

GUENEVERE

Thank you, Milord. That's most comforting. Arthur, we have...

LANCELOT

I am always on duty.

GUENEVERE

Yes, I can see that. Can you stay, Arthur?

ARTHUR

With pleasure, my love.

(HE seats himself)

**Start
Here**

I want you to hear the new plan we've been discussing. Explain it, Lancelot.

LANCELOT

(To ARTHUR)

To Her Majesty, Sire?

(To GUENEVERE)

Would Her Majesty not find the complicated affairs of chivalry rather tedious?

GUENEVERE

(Frosting a bit)

Not at all, Milord. I have never found chivalry tedious... so far. May I remind you, Milord, that the Round Table happens to be my husband's idea.

LANCELOT

Any idea, however exalted, could be improved.

GUENEVERE

(Miffed)

Really!

LANCELOT

Yes. I have suggested to His Majesty that we create a training program for knights.

(GUENEVERE looks at ARTHUR)

ARTHUR

Marvelous idea, isn't it?

GUENEVERE

A training program!?

ARTHUR

Yes, it's a program for training.

LANCELOT

Yes, Your Majesty. There must be a standard established, an unattainable goal that, with work, becomes attainable: not only in arms, but in thought... An indoctrination of noble Christian principle.

GUENEVERE

And whose abilities would serve as the standard, Milord?

LANCELOT

Certainly not mine, Your Majesty. It would not be fair.

GUENEVERE

Not fair in what way?

LANCELOT

I would never ask anyone to live by my standards, Your Majesty.

(With sad grimness)

To dedicate your life to the tortured quest for perfection in body and spirit. Oh, no, I would not ask that of anyone.

GUENEVERE

Nor would I. Have you achieved perfection, Milord?

LANCELOT

Physically, yes, Your Majesty. But the refining of the soul is an endless struggle.

GUENEVERE

I daresay. I do daresay. Do you mean you've never been defeated in battle or in tournament?

LANCELOT

Never, Your Majesty.

GUENEVERE

I see. And I gather you consider it highly unlikely ever to happen in the future?

LANCELOT

Highly, Your Majesty.

**End
Here**

ARTHUR

How was the Channel? Did you have a rough crossing?

GUENEVERE

Now tell me a little of your struggle for the perfection of the spirit.

ARTHUR

(Uneasily)

But I want you to hear more about the training program, Jenny.

IF EVER I LEAVE YOU

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rea-son to live is on-ly to love A god-dess on earth and a God a-bove. Vl. Solo

Str., Lute, Hp. +W.W.

GUENEVERE: Did you write that, Lance?

pp Str. Hn.

47

LANCELOT: Yes. GUENEVERE: 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,

Lute Solo Str. (Soli)

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

+Hp. Str. (Tutti) poco rit. Hp.

If Ever I Would Leave You

Con espressione

Start
Here

would I? (He sings) 56

If ev - er I would leave you It would - n't be in

mf Str. Fl. Cls.

sum - mer; See - ing you in sum - mer, I nev - er would

64 go. Your hair streaked with sun - light... Your lips red as

Fl. Cl. +Hns. +Gtr. Bsn., Ve.

flame... Your face with a lus - tre That puts gold to

R.H.

72 shame. But if I'd ev - er leave you, It could - n't be in

W.W. Str. +Gtr. Hn. Ve. R.H.

au - tumn. How I'd leave in au - tumn, I nev - er would

Hp.
R.H.
+Bsn.

know. I've seen how you spar - kle When fall nips the

WW.

air. I know you in au - tumn And I must be

Bsn., Vc.

there. And could I leave you run - ning mer - ri - ly through the

Ob. etc.
Str.
pp espr.

End
Here