

Eric Woolfson**"The Raven"**

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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.

"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
named Lenore
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels
named 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 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!!
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 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!

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