POVZ K1.3.3e

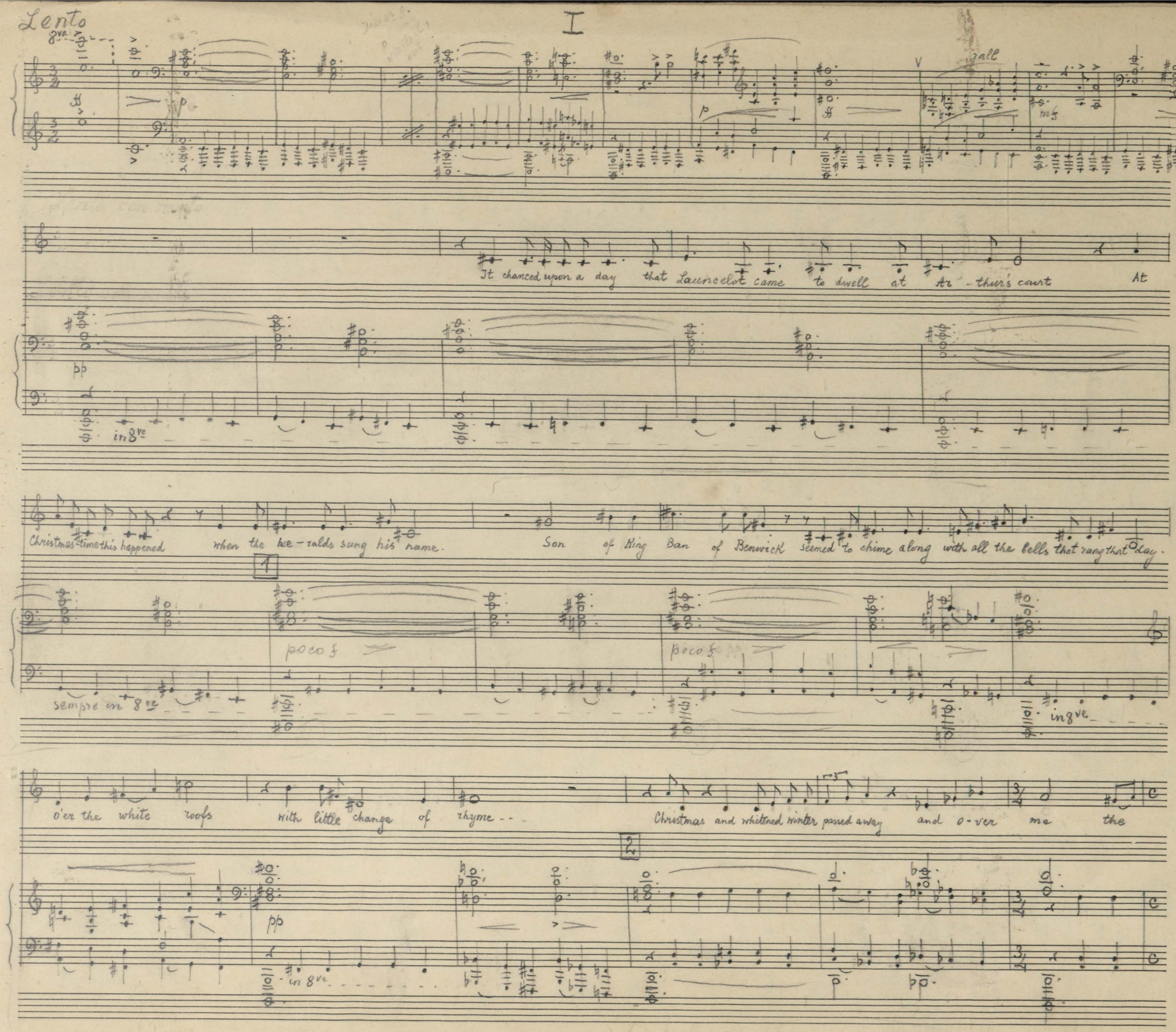
I

ALBERT COATES

"GUINEVERE"

PIANO SCORE

I


Lento

rall

It chanced upon a day that Launcelot came to dwell at Ar - thur's court At

in 8ve
Christmas-time this happened when the he - ralds sung his name. Son of King Ban of Benwick seemed to chime along with all the bells that rang that day.

sempre in 8ve
poco f
poco f
in 8ve
o'er the white roofs with little change of rhyme - - Christmas and whitened winter passed away and o - ver me the

in 8ve

Ap-ril sunshine came made ve-ry aw-ful with black hail clouds. yea, and in the summer

3

pp

p sub.

in 8ve

I grew white with flame.

