

# 3. The Two Ravens

Abigail Edington

**Moderato espressivo**  $\text{♩} = 132$  *mp*

Voice

Piano

*mf* *mp* *p*

As I was walk - ing all a - lone,

**5** *poco cresc.* *poco rit.*

I heard two ra - vens mak - ing a moan: The one un - to the oth - er did say, \_\_\_\_\_

*poco cresc.* *poco rit.*

**9** *a tempo* *mf* *poco rit.* *mp* *a tempo*

"Where shall we go and dine \_\_\_\_\_ the day - o, Where shall we go and dine the day?"

*a tempo* *poco rit.* *a tempo*

**13** *poco cresc.*

"Be-hind yon fall - en ce - dar pine I know there lies a new - slain knight; And

17 *poco rit.* *mf* *a tempo* *poco rit.* *a tempo*

no-bod-y knows that he lies there — But his hawk, his hound, and his la - dy fair - o, But his

*poco rit.* *a tempo* *poco rit.* *a tempo*

*poco cresc.* *mf*

21 *mf* **Poco marcato ed agitato** ♩ = 144

hawk, his hound, and his la - dy fair. "His hound is to the hunt - ing gone,

*mf*

25 *sub. mp*

His hawk to fetch the wild - bird home, His la - dy's ob-tained a - noth - er mate, So we may

*sub. mp*

29 *rit.* *a tempo* *poco rit.*

make our din - ner long — and late - o, So we may make our din - ner long and late.

*rit.* *a tempo* *poco rit.*

*mp*

*a tempo*

**33** *f* "You'll perch up - on his bright white thighs And I'll peck out his pret - ty blue eyes: And

*a tempo*

*mf*

*poco rit.* *mp* *a tempo*

**37** with one lock of his gold - en hair We'll patch our nest when

*poco rit.* *mp* *a tempo*

*f*

*rit.*

**40** it grows bare - o, We'll patch our nest when it grows bare.

*rit.*

### Tempo primo

**43** *p* "My moth - er made me of an egg and raised me up in

*pp* *delicately*

46 *cresc. poco a poco* *poco rit.*  
 feath - ers grey. She said 'Be glad this day and fly. \_\_\_\_\_  
*poco rit.*

49 *a tempo* *f* *allarg.* *mp* *a tempo*  
 For come the win - ter you \_\_\_\_\_ must die - o, For come the win - ter  
*ten.*

52 *a tempo* *cresc. poco a poco* *poco rit.*  
 you must die.' "Now win - ter's come and it is past.  
*poco rit.* *a tempo*

55 *mf* *mp* *cresc. poco a poco*  
 And all the birds do build their nest. A feast is not  
*mf* *p* *cresc. poco a poco*

58 *poco rit.* *a tempo* ***mf*** *poco rit.*

set for the dead. So we'll gob down his meat in - stead o,

*poco rit.* *a tempo* ***mp*** *poco rit.*

61 *a tempo* ***mp*** *molto rit.* **Meno mosso ed espressivo** ♩ = 116

So we'll gob down his meat in - stead. "Full man - y a one for him makes moan,

*a tempo* *molto rit.* ***mp*** *sonore*

65 *p* *dolce*

But none shall know where he is gone: O - ver his bones, when they are bare, the

*p* *dolce*

69

end - less wind of the moun - tain air - o, the end - less wind of the moun - tain air."