

AM AHL - Excerpt 1 of 3

START ♩ = 72

5

Amahl

liberamente

Oh, Moth-er, you should go out and see! There's nev-er been such a

Mother

What was keep-ing you out-side?

67

pp

Amahl

skyl Damp clouds have shined it and soft winds have swept it as if to make it read-y for a

68

a tempo

pp

col pedale

Amahl

King's ball. All its lan-terns are lit, all its torch-es are burn-ing, and its dark floor is

71

Amahl

shin-ing like crys - tal. Hang-ing o-ver our roof there is a star as large as a

74

9

Amahl

win-dow, and the star has a tail, and it moves a-cross the sky like a char - iot on fire.

77

END

7 pages

AMahl - Except 2 of 3

(She moves disconsolately to the fireplace.)
molto meno mosso

Mother

when her cup-boards and pock-ets are emp-ty and ev-'ry-thing sold? Un-less we go beg-ging

112

pp

(She sinks, weeping, onto little stool.)

START

Mother

how shall we live through to-mor-row? My lit-tle son, a beg-gar!

115

rall. pp

$\text{♩} = 52$

(Amahl goes to her and embraces her tenderly, stroking her hair.)

Amahl
Andante calmo

Amahl

Don't cry, Moth-er dear, don't wor-ry for me. If we must go beg-ging, a good

118

PPP

Amahl

beg-gar I'll be. I know sweet tunes to set peo-ple danc-ing. We'll

122

19

Amahl

walk and walk from vil-lage to town, you dressed as a gyp-sy and I as a clown. We'll

126

Except 2 continued

Amahl walk and walk from vil - lage to town. At

130 *mf*

Amahl noon we shall eat roast goose and sweet al-monds, at night we shall sleep with the

134

Amahl sheep and the stars I'll 21 play my pipes, you'll sing and you'll shout. The

137

Amahl win-dows will o - pen and peo - ple lean out. The King will ride by and hear your loud voice and

140 *f* *pp*

Amahl throw us some gold to stop all the noise. At

144 *mp*

Except 2 -> cont.

Amahl noon we shall eat roast goose and sweet almonds, at night we shall sleep with the

Mother My dream-er, good night! You're wast - ing the light.

23

147

(The Mother rises and bends to receive the good-night kiss.)

Amahl sheep and the stars. Good night.

Mother Kiss me good night. Good night.

END

150

(Amahl goes to his pullet of straw at one side of the fireplace. The Mother secures the door, takes

24 Allegro, con moto

153

Amahl's cloak and spreads it over him, touches his head tenderly, then, having snuffed out the tiny oil lamp, she lies down on the bench. The lights die from the room except for a faint glow in the fireplace and the radiance of the sky through the window.)

158

AMATHL - EXCERPT 3 of 3

(Amahl awakens, at first completely bewildered. When he sees his mother in the hands of the Page, he

Kaspar Shame!— Shame!—
Melchior Shame!— Shame!—
Balthazar Shame!— Shame!—
Page Give it back or I'll tear it out of you! Give it back or I'll tear it out of
722

helps himself up with his crutch and awkwardly hurls himself upon the Page, beating him hysterically and pulling his hair, in an effort to force the man to release the Mother.)

Amahl Don't you dare! Don't you dare!
Kaspar Give it back! Give it back!
Melchior Give it back! Give it back!
Balthazar Give it back! Give it back!
Page you! Give it back! Give it back!
724

Handwritten: ♩ = 116
START

Amahl Don't you dare, ug-ly man, hurt my moth-er! Don't you dare, ug-ly man, hurt my moth-er!
727

Excerpt 3 - A

Amahl

I'll smash in your face! I'll knock out your teeth! Don't you dare! Don't you dare!

730

Amahl

(rushing to King Kaspar and tugging at his robe)

Don't you dare, ug-ly man, hurt my moth-er! Oh, Mis-ter King, — don't let him hurt my

733

pp

Amahl

moth - er! My moth-er is good. — She cannot do an-y-thing wrong. — I'm the one who lies, —

736

Amahl

(rushing back to attack the Page)

I'm the one who steals. — Don't you dare! Don't you dare! Don't you dare, ug-ly man, hurt my

740

119

Amahl

moth-er! Don't you dare, ug-ly man, hurt my moth - er! I'll break all your bones! I'll

743

Except 3 →

Amahl

bash in your head! Don't you dare! Don't you dare! Don't you dare, ug-ly man, hurt my

746

(At a sign from Kaspar, the Page releases the Mother. Still kneeling, she raises her arms toward her son. Choked by tears, Amahl staggers toward her and, letting his crutch fall, collapses, sobbing into his mother's

Amahl

moth-er! Don't you dare! Don't you dare! Don't you dare!

749

rall. molto

arms.

(121) Lento

Melchior

Melchior

Oh, wo-man, you may keep the

752

p dolcissimo

Melchior

gold. The Child we seek — does-n't need our gold. On love, on love a-lone —

756

plégatissimo

Melchior

— He will build His King-dom. His pierc-ed hand will hold no scep-ter. His ha-loed head will wear no

760