

TWA CORBIES

a. Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, no. 239, ed 1803, communicated by C. K. Sharpe, as written down from tradition by a lady. b. Albyn's Anthology, II, 27, 1818, „from the singing of Mr Thomas Shortreed, of Jedburgh, as sung and recited by his mother.“ c. Chambers's Scottish Ballads, p. 283, partly from recitation and partly from the Border Minstrelsy. d. Fraser-Tytler MS., p. 70.

Version 1

- 1 As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a mane;
The tane unto the t'other say,
'Where sall we gang and dine to-day?'
- 2 'In behint yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.
- 3 'His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en another mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet.
- 4 'Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I'll pike out his bonny blue een;
Wi ae lock o his gowden hair
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.
- 5 'Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane;
Oer his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair.'

Version 2

- 1 As I cam by yon auld house end,
I saw twa corbies sittin thereon.
- 2 Whare but by yon new fa'en birk.
- 3 We'll sit upon his bonny breast-bane,
And we'll pick out his bonny gray een;
We'll set our claws intil his yallow hair,
And big our bowr, it's a' blawn bare.
- 4 My mother clekit me o an egg,
And brought me up i the feathers gray,
And bade me flee whereer I wad,
For winter wad be my dying day.
- 5 Now winter it is come and past,
And a' the birds are biggin their nests,
But I'll flee high aboon them a',
And sing a sang for summer's sake

DOG DAYS



EUROPÄISCHE ERSTAUFFÜHRUNG
OPER VON DAVID T. LITTLE

 THEATER BIELEFELD

THE THREE RAVENS

a. Melismata. Muscally Phansies Fitting the Court, Cittie, and Country Humours. London, 1611, 20 [T, Ravenacroft.] b. *The Three Ravens*, Motherwell's Minstrelsy, No Appendix, p. xviii, No XII.

Version 1

- 1 THERE were three rauens sat on a tree,
Downe a downe, hay down, hay downe
There were three rauens sat on a tree,
With a downe
There were three rauens sat on a tree,
They were as blacke as they might be.
With a downe derrie, derrie, derrie, downe,
downe
- 2 The one of them said to his mate,
,Where shall we our breakefast take?'
- 3 „Downe in yonder greene field,
There lies a knight slain vnder his shield.
- 4 ,His hounds they lie downe at his feete,
So well they can their master keepe.
- 5 ,His haukes they the so eagerly,
There's no fowle dare him come nie.'
- 6 Downe there comes a fallow doe,
As great with yong as she might goe.
- 7 She lift vp his bloody hed,
And kist his wounds that were so red.
- 8 She got him vp vpon her backe,
And carried him to earthen lake.
- 9 She buried him before the prime,
She was dead herselfe ere euen-song time.
- 10 God send euery gentleman,
Such haukes, such hounds, and such a
leman.

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a. Melismata. *Musical Phansies Fitting the Court, Cittie, and Country Humours*. London, 1611, 20 [T, Ravenacroft.] b. *The Three Ravens*, *Motherwell's Minstrelsy*, No Appendix, p. xviii, No XII.

Version 2

Three ravens sat upon a tree
Hey doun hey derrie day
Three ravens sat upon a tree
Hey doun
Three ravens sat upon a tree
And they were black as black could be
And sing la do an la do a day

The middle ane said tae his mate
Hey doun hey derrie day
The middle ane said tae his mate
Hey doun
The middle ane said tae his mate
„Oh where shall we our dinner get?“
And sing la do an la do a day

„Well, it's doun intae yon grass green field
Hey doun hey derrie day
„Well, it's doun intae yon grass green field
Hey doun
„Well, it's doun intae yon grass green field
There lies a knight that's newly killed“
And sing la do an la do a day

And his horse is standing at his side
Hey doun hey derrie day
And his horse is standing at his side
Hey doun
And his horse is standing at his side
And thinks he might get up and ride
And sing la do an la do a day

And his hounds are lying at his feet
Hey doun hey derrie day
And his hounds are lying at his feet
Hey doun
And his hounds are lying at his feet
And they lick his wounds sae sore and deep
And sing la do an la do a day

There came a lady full of woe
Hey doun hey derrie day
There came a lady full of woe
Hey doun
There came a lady full of woe
As big wi' child as she could go
And sing la do an la do a day

And she's stretched hersel' doon at his side
Hey doun hey derrie day
And she's stretched hersel' doon at his side
Hey doun
And she's stretched hersel' doon at his side
And for the love of him she's died
And sing la do an la do a day

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DIE ZWEI RABEN

Theodor Fontane (1885)

Ich ging über's Heidemoor allein,
Da hört ich zwei Raben kreischen und schrein;
Der eine rief dem andern zu:
»Wo machen wir Mittag, ich und du?«

»Im Walde drüben liegt unbewacht
Ein erschlagener Ritter seit heute Nacht,
Und niemand sah ihn im Waldesgrund,
Als sein Lieb und sein Falke und sein Hund.

Sein Hund auf neue Fährte geht,
Sein Falk auf frische Beute späht,
Sein Lieb ist mit ihrem Buhlen fort, –
Wir können in Ruhe speisen dort.«

»Du setzest auf seinen Nacken dich,
Seine blauen Augen, die sind für mich,
Eine goldene Locke aus seinem Haar
Soll wärmen das Nest uns nächstes Jahr.«

»Manch einer wird sprechen: Ich hatt' ihn lieb!
Doch keiner wird wissen, wo er blieb,
Und hingehn über sein bleich Gebein
Wird Wind und Regen und Sonnenschein.«

Theodor Fontane: *Sämtliche Werke, Bd. 1-25, Band 20, S. 346-347: Die zwei Raben* (München 1959-1975).

DIE DREI RABEN

Theodor Fontane (1885)

Drei Raben saßen auf einem Baum,
Drei schwärzere Raben gab es kaum.
Der eine sprach zu den andern zwei'n:
»Wo nehmen wir unser Frühstück ein?«

Die andern sprachen: »Dort unten im Feld
Unterm Schilde liegt ein erschlagener Held.
Zu seinen Füßen liegt sein Hund
Und hält die Wache seit mancher Stund'.

Und seine Falken umkreisen ihn scharf,
Kein Vogel, der sich ihm nahen darf.«
Sie sprachen's. Da kam eine Hinde daher,
Unterm Herzen trug sie ein Junges schwer.

Sie hob des Toten Haupt in die Höh
Und küßte die Wunden, ihr war so weh.
Sie lud auf ihren Rücken ihn bald
Und trug ihn hinab zwischen See und Wald.

Sie begrub ihn da vor Morgenrot,
Vor Abend war sie selber tot.
Gott sende jedem Ritter zumal
Solche Falken und Hunde und solches Gemahl.

Theodor Fontane: *Sämtliche Werke, Bd. 1-25, Band 20, S. 345-346: Die drei Raben* (München 1959-1975).

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