ALBERT COATES
GUINEVERE
Piano Score
It chanced upon a day that Laurence came to dwell at At their court.

Christmas-tide was happened when the heralds sang his name. Son of King Ban of Benwick slain to thine along with all the bells that sang that day.

Over the white roofs with little change of rhyme... Christmas and whitened winter passed away, and o'er me the
April sunshine came made very awful with black hail clouds, yea, and in the summer

I grew white with flame. Autumn and the wise sure knowledge things would never never be the same.

Poco rall. Meno Mosso rall. con un poco cresc.

Do I not know now of a day in spring No minute of that wild day ever slips from out my memory.

Poco accel. rall.

I hear the thundering and where so ever I may the straightens thought of all come up with most fresh sting.

Andante poco meno mosso.
I saw half breed with beauty in that day and went without my ladies all alone in a quiet garden walled round every

Molto meno molto

Kiss therewith we kissed that spring day I scarce can talk of the remembered bliss when love nor mouth nor wandering

in one way and ach ing sore not a mong the leaves our hands being
left behind. Stayed for a way. Never within a yard of my bright sleeves had

accal.

[Text not legible]

Launce let come before.

and now, so nigh.

after that day why is it Guinevere

[Text not legible]

grieves

Nevertheless, you oh Sir Gawaine lie. Whatever may have happened these long years

[Text not legible]

God knows, speak truth, saying that you lie.

roll.
Did you see Melody grange When Launcelot

stood by him What white fear candle 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 I fight my left side all uncorred
Then I went up spring sir Mel by grace with great the light on his

Knaves face. The fight began and to me they draw nigh.

ever Sir Launcelot kept him on the right and traverse wary and ever high and fast kept estates.
Sword until my knighthood was won, he threw his sword to his left hand and said:

'established

all per se, poco a poco

Tempo

Lento

accelerando e cresc.

That was all the fight. Melty's plate was short.

For Melty's grace had fought against the Lord.
III

Andante con moto \( \frac{4}{4} \)

Oh, true as steel come now and talk with me.
I love to see you.

Step upon the ground.
Good friend so dear to me in every thing.

Andante con moto (passionato) \( \frac{4}{4} \)

Come here to night or else the hours will pass most dull and drear.

If you come not

Call.

a tempo
for how I tried to shriek and could not could not from

like to tile the stones they threw up ratt did over my head only

made me rise

breast was being soothed away from its white chatter

poco a poco accel.
Story of that fray how launcest shilled their bawd-ryg the mad fit that caught up ga-waine.

All, does not which would save me these things.

Nevertheless, you oh sir ga-waine lie, whatever may have happened these long years.

God knows I speak the truth saying that you live.
Words: I'm not sure what these words are supposed to mean.