |
| aptly | 11 | books | 2 | croaking | 12 | distant | 16 |
| art | 8 | bore | 9, 11 | curious | 1 | distinctly | 2 |
| as | 1, 9, 10, 11, 17 | borrow | 2 | curtain | 3 | divining | 13 |
| ashore | 15 | bosom's | 13 | cushioned | 12 | door | 1, 3, 4, 7, 9, 12, 17, 18 |
| at | 1, 3, 4, 6, 11, 13 | both | 16 | cushion's | 13 | doubting | 5 |
| back | 5, 6, 17 | broken | 11 | dared | 5 | doubtless | 11 |
| | | burden | 11 | | | dream | 5 |
| | | burned | 13 | | | dreaming | 5, 18 |
| | | burning | 6, 14 | | | dreams | 5 |

| | | | | | | | |
|------------|--------|-------------|-----------|----------|-------------------|------------|----------------------|
| dreary | 1 | feather | 10 | from | 2, 8, 11, 14, 17, | hear | 9 |
| dying | 2 | felt | 3 | | 18 | heard | 4, 6 |
| each | 2, 3 | fiend | 17 | front | 12 | heart | 3, 6, 17 |
| eagerly | 2 | fiery | 13 | further | 10 | heaven | 16 |
| ease | 13 | filled | 3 | gaunt | 12 | help | 9 |
| ebony | 8 | flirt | 7 | gave | 5 | here | 2, 4, 7, 15, 16 |
| echo | 5 | flitting | 18 | gently | 1, 4 | hesitating | 4 |
| ember | 2 | floating | 18 | get | 17 | him | 18 |
| enchanted | 15 | floor | 2, 14, 18 | ghastly | 8, 12 | his | 9, 10, 11, 18 |
| engaged | 13 | flown | 10 | ghost | 2 | home | 15 |
| entrance | 3 | flung | 7 | Gilead | 15 | hope | 11 |
| entreating | 3 | flutter | 7 | gloated | 13 | hopes | 10 |
| ever | 5, 9 | fluttered | 10 | gloating | 13 | horror | 15 |
| evil | 15, 16 | followed | 11 | God | 14, 16 | human | 9 |
| explore | 6 | footfalls | 14 | grave | 8 | I | 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, |
| expressing | 13 | for | 2, 9, 14 | grew | 4, 14 | | 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, |
| eyes | 13, 18 | forevermore | 2 | grim | 8, 12 | | 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 |
| fact | 4 | forget | 14 | guessing | 13 | if | 10, 15, 16 |
| faintly | 4 | forgiveness | 4 | had | 2 | implore: | 15 |
| fancy | 8, 12 | forgotten | 1 | hath | 14, 17 | implore | 4, 15 |
| fantastic | 3 | form | 17 | haunted | 15 | in | 2, 7, 10, 12, 13, |
| fast | 11 | fowl | 9, 13 | have | 10, 18 | | 14, 15 |
| faster | 11 | friends | 10 | he | 7, 10, 14 | into | 5, 6, 8, 12, 13, 17 |
| fearing | 5 | | | head | 8, 13 | | |