Autumn and the sick sure Knowledge things would never ne-ver be the same

poco rall.

Meno Mosso

rall

4

tempo

molto cresc

Do I not know now of a day in spring No minute of that wild day ever slips from out my me-mo-ry

poco accel.

5

rall.

cresc.

L.H

pp

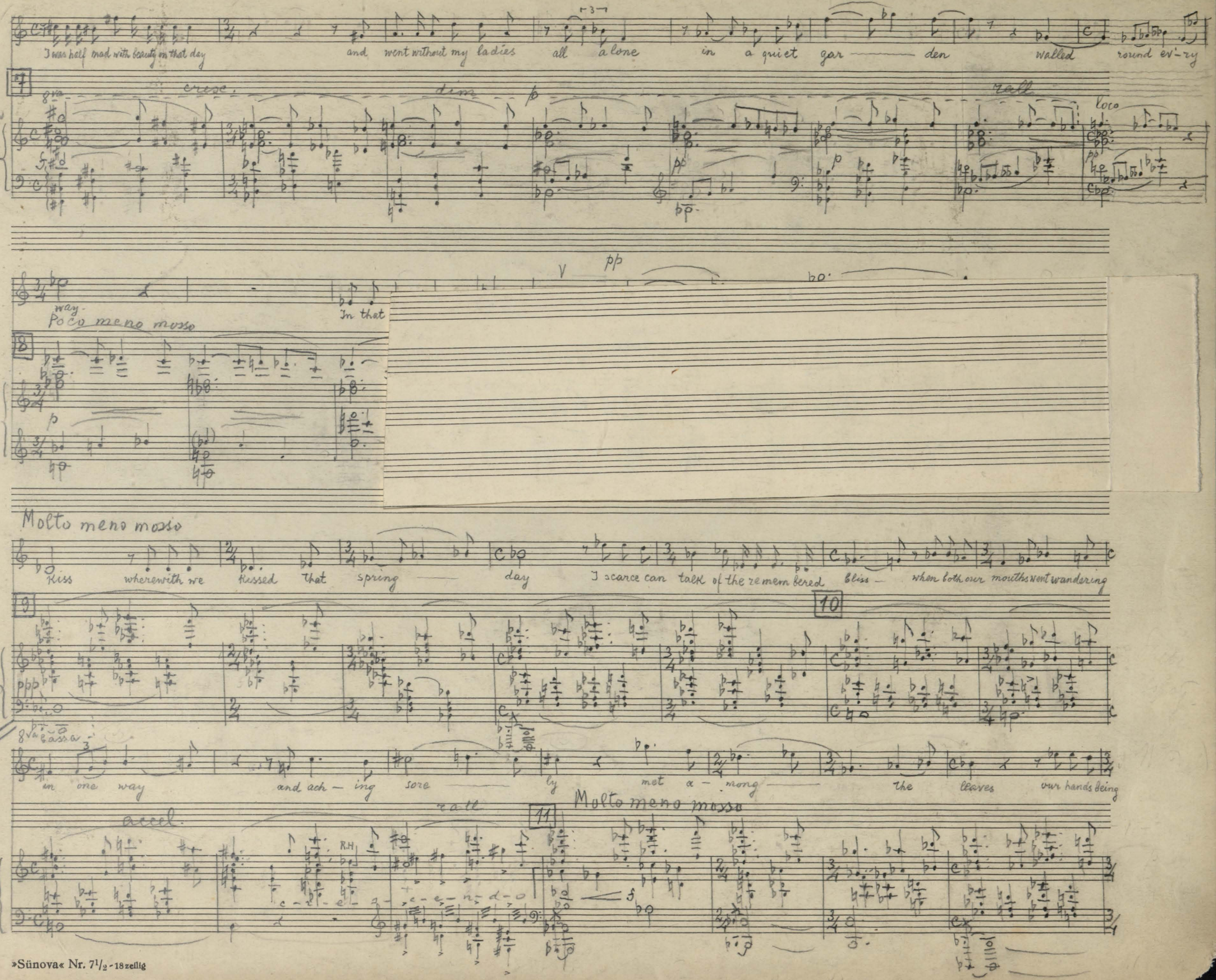
8va Bassa

I hear the thrushes sing and where-so-ever I may be straightway thoughts of it all come up with most fresh sting

6 Andante poco meno mosso.

pp

L.H.


