

## Confronto fra “The Unseen River” e “The Raven”

“The Unseen River”, Henry Beck Hirst	“The Raven”, Edgar Allan Poe
<p>Through a valley green and golden, In the purple time and olden, When the East was growing grey; When the mists were star-ward creeping –Weeping – being woke from sleeping By the anthems of the Day; – While, like vapour o’er a city, fluctuating still they lay;</p> <p>Walking through their shrouding shadows, Over daisy-dimpled meadows, Moved a proud and princely youth, With a foot-fall light and airy As the sylphid step of fairy, And a forehead stamped with truth: – An Apollo! incarnating lofty scorn and loving ruth.</p> <p>From the valley, – from a river, – Which, with many a silver quiver, Through the landscape stole in light; – From the bushes, shrubs and blossoms,– Flowers unfolding fragrant bosoms,– Curled the shadows out of sight; Fading, like a ghost, in air. And ever the river rippled bright.</p> <p>Fruits of crimson – purple – azure– Thrilled his Poet-soul with pleasure Which, from all, new glory won; While around him birds were chaunting, – Birds that fairy valley haunting, – Such as Mother Earth had none And like gems their pinions glistened, glancing in the aspiring sun.</p> <p>In a sweet excitement swimming, All his soul with beauty brimming, While the morning grew to noon In that glorious valley – listening To the music – by the glistening River – sung with lulling tune, While his heart throbbed echo ’neath Lethean languor born of June –</p>	<p>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 visiter,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door – Only this, and nothing more.”</p> <p>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 tried 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.</p> <p>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 visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door – Some late visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door; – This it is, and nothing more.”</p> <p>Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer, “Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore; But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping, And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,</p>

Carelessly the youth went straying  
 Like a merry child a-Maying.  
 And the river rippled on.  
 While now that a thirst pursued him,  
 And the noon-tide heat subdued him,  
 And he felt him weak and wan,  
 Thinking of the stream, he turned him, fevered;  
 but the stream was gone!

Searching for it, on he wandered  
 Hour by hour; and sadly pondered  
 As to where its waves might be:  
 And the valley slowly faded  
 To a primal forest, shaded  
 By full many a mossy tree.  
 Still, he could not use the stream meandering  
 through the meadowy lea.

But the murmur of the river;  
 Rippling, running, plashing ever,  
 Floated on his yearning ear:  
 Still before he heard it flowing –  
 Heard it kiss the rocks while going,  
 Seeming, as he heard it, near;  
 Whispering nearer, flowing onward, gurgling  
 every instant freer.

More luxuriant, greener, brighter,  
 Glossier, loftier, and lighter  
 Grew the foliage where it seemed;  
 And the woodland birds sang clearer,  
 And the waters near and nearer  
 Murmured, till he thought they gleamed;  
 And, between the emerald leaves, he dreamed  
 the silver wavelets beamed.

Through the trees, among the bushes,  
 Looking for the river rushes,  
 Onward, onward, still he went,  
 Listening to the water's plashing –  
 Listening to the eddies dashing  
 In their crystal merriment:  
 But he found it not, though stooping – gazing,  
 'till his form grew bent.

All around grew dark and dreary,  
 And our wanderer, very weary,  
 Tottered feebly, full of pain,  
 From the forest; with his figure

That I scarce was sure I heard you" – here I  
 opened wide the door; –  
 Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there  
 wondering, fearing,  
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared  
 to dream before;  
 But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness  
 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.

Then into the chamber turning, all my soul within  
 me burning,  
 Soon I heard again a tapping somewhat louder than  
 before.  
 "Surely," said I, "surely that is something 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!"

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 an instant  
 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.

Then this 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 from  
 the Nightly shore –  
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's

Robbed of all its youthful vigour: –  
 And the sun was on the wane –  
 And night's swarthy, solemn shadows slowly  
 gathered round the plain.

And – among those shades lamenting, –  
 Urged by old Time unrelenting, –  
 Where was never else but gloom –  
 From the sight the wanderer faded,  
 By chaotic blackness shaded,  
 While the silence of the tomb  
 Wrapped him, shroud-like; and that silence  
 was the requiem of his doom.

Plutonian shore!”  
 Quoth the raven, “Nevermore.”

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear  
 discourse so plainly,  
 Though its answer little meaning – little relevancy  
 bore;  
 For we cannot help agreeing that no sublunary  
 being  
 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his  
 chamber door –  
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his  
 chamber door,  
 With such name as “Nevermore.”

But 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 farther 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.”

Wondering at the stillness broken by reply so aptly  
 spoken,  
 “Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters is its only stock  
 and store,  
 Caught from some unhappy master whom  
 unmerciful Disaster  
 Followed fast and followed faster – so, when Hope  
 he would adjure,  
 Stern Despair returned, instead of the sweet Hope  
 he dared adjure –  
 That sad answer, “Nevermore!”

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;  
 Then upon 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

	<p>Meant in croaking “Nevermore.”</p> <p>This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom’s core; This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining On the cushion’s velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o’er, But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o’er, She shall press, ah, nevermore!</p> <p>Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor. “Wretch,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee – by these angels he hath sent thee Respite – respite and Nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore! Let me quaff this kind Nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!” Quoth the raven, “Nevermore.”</p> <p>“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.”</p> <p>“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil! – prophet still, if bird or devil! By that Heaven that bends above us – by that God we both adore – Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn, It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore – Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.” Quoth the raven, “Nevermore.”</p>
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	<p>“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!” I shrieked, upstarting – “Get thee back into the tempest and the Night’s Plutonian shore! Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken! Leave my loneliness unbroken! – quit the bust above my door! Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!” Quoth the raven, “Nevermore.”</p> <p>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 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!</p>
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