The Raven: An Opera in One Act

A Thesis

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at the University of Missouri-Columbia

In Partial Fulfillment

of the Requirements for the Degree

Master of Music

by

ANNA KRAUSE

Dr. W. Thomas McKenney, Thesis Supervisor

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The undersigned, appointed by the dean of the Graduate School, have examined the [thesis or dissertation] entitled

THE RAVEN
AN OPERA IN ONE ACT

presented by Anna Krause,

a candidate for the degree of master of music,

and hereby certify that, in their opinion, it is worthy of acceptance.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Dr. W. Thomas McKenney</th>
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<tr>
<td>Dr. Stefan Freund</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dr. Neil Minturn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. Richard Pellegrin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. W. Arthur Mehrhoff</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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# TABLE OF CONTENTS

Acknowledgements ii

Table of Contents iii

The Raven 1

Notes to the Performer 2

Score 3

1. Overture 3

2. "Once upon a midnight..." 7

3. "Ah, distinctly I remember..." 18

4. "And the silken sad uncertain rustling..." 22

5. "Deep into that darkness peering..." 28

6. "Back into the chamber turning..." 33

7. "This I sat engaged in guessing..." 48

8. "By that heaven..." 58

9. "Quoth the Raven..." 61
The Raven

An Opera in One Act

Anna Krause
Text by Edgar Allan Poe
In a dim room, with only a weak fire keeping out the cold December wind, a poor student sits alone, slowly, painfully working himself into a frenzy of grief over the loss of his young wife, Lenore.

This is the image in my mind when I read Edgar Allan Poe’s masterpiece, “The Raven.” Such an elegantly dramatic image, told in such vivid, musical language, seems made to be an opera, and yet in all my research I could not find evidence that anyone had adapted it in such a way before. Setting this iconic American text as an opera is something I have dreamed of doing for years.

This is the story of a man’s descent into madness over the course of a single evening. The rapidity with which he loses his mind indicates that his beloved Lenore can’t have been gone long—perhaps a few weeks, or a couple of months at most. The funeral is past; his friends have stopped bringing him dinner. He realizes that a whole day has passed, and he hasn’t cried for her. Her memory has already begun to fade. Her death was devastating, but this new loss, this sense of increasing distance between the man and Lenore, is unbearable.

A Raven appears at his window. She has learned to mimic the word “nevermore,” perhaps from a previous owner, and she repeats this word when the man lets her into his room. At first he is glad for the company, but his thoughts return to the absent Lenore, and the Raven’s single word begins to take on a new meaning. Is she taunting him? He grasps desperately at his memory of Lenore for comfort, but the Raven repeats her one word persistently until he is certain that she is tormenting him. He feels the Raven separating him from Lenore, pushing her farther and farther away. He hopes briefly for peace and reunion with Lenore after his own death, but in the end the Raven’s relentless jeer is too much for him to bear.

Instrumentation: Soprano, mezzo-soprano, bass, flute, clarinet in Bb, violin, cello, percussion (chimes, vibraphone, and marimba), and piano.

Duration: about 35 minutes

Unless a tempo change is indicated, \( \text{\textfrac{\textfrac{3}{4}}}{\textfrac{2}{4}} \)

1. Overture
2. Once upon a midnight…
3. Ah, distinctly I remember…
4. And the silken sad uncertain rustling…
5. Deep into that darkness peering…
6. Back into the chamber turning…
7. This I sat engaged in guessing…
8. By that Heaven…
9. Quoth the Raven…
Transposed Score

Edgar Allan Poe

1. Overture

Anna Krause

Flute

Clarinet in Bb

Violin

Cello

Chimes

Piano

A

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Ch.

Pno.
1. Overture
1. Overture
2. Once upon a midnight

Once upon a midnight,
2. Once upon a midnight
Once upon a midnight,

C

Once upon a midnight,
Once upon a midnight, Once upon a midnight drea\-y,
Once upon a midnight
2. Once upon a midnight

drear-y, while I pond-ered, weak and wear-y, Over man-y a quaint and
2. Once upon a midnight
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

suddenly there came a tapping,
2. Once upon a midnight

As of someone gently rapping, as of some one gently rapping.
2. Once upon a midnight

rap-ping, rap-ping at my cham-ber door.

rap-ping, rap-ping at my cham-ber door.  "'Tis some vis-i-tor," I mut-tered,
2. Once upon a midnight

“tapping at my chamber door—

On - ly this, and noth - ing more.”