I was half mad with beauty on that day and went without my ladies all alone in a quiet gar — den walled round ev'ry
7
8va
cresc.
dim
p
rall
loco
please write all this 8va higher out
way.
In that
Poco meno mosso
8
Molto meno mosso
Kiss wherewith we kissed that spring — day I scarce can talk of the remembered bliss — when both our mouths went wandering
9
10
8va bassa
in one way and ach — ing sore — ly met a — mong — the leaves our hands being
accel.
rall
11
Molto meno mosso
R.H.
c-r-e-s-c-e-n-d-o

left behind Strayed far a - way Ne-ver within a yard of my bright sleeves had

accel.

12 Più mosso mf sempre accel.

m.g.

Launce-lot come be-fore

And now, so nigh Af-ter that day Why is it Guinevere

13 Meno mosso

grieves Nevertheless, you oh Sir Gawaine lie What e-ver may have happened these long years

cresc. rall.

14

God knows I speak truth, say — ing that you lie.

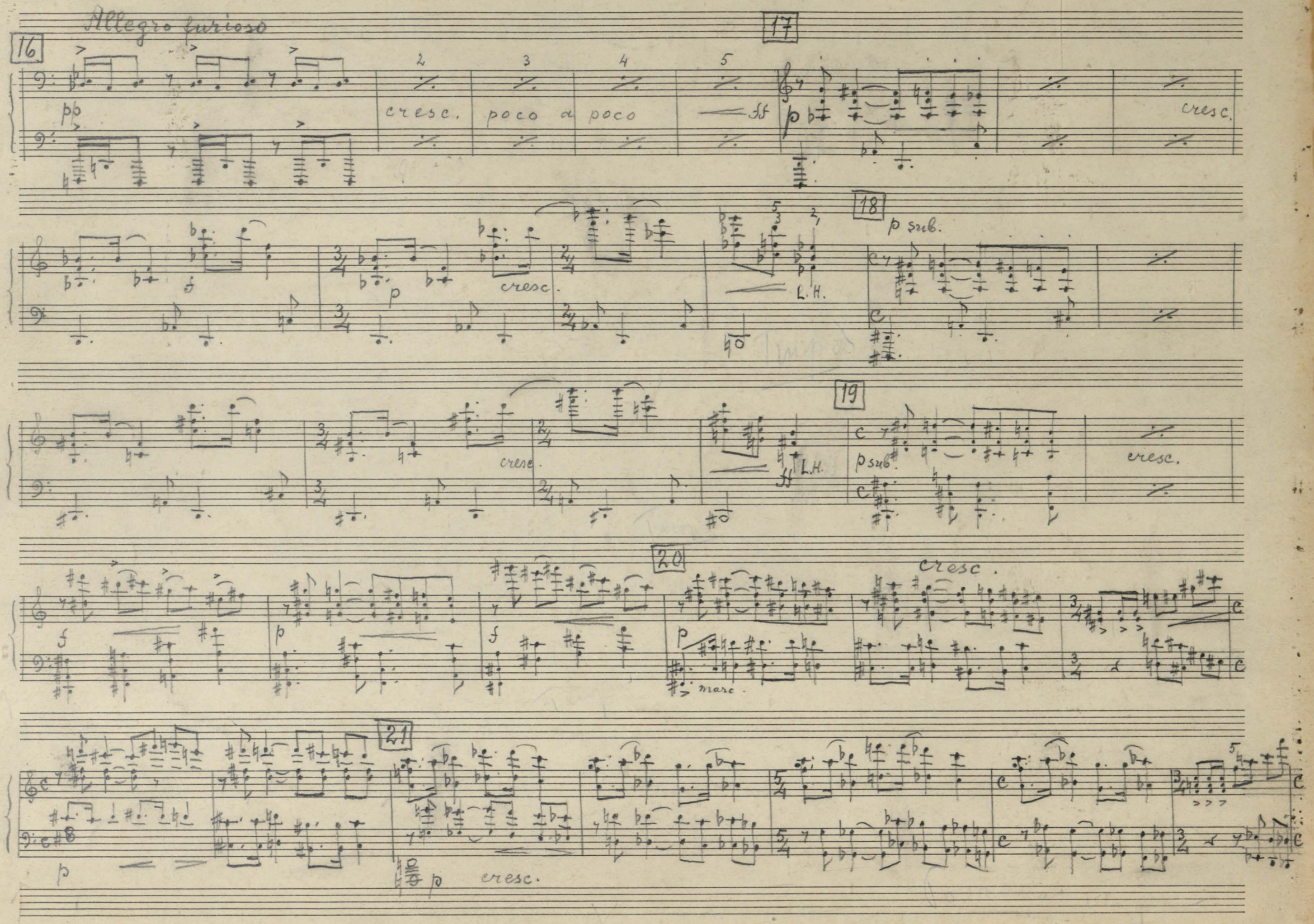
rit.

