

Der Rabe

Ein illustriertes Gedicht
in 13 Versionen

Edgar Allan Poe



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(The Raven)

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Ihr

Jürgen Schulze

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Einleitung

Der Rabe (im englischen Original *The Raven*) ist ein erzählendes Gedicht des US-amerikanischen Schriftstellers Edgar Allan Poe. Es wurde zum ersten Mal am 29. Januar 1845 in der New Yorker Zeitung *Evening Mirror* veröffentlicht und schildert den mysteriösen, mitternächtlichen Besuch eines Raben bei einem verzweifelten Liebenden. Es ist eines der bekanntesten US-amerikanischen Gedichte.

Im Original ist der Schlussreim *more*, nämlich *evermore*. Im Deutschen gibt es keine Reime mit *mehr* für immer, ewig, – so erklären sich die vielen Übersetzungen.



The Raven

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.«

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.

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 re-
peating

»'Tis some visiter entreating entrance at my chamber
door -
Some late visiter entreating entrance at my chamber
door; -
This it is, and nothing more.«

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,
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 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 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.«

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, »Never - 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
Meant in croaking »Nevermore.«

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expres-
sing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bo-
som's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease rec-
lining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloa-
ted o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloa-
ting o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

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 an-
gels 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.«

»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 enchan-