Noth-ing more.
3. Ah, distinctly I remember

Vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books sur-cease of sorrow

Lenore, Lenore—niente

row for the lost Lenore—niente

A

B

Lenore

Narrator

Flute

Clarinet in B♭

Violin 1

Cello

Chimes

Piano
lost Len—ore— For the rare, for the rare and radiant maiden

whom the angels name Len—ore— vainly I had
3. Ah, distinctly I remember

sought to bor-row From my books sur-cease of sor-row—

sor-row for the lost Len-ore— Forthe rare, forthe rare and ra-diant
Ah, distinctly I remember
maiden whom the angels name Len-
4. And the silken sad uncertain rustling
Thrilled me—filled me
with fantastic

filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
4. And the silken sad uncertain rustling

"Tis some vis-i-tor entreat-ing en-trance at my cham-ber door—

Some late vis-i-tor entreat-ing en-trance at my cham-ber door—
4. And the silken sad uncertain rustling

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 tapping, And so faintly you came tapping.
4. And the silken sad uncertain rustling

tapping at my chamber door—

That I scarce was sure I heard you,"—

here I opened wide the door—

Darkness there, and nothing more.

pp

Nothing more.
5. Deep into that darkness peering

Long I stood there wondering, fearing,

A

f

f
5. Deep into that darkness peering

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;

But the silence was unbroken,

But the silence was unbroken,
and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there

spoken was the whispered word, “Lenore?”
“Lenore?”
5. Deep into that darkness peering

This I whispered, and an echo
5. Deep into that darkness peering

mur - mured back the word, “Len - ore! Len - ore!”

Mere - ly this, and noth - ing more.

Mere - ly this, and noth - ing more.
6. Back into the chamber turning

Back into the chamber turning.
Soon again I heard a tapping

some what louder than

Surely, surely, surely, surely

be fore.

“Surely,” said I, “surely that is something at
6. Back into the chamber turning

my window lattice; Let me see, then, what there is,
6. Back into the chamber turning...
6. Back into the chamber turning

'Tis the wind and nothing more.
6. Back into the chamber turning

man-y a flirt and flut-ter,

In there stepped a state-ly raven

of the saint-ly

days of yore;

Not the least obeisance made she; not a
moment stopped or stayed she; But, with mien of lord or lady,

perched above the chamber door— Perched upon a bust of Pallas just a—
6. Back into the chamber turning

R view 40

above my chamber door— Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Mrib.

Fl.

Bs. Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

132 p

Then this ebony bird beguiling your sad fancy
6. Back into the chamber turning

into smiling, By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it

wore,
6. Back into the chamber turning

"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure..."
6. Back into the chamber turning

wan-d'ring from the Night-ly shore— Tell me, tell me, tell me what thy lord-ly
name is on the Night's

Plu-
6. Back into the chamber turning

Quoth the Raven, "Nev-er-more."

Much I mar-velled this un-gain-ly fowl to hear dis-

(Staff notation with musical notation)

 página de la parte de página del documento, así como el contenido textual extraído previamente. Devuelve el texto natural representado de este documento como si estuvieras leyendo naturalmente.
For we cannot help agreeing that no living

Though its answer little

course so plainly,

mean—little relevancy bore;

little rel evancy bore;
Back into the chamber turning

human being ever yet was blest with seeing bird above his chamber door—
With such name as Nevermore.
7. This I sat engaged in guessing

To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease re-
clin-ing On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloat-ed o'er, But whose vel-vet vio-let lining with the lamp-light gloat-ing o'er, She shall press, ah, nev-er-

She shall press, ah, nev-er-

She shall press, ah, nev-er-

She shall press, ah, nev-er-

She shall press, ah, nev-er-

She shall press, ah, nev-er-
Then me-thought the air grew dens-er, per-fumed from more!

an un-seen cen-ser Swung by ser- a-phim whose foot-falls tin-kled on the tuft-ed
52

This I sat engaged in guessing

53

by these angels he hath sent thee

Respite—respite and ne- pen-the, from thy
7. This I sat engaged in guessing

Quoth the Raven,
mem'ries of Len-ore;

Quaff, oh quaff this kind ne-pen-the and for-get this lost Len-

“Nev-er-more.”

“Prophet! thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—

Len

R

N

Fl.

B. Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Vib.

Pno.

Ch.

Pno.
Wheth-er Tempt-er sent, or wheth-er tem-pest tossed thee here a-shore,

Des-olate yet all un-daunt-ed, on this de-sert land enchant-ed— On this home by hor-ror
73. This I sat engaged in guessing

haunt-ed—tell me tru-ly, I im-plore—Is there—is there balm in Gil-e-ad—

Quoth the Ra-ven, “Nev-er-more.”

tell me—tell me, I im-plore!”
7. This I sat engaged in guessing
7. This I sat engaged in guessing
8. By that Heaven

By that heaven that bends above us

By that heaven that bends above us

that

both

that

en

Tell this soul,

tell this

Tell this soul,

tell this

By that God we both adore—Tell this soul,

by that God we both adore—Tell this soul,
soul with sorrow laden

if, within the distant

soul with sorrow laden

if, within the distant

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels

Aidenn, it shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels

By that Heaven
8. By that Heaven
9. Quoth the Raven

Quoth the Raven, “Nev - er - more.”

“Be that word our sign in part-ing, bird or...
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore! Leave..."
9. Quoth the Raven

no black plume as a token of that lie thy 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!
9. Quoth the Raven

Quoth the Raven, “Nev-er-more.”

And the Raven, nev-er

flit-ting, still is sit-ting, still is sit-ting

On the pal-id bust of Pal-las
just above my chamber door;

And her eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,

And the lamp-light o'er her streaming throws her shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow
Shall be lifted—never more!