

To his Friend,
(G. C. REXFORD, ESQ.)
of Buffalo.

THE OWL

Poetry by

BARRY CORNWALL

Music Composed by

J. R. THOMAS.

Stackpole, Sc.

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Words by **BARRY CORNWALL**

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MAESTRO 50.

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system is marked 'MAESTRO 50.' and features a treble and bass staff with a tempo marking of 'f' (forte) and a dynamic marking of 'pp' (pianissimo). The second system continues the piano accompaniment with similar notation.

And the Owl hath a bride who is fond and hold, And lov-eth the woods deep gloom, And with
In the hollow tree, in the old grey tow'r, The spectral Owl doth dwell, Dull,
eyes like the shine of the moon - stone cold, She a - wait-eth her ghastly groom! Not a
hated, despised in the sunshine hour, But at dusk he's abroad and well. Not

The vocal melody is written on a single staff, with the lyrics printed below it. The piano accompaniment is written on a grand staff (treble and bass). The music is in common time (C) and features a variety of note values and rests.

feather she moves, not a ca-rol she sings, Alone she waits in her tree so still, But

bird of the forest ere mates with him, All mock him outright by day, But at

when her heart heareth his flapping wings, She hoots out her wel-come shrill. O

night when the woods grow still and dim, The boldest will shrink a-way O

when the moon shines and dogs do howl, Then, then is the joy of the Horned Owl!

when the night falls and roosts the fowl, Then, then is the reign of the Horned Owl!

Then, then, then, then is the joy of the Horned Owl! Then, then, then, then is the

Then, then, then, then is the reign of the Horned Owl! Then, then, then, then is the

joy of the Horned Owl!

reign of the Horned Owl! If a

Mourn not for the Owl, nor his gloomy plight, The Owl hath his share of good; "If a

prisoner he be in the broad day-light, He is Lord of the dark green wood. Nor

lonely the bird, nor his ghastly mate, They're each unto each a pride, Thrice

lonely the bird, nor his ghastly mate, They're each unto each a pride, Thrice

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fonder, perhaps since a strange dark fate Hath rent them from all be-side So

p

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

p

f marcato.

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

f marcato.

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