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Der Rabe

By Wolfgang Kudrnofsky

THE RAVEN:

Once upon a midnight dreary,
while I pondered
weak and....
weary,
While I nodded,
nearly napping,
suddenly there came a tapping
As if someone 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.
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
Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my
chamber door
Some late visitor entreating entrance
at my chamber door;
This it...
...is and...
nothing more."
Presently my soul grew stronger;
hesitating then no longer,

Sir, said I, or Madam, truly your
forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently
you came rapping,
That I scarce was sure I heard you
here I opened wide the door;
Darkness there
and nothing more.
But the silence was unbroken, and the
stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the
whispered word, Lenore?
This I whispered, and an echo
murmured back the word,
Lenore!
Merely this and nothing more.
Back into the chamber turning, all my soul
within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder
than before.
Surely, said I, surely that is something
at my window lattice;
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
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the
Nights 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.
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
But the Raven still beguiling all my 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, ungainly, 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 bosoms core;
This and more I sat divining,
On the cushions velvet lining that the lamp-
light gloated oer,
But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamp-
light gloating oer,
She shall press,
ah, 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
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!
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 by Horror haunted
tell me truly, I implore
Is thereis there balm in Gilead?
tell metell me, I implore!
Quoth the Raven,

"Nevermore."
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
Nights 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 demons that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light oer him streaming throws
his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies
floating on the floor
Shall be liftednevermore!