CAMELOT

Music by
FREDERICK LOEWE

Book and Lyrics by
ALAN JAY LERNER

Vocal Score
Paper Bound
Cloth Bound

Edited by FRANZ ALLERS
Piano Reduction by TRUDE RITTMAN

CHAPPELL & CO., INC. with ALFRED PRODUCTIONS, INC.
609 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
CAMELOT
Produced by the Messrs. LERNER • LOEWE • HART
December 3, 1960 at the Majestic Theatre, New York City

Production Staged by
MOSS HART

Choreography and Musical Numbers by HANYA HOLM
Scenic Production by OLIVER SMITH
Costumes Designed by ADRIAN, AND TONY DUQUETTER
Lighting by FEDER
Musical Direction by FRANZ ALLERS
Orchestrations by ROBERT RUSSELL BENNETT AND PHILIP J. LANG
Dance and Choral Arrangements by TRUDE RITTMAN
Hair Styles by ERNEST ADLER

Cast of Characters
(In order of appearance)

SIR DINADAN ........................................... John Cullum
SIR LIONEL ............................................. Bruce Yarnell
MERLYN .................................................. David Hurst
ARTHUR .................................................. Richard Burton
GUINEVERE .............................................. Julie Andrews
NIMUE .................................................... Marjorie Smith
A PAGE .................................................. Leland Mayforth
LANCELOT ............................................... Robert Goulet
DAP ..................................................... Michael Clarke-Laurence
PELLINORE ............................................. Robert Coote
CLARIUS ................................................... Richard Kuch
LADY ANNE ............................................. Christina Gillespie
A LADY ................................................... Leesa Troy
SIR SAGRAMORE ....................................... James Gannon
A PAGE ................................................... Peter de Vise
HERALD .................................................. John Starkweather
LADY CATHERINE ..................................... Virginia Allen
MORDRED ................................................. Roddy McDowall
SIR OZANNA ............................................. Michael Kernoyan
SIR GWILLIAM .......................................... Jack Dabdoub
MORGAN LE FEY ........................................ M’el Dowd
TOM ........................................................ Robin Stewart

SINGERS: Joan August, Mary Sue Berry, Marnell Bruce, Judy Hastings,
Benita James, Marjorie Smith, Sheila Swenson, Leesa Troy, Dorothy
White, Frank Bouley, Jack Dabdoub, James Gannon, Murray Gold-
kind, Warren Hays, Paul Huddleston, Michael Kernoyan, Donald
Maloof, Larry Mitchell, Paul Richards, John Taliaferro.

DANCERS: Virginia Allen, Judi Allinson, Laurie Archer, Carlene Carroll,
Joan Coddington, Katia Geleznova, Adriana Keathley, Dawn
Mitchell, Claudita Schroeder, Bettie Sey, Jerry Bowes, Peter Deign,
Randy Doney, Richard Englund, Richard Gain, Gene Gebauer, James
Kirby, Richard Kuch, Joe Nelson, John Starkweather, Jimmy
Tarbutton.
CAMELOT

Synopsis of Scenes

ACT I

SCENE 1: A HILLTOP NEAR CAMELOT
A long time ago

SCENE 2: NEAR CAMELOT
Immediately following

SCENE 3: ARTHUR'S STUDY
Five years later

SCENE 4: A ROADSIDE NEAR CAMELOT
A few months later

SCENE 5: A PARK NEAR THE CASTLE
Immediately following

SCENE 6: A TERRACE OF THE CASTLE
A few weeks later

SCENE 7: THE TENTS OUTSIDE THE JOUSTING FIELD
A few days later

SCENE 8: THE GRANDSTAND OF THE FIELD

SCENE 9: THE TENTS OUTSIDE THE JOUSTING FIELD
Immediately following

SCENE 10: THE TERRACE
Two years later

SCENE 11: THE CORRIDOR LEADING TO THE GREAT HALL
Immediately following

SCENE 12: THE GREAT HALL
Immediately following

ACT II

SCENE 1: THE CASTLE GARDEN
A few years later

SCENE 2: THE TERRACE
A few weeks later

SCENE 3: NEAR THE FOREST OF MORGAN LE FAY
A few days later

SCENE 4: THE FOREST OF MORGAN LE FAY
Immediately following

SCENE 5: CORRIDOR
That night

SCENE 6: THE QUEEN'S BEDCHAMBER
Immediately following

SCENE 7: CAMELOT
Several days later

SCENE 8: A BATTLEFIELD NEAR JOYOUS GARD
A few weeks later

ORIGINAL INSTRUMENTATION: Flute/Piccolo, Oboe/English Horn, B♭ Clarinet, B♭ Clarinet/E♭ Clarinet/Bass Clarinet/Flute, Bassoon; 3 Horns, 3 Trumpets, 2 Trombones; 2 Percussion, Guitar/Lute/Mandolin, Harp; 10 Violins, 2 Violas, 2 Violoncellos, 2 Basses.
## Musical Program

### ACT I

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Ritmico, poco pesante

Hns., Tns., Str.

Hns., Tns.

Hns., Tns.

Timp.

Timp. +Brass

Fl. Ob.

Tpt., Str.
The curtain rises

SIR DINADAN: My Sainted Mother!...
Dialogue continues over tremolo.

CUE TO END:

MERLYN: . . . Does that solve it?
No. 2

March

Cue: SIR DINADAN... at the foot of the hill in traditional fashion.
No. 3 I Wonder What The King Is Doing Tonight
ALAN JAY LERNER
Cue: ARTHUR: ... That's precisely what you are doing. Every last blessed one of you.

Tranquillo
ATHUR: (parlando)

I know what my people are thinking to-night, As home through the shadows they wander. Ev'ry one smiling in

secret delight, They stare at the castle and ponder. When-

ever the wind blows this way, You can almost hear ev'ry one
Allegretto

say:

won-der what the King is do-ing to-night? What

merri-ment is the King pur-su-ing to-night? The

can-dles at the Court, they nev-er burn'd as bright.
wonder what the King is up to tonight? How goes the final hour As he sees the bridal bower Being legally and regally prepared? Well, I'll tell you what the King is doing tonight: He's
scared!

He's scared!

You mean that a King who fought a dragon,

Whacked him in two and fixed his wagon, Goes to be wed in terror and distress?

Yes!

Yes!
war - ri - or who's so calm in bat - tle, E - ven his ar - mor
does - n't rat - tle, Fac - es a wom - an pet - ri - fied with
fright?
Right! You
mean that ap - pal - ling clam - or - ing That sounds like a black - smith
hammering is merely the banging of his royal

knees? Please! You

wonder what the King is wishing to-night... He's

wishing he were in Scotland fishing to-night. What
occupies his time while waiting for the bride? He's searching high and low for some place to hide. And oh, the expectation, The sublime anticipation He must feel about the wedding night to come!
tell you what the King is feeling tonight: He's numb! He shakes! He quails! He

quakes! Oh, that's what the King is doing tonight!
No. 4 The Simple Joys Of Maidenhood

Animato molto

QUEEN VERK comes running on, as if being pursued.

