And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting

> On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door

And the lampight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the loor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor

Shall be lifted nevermore! And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,

N ref

e r m o c r ' e (