15

cresc.

rall.

Guinevere №2.


Allegro furioso
16
pp
cresc.
poco a poco
ff
17
p
cresc.
f
p
cresc.
L.H.
18
p sub.
cresc.
ff
L.H.
19
p sub.
cresc.
f
p
f
20
p
marc.
cresc.
21
p
p
cresc.

22

Did you see

23

Mel - lyagrance

When Launcelot

stood by him

What white

fear

curdled his

blood

and how his side

24

sink in as my Knight cried

„Rise you, Sir who are so

cresc

pp

fleet at catching la-dies!

Half armed will I fight

My left side all un-co-vered!"

25

26

fp cresc

27

Then I weet r.H. up sprang sir Mel- lyagrance with great de- light on his

f L.H. p sub. f p

Knaves face. The fight be- gan and to me they drew nigh.

28

8va pp pp f p f

Ped 8bassa

feroce

8va

8bassa

Ev- er sir Launcelot kept him on the right and traversed wa- ri- ly and ever high and fast leapt catiffs

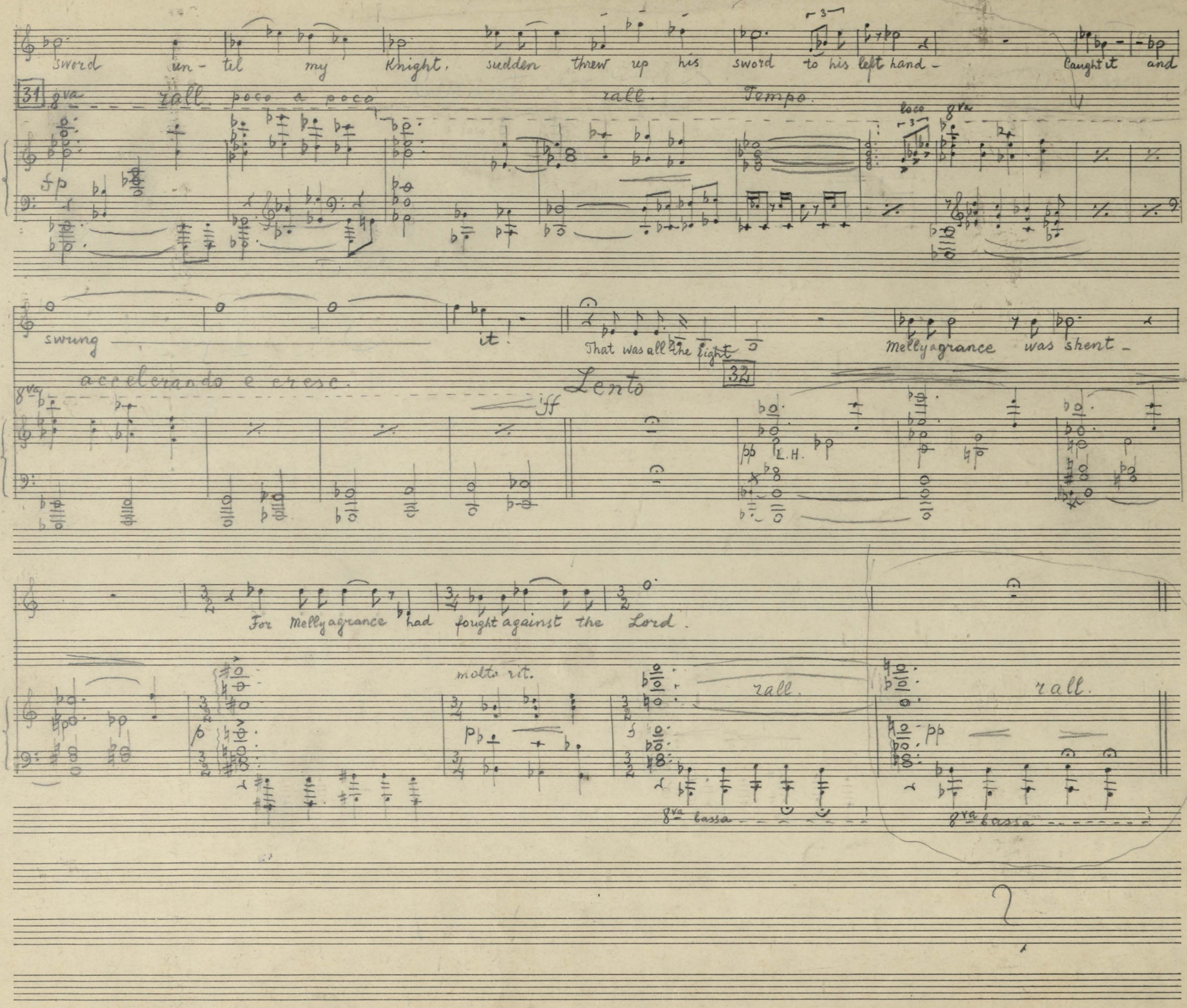
29

loco ff p

30

8va

f p cresc.


sword un - til my Knight, sudden threw up his sword to his left hand - Caught it and
31
8va
rall. poco a poco
rall.
Tempo.
loco
8va
fp
swung
it!
That was all the fight
Mellyagrance was shent -
accelerando e cresc.
Lento
32
8va
iff
pp
L.H.
For Mellyagrance had fought against the Lord.
molto rit.
rall.
rall.
pp
8va bassa
8va bassa