Piano

Clg., Hns.

Bsn.

Vo.

Bass

W.W., Xyl.

She sits down
under a tree.

GUENEVERE: Moderato

St. Gen-e-vieve! St. Gen-e-vieve! It's
Hp., Gtr., Str.

p colla voce


Hp.

o-ver here be-neath this tree. You know how faith-ful and de-vout I am. You

Vla.

Hn. pp

must ad-mit I've al-ways been a lamb. But Gen-e-vieve, St. Gen-e-vieve, I
Allegro
(with vehement rebellion)

won't obey you any more! You've gone a bit too far. I

won't be bid and bargain'd for Like beads at a bazaar. St.

Genevieve, I've run away, Eluded them and fled, And from

now on I intend to pray to someone else instead.
Moderato
(plaintively)

Oh,

Gen-e-vieve, St. Gen-e-vieve, Where were you when my youth was sold? Dear

mf

Str., Hp., Gtr.

Hp.

Gen-e-vieve, sweet Gen-e-vieve, Shan't I be young before I'm

Allegro

old?

W.W. Str.

Hns.
Shan't I, St. Genevieve? Why must I suffer this squalid destiny? Just when I reach the golden age of eligibility and wooability, Is my fate determined by love and courtship?

Oh, no. Clause one: fix the border; Clause two: establish trade;

Clause three: deliver me; Clause four: stop the war; five, six: pick up sticks. How cruel! How unjust! Am I never to know the joys of maidenhood? The conventional, ordinary, garden variety joys of maidenhood?
I have the normal life a maiden should?

Shall I never be rescued in the wood?

Shall two knights never tilt for me And let their blood be spilt for me? Oh,

where are the simple joys of maidenhood?
Shall I not be on a pedestal, Worshipped and competed for?

Not be carried off, or better st'll, Cause a little war?

Where are the simple joys of maidenhood? Are those

sweet, gentle pleasures gone for good? Shall a
feud not begin for me? Shall kith not kill their kin for me? Oh,

where are the trivial joys...? Harmless, convivial joys...

Str., Gtr.

Where are the simple joys of maidenhood?

Poco più mosso

(Dialogue)
Cue: ARTHUR: Ordained by decree!

... Extremely uncommon.

GUINEVERE: Oh, come now.

Moderato

ARTHUR:

It's true! It's true! The crown has made it clear:— The

Piano

Tempo giusto

climate must be perfect all the year.

law was made a distant moon ago here,

ly and August cannot be too hot;

And
there's a legal limit to the snow here

In Camelot.

winter is forbidden till December

And

exits March the second on the dot.

By
order summer lingers through September

Camelot.

Camelot! I know it

sounds a bit bizarre.
Ca-me-lot, Ca-me-lot, That's

how con-di-tions are, The

rain may nev-er fall till aft-er sun-down.

eight the morn-ing fog must dis-appear.
the autumn leaves fall in neat little piles.

ARTHUR: Oh, no, Milady, they blow away completely.

At night, of course.

GUENEVERE: Of course! W.W., Str., Xyl.

He moves closer to her.

Ca - me - lot! W.W., Str., Xyl.

Ca - me - lot! I know it gives a person pause, W.W., Tpt.
But in Camelot,

Camelot,

Those are the legal laws.

The snow may never slush upon the

hillside.

By nine p.m. the moonlight must ap-
pear.

In short, there's simply not a

more congenial spot than happily ever aftering than

Poco meno mosso

here

in Ca-

accel.

Animato

lot.
No. 6

Guenevere's Welcome

Cue: SIR DINADAN: There she is!
GUENEVERE: Wart, please....

Alla marcia

Piano

SIR DINADAN: Your Majesty,

forgive me, Sire.
I did not see you for a moment.

poco cresc.

The welcoming procession enters.

Brass

WW.

(gaily)

Ban., Tbn.,
No.7  End of Scene (Camelot Reprise)

Arth. ... And since I am, I have been ill at ease in my crown. Until I dropped from the tree and my eyes beheld you.

Poco sostenuto
Cl. 4va bassa

Then suddenly, for the first time, I felt I was King. I was glad to be King. And most astonishing of all, I wanted to be the wisest, most heroic, most splendid King who ever sat on any throne. (H. pause)

If you will come with me, Milady, I will arrange for the carriage to return you to your father... This way.

Guenevere:
Andante

Hear it never rains till after sundown.

By eight the morning fog must disappear.

Short, there's simply not a more congenial spot for

Meno mosso

Happily ever after than here.
ARTHUR: ... War would have been declared.  GUINEVERE: War?

Over me? How simply marvelous!

Allegro con spirito

WW, Vls.  Bells 8va

brillante

WW, Vls.  Bells 8va

(Dialogue)
Follow Me

Cae: MERLYN... One year... two years... what does it matter? I can see a night five years from now...

Andante

Far from day, far from night... Out of time, out of

SIR DINADAN:
(See on. What about five years from now? MERLYN: Yes! After the battle of Bedegraine. That's the night it

sight...

will happen!

Fol-low me... Dry the rain, warm the snow... Where the

SIR DINADAN: Go on. That's the night what will happen? MERLYN: I can't remember.

Più mosso

winds nev-er go...
That voice. Don't you hear it? SIR DINADAN: What voice? 18 MERLYN: (over singing) Nimue, Tempo Iō

In a cave by a sapphire

is that you? Oh, please... not yet.

shore We shall walk through an emerald door. And for

I must find out what will happen to him... Con moto

thousands of ever-mores to come my life you shall be.

26 Oh, Nimue! So it's you! Must you steal my magic now? Couldn't you have waited a bit longer?...

Wait! Have I told him everything he should know? Did I tell him of Lancelot? I did. But Lancelot
and Guenevere! Did I warn him of Lancelot and Guenevere? And Mordred?

Mordred! I didn't warn him of Mordred, and I must!

I remember nothing of Lancelot and Guenevere... And Mordred!

It's all gone... My magic is gone.

(off stage) SOLO

Only you, Only I, World fare-well, World good-bye. To our...
Goodbye, Arthur. My memory of the future is gone. I know no more the sorrows and joys before you I can only wish for you in ignorance, like everyone else.

Reign long and reign happily. Oh, and Wart—remember to think!
Cue: GUENEVERE: It's marvelous.

ARTHUR: Yes, it is. It's marvelous. Absolutely marvelous. Page, give the signal.

PAGE: Yes, your Majesty.

Moderato

We'll send the heralds riding through the country;

Tell every living person far and near

GUENEVERE: Meno mosso

That there is simply not in all the world a

spot where rules a more resplendent king than here

Str. W.W., Hn. Sva

a tempo
In Camellot! Camellot!

In far off France I heard your call. WW, Tpts.

