



The Raven and Other Poems

Edgar Allan Poe , Philip Pullman (Introduction)

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A chilling, thrilling collection of Edgar Allan Poe's poetry, introduced by best-selling author Philip Pullman

The Raven . . . Annabel Lee . . . Ulalume . . . these are some of the spookiest, most macabre poems ever written, now collected in this chilling, affordable volume.

Dreams --
Lake --
Sonnet --
to science --
[Alone] --
Introduction --
To Helen --
Israfel --
Valley of unrest --
City in the sea --
To one in paradise --
Coliseum --
Haunted palace --
Conqueror worm --
Dream-land --
Eulalie --
Raven --
["Deep in earth"] --
To M.L.S.- --
Ulalume --
a ballad --
Bells --
To Helen [Whitman] --
Dream within a dream --
For Annie --
Eldorado --
To my mother --
Annabel Lee.

The Raven and Other Poems Details

Date : Published September 1st 2002 by Scholastic Paperbacks (first published 1845)

ISBN : 9780439224062

Author : Edgar Allan Poe , Philip Pullman (Introduction)

Format : Paperback 73 pages

Genre : Poetry, Classics, Horror, Fiction, Gothic

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From Reader Review The Raven and Other Poems for online ebook

Smitha Murthy says

Edgar Allan Poe was my faithful companion back in 1990s. How many of his stories I devoured again and again! "The Tell-Tale Heart" still reverberates in my memory!

This set of poems in a lovely, illustrated edition by Peter Pauper contains haunting verse - macabre and spooky. 'The Raven' remains one of my favorite poems ever, and there are other classics such as 'A Dream Within A Dream' (Which also is one of my favorite songs) and Annabel Lee. One for the collector in you, this is a delight.

Sarah W. says

I thought this book was okay. It was a good, short book to read. This book is definitely not my favorite poetry book that I have read before, but it was an okay book.

A.D. Crystal says

EDGAR ALAN POE

The RAPPER POET of the 19th century.

'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.'

Colin says

BOOK REVIEW #2 "The raven", is an INCREDIBLE 89 page book that is very well worded. Its so well written you can feel the emotion in the words as you read. Edgar Allen Poe is an american writer who is very famous for his stories of horror, and mystery such as the book, "The raven" and "The fall of the house of usher". The poems are amazing and each have a unique story to tell. The two poems that I felt impacted me the most were, "Alone" and, "A dream within a dream". "Alone", was a very sad story that touched me in so many ways. I loved how he talked about the different things that the character was feeling at the same time. I also enjoyed how the words were written as if you were the person feeling these emotions.

The second poem I read was, "A dream within a dream". This poem was very deep and made me appreciate the things that all of us take for granted. This poem however, had a plot twist. It went from being in a dream, to having fear that he would never awake again. I loved the wording in this poem as well. I also loved how

he made me feel fear, and happiness at the same time. This poem was truly a poem to remember. This book was a page-turner and made me want to read it again and again. I absolutely loved the intense feeling I felt when I kept turning pages. I would recommended this book to anyone who likes plot twist and cliff hanger endings. But remember, always watch your back!!!

Paul O'Neill says

Be nothing which thou art not.

Overview 4/5 stars

I don't read much of any poetry. Apart from poems I've read for school (way back when), this is my first book of poetry I've ever read. I will be reading more poetry from now on as I thoroughly enjoyed this.

Poe is well known for the Raven, which everyone has heard at some point. Even the Simpsons recited it during a tree house of horror episode. His other works are also brilliant. There are, of course, a few misses but for the most part everything is great.

The raven

This is now my favourite poem ever. I'm currently looking on amazon to see if I can get the poem in a frame to put on a wall in my house, it's that good. If you don't check out any of the other poems, you must read the raven.

I've read this every night before bed since starting this collection. Very few writers can command language like Poe. Here are some of my favourite lines.

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.

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

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!

I could copy the whole thing as every word is placed brilliantly.

Other favourites

Amongst my favourites were Tamerlane, Alone, Elizabeth, Lenore, The City in the Sea, The Sleeper, The Valley of Unrest and Dreamland.

