

LISTEN! PODCASTS IN ENGLISH



TRUE LOVE

Explore text 6

Edgar Allan Poe,
"The Raven"
(1845)
Difficulty: **

The Raven

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

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."

dreary	trøstesløs
ponder	gruble
weary	udkørt
quaint	højt usædvanlig
curious	besynderlig
volume	bog, bind
lore	lærdom, overlevering
rapping	banken
chamber	værelse, kammer
distinctly	tydeligt
bleak	råkold
ember	glød
wring	vride ud af
eagerly	ivrigt
morrow	morgendag
vainly	forgæves
surcease of sorrow	sorgens ophør
radiant	lysende
maiden jomfru	ung pige, uskyldig
rustling	puslen, knitren
still	dæmpe
'tis = it is	
entreat	bede om

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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 mortal 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 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!”

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.

presently	i det øjeblik
hesitate	tøve
implore	bønfalde
scarce	knapt nok
peer	stirre
mortal	dødelig
token	tegn
murmur	mumle
merely	blot
window lattice	vinduesgitter
thereat	der
shutter	skodder
flutter	basken, flagren
stately	majestætisk
saintly days of yore	gode gamle dage
obeisance	hilsen
mien	opførsel
perch	sidde
bust of Pallas	byste af Pallas (Pallas Athene, græsk gudinde for visdom og krig – også kaldet ”jomfruen”)

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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 the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther 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’.”

ebony	sort (ibenholt)
beguile	forføre, snyde
fancy	humør
grave	alvorstung
stern	barsk
decorum	adfærd
countenance	udseende
though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou are sure no craven	selv om din fjerdragt er noget forpjusket, er du ingen kryster
ghastly grim	gruopvækkende
nightly shore	nattens kyst
Plutonian	(underverdenens gud i græsk mytologi)
quoth	sagde
nevermore	aldrig mere
marvel	blive forbavset
ungainly	uskøn
fowl	fjerkræ
discourse	tale
bless	velsigne
placid	stille
outpour	fylde
mutter	mumle, knurre
startle	forskrække
aptly	passende
doubtless	utvivlsomt
stock and store	repertoire, ordforråd
unmerciful	nådesløs
dirge	klagesang

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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 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.”

wheel	skubbe
velvet	fløjl
ominous	ildevarslenende
fiery	flammende
bosom’s core	hjerte i brystet
divine	spå, gisne
recline	hvile
o’er = over	
methought	tænkte jeg
denser kompakt	tættere, mere
censer	røgelseskar
seraphim	seraf, ærkeengel
foot-fall	fodtrin
tinkle	klimpre, klingre
tufted	tæppebelagt
wretch	elendige karl
thy God hath lent thee	din
gud har givet dig lov	
respite	lindring
quaff	drik, tag en stor slurk
nepenthe	forglemmelsesdrik
prophet	profet, spåmand
tempter	frister (Satan)
tempest	storm, uvej
thee	dig
desolate gudsforladt	mennesketom,
undaunted	tavs
balm in Gilead medicin	frelse, beroligende

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“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 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!

with sorrow laden

med sorg

fyldt

Aidenn

Eden (paradisets have,
jf. kristendommen)

clasp

brystet

trykke kærligt til

sainted

helgenagtig

sign of parting

tegn til farvel

fiend

fjende

plume

fjer

quit

forlad

beak

næb

flitting

stikke af

pallid

bleg

all the seeming of a demon’s

ligner på alle måder

en dæmon

lift

rejse sig