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Camelot!

And here am I
to give my all.

know in my soul what you expect of me; And
Alla marcia

knight of the table round should be invincible;
soul of a knight should be a thing remarkable:

ceed where a less fantastic man would fail;
heart and his mind as pure as morning dew.

wall no one else can climb; Cleave a dragon in record time; Swim a
will and a self-restraint. That's the envy of every saint; He could
moat in a coat of heavy iron mail. No

easily work a miracle or two! To

mater the pain he ought to be unwincable,

love and desire he ought to be unsparkable.

The

possible deeds should be his daily fare.

ways of the flesh should offer no allure.

But

But

where in the world is there in the world A

where in the world is there in the world A
man so extra - or - di - naire?
man so un touch'd and pure?

67 Allegretto scherzando

C'est moi! C'est moi, I'm forced to ad - mit! 'Tis
C'est moi...C'est moi, C'est moi, I blush to dis - close, I'm

I, I hum - bly re - ply. That mor - tal who These
far too no - ble to lie. That man in whom These

mar - vels can do, C'est moi, C'est moi, 'tis I!
qualities bloom, C'est moi, C'est moi, 'tis I!

*I2nd stanza only
never lost In battle or game. I'm
never stray'd From all I believe. I'm

simply the best by far.
bless'd with an iron will.

When Had

swords are cross'd 'Tis always the same, One
I been made The partner of Eve, We'd

blow and au revoir!
bo in Eden still.

C'est C'est
moi! C'est moi. So admirably fit, A
moi! C'est moi. The angels have chose To

French Prometheus unbound. And here I stand with
fight their battles below. And here I stand as

valor untold, Exceptionally brave, amazingly bold, To
pure as a pray'r, Incredibly clean, with virtue to spare, The

serve god at the Table Round! The know! C'est moi!

*Trous, ff Tutti, ff Tutti

*) Bars 97 and 98 are rit. in the 2nd stanza.
No. 11

The Lusty Month Of May
(Dance And Song)

Cue: ARTHUR: ... Welcome, Lancelot. Bless you for coming, and welcome to the table. (The scene changes.)

4 Allegretto
(The curtain rises on a Park near the Castle)
L'istesso tempo

Cl., Ban., Has.,
Tbs., Ve., Bs.

Timp. 7

5384-232
Allegretto giocoso

La! It's May! The lusty month of May! That lovely month when everyone goes blissfully astray. Tra

La! It's here! That shocking time of year! When tons of wicked little thoughts merrily appear. It's
May! It's May! That gorgeous holiday; When every maiden prays that her lad Will be a cad! It's mad! It's gay! A libelous display. Those dreary vows that every one takes, Every one breaks. Every one makes di-
vine mistakes The lusty month

of May!

Tempo di gavotte

Whence this fragrance wafting through the air?

What sweet feelings does its scent transmute? Whence this perfume floating,
ev'ry where? Don't you know it's that dear forbidden fruit!

CHORUS: * pp leggiero *

200

Tra la la la la. That dear forbidden fruit! Tra la la la la!

S.

A.

T.

B.

200

Cl.: Fl. Ob. Bells

pp leggiero

pp leggiero

Tra la la la

5384-232
GUENEVERE:

May! The lust-y month of May! That dar-ling month when
ev'-ry-one throws Self-control away. It's

220

time to do A wretched thing or two, And

try to make each precious day One you'll always rue. It's
May! It's May! The month of "yes you may," The

Tra la  Tra la

Tra la  Tra la

Tra la  Tra la

It's time for every frivolous whim, Proper or "im!" It's
wild! It's gay! A blot in ev'ry way. The

Tra la Tra la

Tra la Tra la

la la la Tra la la

Tra la Tra la

Tra la Tra la

birds and bees with all of their vast A-mor-ous past Gaze at the hu-man
race aghast The lusty month

The lusty month

The lusty month

The lusty month

The lusty month

of May!

of May!

of May!

of May!

of May!
GUINEVERE:

Tra la la la Tra la la la la la la la la la
That

It's May! The lusty month of May!

Tra la la la Tra la la la la la la la la la
That

Tra la la la Tra la la la la la la la la la
That
all the world is brimming with fun, Whole-some or "un?"

It's

"Cola voce"  

rit

Tra-la! Tra-la! la la la la la Tra la la! These mad! It's gay! A libelous display; Tra la la! These

Tra la! Tra la! A libelous display; Tra la la! These mad! It's gay! A libelous display; Tra la la! These
drear-y vows that ev'-ry-one takes, Ev'-ry-one breaks. Ev'-ry-one makes di-

drear-y vows that Ev'-ry-one breaks. Ev'-ry-one makes di-
drear-y vows that ev'-ry-one takes, Ev'-ry-one breaks. Ev'-ry-one makes di-

drear-y vows that Ev'-ry-one breaks. Ev'-ry-one makes di-

drear-y vows that ev'-ry-one takes, Ev'-ry-one breaks. Ev'-ry-one makes di-

vine mis-takes The lust-y month of May!

vine mis-takes The lust-y month of May!

vine mis-takes The lust-y month of May!

vine mis-takes The lust-y month of May!
No. 11a

Pellinore's Entrance

L'istesso tempo

Segue

Piano
No. 12

End Of Scene

Cue: SIR LIONEL: He shall have my challenge in the morning.
GUENEVERE: Thank you, Sir Lionel.
SIR SAGRAMORE: And mine.
GUENEVERE: Thank you, Sir Sagramore.
SIR DINADAN: And mine.

Allegretto giocoso

GUENEVERE:

Tra la! It's May! The lusty month of May!
That darling month when everybody throws self-control away.
It's gay! A libelous display: Those
of May, Tra la tra
of May, Tra la tra
of May, Tra la tra
of May, Tra la tra

Curtain
Change Of Scene

L'istesso tempo

Piano

Tutti

Hs.

Pells

Bells

Str.

Hs.

Br. (muted)

WW.

(Br.)

Ob., Str.

W.W.

Hs.

Ben.

dim. e rit.

(The curtain rises)

poco a poco

(Dialogue)
No. 14  How To Handle A Woman

Cue: GUENEVERE:...let him command me! And Yours Humbly will graciously obey. What? What? (She exits)

ARTHUR: What?
Blast!
Blast you, Merlyn!
This is all your fault!

You swore that you had taught me ev'-ry-thing from A to Zed, With

nary an omission in between. Well, I shall tell you

what You obviously forgot: That's how a ruler rules a Queen!
And what of teaching me by turning me to animal and staccato.

bird, From beaver to the smallest bob-o-link!

I should have had a whirl At changing to a girl, To
learn the way the creatures think!

wasn't there a night, on a summer long gone by, we passed a couple wrangling a-

way,— And did I not say, Mer-lyn: What if that chap were I? And
did he not give counsel and say...

What was it now? My mind's a wall.