| | | | | | | | |
|-----------|----------------------------------|------------|-----------------|-----------|--|-----------|---|
| is | 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 11, 15, 16, 18 | loneliness | 17 | minute | 7 | no | 4, 5, 8, 9, 13, 17 |
| it | 2, 3, 8, 11, 16 | lonely | 10 | moment | 6 | nodded | 1 |
| its | 2, 7, 9, 11 | long | 5 | more | 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 10, 13 | not | 7, 10 |
| just | 7, 18 | longer | 4 | morrow | 2, 10 | nothing | 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 10 |
| kind | 14 | lord | 7 | mortals | 5 | now | 3, 13 |
| laden | 16 | lordly | 8 | much | 9 | O | 14 |
| lady | 7 | lore | 1 | murmured | 5 | obeisance | 7 |
| lamplight | 13, 18 | lost | 2, 14 | muttered | 1, 10 | o'er | 13, 18 |
| land | 15 | louder | 6 | my | 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 10, 12, 13, 17, 18 | of | 1, 2, 3, 7, 8, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 |
| late | 3 | madam | 4 | myself | 12 | off | 17 |
| lattice | 6 | made | 7 | mystery | 6 | ominous | 12 |
| least | 7 | maiden | 2, 16 | name | 2, 8, 9, 16 | on | 8, 10, 13, 14, 15, 18 |
| leave | 10, 17 | many | 1, 7 | nameless | 2 | once | 1 |
| Lenore | 2, 5, 14, 16 | marvelled | 9 | napping | 1, 4 | one | 7, 10, 11, 14 |
| lent | 14 | master | 11 | nearly | 1 | only | 1, 5, 10, 11 |
| let | 6 | me | 3, 6, 8, 10, 15 | nepenthe | 14 | open | 7 |
| lie | 17 | meaning | 9, 16 | never | 3, 11, 18 | opened | 4 |
| lies | 18 | meant | 12 | nevermore | 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 | or | 4, 7, 9, 14, 15, 16, 17 |
| lifted | 18 | melancholy | 11 | nightly | 8 | other | 10 |
| lining | 13 | memories | 14 | night's | 8, 17 | | |
| linking | 12 | merely | 5 | | | | |
| little | 9 | methought | 14 | | | | |
| living | 9 | midnight | 1 | | | | |
| | | mien | 7 | | | | |

| | | | | | | | |
|-----------|------------|------------|-------------------|-----------|-------------|-----------|-------------------|
| our | 17 | radiant | 2, 16 | seeming | 18 | soon | 6 |
| out | 17, 18 | rapping | 1, 4 | sent | 14, 15 | sorrow | 2, 14, 16 |
| outpour | 10 | rare | 2, 16 | separate | 2 | sought | 2 |
| over | 1 | raven | 7, 8, 10, 12, 14, | seraphim | 14 | soul | 4, 6, 10, 16, 17, |
| Pallas | 7, 18 | | 15, 16, 17, 18 | shadow | 18 | | 18 |
| pallid | 18 | reclining | 13 | shall | 13, 16, 18 | spoke | 10 |
| parting | 17 | relevancy | 9 | shaven | 8 | spoken | 5, 11, 17 |
| peering | 5 | remember | 2 | she | 13 | startled | 11 |
| perched | 7 | repeating | 3 | shore | 8, 17 | stately | 7 |
| perfumed | 14 | reply | 11 | shorn | 8 | stayed | 7 |
| placid | 10 | respite | 14 | shrieked | 17 | stepped | 7 |
| plainly | 9 | rustling | 3 | shutter | 7 | stern | 8 |
| plume | 17 | sad | 3, 8 | sign | 17 | still | 3, 6, 12, 15, 16, |
| Plutonian | 8, 17 | said | 4, 6, 8, 10, 11, | silence | 5 | | 18 |
| pondered | 1 | | 15, 16 | silken | 3 | stillness | 5, 11 |
| presently | 4 | sainted | 16 | sinking | 12 | stock | 11 |
| press | 13 | saintly | 7 | sir | 4 | stood | 3, 5 |
| prophet | 15, 16 | sat | 7, 13 | sitting | 10, 18 | stopped | 7 |
| purple | 3 | scarce | 4 | smiling | 8, 12 | store | 11 |
| quaff | 14 | scarcely | 10 | so | 3, 4, 9, 11 | straight | 12 |
| quaint | 1 | sculptured | 9 | some | 1, 3, 11 | streaming | 18 |
| quit | 17 | seat | 12 | someone | 1 | stronger | 4 |
| quoth | 8, 14, | see | 6 | something | 6, 15 | such | 9 |
| | 15, 16, 17 | seeing | 9 | songs | 11 | suddenly | 1 |

