

ডিব্ৰুগড় বিশ্ববিদ্যালয়ৰ "যুৱ স্নাতকোত্তৰ"ত আবৃত্তি

কবিবলগা ইংৰাজী কবিতা :-

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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.”