This I sat engaged in guessing, (13)
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!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, (14)
perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls
tinkled on the the tufted floor.
"Wreth," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee–
by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite–respite and nepenthe from
thy memories of Lenore!"
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe
and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! – (15)
prophet still, if bird or devil! –
Whether Tempter sent, or whether
tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted,
on this desert land enchanted –
On this home of Horror haunted –
tell me truly, I implore –
Is there – *is* there balm in Gilead? –
tell me – tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! – (16)
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, (17)
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!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, (18)
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!

SOME ASSEMBLY REQUIRED

STEP (1) (2) (3) (4)