

A Challenge Of Honour "The Raven"

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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 Â—
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; Â— vainly I had sought to
borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow Â— sorrow for the
lost Lenore Â—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore Â—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple
curtain
Thrilled me Â— 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 Â—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber
door; Â—
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,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my

chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you" — here I opened
wide the door; —
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there
wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals 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?"
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 Night's Plutonian
shore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marveled this...

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