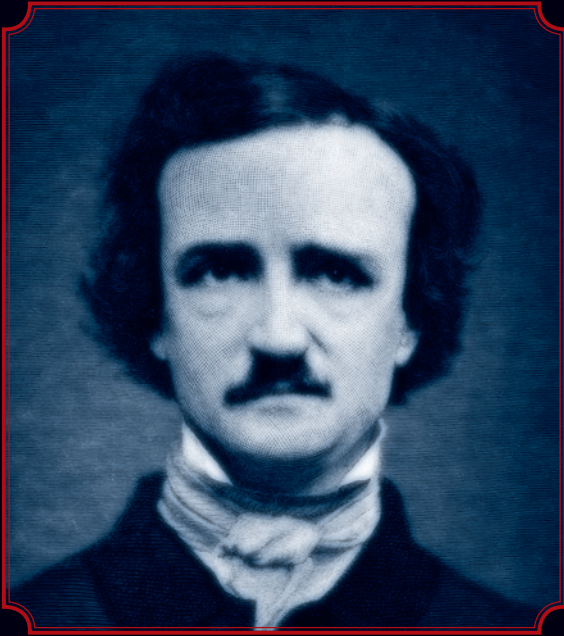
| | | | | | | | |
|----------|---|-----------|--|------------|----------------|-----------|-----------------|
| surcease | 2 | these | 14 | undaunted | 15 | whether | 15 |
| sure | 4, 8 | thing | 15, 16 | ungainly | 9, 12 | while | 1 |
| surely | 6 | thinking | 12 | unhappy | 11 | whispered | 5 |
| swung | 14 | this | 1, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 | unmerciful | 11 | whom | 2, 11, 16 |
| syllable | 13 | thou | 8 | unseen | 14 | whose | 13, 14 |
| take | 17 | though | 8, 9 | unto | 12 | wide | 4 |
| tapping | 1, 4, 6 | thrilled | 3 | upon | 1, 2, 7, 9, 12 | will | 10 |
| tell | 8, 15, 16 | throws | 18 | upstarting | 17 | wind | 6 |
| tempest | 15, 17 | thus | 13 | us | 16 | window | 6 |
| tempter | 15 | thy | 8, 14, 17 | uttered | 10 | wished | 2 |
| terrors | 3 | till | 10, 11 | utters | 11 | with | 3, 7, 9, 13, 16 |
| than | 6, 10 | tinkled | 14 | vainly | 2 | within | 6, 16 |
| that | 3, 4, 6, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 | 'tis | 1, 3 | velvet | 12, 13 | wondering | 5 |
| the | 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19 | to | 2, 3, 5, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 17 | violet | 13 | word | 5, 10, 17 |
| thee | 14, 15, 17 | token | 5, 17 | visitor | 1, 3 | wore | 8 |
| then | 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 | tossed | 15 | volume | 1 | wretch | 14 |
| there | 1, 4, 5, 7, 15 | truly | 4, 15 | wandering | 8 | wrought | 2 |
| thereat | 6 | tufted | 14 | was | 2, 4, 5, 9 | yet | 9, 15 |
| | | turning | 6 | we | 9, 16 | yore | 7, 12 |
| | | unbroken | 5, 17 | weak | 1 | you | 4 |
| | | uncertain | 3 | weary | 1 | your | 4 |
| | | | | what | 6, 8, 11, 12 | | |
| | | | | wheeled | 12 | | |
| | | | | when | 7 | | |



THE POOR MAN'S POE POSTER

THIS POE POSTER may freely be downloaded from my website and printed in any size you like. You may use it in any non-commercial way you please. Get the high-quality PDF here: www.KlausNordby.com/PoePoster.zip





EDGAR ALLAN POE

January 19, 1809–October 7, 1849

This American author, poet, editor and literary critic is justly famous for his tales of mystery and the macabre — and for being the originator of the detective fiction genre.

However, his most immortal work may be in the field of poetry — for, in the view of *this* poet-designer-publisher, *THE RAVEN* towers over every other English poem ever written. Hence, this book was conceived of as a *typographical celebration* of *THE RAVEN*: my book's design tries to do for the eye what Poe's words do for the ear — for an even greater reading experience of its unsurpassed artistry.

—Klaus Nordby



VIRGINIA POE

August 15, 1822–January 30, 1847

EDGAR ALLAN POE

THE RAVEN AND
OTHER WORKS

The death . . . of a beautiful woman is unquestionably the most poetical topic in the world, and equally is it beyond doubt that the lips best suited for such a topic are those of a bereaved lover.

—Edgar Allan Poe

