

● 1800-1850

● 04-SAVOIR

● ART

● LG ANGLAIS

● 04-SAVOIR

● ART

● LITTÉRATURE

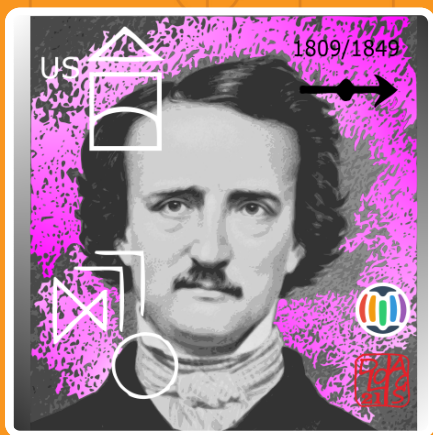
● 02-ESPACE

● ESPÈCES

● ANIMAL

● VERTÉBRÉ

● OISEAU



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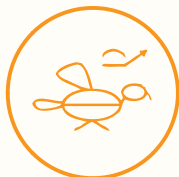
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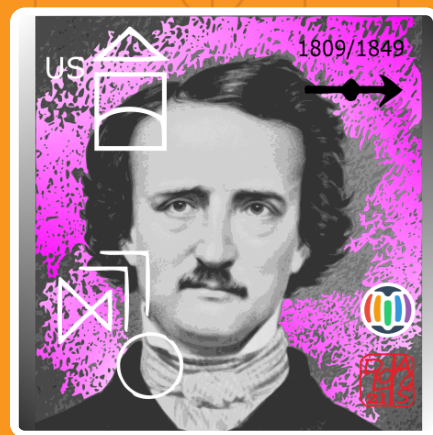
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The Raven

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.

(...)

Source : *The Raven* | 1845

Auteur : Edgar Allan Poe



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