Oh, yes! By jove, now I recall:

Moderato

How to handle a woman? There's a way, said the wise old man;

A way known by every woman since the
whole rig'-ma-role began. Do I flatter her? I begged him
answer. Do I threaten or cajole or plead? Do I
brood or play the gay romancer? Said he, smiling: No in-

deed. How to handle a woman? Mark me
well, I will tell you, Sir: The way to handle a
ing a woman is to love her... simply
love her... Mere ly love her...
love her... love her.
ponders a moment, then says: What's wrong, Jenny? Where are you these days? What are you thinking? I don't understand you. But no matter. Merlyn told me once: Never be too disturbed if you don't understand what a woman is thinking.

They don't do it often. But what do you do when they are doing it?

(He sings)

How to handle a woman? Mark me
well, I will tell you, Sir.
The way to handle a

woman is to love her...

simply

love her.

Mere ly love her...

love her...

(Curtain)

love her.
The curtain rises. SIR LIONEL, SIR DINADAN, SIR SAGRAMOKE with their squires, and etc.

LANCELOT with DAP are preparing for the joust.

LANCELOT: I wish you success, Milords.
(Dialogue)  (Dialogue continues)
No. 16

The Tumblers

Cue: SIR DINADAN:... How benevolent. Do you know what I shall be thinking, Lancelot, when I see you on your horse?

There he is, the Sermon on the mount.

Vivo

Piano

(Tpt.)

(Tpt.)

The curtain rises

(Tpt.)

Tumblers are entertaining the spectators.

Presto

ww.
The Jousts

Alla marcia

MAN: (shouted)

Sir Din-a-dan's in form

Piano

GROUP: (sung)

feeling in his prime. Yah! Yah! Yah! W.W. Oh, we'll

ANOTHER MAN: (shouted)

all have a glorious time! Sir Sagra-more is fit, W.W. and Sir

ALL: (sung)

Lin'el feels sublime. Yah! Yah! Yah! Oh, we'll
ALL MEN:

all have a glorious time! Now look you there! Sir

ALL WOMEN:

(spoken)

He's a-stride! Oh look!

Dinadan's a-stride. It's obvious he will

ALL: (shouting)

Good fortune, Dinadan! We

ALL: (shouting)

be the first to ride. Good fortune, Dinadan! We
hail you, Din-a-dan! Yah! Yah! Yah!

hail you, Din-a-dan! Yah! Yah! Yah!

Allegro agitato

Yah! Yah! Yah!

Yah! Yah! Yah!

Yah! Yah! Yah!

Yah! Yah! Yah!

Allegro agitato

ff Tutti

Cymb.
ALL WOMEN: Sir Din-a-dan! Sir Din-a-dan! Oh, there he goes with all his might and main.

ALL MEN: Sir Din-a-dan! Sir Din-a-dan! Oh, there he goes with all his might and main.

MAN: There he goes! He's got a steady grip upon his rein.

WOMAN: Steady! Steady! Steady! (shouting) He's got a steady grip upon his rein.
Stead- y! Sir Din-a-dan! Sir Din-a-dan! Oh, try to gallop

WOMAN: (shouting)
On the right!
by him on the right.
For that’s the arm where
by him on the right.
For that’s the arm where

you have all the might.
MAN:
On the right!
On the right, On the
you have all the might.
On the right, On the
right. By jove, they're coming near... They're close!

GROUP: (spoken)

ALL: (sung)

right. By jove, they're coming near... They're close! Sir Din-a-

Oh, charge him, Din-a-dan!

dan is raising up his spear... Oh, charge him, Din-a-dan!

(breathlessly)

MAN: ALL

You have him now, so charge him, Din-a-dan! Here comes the

Charge him! You have him now, so charge him, Din-a-dan! Here comes the
blow! Here comes the blow! Oh, NO! MAN: (spoken)

blow! Here comes the blow! Oh, NO! 'Twas

85 Tempo I°

luck, that's all it was; w.w. pure luck and nothing more.

WOMAN: (spoken)

STAFFMORE will even up the score. ANOTHER MAN (spoken)

French-man struck him first, w.w. but the blow was not that great.
ANOTHER WOMAN:
\( f (\text{spoken}) \)

\[
\text{Sagrame, will open up his pate.}
\]

ALL WOMEN:
\( mf (\text{sung}) \)

\[
\text{Sir}
\]

SOME MEN:
\( mf' (\text{sung}) \)

\[
\text{Sir}
\]


\[
\text{mp} \quad \text{Str.}
\]

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\[
\text{Sagrame! He's riding on the field!}
\]

\[
\text{ANOTHER MAN: (spoken)}
\]

\[
\text{Sagrame! He's riding on the field!}
\]

\[
\text{Oh,}
\]

\[
\text{ww.}
\]

\[
\text{ALL: (sung)} \quad \text{mf} \quad \text{accel.}
\]

\[
\text{There he}
\]

\[
\text{there's the black and crimson of his shield.} \quad \text{mf} \quad \text{accel.}
\]

\[
\text{ALL: (sung)} \quad \text{mf}
\]

\[
\text{There he}
\]

\[
\text{Bsn.}
\]

\[
\text{Has.}
\]

\[
\text{Vla.}
\]

\[
\text{Vo.}
\]
Allegro agitato

goes! There he goes! He's bending low and spur-ting on his
goes! There he goes! He's bending low and spur-ting on his

WOMAN: There he goes!

ALL: (sung)

steed.

steed.

He's charg-ing him with

He's charg-ing him with

WOMAN: (shouting)

ALL: (sung)

record break-ing speed.

Charge! Charge!

record break-ing speed.

Sagra-

Sagra-

ff Tutti

Bsn., Hn. PP
Ve., Vla.
more!

Oh, make his armor crack and split in more!

Oh, make his armor crack and split in

CLA., VLA.

ANOTHER WOMAN: Crack him!

(screaming) ALL: (sung)

two.

A mighty whack as two.

A mighty whack as

+Tbns.
Bp.
Str.

ANOTHER WOMAN:

ALL: (sung)

only you can do. Whack him!

only you can do.

Now

Now

W.W.

ff Tutti

pp Str. trem.
look you through the dust, LL - Look! Sir

Sagra - more is ready for the thrust, And

now they're circling round. Sir

WOMAN: Split him! ALL:

now they're circling round. Sir
Sagra-more will drive him to the ground! Here comes the
Sagra-more will drive him to the ground! Here comes the

ARThUR: (In the grandstand)

blow! Here comes the blow! Oh, NO!
He
blow! Here comes the blow! Oh, NO!

Andante

GUENEVERE:
That horse of Sagra-more's is too old.

did that rather well, don't you think, dear?

But
Sir Din-a-dan, I'm told, has a nasty
falling Din-a-dan with one blow, dear...

accel. Allegro agitato

Sir Lionel! Sir Lionel! Oh, charge at him and

Sir Lionel! Sir Lionel! Oh, charge at him and

Sir Lionel! Sir Lionel! Oh, charge at him and

Sir Lionel! Sir Lionel! Oh, charge at him and

Sir Lionel! Sir Lionel! Oh, charge at him and

All: mf

Siempo: mf

Timp.

