

Omnia - The Raven

Tom: F

(com acordes na forma de C)

Capostrate na 5ª casa

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, tapping 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

(Am)

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain

Thrilled me - filled me with fantastic terrors never felt
before

Presently, 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

Merely this, and nothing more"

(G F G Am C F G)

Out into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering,
fearing

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream
before

But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token

And the only word there spoken was the whispered word,
"Lenore?"

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word,
"Lenore!"

Merely this, and nothing more

(Am)

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning

Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before

"Surely," said I, "surely that is someone at my window lattice

Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore

Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore

'Tis the wind and nothing more"

(Am)

Open wide 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 Arice just above my chamber door

Perched, and sat, and nothing more

(G F G Am C F G)

Soon that ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling

By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore

"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art
sure no craven

Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering on the Nightly shore

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian
shore"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore"

(Am)

Now the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only

That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour

Nothing further then he uttered- not a feather then he
fluttered

Till I scarcely more than muttered, "other friends have flown
before

On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore"

(Am)

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed by an unseen
censer

Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor

Once more on the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking

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"

(G F G Am C F G)

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! - prophet still, if bird or
devil!

Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here
ashore

Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted

On this home by horror haunted- tell me truly, I implore

Is there - is there balm in Gilead? - tell me - tell me, I
implore"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil - prophet still, if bird or
devil

By that Heaven stretched above us - by that God we both adore

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore"

It shall ^Fclasp a ^Gsainted maiden whom the ^Fangels name Lenore (Am)

Clasp a ^{Em}rare and ^Fradiant maiden whom the ^Gangels name Lenore"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore"

"Be that word our sign in parting, bird or fiend," I shrieked,
upstarting

"Get thee ^Fback into the ^Gtempest and the ^CNight's Plutonian
shore

Leave no ^{Am}black plume as a ^Ctoken of that ^Flie thy soul hath
spoken

Leave my ^Floneliness unbroken!- quit the ^Gbust above my door

Take thy ^{Em}beak from out my heart, and take thy ^Fform from off my
door"

Now the ^{Am}Raven, never ^Gflitting, still is ^Csitting, still is
sitting

On the ^Fpallid bust of Arice just above ^Gmy chamber door

And his eyes have all the ^{Am}seeming of a ^Cdemon's that is
dreaming

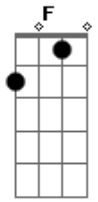
And the ^Flamplight o'er him ^Gstreaming throws his ^Fshadow on the
floor

And my ^{Em}soul from out that ^Fshadow that lies ^Gfloating on the
floor

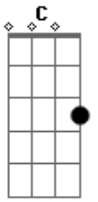
Shall be ^Glifted - nevermore

(Am G F G Am C)
(F G G F G Am)

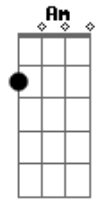
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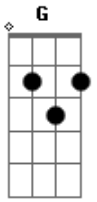
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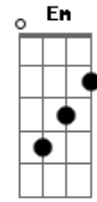
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