

The Owl

Words by Bryan Procter
Using the name Barry Cornwall

Music by
John Rogers Thomas

Maestoso

f *pp*

5

10

1. In the hol - low tree, in the old grey tow'r, The spec - tral Owl doth
2. And the Owl hath a bride, who is fond and bold, And lov - eth the wood's deep

10

14

dwel, Dull, hat - ed, de-spised in the sun - shine hour, But at
gloom, And, with eyes like the shine of the moon - stone cold, She a -

17

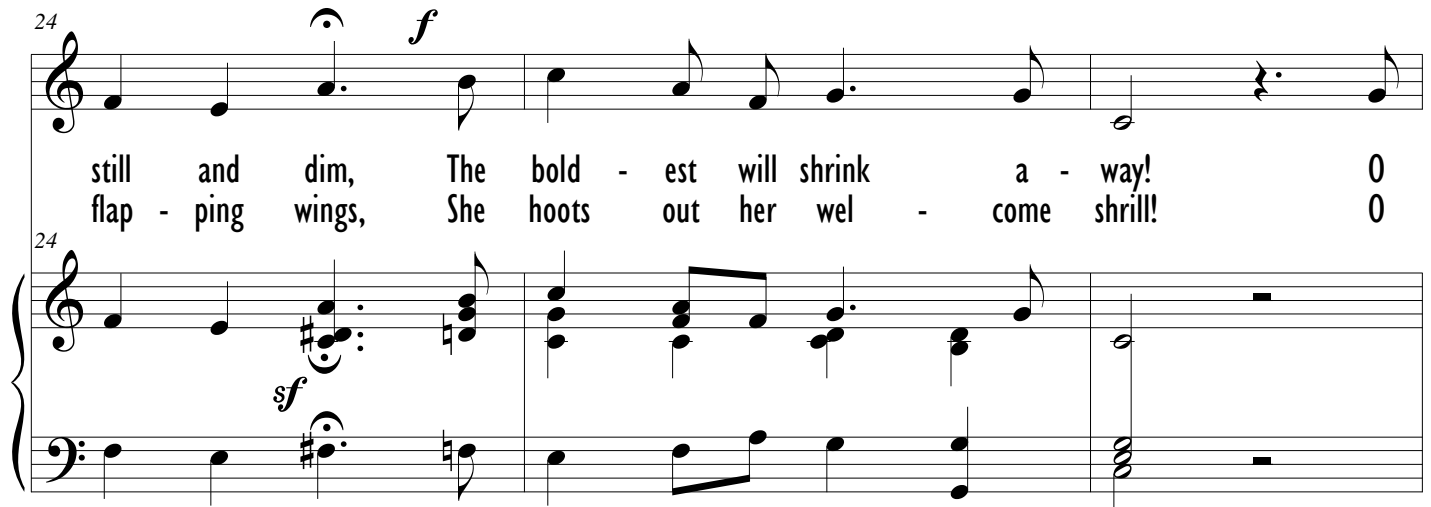
dusk he's a - broad and well! Not a bird of the for - est e're mates with him, All
wait - eth her gha - st - ly groom! Not a feath - er she moves, not a car - ol she sings, As she

21

mock him out-right by day, But at night when the woods grow
waits in the tree, so still, But when her heart hear - eth his

24 *f*

still and dim, The bold - est will shrink a - way! 0
flap - ping wings, She hoots out her wel - come shrill! 0



27

when the night falls, and roosts the fowl, Then, then is the reign of the Horn - ed Owl!
when the moon shines, and dogs do howl! Then, then is the joy of the Horn - ed Owl!

27 *p*

31

Then, then, then, then is the reign of the Horn - ed Owl!
Then, then, then, then is the joy of the Horn - ed Owl!

31

f

33

3. Mourn not for the Owl, nor his

33

ff

37

gloom-y plight! The Owl hath his share of good; If a pris-'ner he be in the

37

41

broad day - light, He is lord in the dark, green wood! Nor lone - ly the bird, nor his

45

ghast - ly — mate, They're each un - to each a pride, Thrice fond - er per - haps, since a

49

strange, dark fate Hath rent them from all be - side! So,

52 *p*

when the night falls and dogs do howl, Sing ho! for the reign of the Horn - ed Owl!

54 *f marcato*

We know not al - way who are kings by day, But the king of the night is the bold, brown

57

Owl! Yes, the king of the night is the bold, brown Owl!