

## **A Challenge Of Honour "The Raven"**

Visit "[The Raven](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

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...

Visit [A Challenge Of Honour](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.