

Name	
Class	

## "The Raven" by Edgar Allan Poe

	Device: Alliteration
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.'	
	Device: Internal Rhyme
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.	
	Device: Assonance
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.'	
	Device: Connotation
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	
	Device: Personification
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 darkness 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.	

	Device: End Rhyme
<p>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!</p>	
	Device: (Classical) Allusion
<p>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.</p>	
	Device: Diction
<p>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.'</p>	
	Device: Point of View
<p>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 above the sculptured bust above his chamber door,  With such name as `Nevermore.'</p>	
	Device: Tone
<p>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.'</p>	

	Device: Internal Feminine Rhyme
<p>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."</p>	
	Device: Periodic Sentence
<p>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.'</p>	
	Device: Setting
<p>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,  <i>She</i> shall press, ah, nevermore!</p>	
	Device: Shift
<p>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 has 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.'</p>	
	Device: Biblical Diction
<p>`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 - <i>is</i> there balm in Gilead? - tell me - tell me, I implore!  Quoth the raven, `Nevermore.'</p>	

	Device: Symbolism
<p> `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.' </p>	
	Device: Metaphor
<p> `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.' </p>	
	Device: Parallelism
<p> 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! </p>	