III

Andante con moto ♩=75

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

33

f fp m.d. mf m.g. m.g. p fp

step upon the ground Good friend so dear to me in ev'-ry thing

Words ⊗ X

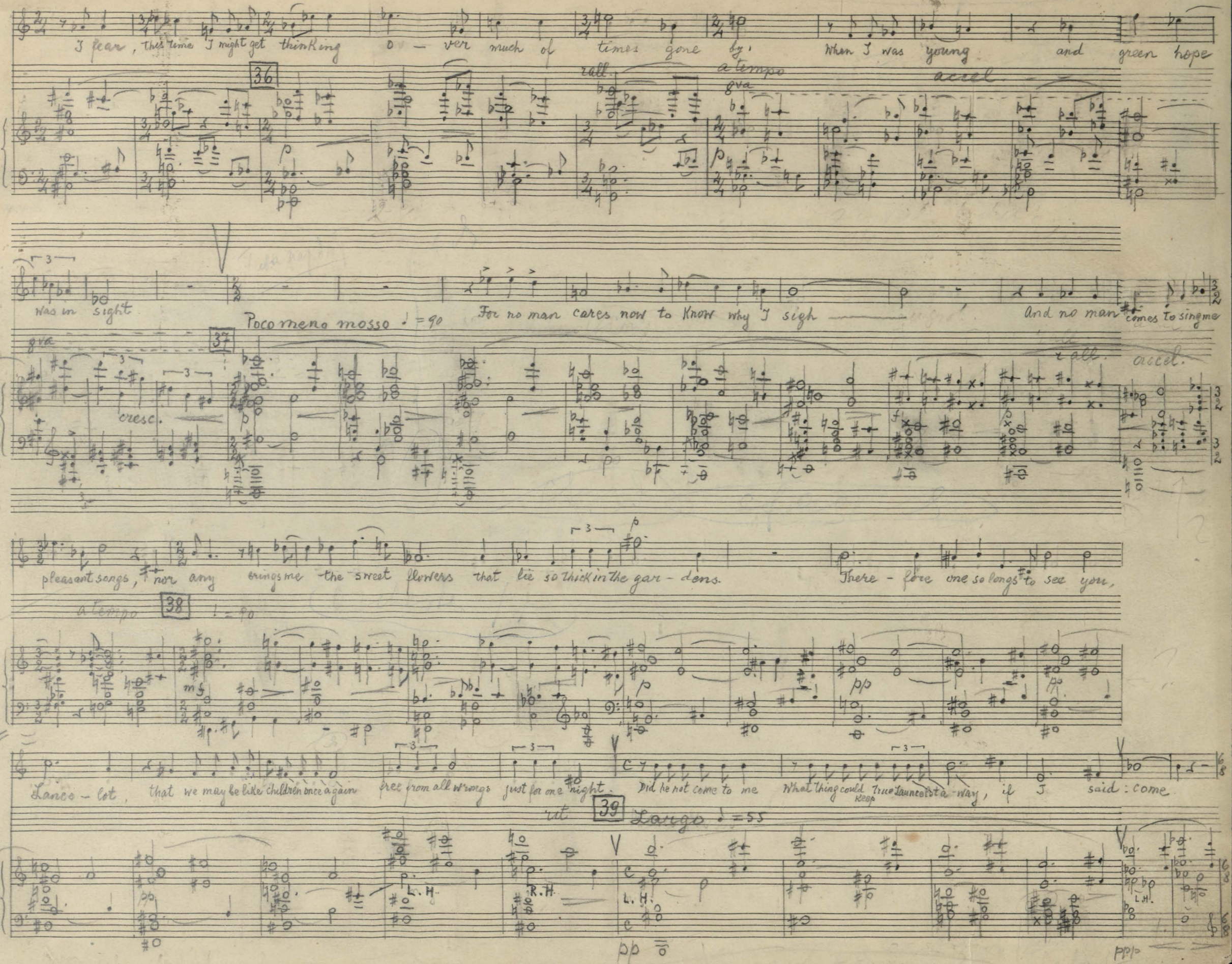
34 Andantino con moto (passionato) ♩=90

fp rall. p p

Come here to night or else the hours will pass most dull and drear If you come not

