



Once upon a midnight dreary,
while I pondered, weak
and weary,

Over many a quaint and
curious volume of forgot-
ten lore—

While I nodded, nearly nap-
ping, suddenly there came
a tapping,

As of some one gently rap-
ping, rapping at my cham-
ber door.

“’Tis some visitor,” I
muttered, “tapping at my
chamber door—

Only this and nothing
more.”