It Chanced upon a day that Launcelot came to dwell at Arthur's Court
CHRISTMAS TIME THIS HAPPENED WHEN THE HERALDS SANG HIS NAME SON OF KING

Poco f —

BAN OF BEN-WICK SEEMED TO CHIME A-LONG WITH ALL THE BELLS THAT RANG THAT DAY.
Poco f —

OVER THE WHITE ROOFS WITH LITTLE CHANGE OF RHYME

CHRISTMAS AND WHITENED WINTER PASSED A-WAY AND OVER ME THE
April sunshine came made very awful with black

Hail clouds.

Yea, and in the summer

I grew white with flame.

Meno mosso.

Poco rall.

Molto cresc.

Autumn and the sick sure knowledge things would never, never be the same
DO I NOT KNOW NOW OF A DAY IN SPRING NO

Poco Allegro.

MINUTE OF THAT WILD DAY EV'ER SLIPS FROM OUT MY MEM'RY

CRES

ANDANTE POCO MENO MOSSE.

I HEAR THE THRUSHES SING AND WHERESOEVER I MAY

BE STRAIGHT-WAYED THOUGHTS OF IT ALL COME UP WITH MOST FRESH STING
I was half mad with beauty on that day
And went without my ladies

All alone

Round every wat

In that garden

Fair came lowness

Not too·shy

Meno mosso

LH.

Meno mosso.
Molto Meno Mosso.

THE KISS WHERE WITH WE KISSED THAT SPRING

I SWEAR CAN TALE OF THE REMEMBERED BLISS WHEN BOTH OUR MOUTHS WENT WANDERING

IN ONE WAY AND ACHING SORE

accel.
Molto meno mosso.

LEAVES OUR HANDS BEING

LEFT BEHIND STAYED FAR A WAY

Più mosso.

NEVER WITHIN A YARD OF MY BRIGHT SLEEVES HAD

LAUNCH - LOT COME BEFORE -
DID YOU SEE MEL ... LTA-GRANCE WHEN LANCELOT STOOD BY HIM?

WHAT WHITE FEAR CURDLED HIS BLOOD AND HOW HIS

SIDE SINK IN AS MY

KNIGHT CRIED "RISE YOU, SIR, WHO ARE SO
FLEET AT CATCHING-LADIES!  HALF ARMED WILL

FIGHT MY LEFT SIDE ALL UN-COVERED!

THEN I WENT UP SPRANG SIR MEL-LYA-GRAANCE

WITH GREAT DELIGHT ON HIS KNAVE'S FACE.
THE FIGHT BEGAN
AND TO ME THEY DREW
NIGHT.

fierce.
Andante con moto (d=75)

OH TRUE AS STEEL COME NOW AND TALK WITH

I LOVE TO SEE YOUR STEP UP ON THE

GOOD FRIEND SO DEAR TO ME IN EV'ry

THING.

COME HERE TO-NIGHT OR ELSE THE
CARES NOW TO KNOW WHY I SIGH
AND NO MAN

COMES TO SING ME PLEASANT SONGS, NOR ANY BRINGS ME THE SWEET

ACCEL

a tempo

FLOWERS THAT LIE SO THICK IN THE GARDENS THEREFORE

ONE SO LONGS TO SEE YOU LANCELOT THAT WE MAY BE LIKE CHILDREN ONCE AGAIN
There was one less than three in my quiet room.

That night and we were gay!
Till sudden

Allegro (1=120)

I rose up
Pale and sick, because

A bawling broke our dream up.
Yes, I looked at

Lance... Lot's face
And could not
SPEAK!

Then I remember how I tried to shriek

in tempo

And could not, could not. From tile to tile the

stones they threw up rattled o'er my head

accel.
AND MADE ME DIZ

TILL WITHIN A WHILE MY HEAD ON LAINELOT'S BREAST WAS

BEING SOOTHE A WAY FROM ITS WHITE CHATTER

Poco a poco accel.

YOU KNOW QUITE WELL THE STORY OF THAT FRAY HOW LAINELOT STILLED THEIR