Str.

Fls., Cla.

accel.
throw him off his horse! Go! Oh, show him what we
throw him off his horse! Go! Oh, show him what we

WOMAN: Throw him down!
mean by English force!
mean by English force!
mean by English force!

5384-232
ALL:  \(mf\) (sung)

Down! Sir Lion-el! Sir Lion-el! I've nev-er seen him

ALL:  \(mf\) (sung)

Down! Sir Lion-el! Sir Lion-el! I've nev-er seen him

ALL:  (optional)

Down! Sir Lion-el! Sir Lion-el! I've nev-er!

ALL:  \(mf\) (sung)

Down! Sir Lion-el! Sir Lion-el! I've nev-er!

WW.

\(f\) (sung)

ever ride as fast.

Yah! That French-man will be

\(f\) (sung)

ever ride as fast.

Yah! That French-man will be

\(f\) (sung)

ever ride as fast.

Yah! That French-man will be

\(f\) (sung)

Yah! That French-man!
hopelessly outclass'd.  Yah!  Yah!  Yah!

hopelessly outclass'd.  Yah!  Yah!  Yah!

hopelessly outclass'd.  Yah!  Yah!  Yah!

Yah!  Yah!  Yah!

Yah!  His spear is in the air!  I

Yah!  His spear is in the air!  I

Yah!  His spear is in the air!  I

Yah!  His spear is in the air!  I

187

W.W.

Br.  Str. trem.  etc.

S. D.  Cymb.  etc.
(groping) cresc. molto
go! And here's the blow! Here comes the
go! And here's the blow! Here comes the
go! And here's the blow! Here comes the
go! And here's the blow! Here comes the

Hn.s., Tbn.II
Vc., Bs.

ff (in horror)
blow! Oh, NO! Oh, NO!
blow! Oh, NO! Oh, NO!
blow! Oh, NO! Oh, NO!
blow! Oh, NO! Oh, NO!

(W.W., Hn.s., colle voci)

ff Br., Str., Timp.
Sir Lionel is down! Dear God it isn't true! Sir Lionel is dead! The spear has run him through!
SIR LIONEL is carried on... ARTHUR descends from the grandstand... pulls a blanket over his face.

Adagio ($=80$)

LANCELOT enters, kneels beside SIR LIONEL and prays. Slowly, SIR LIONEL moves; the crowd gasps.

Andante sostenuto

LANCELOT rises, slowly walks away, stops before GUENEVERE, and bows humbly.

As he rises, she looks at him and curtsies before him.

Their eyes are transfixed on each other.

(Tempo) a poco

(Curtain) attacca
Change Of Scene

No.18

Vivo

W.W. Str.

ff Tutti gliss.

Hp.

Hns.

W.W. Str.

dim.

Ob. 17 (Curtain rises)

(Dialogue)

p Str.

PP

rit
No. 19  Before I Gaze At You Again

Cue:  ARTHUR: It might do you good to get away from Round Tables and chivalry for a little while. Don't you think?
(GUENEVERE does not answer)
Don't you think? (She still doesn't answer. He turns and exits.)
GUENEVERE: Oh, Lance, go away...

Moderato

(Piano)

(Still continues)...

Go away and don't come back.

(Via, Vo.)

(Cl.)

(She sings)

Before I gaze at you again
I'll need a time for tears.
Before I gaze at you again
Let
hours turn to years. I have so much forgetting to do before I try to gaze again at you. poco accel.

25 Poco più mosso

Stay away until you cross my mind
man-ner poised and calm. Stay far a-way,
love, far a-way. Till I for-get I gazed at you to-

day. To-day To-

day. (Dialogue)

Segue

5884-232
Cue: ARTHUR: ... all borders will disappear... and all the things I dreamed... I dreamed... I dreamed. (Curtain)

The scene changes to a corridor in the Castle.

Allegro, poco sostenuto

Knights parade to the Great Hall with banners in a ceremonial drill.
The curtain rises on the Great Hall. Ladies and Gentlemen of the Court are filing in.

ARThUR and GUENEVERE enter and take their places on the throne!

Maestoso
SIR DINADAN: To be invested Knights of the Round Table of England: of Brackley... Colgrevaunce.

(Colgrevaunce steps forward and is knighted.) Of Winchester... Bliant.

(Bliant steps forward and is knighted.) Of Wales... Guilliam.

(Guilliam steps forward and is knighted.) Of Cornwall... Castor. (Castor steps forward and is knighted.) Of Joyous Gard: Lancelot Du Lac.

(Lancelot steps forward. ARTHUR hesitates, then he knits Lancelot.)
Moderato, solenne

WW, Hns., Str.
Lute, Hp.

The Court slowly withdraws from the Great

f cantando

Hall. Everybody bows before ARTHUR.
Hn, Vls.

+ Tpts.

ff + Br.

108

(WW, Vls.)

Tutti

f sempre

Ww, Has.

Tpt. Tbn.
Str.

Tutti

Hns.
Arthur: (alone in the Great Hall) Proposition: If I could choose, from every

ad lib.

pp perpendosi

(Vc.)

woman who breathes on this earth, the face I would most love, the smile, the touch, the voice, the heart, the laugh,

molto tranquillo

+ Ba. Cl.
the soul itself, every detail and feature to the smallest strand of hair - they would all be Jenny's.

Proposition: If I could choose, from every man who breathes on this earth, a man for my brother, and a man for my son, a man for my friend, they would all be Lance.

Yes, I love them. I love them, and they answer me again with pain and torment. Be it sin or not sin, they betray me in their hearts, and that's far sin enough. I see it in their eyes and feel it when they speak, and they must pay for
it and be punished. I shan't be wounded and not return it in kind. I'm done with feeble hoping. I demand a man's vengeance.

161 Poco piu grave

Proposition: I'm a King, not a man. And a civilized King. Could it possibly be civilized to destroy what I love? Could it possibly be civilized to love myself above all?

169 What of their pain and their torment? Did they ask for this calamity? Can passion be selected?

Is there any doubt of their devotion... to me, or to our Table?
By God, Excalibur, I shall be a King! This is the time of King Arthur, and
we reach for the stars! This is the time of King Arthur, and
violence is not strength and compassion is not weakness. We are civilized! Resolved:
Ben tenuto

We shall live through this together, Excalibur... they... you... and I... And God have mercy on us... all. They're waiting for us at the Table. Let's not delay the celebration.

Largo, maestoso

End of Act I
10 Allegro moderato

Br. Vls. 8va

W.W. Hns.
cresc.
Poco maestoso

Vivace (stretto)
No. 22
Madrigal And “If Ever I Would Leave You”

The curtain rises

A few Courtiers and Ladies are indulging in games.