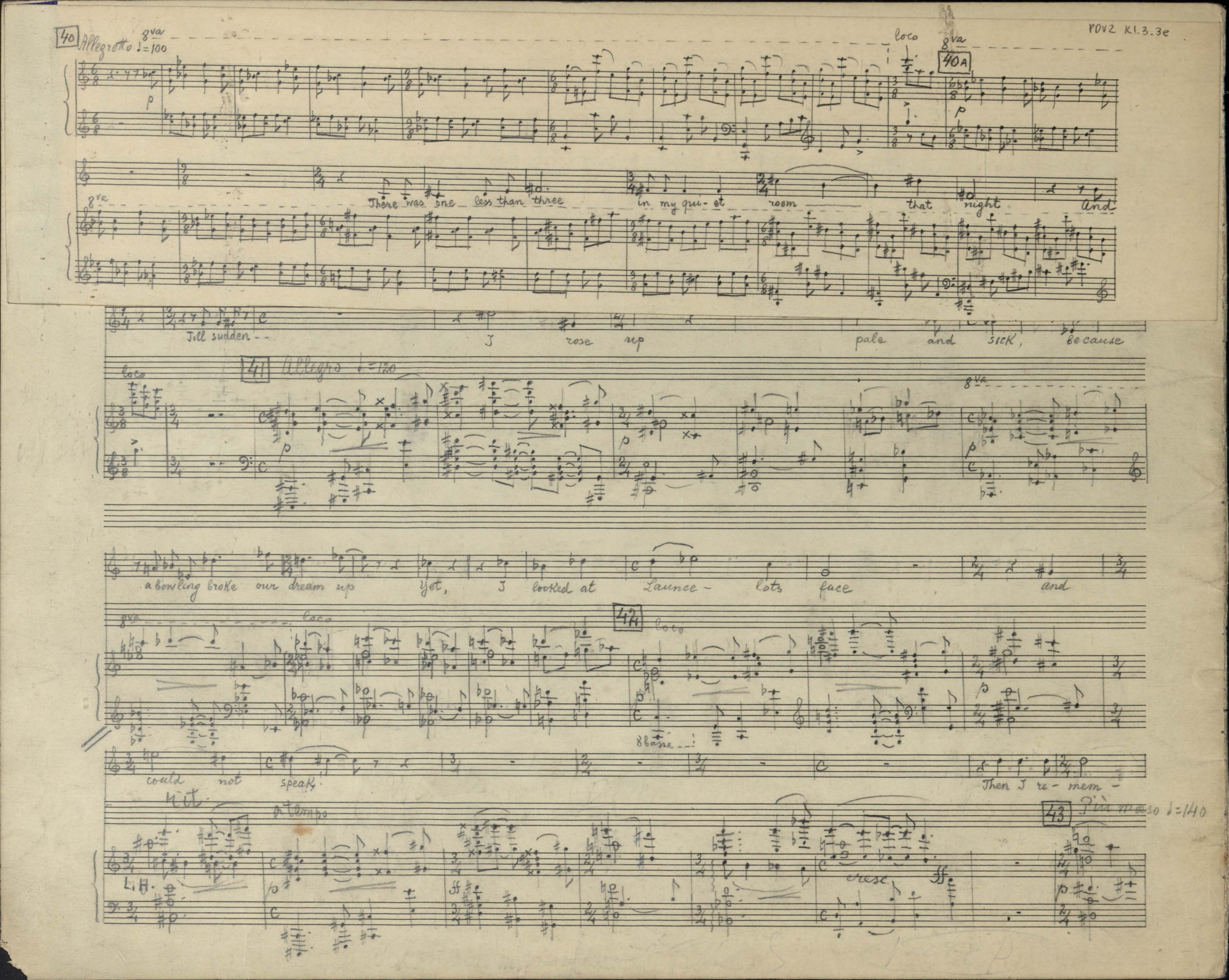
35

cresc. p rall. a tempo m.g.


I fear, this time I might get thinking o - ver much of times gone by. When I was young and green hope

rall. a tempo 8va accel.
was in sight
Poco meno mosso ♩ = 90
For no man cares now to know why I sigh
And no man comes to sing me

8va cresc. rall. accel.
pleasant songs, nor any brings me the sweet flowers that lie so thick in the gar - dens. There - fore one so longs to see you,
a tempo ♩ = 90
Lance - lot, that we may be like children once again free from all wrongs just for one night. Did he not come to me What thing could keep true Launcelot a - way, if I said: come
rit Largo ♩ = 55
L.H. R.H. L.H. L.H.


40 Allegretto ♩=100
8va
loco
40A
There was one less than three in my qui-et room that night And
Till sudden-- I rose up pale and sick, because
41 Allegro ♩=120
a bowling broke our dream up Yet, I looked at Launce-lots face and
42
could not speak.
Then I re-mem-
rit.
a tempo
L.H.
cresc.
43 Più mosso ♩=140

her how I tried to shriek and could not could not From

tile to tile the stones they threw up ratt led o'er my head and

44 8va accel. 45 loco molto accel.

made me diz zier Till within a while my head on Launce lot's

cresc. 8va 46 Lento ♩ = 44

breast was be ing soothed a way From its white chatter ing You Know quite well the

V 47 Allegro ♩ = 140

poco a poco accel.

story of that fray How Launcelot stilled their bawl-ing the mad fit that caught up Ga-waine. All,

Meno Mosso ♩=90

48 8va

pp

all but just that which would save me these things

8va

fp

cresc.

Ped.

flat. Nevertheless, you Oh Sir Ga-waine lie, what ever — may have happened these long years

49 pesante

fp

L.H

fp

p

God Knows I speak truth say — ing that you lie!

ad lib.

50

p

f

77

Vl =

51

=de

all I have

52

said is truth

by Christs dear tears

poco rall. Tempo

rall.

53

Ped. Ped. Ped.

III [34] -4

[36] -5

drear

[50] -3 do u do b. [illegible]

have happened

[52] +4

all I have said is true

by Christ dear tears

[57] +1 es +2 ges

[49] -1

Words: [34] -2/1 I love to see your step upon

[36] + Thinking over much of

[46] +5 being soothed away