

SM 1649

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Nevermore

Lyric by
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Music by
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Moderato

The sto - ry's told of a
There is no doubt, when a

bird, so bold, who lived in the stu - dy of a Po - et old. He
man goes out and dal - lies with the grape like Bac - chus did. At

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sat, a - lone, on a bust of stone And croak'd our word in a mel-an-
morn-ings dawn he feels all gone And wish-es that the law would nev-er

chol-y tone. This one queer word was most ab - surd, And
lift the lid. His head's all queer, there are pains in here. If they

yet he taught a les - son, did this wise old bird. For
bought him for a nick - le he'd give four cents change. He

oth - ers have been on a bust and thought it just a joke. But they
swears that ice is real - ly not what it's cracked up to be. Then he

raved like the ra - ven when the day - light broke.
raves like the ra - ven with its three note range.

REFRAIN

Nev - er - more! what a night, nev - er - more! I

mean that, hon - or bright; Nev - er - more! what a night, nev - er -

more! Un - less I'm quite all right to - night.