Bells, Hp., Str. (pizz.)

Ob., Str.

dim. e rit.
Moderato

**LANCELOT:** (Sings a madrigal to GUENEVERE)

\[\text{Toujours j'ai eu le même vœux, sur terre une désesse, au ciel un Dieu. Un homme désire pour être heureux sur terre une désesse, au ciel un Dieu. Years may come; years may go; This, I know, will ever so. Thu}\]

\[\text{Hp., Lute}\]
reason to live is only to love A goddess on earth and a God above. Vi. Solo

Str., Lute, Hp.

GUENEVERE: Did you write that, Lance?

Ha.

LANCELOT: GUENEVERE: Yes.

Why do you always write about you?

Why don't you ever write about me?

LANCELOT: I can't write about you.

I love you too much.

Jenny, I should leave you,

and never come back. I've said it to myself day after day, year after year. But how can I? Look at you. When

If Ever I Would Leave You

Con espressione

If ever I would leave you

It wouldn't be in

my Str.
sum-mer; Seeing you in sum-mer, I nev-er would go.

Your hair streaked with sun-light... Your lips red as flame... Your face with a lus-tre That puts gold to shame.

But if I'd ev-er leave you, It could-n't be in
au - tumn. How I'd leave in au - tumn, I nev - er would know.
I've seen how you spar - kle When fall nips the
air.
I know you in au - tumn And I must be there.
And could I leave you run - ning mer - ri - ly through the

Oh. etc.

Str.

pp expr.
snow? Or on a wintry evening when you catch the fire's

glow? If ever I would leave you, How could it be in

spring-time, Knowing how in spring I'm bewitch'd by you

so? Oh, no, not in spring-time! Summer, winter or

Hns, Gtr. Str.
fail!

No, never could I leave you at all.

passionato

stringendo e cresc.

If ever I would leave you,

How could it be in
spring-time,

Know-ing how in spring I'm be-witch'd by you

so?

Oh, no, not in spring-time!

Sum-mer, win-ter or

fall!

No, nev-er could I leave you

at

all.

poco allarg.
cresc.

(Dialogue)
Cue: ARTHUR: The adage "blood is thicker than water", was invented by undeserving relatives. *(He exits)*

MORDRED: Virtue and proper deeds, Your Majesty, like what?

No. 23

**The Seven Deadly Virtues**

The seven deadly virtues? No, thank you, Your Majesty. *(He sings)*

**Vivo**

The seven deadly virtues, Those ghastly little traps, Oh, no, Milord, they weren't meant for me.

Those seven deadly virtues, They're made for other
chaps, Who love a life of failure and ennui. Take

Courage! Now there's a sport— An invitation to the

state of rigor mortis! And Purity! A noble

yen! And very restful every now and then.
I find Humility means to be hurt,
It's not the earth the meek inherit, it's the dirt.
Honesty is fatal and should be taboo.
Diligence? A fate I would hate.

If Charity means giving, I give it to
you, And Fidelity is only for your mate. You'll
never find a virtue Unstatus-ing my quo, Or
making my Beelzabbble burst. Let
others take the high road, I will take the low; I
cannot wait to rush in Where angels fear to go. With all those seven deadly virtues, Free and happy little me has not been cursed.

(Curtain)
Change Of Scene

Animato

W.W., Str.
(Bp.

Piano

W.W., Hns., Xyl.
Hp.

8va

f

sempre

Tutti

Hns.

(The curtain rises)

dim.

mf

Hp.

Bells

pp (Dialogue)
No. 25  What Do The Simple Folk Do?

Guenevere: Royalty never can. Why is that, Arthur? Other people do. They seem to have ways and means of finding respite. What do they do? Farmers, cooks, blacksmiths......

Moderato

Guenevere:

Piano

help them escape when they’re blue? The

shepherd who is ailing, The milkmaid who is glum, The

cobbler who is wailing. From nailing His thumb? Bells
When they're beset and besieged,

The folk not nobly obliged...

How ever do they manage To shed their weary lot? Oh,

what do simple folk
do
We do not?

**Arthur:** (seriously)

I have been informed by those who know them well, They

find relief in quite a clever way.

When they're sorely pressed, They whistle for a spell; And
whistling seems to brighten up their day. And

that's what simple folk

do; So they say.

GUENEVERE: (spoken)
They whistle?

ARThUR:
So they say.
GUENEVERE begins to whistle.

(Arthur joins in)

GUENEVERE suddenly stops, thinks for a moment, then turns to him.

What
else do the simple folk do

perk up the heart and get through?

wee folk and the grown folk Who wander to and fro

ways known to their own folk We throne folk Don't know.
When all the drums begin, keeps each of them in his skin?

What ancient native custom provides the needed glow? Oh, what do simple folk
ARThUR:

Once a - long the road I came up - on a lad

Sing - ing in a voice three times his size.

When I asked him why, He told me he was sad, And
sing-ing al-ways made his spir-its rise. So

that's what sim-ple folk

do, I sur-mise.

GUENEVERE: (spoken)
They sing? ARTHUR:
I sur-mise. A

BOTH:
Vivace

rise, my love! A-rise my love! A-pol-lo's light-ing the skies, my love. The

mead-ows shine With col-um-bine And daf-fo-dils blos-som a-

way.____Hear Ve-nus call To one and all: Come

ARThUR:

taste de-light while you may.____The world is bright, And
GUENEVERE:

all is right, And life is merry and gay! — What

[161] Tempo I°

else do the simple folk do? — Ob. They

must have a system or two. — They

[169]

obviously outshine us. At turning tears to mirth; Have
tricks a royal highness Is minus From birth.

What then, I wonder do they To

chase all the goblins away? They

have some tribal sorcery You haven't mentioned yet. Oh,
what do simple folk

do To forget?

ARTHUR:

Often I am told They dance a fiery dance, And

whirl till they're completely uncontrolled.
Soon the mind is blank, And all are in a trance, A

violent trance astounding to behold...

that's what simple folk

do, So I'm told.
(ARThUR invites GUENEFVERE to dance.)

(Tey dance a wild hornpipe.)
Poco più mosso

f sempre
GUENEVERE sings hopelessly in her chair.

GUENEVERE:

What

Tempo I°

do the simple folk do

To

ARThUR:

help them escape when they're blue?

They
sit a-round and won-der What roy-al folk would do, And that's

GUENEVERE: (spoken) Really?

what sim-pie folk do.

ARThUR: I have it on the best authority.

BOTH: 273 Poco meno mosso

Yes, that's what sim-ple

Tempo Io

(Curtain)
The Enchanted Forest

No. 26

Allegro (Change of scene)

MORDRED enters.

MORDRED: Morgan Le Fey?... Sister of my Mother, it's I, Mordred, who comes to visit you. Am I near your invisible castle?... Am I, dear Morgan?... dear sweet Aunt Morgan?... dear sweet Queen Aunt Morgan? Can you not hear me?

