

# EDGAR ALLAN POE

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# Edgar Allan Poe

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## THE RAVEN

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

—

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.”

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 something 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 marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,

Though its answer little meaning – little relevancy bore;  
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.”

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only  
That one word, as if its 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.”

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
“Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters is its only stock and store,  
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  
Of ‘Never – nevermore.’”

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust  
and door;

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore —  
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 violet lining with the lamp-light gloating  
o’er

*She* shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an  
unseen censer

Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted  
floor.

“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 forget 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.”

“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 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 has 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!

# THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH

THE “Red Death” had long devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal, or so hideous. Blood was its Avatar and its seal – the redness and the horror of blood. There were sharp pains, and sudden dizziness, and then profuse bleeding at the pores, with dissolution. The scarlet stains upon the body and especially upon the face of the victim, were the pest ban which shut him out from the aid and from the sympathy of his fellow-men. And the whole seizure, progress, and termination of the disease, were the incidents of half an hour.

But the Prince Prospero was happy and dauntless and sagacious. When his dominions were half depopulated, he summoned to his presence a thousand hale and light-hearted friends from among the knights and dames of his court, and with these retired to the deep seclusion of one of his castellated abbeys. This was an extensive and magnificent structure, the creation of the prince’s own eccentric yet august taste. A strong and lofty wall girdled it in. This wall had gates of iron. The courtiers, having entered, brought furnaces and massy hammers and welded the bolts. They resolved to leave means neither of ingress nor egress to the sudden impulses of despair or of frenzy from within. The abbey was amply provisioned. With

such precautions the courtiers might bid defiance to contagion. The external world could take care of itself. In the meantime it was folly to grieve, or to think. The prince had provided all the appliances of pleasure. There were buffoons, there were improvisatori, there were ballet-dancers, there were musicians, there was Beauty, there was wine. All these and security were within. Without was the "Red Death."

It was towards the close of the fifth or sixth month of his seclusion, and while the pestilence raged most furiously abroad, that the Prince Prospero entertained his thousand friends at a masked ball of the most unusual magnificence.

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