Most of the poems are gothic in nature and are rather haunting, though beautiful. Here are just some of my favourite bits. First up is a beaut from Dreamland:

By the lakes that thus outspread Their lone waters, lone and dead,—Their sad waters, sad and chilly With

the snows of the lolling lily,—By the mountains—near the river Murmuring lowly, murmuring ever,—By the gray woods,—by the swamp Where the toad and the newt encamp,—By the dismal tarns and pools Where dwell the Ghouls,—By each spot the most unholy—In each nook most melancholy,—There the traveller meets aghast Sheeted Memories of the past—Shrouded forms that start and sigh As they pass the wanderer by—White-robed forms of friends long given, In agony, to the Earth—and Heaven.

Would to God I could awaken For I dream I know not how, And my soul is sorely shaken Lest an evil step be taken,—Lest the dead who is forsaken May not be happy now.

My love, she sleeps! Oh, may her sleep, As it is lasting, so be deep; Soft may the worms about her creep!

For no ripples curl, alas! Along that wilderness of glass—No swellings tell that winds may be Upon some far-off happier sea—No heavings hint that winds have been On seas less hideously serene.

“Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth and hated her for her pride, And when she fell in feeble health, ye blessed her—that she died! How shall the ritual, then, be read?—the requiem how be sung By you—by yours, the evil eye,—by yours, the slanderous tongue That did to death the innocence that died, and died so young?”

Read nothing, written less—in short’s a fool

And all I loved—I loved alone

And boyhood is a summer sun Whose waning is the dreariest one—For all we live to know is known, And all we seek to keep hath flown

Darkness there and nothing more...

Andrew Munroe says

I didn't like this book one because I don't like poems and second the plot lines for the poems were all mixed up and confusing.

Sara says

What a joy to revisit the poems of Edgar Allan Poe with a group of readers who brought to them thoughts and ideas that enhanced the reading. I love Poe's grasp of mythology, his use of rhyme and rhythm, alliteration, and, yes, even his morose musings. He seems to me to lay a tortured soul in front of us and ask, "What would you do with this? What could you do with it, but mourn?"

I have written individual reviews for The Raven, The Bells and Annabel Lee. I will not revisit them here, but I would like to speak to some of the lesser known poems that touched a chord with me.

To Annie:

And the fever called "Living"

Is conquered at last.

Poe sees life as so much torture and death as a release. And, death is portrayed as an illusion. The onlookers think he is "dead", but he is really in the arms of the woman he loved and lost. And...

*And ah! let it never
Be foolishly said
That my room it is gloomy
And narrow my bed;
For man never slept
In a different bed—
And, to sleep, you must slumber
In just such a bed.*

So, death is inevitable and there is no rest in life...to slumber you must die. It will come to all of us, and he seems to say that while it might look gloomy or confining or sad, it is not. It is simply a release from this world's toil and it is not just his lot, but that of every man.

Alone:

And all I lov'd--I lov'd alone.

I thought this one of the most moving of the poems. There is a real sense of angst in his recognition that he sees the world differently than others and that they cannot understand what is beneath his surface, in his mind. Even his loves cannot be shared or understood by others. They see fluffy clouds, he sees demons in the sky. He cannot explain why the world is darker to him, but he knows that his view separates him from humanity at large.

To Science:

I took this to be more about reality vs. creativity (imagination) than science literally. He cannot help reality imposing itself upon him, and truth destroys the comfort of myth. With science, he must face death as a reality; with myth, he can imagine that he is still able to hold and share the world of his beloved. I thought about Eden--after all, we humans lost Eden because Adam and Eve ate from the Tree of Knowledge.

And finally,

Dream Within a Dream

*Yet if hope has flown away
In a night, or in a day,
In a vision, or in none,
Is it therefore the less gone?
All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream.*

The ultimate question (especially for Poe), "what is reality?" If hope has flown in a dream or vision is it less gone? Good question. If we feel something deeply, is it not real for us? How do we distinguish between what is and what was and what might be? If we wake on the morning after the loss of someone we love and believe we feel the weight of their body in the bed, can they have been there for that moment? Are there two worlds, ours and theirs, and can we bridge the two? And if there *are* two worlds, which of them is real...are they the dream, or are we?

There were several of the poems that just left me flat and did not speak to me at all, but for the most part I

love his ability to tap into his sorrow and isolation and see his poems as an attempt to connect and reveal himself. He challenges our intellect, makes us ask questions, and what more can a poem do than that? I hope in death he was indeed folded into the arms of his Virginia or granted the gentle sleep that eluded him in life. There is no writer ever whose life and work were more intertwined.

