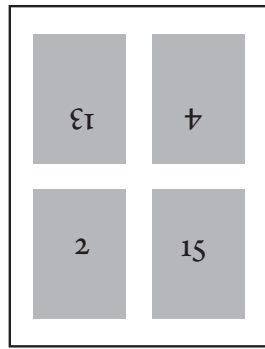
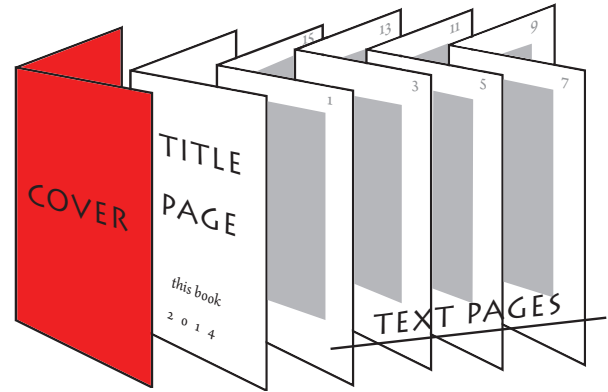


front of first *text page*  
before cutting and folding



back of first *text page*  
before cutting and folding



**DIRECTIONS:** Print the pages double sided. The first text page should match the diagram above. When all the pages are printed, cut along the dotted line, then fold on the solid line. Nest the folded sheets in the proper order – it should match the diagram on the right.

The cover page can be printed on the same paper as the other pages, cut out and pasted onto

whatever cover you choose, or printed directly onto special paper.

The pages can be bound with a booklet stapler, or sewn together in a style called saddle stitch. Saddle stitching is an easy, handsome, and sturdy way to bind your book. See the reverse of this page for a simple diagram on saddle stitching. There are also several great video tutorials online.

# THE RAVEN

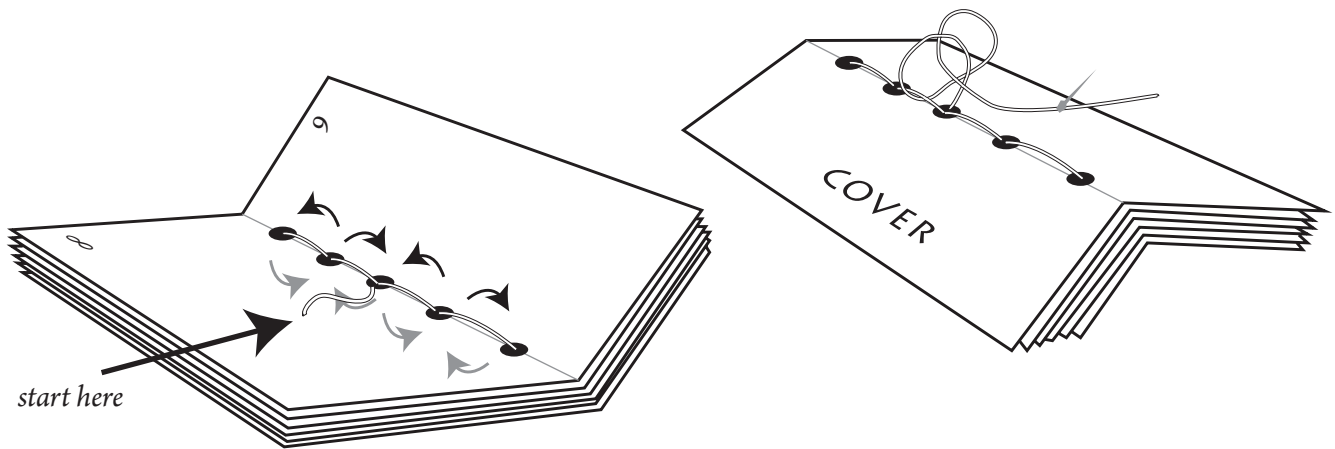
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*a haunted poem*

*by Edgar Allan Poe*

1 8 4 5

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**SADDLE STITCH:** Begin by punching five small holes along the center crease of the booklet using a thumb tack. Thread a length of sturdy thread through a needle, but do not knot it. Starting with the center hole – leaving about two inches of thread on the inside crease – sew through the holes up to the top, down to the bottom, then ending in the

middle. The thread should be on the back side of the booklet now. Make a knot in the place shown on the diagram to the right. Push the needle and thread back through the center hole, and pull the knot to the inside of the crease. To finish it, knot the two remaining ends of the thread and cut off most of the remainder. You should end up with a tightly bound, saddle stitched booklet!

¶ Edgar Allan Poe had been producing poetry and short stories as a magazine writer for many years before **THE RAVEN**. Even though most of what he wrote during these years has become famous and influential, it wasn't until this poem was published that he became well-known in his own time, and only a few years before his death.

nce 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 –  
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.”

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 de-  
mon’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!

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 coun-  
tenance 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 marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear  
discourse so plainly,  
Though its answer little meaning – little

7

12

"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 in 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!

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 bosom's core;  
This and more I sat divining, with my head  
at ease reclining  
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-  
light gloated o'er,  
But whose velvet lining with the lamp-  
light gloating o'er,  
She shall press, ah, nevermore!  
Then methought the air grew denser, per-  
fumed from an unseen censer  
Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled  
on the tufted floor.

11

5

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating  
then no longer,  
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgive-  
ness 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 mortal ever  
dared to dream before;  
But the silence was unbroken, and the still-  
ness gave no token,  
And the only word there spoken was the  
whispered word, "Lenore?"  
This I whispered, and an echo murmured

Of 'Never – nevermore';  
 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 my-  
 self to linking  
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this omi-  
 nous bird of yore –

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so  
 aptly spoken,  
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only  
 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

9

9

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 theroat 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 saint-  
 ly days of yore;  
 Not the least obeisance made he; not a min-  
 ute stopped or stayed he;

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 further 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."

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."

8

11

"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee –  
 by these angels he hath sent thee  
 Respite – respite and nepenthe, from thy  
 memories of Lenore!  
 Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and for-  
 get 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 there – is there balm in Gilead? – tell me –  
 tell me, I implore!"  
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

