Spoken: The raven himself is hoarse that croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan

Come! Come! Come!

Come you spirits that tend on mortal, mortal thoughts, un...
The Raven Himself is Hoarse

Fill me from the crown to the

Make

thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse, that

no compoundious visitings of nature shake my

dull purpose, nor keep peace between the ef
Come! Come!

Come! come to my woman's breasts, and
take my milk for gall,

Pno.\[4\]

The Raven Himself is Hoarse
freely,sung/spoken, secco and sinister!

mur-der-ing min-is- ters, where - ev- er in your sight-less sub- stan c es you wait on

na-ture's mis-chief! Come, thick

night, and pall thee in the dun- nest smoke of
The Raven Himself is Hoarse

That my keen knife see not the wound it makes, nor heaven through the blanket of the dark, to cry,
The Raven Himself is Hoarse

(Shout!)

HOLD!

wring hands!
(optional)