Billierosie Billierosie says

Published in January, 1845, "The Raven", by Edgar Allan Poe, is a poem, a lament, telling of loss, isolation, and loneliness. The opening lines identify the speaker as someone who feels tired and weak but is still awake in the middle of a gloomy night. He passes the time by reading a strange book of ancient knowledge. Poe uses alliteration to convey the effect of unsteadiness. This line also sets the poem's rhythmical pattern and provides the first example of the use of internal rhyme in "dreary" and "weary."

The speaker tells of becoming more tired and beginning to doze but being wakened by a sound that he assumes is a quiet knock. Internal rhymes of "napping," "tapping," and "rapping" along with repetition of these last two words, create a musical effect. This effect is also produced by alliteration of n. These sound devices and the steady rhythm of these lines are almost hypnotic. The Raven speaks only one word: "nevermore." This word punctuates the poem. Each time the speaker asks a question, the strange bird repeats the word "nevermore".

Near the end of this poem, when the fear of the poem's speaker has reached a level of near hysteria, he shouts "Leave my loneliness unbroken!" In one sense, this could just be an emotional outburst, like the lines that lead up to it, but the interesting thing about this particular line is that the speaker, in his terror, is for once reflecting upon himself. This, and the line's location at the climax of the poem, indicates to us that "my loneliness" is not just another expression that he shrieks: it is the key, the secret that he has been trying to guard all along. Throughout the poem, we see the speaker being drawn out of his isolation by the raven and the one word that it speaks. Once the bird enters his chambers, nothing really changes in the scene except the speaker's attitude, which grows increasingly nervous.

It is unknown how long Poe worked on "The Raven"; speculation ranges from a single day to ten years.

"In part due to its dual printing, "The Raven" made Edgar Allan Poe a household name almost immediately and turned Poe into a national celebrity. Readers began to identify poem with poet, earning Poe the nickname "The Raven". The poem was soon widely reprinted, imitated, and parodied. Though it made Poe popular in his day, it did not bring him significant financial success. As he later lamented, 'have made no money. I am as poor now as ever I was in my life – except in hope, which is by no means bankable.'

"The New World said, "Everyone reads the Poem and praises it ... justly, we think, for it seems to us full of originality and power." The Pennsylvania Inquirer reprinted it with the heading "A Beautiful Poem". Elizabeth Barrett wrote to Poe, "Your 'Raven' has produced a sensation, a fit o' horror, here in England. Some of my friends are taken by the fear of it and some by the music. I hear of persons haunted by 'Nevermore'."

“Poe's popularity resulted in invitations to recite "The Raven" and to lecture – in public and at private social gatherings. At one literary salon, a guest noted, "to hear [Poe] repeat the Raven ... is an event in one's life." It was recalled by someone who experienced it, "He would turn down the lamps till the room was almost dark, then standing in the center of the apartment he would recite ... in the most melodious of voices ... So marvelous was his power as a reader that the auditors would be afraid to draw breath lest the enchanted spell be broken.

““The Raven’ has influenced many modern works, including Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita* in 1955, Bernard Malamud's "The Jewbird" in 1963 and Ray Bradbury's "The Parrot Who Knew Papa" in 1976. The poem is additionally referenced throughout popular culture in films, television, music and more.”

WIKI

Roy Huff says

"Once upon a midnight dreary." I love Poe. How could anyone not? I loved it so much, I memorized it! I've forgotten most of it since then, but it compelled me to take it to heart. Dark yet enchanting, Poe has a way of drawing the reader in. It lacks the gore of modern horror and suspense but is much more effective and endearing. This is a schoolyard classic, and if you haven't read it you are missing out. Pick this up now and read it! I can still hear the words in my head being spoken in a spooky manner. This is simply wonderful!

Evelyn (devours and digests words) says

Some poems are really hard for me to understand unless I sit down, reread the lines twice and think hard. Though there are some that are beautifully haunting and sad. My favourite poems by him are the ones about his lost loves, those are the ones I delved into and got lost in. For one thing, Poe sure had an uncanny ability to depict pain and suffering. Hell, it seems to seep through the pages. It's obvious this man wrote with passion and feeling.

Our Library Mornington says

First published in the New York Evening Mirror in 1845, *The Raven*, is perhaps one of Poe's most well-known poems.

