

Language allows us to communicate in many different ways whether it is through novels, music, news articles and more. Each of these different modes of communication uses different language altered for the type of audience they are trying to reach or type of message they are trying to get across. Whether the text in use is for entertainment, information or education, the type of language used is what makes it unique to the type of communication intended. Language in music evokes emotions at times with its pathos in lyrics where language in a newspaper article delivers information with a type of logos and straightforward facts. As for education, the language in novels or poetry differs in style based on the different usage of lexicon, register, intended audience, syntax and tone. When Analyzing Edgar Allen Poe's "*The Raven*", we can see how these different aspects of language help the poet communicate certain moods through the usage of word choice and repetition. This style thus proves that different types of texts require different usage of language in order to successfully function as a valuable text. "*The Raven*" was published in 1854 and is a famous American poem for a reason. The poem is about a midnight visit from a mysterious raven to a mourning man who has just lost his lover, Lenore. The man's mourning is made clear not only through Poe's stylistic language, but also through his madness. The poem represents how the raven is the shadow of loss that will go away "nevermore". I will analyze how this poem uses language through lexicon, intended audience, syntax and tone.

In linguistics, lexicon is simply the use of vocabulary the writer uses in their text. It also includes how the writer uses that vocabulary whether it is through repetition, synonyms and even metaphors. Vocabulary is so involved in "*The Raven*" because it is through the descriptive adjectives Poe uses to get the intenseness of the poem through to the reader. Words like "midnight dreary", "weak and weary", "bleak", "dying", "darkness", "sorrow", "shutter",

“lonely”, “nevermore” intensify the situation happening with this visitation, giving the reader more detail and emotion towards the text. The poem can be seen as abstract because since the visitation of the raven occurs in the middle of the night, the man could be in a dream-like state. On the other hand though, the writing in the text is very specific to what the mourning man is seeing, feeling and experiencing.

The intended audience would be for a more educational setting or for people interested in poetry. Men and women would be attracted to this poem, especially those interested in literature and poetry. Since it is a creepy poem it can be referenced sometimes in other novels with the same mood, or other scholarly texts. The language in “*The Raven*” is musically appealing with the flow of the words and rhyming scale. In most cases though, this text will be read in schools usually in high school English classes. The text would show up in a gothic literature class as well when studying Poe.

When it comes to the syntax in “*The Raven*”, the word order is significant because of the flow of words which make the rhyming scheme what it is. Syntax in poetry is different than in prose because the word order can be disrupted by incomplete thoughts or sentences. This difference makes the syntax more noticeable because the order is much different than the way we speak. Like mentioned previously, the musicality of this poem is very significant in contributing to the way it flows and the way it delivers the melancholy mood. The rhyme and rhythm of the poem is all to do with how the words are chosen and how they are placed structurally in a sentence.

The most important issue of language in “*The Raven*” is tone. The entire poem, with the help of lexicon, reveals the mood of the situation at hand. We read the poem from the perspective and inner mind of the mourning man. This man is already depressed because his

lover has died and its overly disturbed by the raven at his door. Every thought of his is detailed and descriptive. "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!'"(Poe). This is one of the most descriptive stanzas of the poem where we can understand the tone of the poem. Instead of simply saying that he looked out the door and was scared, he gives explicit detail and gloomy words to utter how fearful he truly was. Tone is the most important aspect of writing poetry because it is supposed to evoke emotions and express exactly what the writer or character in focus is feeling. In "*The Raven*", the language expressed does just that.

Through the language issues of lexicon, intended audience, syntax and tone, we can see how the poem, "*The Raven*" is unique. All of these issues make the language of the poem different from any other type of text. The repetition of words, choice vocabulary, somber mood, ordering of sentences and musical flow categorize this text into poetry for these reasons. The choice of vocabulary contributes to the intenseness of the poem because it sets the stage for the fact that the text will be depressing and gloomy. The intended audience is significant when analyzing a text because you understand its purpose. Syntax, or the word order, is what makes the sound of the poem beautiful. The word order is not how we speak which is what helps classify "*The Raven*" as poetry. Tone, the most important when it comes to poetry, is what keeps the reader interested and attached to the scary experience that the mourning man is going through. The descriptiveness of the poem is where tone comes out in the text, which emphasizes the story's meaning as well. "*The Raven*" is a text where language, in my opinion, is at its finest in the form of poetry.

Bibliography

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THE RAVEN

Edgar Allen 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 named 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.'

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.

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 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 a minute 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 living human being
 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door -
 Bird or beast above 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.'
 Then the bird said, 'Nevermore.'

Startled 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 till his songs one burden bore -
 Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore
 Of "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 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 lamp-light gloated o'er,
 But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,

She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
 Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
 'Wretch,' I cried, 'thy God hath lent thee - by these angels he has sent thee
 Respite - respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
 Quaff, oh 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 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 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 named Lenore -
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels named Lenore?
 Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

'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.'

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's 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!