

PARAPHRASED
VERSION OF
“THE
RAVEN”

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ALL 18
STANZAS



PERFECT FOR ALL STUDENTS

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READY TO PRINT

EYE CATCHING GRAPHICS ADD
INTEREST

PARAPHRASED VERSION
of “The Raven”

Paraphrased Stanza 1:

Once one gloomy night, while I, tired, looked over
Many old legends, both fairytale-like and mysterious
I almost had dozed off when I suddenly heard a tapping
Almost like someone gently rapping, rapping on the door of my room
"It's a visitor," I said to myself, "knocking on my door-
That's all it is, and nothing more than that."
Nameless here for evermore.

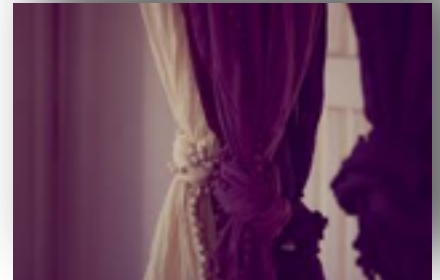
Paraphrased Stanza 2:

I remember quite clearly, it was in the dreary December,
And a faint glow from the dying fire was cast upon the floor.
I wished tomorrow would come- with no result I had tried to find
In my books an escape from my sorrow- the sorrow I felt for my lost
Lenore-
for the beautiful, one-of-a-kind girl the angels called Lenore-
She no longer lived on this earth.



Paraphrased Stanza 3:

And the soft rustling of each purple curtain
Made me nervous- filled me with strange fears I'd never felt before
So that, in order to calm myself, I repeated to myself
"It's just a visitor asking to come in my door-
Just a late visitor asking to come in;-
That's all it is; nothing more."



Paraphrased Stanza 4:

Eventually, I grew braver and did no longer hesitate to speak
"Whoever you are," I said, "I beg your forgiveness;
You see, I was napping and you rapped on my door so gently,
Tapped on my door so faintly
That I wasn't even sure I had actually heard you"- at this point I
opened the door;-
There was nothing there except the darkness of the night.

Paraphrased Stanza 5:

I looked deep into the dark night for a long time, dismayed and afraid,
Unsure, thinking of things which no other person would ever dare to think of;

But it was completely silent, and completely still,
And the only thing that was heard was whispered; the word "Lenore!"
But I whispered this, and heard it come back to me on an echo, "Lenore!"-
Only that, and nothing more than that.

Paraphrased Stanza 6:

I turned and went back into my room, feeling a little bit shaken,
Soon I heard the tapping again, same as before, except a bit louder
"It has to be," I said, "something at my window:
I'll go see, then, what is there, and find the answer to this mystery-
Calm myself down, and find the answer to this mystery;-
It's probably just the wind and nothing more.

Paraphrased Stanza 7:

At this point, I flung open the shutter, and with a lot of motion,
A grand raven stepped inside, like something from an old tale;
He didn't show the slightest bit of respect; he didn't pause at all;
But with the bearing of a lord or a lady, he perched above the door-
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my door-
Perched, sat, and did nothing more.



Paraphrased Stanza 8:

Then the black bird turned my expression from one of sadness to a smile
Simply by the grave and stern mannerism of the face it wore,
"Though your brow is cut short and shaved, you," I said, "are definitely not afraid,
Frighteningly grim and ancient Raven, coming from the shores of darkness-
Tell me what you are called in dark Hades!"
The Raven said, "Nevermore."

Paraphrased Stanza 9:

I wondered in amazement at this ugly bird being able to make conversation so plainly,
Although its answer had almost no meaning and was irrelevant;
For we must agree that no living human being
Was able to see a bird perched above his door;
Bird or beast sitting on the statue above his door,
With a name like "Nevermore."

Paraphrased Stanza 10:

But the Raven, sitting alone on that quiet statue, said only
The one word, as if it had poured out his soul in that one word

He didn't say anything else; he didn't move a single feather;
Till I said, in barely more than a mutter, "Other friends of mine have flown away before;
Tomorrow, he'll leave me, just as all my Hopes have flown away before this."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore".

Paraphrased Stanza 11:

I was so startled by the word breaking through the silence with such precision that
I said, "what it says is probably the only thing it can say,
He picked it up from some unhappy owner who was
Hounded constantly by disaster after disaster, until everything he said reflected his unhappiness;
Till the sad songs of his lost Hope sang only
Of 'Never--nevermore."
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."

Paraphrased Stanza 12:



But the Raven, still making my sad soul to smile,
I wheeled a cushioned chair in front of the bird and the statue
and the door;
The, sitting down on the velvet seat, I began to connect
Idea with idea, thinking of what this gloomy bird of olden times;
What this grim, ungraceful, frightening, think, and gloomy bird of
yore
Meant when he said "Nevermore."

Paraphrased Stanza 13:

I sat, occupied with guessing, but without saying anything
To the bird whose fiery eyes now burned, it seemed, deep into my heart;
This and more I deduced while I sat, with my head leaning back in comfort
On the velvet lining of the chair that the light from my lamp shone over
But whose velvet lining with lamp-light shining over it
She shall press, ah, nevermore

Paraphrased Stanza 14:

Then, I thought, the air seemed to grow more thick, perfumed by burning incense I couldn't see

Sent moving throughout the room by Seraphim, the highest of the Angels, whose footsteps tinkled on the carpeted floor.

"Cruel one," I cried, "your God has sent you, by these angels he has sent you
Let up- let up and forget your memories of Lenore!
Drink, oh, drink this kind potion of forgetfulness and forget dead Lenore!"
The Raven said only, "Nevermore."

Paraphrased Stanza 15:

"Prophet!" I said, "thing of evil- but still a prophet, whether you be a bird or a devil!-
Whether Satan sent you, or whether you were tossed ashore here by a storm,
Unhopeful yet not afraid, on this enchanted place-
On this home haunted by horror- tell me the truth I beg of you!"
Is there- is there healing in heaven?- tell me- tell me, I beg of you!"
The Raven said only, "Nevermore."

Paraphrased Stanza 16:

Prophet!" I said, "thing of evil- but still a prophet whether you are a bird or a devil!-
By Heaven that is above us- by the god we both worship-
Tell my sorrow-laden soul if, within that faraway paradise,
There dwells a pure maiden whom the angels call Lenore-
Dwells a rare, and beautiful maiden whom the angels call Lenore."
The Raven said only, "Nevermore."

Paraphrased Stanza 17:

"Let that word be our sign of farewell, bird or demon, whichever you are," I shrieked, getting up-
"Go back to the storm and to the shores of Hades!
Leave no black feather as a sign of the lie you have told me!
Let me stay lonely!- Leave the statue above my door!
Take your beak out of my heart, and take yourself off of my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."



Paraphrased Stanza 18:

and the Raven, never moving, is still sitting
On the serene statue of Pallas just above my door;
and his eyes seem like those of a demon
And the lamplight that streams over him casts his shadow on the floor;
And for the rest of my life, my soul will be trapped under the shadow which flickers across the
floor