A talking raven visits a man tormented by the loss of his love, “the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels named Lenore”. The Raven perches upon the man's chamber door and foretells he will “nevermore” be reunited with his love, not even in death. With each refrain of “nevermore” the protagonist becomes more and more agitated until he finally succumbs to madness.

“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!”

While the language is old fashioned the poem is easy to read with its nursery rhyme rhythm, and the familiar hark of "nevermore" - but this simplicity is deceptive. Seeded in the tradition of the allegoric (and the epic) The Raven is ambiguous in the telling. Was the man in fact visited by a talking bird, or had he already begun a slow decent into madness, the bird merely being a manifestation caused by his deep-seated grief?

I do have a secret though, one of my favorite adaptations of this poem was in The Simpsons first Halloween special Treehouse of Horror I, narrated by James Earl Jones. Homer portrays the grief-stricken lead, Marge as Lenore and Bart the antagonistic Raven. Nice to see popular culture references to this classic.

Lynn Beyrouthy says

Not the first time I dislike a book with high ratings on goodreads (The Fault in our Stars for instance), and surely not the first time I find myself unimpressed by an acclaimed and famous classical author (Franz Kafka for example). But I really believed I'd appreciate Poe's work more since it is anchored in a nineteenth century macabre atmosphere and since he led a dandy life, much like my beloved Baudelaire. However, with the exception of The Raven and Anabel Lee that undisputably deserve a five-star rating, his poems were too.. average, dull and repetitive. I didn't enjoy his poetry and turning page after page felt more and more like a burden to my rampant apathy.

I am going to read Poe's collection of short stories in the hopes that it will ameliorate my initial opinion concerning the author.

Duane says

The Raven, Annabel Lee; pure genius.

Mischenko says

Who doesn't love Poe? This one contains some of our favorite poems and I purchased it for my oldest daughter to read from our book club. It contains some of the spookiest poems by Poe including our favorite for this time of year, The Raven, as well as others like The Haunted Palace, Annabel Lee, The Bells, and A Dream Within a Dream. It's a small paperback with a nice collection of Poe's works.

Sue K H says

Not wild about poetry, not wild about horror but I love, love love these poems. I'm becoming a big Edgar Allan Poe fan completely by accident.

Lucia Codreanu says

genial.

Madison M. says

3 stars

I needed another poetry book for the forty book challenge, and while this was very good poetry I didn't enjoy reading it as much as some others. This book was very poetic and you have to slow down to really understand. Edgar Allan Poe is very poetic and his poems often have elements of sadness and sorrow. Like I said, though it didn't flow like free-verse I still thought it was ok

Indi Martin says

Edgar Allen Poe was my first love as a emo high school goth, thick with black eyeliner and heavy stares, convinced my deep green eyes saw the world deeper and more completely than any of my peers. In other words, High Goth, standard cookie-cut-individualism. I still wear black eyeliner, it's the one habit I've never been able to break. Musically, I highly recommend Alan Parson's "Tales of Mystery and Imagination" as an excellent companion piece. Favorite tales of mine were "Dr. Tarr and Professor Feather," "The Raven," and the one about his lost love, "Annabel Lee."

Bob says

I haven't read many collections of poetry, or single poems for that matter. It is not something I gravitate to in my normal course of reading. I just don't know how to embrace poetry. Maybe it was a poor high school education that contributed to my utter lack of understanding things like meter, rhythm, iambic pentameter, and all that goes into creating a poem. For me enjoying a poem has always been an impulse or gut reaction, either the poem is instantly OK or it's not. The memorability of a poem is even more difficult for me. Granted I have read very little poetry and a lot of it has been enjoyable, but until this books "Annabel Lee" I can only call up two poems that are locked in my memory. While the poem was memorable, I had to look up the titles for this post. Both were written by Robert Frost, one called "Stopping by the Woods on a Snowy Evening." The other is called "The Road not Taken." I won't pretend that I remember these poems word for

word but parts of them have and will stick with me forever.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,

Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me--
Yes!--that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

I have read all the poems of "The Raven and Other Poems" at least once, and a few poems I have read several times. I have also looked up and listened to audio versions of all the poems. I read this book because it is a group read and discussion next month, at that time I plan to read them all again.

Hanguin says

best advice is reading it aloud
suitable for rainy days with a cup of hot coffee