MORGAN LE FEY: (from a distance) Go away, Mordred. Go away! You were a nasty little boy, and I'm told you've become a nastier little man.

MORDRED: I beseech you,
Your Majesty, give me a moment of your time.

MORGAN: Not now, Mordred. I am eating my dinner and shan't be finished till tomorrow.

MORDRED: What a pity, I have chocolates.

MORGAN: Chocolates? You say you have chocolates?

MORDRED: Hard candies and caramels!

MORGAN: Hard candies and caramels?

MORDRED: Cherry creams with soft centers!

MORGAN: Cherry creams with soft centers?

Don't move, my darling nephew! Your darling aunt is on her way. Court!

Tempo di Polka

The curtain rises on the Enchanted Forest.

Gaily

Weird and startling members of Queen Morgan's Court appear.
Queen Morgan Le Fey and her entourage enter.

L'istesso tempo
No. 27

The Persuasion

Cue: MORGAN LE FEY: How do you know I build invisible walls?
MORDRED: Mummy told me. Please, dear aunt?
MORGAN: No, I will not harm little Wart. Court!

Farewell, nasty Mordred!
Waltz tempo

MORDRED: (spoken rhythmically)

E-nough can-dy I'll
bring To furn-ish a new wing.

Mass-es and mass-es Of gum-my mo-

las-ses.

Fudge by the van!
Fresh mar - zi - pan!

All yours it will be If you

build me a wee Lit - tle wall.

Do you
prom-ise, you dev-il, It's all on the lev-el?

MORDRED:

I sol-emn-ly swear It's a

MORGAN:

harm-less af-fair. On your hon-or, dear

MORDRED:

lad? Hon-or? You're mad!
MORGAN:

Ye Gods, but you're low! My answer is "NO" And that's all!

MORDRED:

A basket or two of marsh-mellow goo!
A licorice stick That takes two years to lick!

MORGAN:

Where's the King? Bring the

King! I'll build him a wall Three and seven feet tall! I'll
MORDRED:

Oh, Queen, you're a joy!

MORGAN:

Be gone, nasty boy!

KING ARTHUR and PELLINORE enter.

PELLINORE: Where's the bird, Arthur?

Where's the bird? You hit it. I saw it. Where did it go?

ARTHUR: Strange, Pelly, I've never seen this forest before. I used to play in this valley when I was a boy. But it was like a meadow. There were no trees.

PELLINORE: Nature, old boy. Things pop up, you know. Where's the bird?
ARTHUR: Sh-h-h. It's awfully quiet around here, isn't it? (MORGAN appears and listens) Not a leaf rustling, not a whisper in the woods..... It makes one feel rather drowsy. Would you care to rest a bit?

PELLINORE: No thank you, old man. I want to find that bird, what? I mean, if you hit a bird with an arrow, it ought to fall down like a gentleman. (He exits)

ARTHUR: Merlyn, do you remember how often we walked this valley when I was a boy?

Andante
Gtr., Bells, H.p.

Do you know what I miss of those days? Not my youth. My innocence. My innocence. (He closes his eyes)

No. 28
The Invisible Wall

Morgan Le Fey's Court appears, carrying imaginary bricks. She directs the building of a wall around Arthur.
No. 29

Change Of Scene

*Cue* ARTHUR: ...Find Lance. Find Jenny. Tell them to be careful.
PELLINORE: You know, Arthur?
ARTHUR: Do as I say, Pelly! (PELLINORE exits) Morgan Le Fey!

(The scene changes)

Allegro agitato

FIRST LADY-IN-WAITING:
Goodnight, Milady.

SECOND LADY-IN-WAITING:
Goodnight, Your Majesty.
FIRST LADY-IN-WAITING: Sleep well, Your Majesty.

Andante con moto

Gtr. Fl. Bells

Piano

Str.

p

Tpts.

Hns.

around furtively and disappears into the Queen's chamber.

Cl. Bsn.

MORDRED appears from the other side, snaps his fingers. Several Knights enter. As he nods to them to follow

Cl. Tpt. Gtr.

Bsn. Tpt. Bells

Vc. Bsn.

him. PELLINORE enters. PELLINORE: Hey you!

MORDRED: The name is Mordred.

(Dialogue continues)
Cue: MORDRED: Pellinore, in a little while, I shall be in charge of this Castle. And shortly after that, gentlemen, the Kingdom. (Curtain)

No. 31 Change Of Scene And Incidental Music

GUINEVERE is seated at her dressing table, brushing her long hair. LANCELOT enters quietly. He looks around and pauses.

Poco calmando

Passionato

(The curtain rises)

(Fl., Hn., Str.)
LANCELOT: Jenny...?

(GUENEVERE rises quickly) Jenny, I was in the yard...

I couldn't sleep... I saw the light in your window... I knew you were alone... I tried to stay away... I tried, but I... Jenny, I...

They embrace passionately.

GUENEVERE: Did anyone see you? LANCELOT: No one. The castle is dark. I was careful, Jenny, don't be afraid. GUENEVERE: But I am afraid.

LANCELOT: I swear we're alone. No one saw me enter, Jenny, there's nothing to fear. Arthur won't be back until... (Dialogue continues)
No. 32  I Loved You Once In Silence

Cue: GUENEVERE:... And suddenly we're less alone than ever.
LANCELOT: But why?
GUENEVERE: (The music begins.) Now that the people are gone, can't you see the shadow between us? It's wider than the sea.

Andante Piano

It fills the room. Perhaps it would have been better if we had never said a word to each other at all.

Moderato

(She sings) I loved you once in silence, And mis'ry was all I knew. Trying so to keep my love from

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showing, All the while not knowing — You loved me too.

Yes, loved me — in lonely silence;

Your heart filled — with dark despair...

Thinking love would flame in you for —
ev - er, And I'd nev - er, nev - er know the flame was there.

Then one day we cast a - way our se - cre

tong - ing; — The rag - ing tide we held in - side would hold no

more. — The si - lence at last was
broken! We flung wide our prison door.

Ev'ry joyous word of love was spoken...

Andante

And now there's twice as much grief, Twice the strain for us; Twice the despair, Twice the pain for us. As we had known be...
LANCELOT: Jenny, it's because we were here, here in Camelot... (Dialogues continues)

GUENEVERE: ...What sort of heartbreaking solution is that?
LANCELOT: Forgive me, Jenny, (The music begins.)

LISTESSO TEMPO

I shall never mention it again, I swear.

Nor shall I come to see you again. I swear that, too.

GUENEVERE: Lance? (He stops) Have we no more tender words to say to each other?

(She sings)

The silence at last was broken!
LANCELOT: If I escape, I shall come and rescue you. If I am killed, send word to Joyous Gard. Someone will come. (The music begins)
(He takes a menacing step forward. All stand in tableau—stillness. A chorus enters, wiping out the scene behind.)

