

JOSEPH HOLBROOKE

THE RAVEN

EDGAR ALLAN POE

POEM

(Nº I FOR GRAND ORCHESTRA)

ARRANGED BY THE COMPOSER FOR

PIANOFORTE SOLO
(OP. 25.)

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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 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 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 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 mortals
Ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken,
And the stillness 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
Something 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 blest 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 that 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 that 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 lamplight gloated o'er,
 But whose velvet violet lining
 With the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

★

*Then methought the air grew denser,
 Perfumed from an unseen censer
 Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls
 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!
 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 name Lenore—
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden
 Whom the angels name Lenore."
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."*

★

"Be that word our sign in 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 that 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 lamplight 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!*

Edgar Allan Poe.



Sir August Manns.

THE RAVEN

Poem by
EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Music by
JOSEPH HOLBROOKE
Op. 25.

Once upon a midnight dreary, While I pondered, weak and weary, etc.
Molto adagio e sostenuto.

PIANO.

p molto espr. *cresc.*

Suddenly there came a tapping at my chamber door.
Poco anima.

sf *dim.* *p* *pp* *ppp*

Rit. **Tempo primo.**

pp *p* **A**

Poco anima.

cresc. *sf* *p* *dim.* *pp*

rit.

pp *p*

B *Agitato.*

più cresc. *mp* *p* *p*

C *Più animato.* And the rustling of each purple curtain, thrilled me—etc:

pp dim. *pp leggiero*

pp *L.H.* *pp*

pp *cresc.*

sf *dim.* *pp* *L.H.* *sf*

First system of the musical score. The right hand features a complex, rapid passage with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *pp* (pianissimo) and *L.H.* (Left Hand). A *Red.* (Reduction) marking is present below the left hand.

Second system of the musical score. The right hand continues with a rapid, flowing melody. The left hand has a more melodic line. Dynamics include *poco rit.* (poco ritardando), *dim.* (diminuendo), and *pp* (pianissimo). A *Red.* (Reduction) marking is present below the left hand.

Third system of the musical score. The right hand has a more melodic, flowing line. The left hand has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *Poco anima.* (Poco anima), *rit.* (ritardando), and *f* (forte). A circled number **1** is placed above the right hand.

Fourth system of the musical score. The right hand has a more melodic, flowing line. The left hand has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *Agitato, anima.* (Agitato, anima), *cresc.* (crescendo), and *ff* (fortissimo). A circled number **8** is placed above the right hand.

Fifth system of the musical score. The right hand has a more melodic, flowing line. The left hand has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *dim.* (diminuendo), and *rit.* (ritardando).

Tempo lento.

2

p *pp sost.* *cresc.*

Agitato, anima.

f *ff*

dim.

Cor.

pp *R.H.*

pp

This musical score page, numbered 7, contains five systems of music. The first system features a piano introduction with a circled '3' above the right-hand staff. The second system includes a piano part and a new oboe (Ob.) entry marked with 'ppp'. The third system is marked 'pp misterioso' and shows the oboe playing a complex, rapid passage. The fourth and fifth systems continue the piano accompaniment with dense, flowing sixteenth-note patterns in both hands. The score is written in a key with two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature.

4

pp

dim.

ppp

rit.

Cor.

"Presently my soul grew stronger; —
Animato.

p esp

Cor.

⑤

p

f

⑥

f *rit.* Cor. Vlas.

("And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,")

ppp

pp

⑦

ff
p cresc.

Pos.

{ Here I opened wide the door;—
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Pos. Wd.

f
pp sost.
p

Cl.

Str.

p
p espr. molto

⑧

p
p espr. molto

pp
p espr. molto

Accell.
cresc. molto

Tempo. ("The only word there spoken was 'Lenore!'")

ff
p dim. - - pp
rit.

9 ("Soon again I heard a tapping— something louder than before.")

p
cresc. anima

cresc. - - - ff
sost.

("Tis the wind and nothing more.")

ff
8
6
6
6

J. H. 8

dim. *p* dim.

("Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling")—

ff *sf* Cw.

sf

fff

mp *dim.* *p* Tr. Ped.

pp legg.

15 ppp espr. p poco cresc.

"Tell me what thy lordly name is" quoth the Raven — "Nev - - er more," — "nev - -

16 p pp Tr.

er more," — "nev - - er more" —

Cor.

Str. f pp cresc. molto

18

"Then methought the air grew denser"—

"Wretch"— I cried!—

19

8

f cresc.

And.

8 "Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!"

(21)

fff

precipitato

(cresc.)

2
4
ff

A musical score for a piano piece titled "The Rose Tree". The score is written for a grand piano, with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The music features a melody in the treble staff and a bass line in the bass staff. The melody is characterized by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The piece includes a section marked with a circled number 22, indicating a repeat or a specific measure. The score is presented in a clear, legible format with standard musical notation.

First system of the musical score. It features a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music is in a key with two sharps (F# and C#). The first measure has a *fff* dynamic marking. The second measure has a *fffz* marking. The third measure has a *dim.* marking. The system ends with a measure marked with an 8, indicating an eighth note.

Second system of the musical score. It features a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music is in a key with two sharps (F# and C#). The first measure has a *f* dynamic marking. The second measure has a *trm trm* marking. The third measure has a *p* dynamic marking. The system ends with a measure marked with a 23, indicating the 23rd measure.

Third system of the musical score. It features a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music is in a key with two sharps (F# and C#). The first measure has a *fz* dynamic marking. The second measure has a *fz dim.* marking. The third measure has a *p* dynamic marking. The system ends with a measure marked with a 24, indicating the 24th measure.

Fourth system of the musical score. It features a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music is in a key with two sharps (F# and C#). The first measure has a *più p* dynamic marking. The second measure has a *p* dynamic marking. The third measure has a *p* dynamic marking. The fourth measure has a *sf* dynamic marking. The system ends with a measure marked with a 25, indicating the 25th measure.

Fifth system of the musical score. It features a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music is in a key with two sharps (F# and C#). The first measure has a *pp dim.* dynamic marking. The second measure has a *ppp* dynamic marking. The third measure has a *(Più lento)* marking. The fourth measure has a *esp. pp* dynamic marking. The system ends with a measure marked with a 25, indicating the 25th measure.

(Wd.)

(26) **Tempo I.**

Wd. *rit. ppp legg.* (Str.)

(27)

Molto Lento.

dim. *ppp*

(28) (Wd.) *lunga*

dim. *ppp*

("Leave my loneliness unbroken!— Take thy beak from out my heart,")—

Animato (*con molto espressione rubato*)

pp *sost.* (*cresc.*)

(29) *p* *esp. marc.* *Ctfg.* (*cresc.*)

Wd. (*cresc.*)

(30) *R.H. pp* (*cresc.*)

(*cresc.*)

Accel. - - -

31

mf

Ccr.

cresc. molto

fff

poco anima molto appassionato

ff

Pos.

32

(dim.)

p esp.

più p

33 Poco lento.

ppp sost.

p cresc. molto

Pos.

fff

dim.

Agitato.

p

fff

pp

ff p

35

ff *pp* *ffz* *espr.* *pp* *fff*

Meno mosso.

p *rit.* *p* *dim. cl.*

Pos. ("And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming"...

36

ppp *sost.* *molto esp. e legato* *morendo*

37

(Oct.)

Fg. Cl.

pp *dim.* *pppp*



JOSEPH HOLBROOKE'S

Poems for Grand Orchestra,



"THE RAVEN."

"THE VIKING."

"ULALUME."

"BYRON."

"QUEEN MAB."

