

THE KNIGHT OF THE RAVEN BLACK PLUME.



Designed & Drawn by J.H. Bufford

Written, Composed & Dedicated to
W. T. PORTER, ESQ.

BY

JOHN H. HEWITT.

Author of the Minstrel's return from the War &c. &c.

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THE KNIGHT OF THE RAVEN-BLACK PLUME.

Music and Words by

JOHN H. HEWITT.

Albert - Kirkwood

VOICE.

MODERATO.

The first system of music features a vocal line on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is written for two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a 6/8 time signature. The tempo is marked 'MODERATO'. The piano part begins with a series of chords and moving lines in both hands.

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line begins with the lyrics: "A lady sat mute in her bow'r, While her". The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic and melodic patterns. A dynamic marking 'p' (piano) is placed below the piano part.

The third system continues the musical score. The vocal line begins with the lyrics: "page from the turret on high, Look'd out at the lone midnight hour, To see if her lover was". The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic and melodic patterns.

nigh. "Ho! ho!" said the page, as he toss'd His scarf 'mid the moon's mellow

light, "A horseman the meadow has cross'd, And his corslet and helmet are

bright. Lady fair! Lady fair! banish thy gloom For here is the Knight of the raven-black plume

piu ralentando.

Lady fair! Lady fair! banish thy gloom, For here is the Knight of the raven black plume.

SECOND VERSE.

The lady arose from her seat, And through the light lattice she spied A

p

horseman careering full fleet A--long the dark ri_vu_let's side, And

soon'neath the Battlements high, The notes of a shrill bugle rang;-- And

she wept, but she could not tell why, While thus her young troubadour sang.

Lady fair! Lady fair! banish thy gloom For, lo! I'm the Knight of the raven-black plume.

p

piu ralentando.

Lady fair! Lady fair banish thy gloom For, lo! I'm the Knight of the raven black plume.

f

THIRD VERSE.

"I come from the field of the slain, The meed of the tournament's mine; Yet,

p

never a smile could I gain, So dear to my bosom as thine!" The

Warder then open'd the gate, And the halls with high revalry rang; - - For

long did the fond lovers prate, While the minstrels in joyous notes sang -

Lady bright! Lady bright - banish thy gloom, And wed the brave Knight of the raven - black plume

piu ralentando.

Lady bright! Lady bright - banish thy gloom, And wed the brave Knight of the raven - black plume