 Allegro deciso
A MAN: (stepping forward)

Piano

room, down the hall,
Through the

yard, to the wall;
Slash -ing

fiercely, left and right,

Lance es-
On a day, dark and drear, Came to trial Guenevere. Ruled the jury for her shame She be
sentenced to the flame.

As the sun ascended

dawn filled the sky,

On the horizon,

day she would die,

There was a sense

wonder far and near:

Would the world stand still?
ARThUR enters forlornly.

King burn Gue-ne-vere?

CHorus: Would the

Would the

King let her die?

Would the

King let her die?

Would the

King let her die?

There was

There was
MORDRED enters and looks at the King.

King burn Gue-ne-vere?

MORDRED: Arthur! What a magnificent dilemma! Let her die, Your life is over;

let her live, your life's a fraud. Now which will it be, Arthur?
ARThUR: The Jury has ruled. Let justice be done.

CHORUS: She must burn. She must burn, She must burn.

Spoke the King: She must burn.

Spoke the King: She must burn.
And the moment now was here

And the moment now was here

For the end of Guenevere.

For the end of Guenevere.

GUENEVERE enters. She is accompanied by a W.W. gva
priest carrying a cross, and soldiers. As she walks across, she pauses near Arthur and looks at him. Their eyes hold a moment, then she continues.

WOMEN:

Slow her walk, bowed her head,

To the stake she was led...
A HERALD: The Queen is at the stake, Your Majesty.

Shall I signal the torch? (ARTHUR cannot answer) Your Majesty! Your Majesty! mp

CHORUS: In his grief, so alone,

In his grief, so alone,

From the King came a moan...

From the King came a moan... Cl., Ha.
I can't! I can't let her die! Mordred: Well, you're human after all, aren't you, Arthur? Human and helpless.

A MAN:

Then suddenly earth and sky were dazzed by a pounding roar;

And suddenly through the dawn an army began to pour,
And lo! A - head the ar - my, hold - ing a - loft his spear, Came

Lance - lot to save his dear Gue - ne - vere.

Lance! Come save her. HERALD: Shall I signal the torch, Your Majesty? DINADAN: (rushing

Arthur, an army from Joyous Gard is storming the gate. Shall I double the guard? Arthur, you're

inviting a massacre! (He rushes off) ARTHUR: Save her, Lance, save her!
By the score fell the dead,

By the score fell the dead,

As the yard turned to red,

As the yard turned to red,

Countless numbers felt his spear,
MORDRED: Sweet heaven, what a sight!

Can you see it from there Arthur? Can you see your goodly Lancelot...
murdering your goodly knights? Your table is cracking, Arthur.

Can you hear the timbers split? ARTHUR: Merlyn!

Merlyn, make me a hawk. Let me fly away from here.

MORDRED: What a failure you are, Arthur!

How did you think you could survive without
being as ruthless as I?

ARTHUR: Merlyn! Merlyn!

In that dawn, in that gloom,

More than love met its doom.

More than love met its doom.
In the dying candle's gleam

In the dying candle's gleam

Came the sun down of a dream.

Came the sun down of a dream.

DINADAN: (entering) Most of the guard is killed, Arthur, and over eighty knights. They're heading
for the Channel. I'll make ready the army to follow. Arthur, we want revenge! (He exits)

ARTHUR: Oh God, is it all to start again? Is my etc.

altmighy fling at peace to be over so

soon? Am I back where I began?

Am I? Am I?  
Gue-ne-vere,  
Gue-ne-

Gue-ne-vere,  
Gue-ne-

Tutti cresc. molto  
ff  
Tutti  
Tpts.

245
253
(Men enter with the King's armor

vere! In that dim, mournful

and sword. The armor is put on him.)

year, Saw the men she held most

dear Go to war for

dear Go to war for
Guernevere, Guernevere!

Saw the men she held most
Go to war for Guenevere!

Go to war for Guenevere!

Go to war for Guenevere!
No. 34 Battle Call

Cue: ARTHUR: ... Something you cannot taste or touch, smell or feel; without substance, life, reality or memory.
No. 35

Farewell

Cue: LANCELOT: Is there nothing to be done?

ARTHUR: Nothing, but play out the game and leave the decisions to God. Now go.

Andante

Piano

(LANCELOT leaves)

ARThUR: You must go, too, Jenny. GUENEVERE: I know. So often in the past I would look up in your eyes and there I would find forgiveness. Perhaps one day in the future it shall be there again. But I won't be with you....

I won't see it. (He takes her in his arms.) Oh, Arthur, Arthur, I see what I wanted to see.

ARTHUR: Goodbye, my love... (GUENEVERE kisses him) My dearest love. (He hears a rustling behind the tent.) Who's there? (Dialogue continues.)
No. 36

Finale Ultimo

Cue: ARTHUR: And for as long as you live you will remember what I, the King, tell you; and you will do as I command.
TOM: Yes, Milord.

Allegro moderato

ARTHUR:

Each evening from December to December,

Before you drift to sleep upon your cot,

Think back on all the tales that you remember

Of Camelot.
Ask ev'ry person if he's heard the story,

And tell it strong and clear if he has not:

That once there was a fleeting wisp of glory

Called Camelot.

W.W. sva
Come, lot! W.W. Come, lot!

Now say it out with love and joy! W.W. cantando

TOM:

Come, lot! W.W. Come, lot!

ARThUR:

Yes, Come, lot, my boy... Where
once it never rained till after sundown;

eight a.m. the morning fog had flown.

let it be forgot That once there was a spot For one brief shining moment that was known As Ca - me

Don't
W.W. Str.
My teacher Merlyn, who always remembered things that haven't happened

better than things that have, told me once that a few hundred years from now it will be discovered

that the world is round... round like the table at which we sat with such high hope and noble purpose. If you do what I ask, perhaps people will remember how we of

Camelot went questing for right and honor and justice. Perhaps one day men will sit around
this world as we did once at our table and go questing once more... for right... honor... and justice.

PELLINORE: (enters carrying Excalibur) Arthur...

Tempo 1° (From a distance)

ARTHUR: Give me the sword.

CHORUS: Ca-me-lot!

PELLINORE: Here.

ARTHUR: Kneel, Tom, kneel.

With this sword,

Ca-me-lot!

Ca-me-lot!

Ca-me-lot!
Excalibur, I knight you Sir Tom of Warwick. And I command you to return home and carry out my orders.  

TOM: Yes, Milord.  
PELLINORE: Now, come, Arthur. You have a battle to fight.

ARTHUR: Battle? I've won my battle, Pelly. Here's my victory! What we did will be remembered.
the great blue motion of the sunlit sea. But it seems some of the drops sparkle, Pelly. Some of them do sparkle!

Fl., Ob., Str.

+ Bsn., Hns., Bells

W.W., Tpts., Str. 100

Fl., Ob., Tpt. I, Str.

rall.
Tutti

Hns.
Hns., Tpts.

Allegro
Br., Str., Xyl.

+W.W.