

SCENE 2

The Royal Hall of Menegroth.

The birds of MELIAN are singing. Lights of day and starry night. The stone carved into trunks as of beeches.

The gem-studded ceiling looks like leaves shining green from within on golden stems. Also golden lanterns, silver fountains, marble basins, floors of many-colored stones.

1 Andante.

mandolin
fiddle (onstage band)

f

♩ = 78

guitar

Carved beasts on walls, trunks, branches. Hangings on walls with history of the Valar and other things written in Daeron's runes; fountains on the floors.

THINGOL, with crown of green and silver, and Melian, on their thrones, a host in gleaming armor around them; nobles, ladies and servants.

ELVES OF DORIATH *mf*

As

cello

Val - i - nor a - cross the Sea shines on in might and splen - dor, So we shall grow in light and life though

all Be - ler - iand with - er. In Me - neg - roth, in the Thou - sand Caves, in the Halls of E - lu Thingol, King of Dor - iath.

ELVES OF DORIATH *mf*

In Me - neg - roth, in the Thou - sand Caves, in the Halls of E - lu Thingol, King of Dor - iath.

ELVES OF DORIATH *mf*

In Me - neg - roth, in the Thou - sand Caves, in the Halls of E - lu Thingol, King of Dor - iath.

ELVES OF DORIATH *mf*

Me - neg - roth, Thou - sand Caves, Halls of E - lu Thingol, King of Dor - iath.

(onstage band)

Out -

bass viol

40
20

T 8 side our land reigns fear and death, for Mor-goth is the rul-er, But by the gifts of Me-li-an we

violins

23

S In Me-neg-roth, in the Thou-sand Caves, in the Halls of E-lu Thingol, King of Dor-iath.

A In Me-neg-roth, in the Thou-sand Caves, in the Halls of E-lu Thingol, King of Dor-iath.

T 8 live in peace for-ev-er. Me-neg-roth, Thou-sand Caves, Halls of E-lu Thingol, King of Dor-iath.

B Me-neg-roth, Thou-sand Caves, Halls of E-lu Thingol, King of Dor-iath.

cello trumpet

27

(onstage band)

30

S *ff* Now let us all re-joice in praise of Lú-thien their daughter, In whose beauty we have be-come the

A *ff* Now let us all re-joice in praise of Lú-thien their daughter, In whose beauty we have be-come the

T 8 *ff* Now let us all re-joice in praise of Lú-thien their daughter, In whose beauty we have be-come the

B *ff* Now let us all re-joice in praise of Lú-thien their daughter, In whose beauty we have be-come the

LÚTHIEN leads BEREN into the Hall.

ff strings

34

S fair-est of the El-dar. In Me-neg-roth, in the Thou-sand Caves, in the Halls of E-lu Thin-gol, King of Dor-i-ath.

A fair-est of the El-dar. In Me-neg-roth, in the Thou-sand Caves, in the Halls of E-lu Thin-gol, King of Dor-i-ath.

T fair-est of the El-dar. In Me-neg-roth, in the Thou-sand Caves, in the Halls of E-lu Thin-gol, King of Dor-i-ath.

B fair-est of the El-dar. In Me-neg-roth, in the Thou-sand Caves, in the Halls of E-lu Thin-gol, King of Dor-i-ath.

They see Beren.

38

S *mf* A Man! *p* A Man!

A *mf* A Man! *p* A Man!

T *mf* A Man! *p* A Man!

B *mf* A Man! *p* A Man!

A Man! A Man!

chromatic glissando *8va* *loco* *BEREN looks at the King, and weapons surround him.* *Lento.* *MELIAN looks at him and he at her; his head drops.*

p rall. *solo violin* *♩ = 50 accel. ♩ = 66*

46

THINGOL *f*

Who are you, that come hith-er as a thief, and un-bidden dare to approach my throne?

(knock on piano body) *BEREN filled with dread is silent.*

bassoon *bones* *bass clar.*

51 **LÚTHIEN** *mf*

Lento. He is Beren, son of Ba-rahir, Lord of Men, might-y foe of Morgoth, the tale of whose deeds is become a song e-ven among the

flute

pp strings = 60

clarinet

57 **Elves—**

THINGOL *ff* *mf*

Let him speak! What would you here, wild mortal? What has led your wandering feet hither, to be - guile my daughter and walk my lands un -

bones *mp* *bones*

62 *f* *cresc.* *cresc.*

asked and in secret? Can you show rea - son why you should not en - dure heav-y pun-ish-ment for your in-solence and folly?

mf cresc. *f* *ff*

67 *pp* 3

Soprano: What will he say? What can he say?

Alto: What will he say? What can he say?

Tenor: What will he say? What can he say?

Bass: What will he say? What can he say?

ppp strings *mp cresc.*

BEREN looks in LÚTHIEN's eyes, then in MELIAN's; fear leaves him and the pride of the House of Bëor returns to him.

70 **BEREN** *f*

My fate, O King, led me hith-er, through per-ils such as few e-ven of the Elves would dare.

cresc. rit.
horn

f ♩ = 66

mf

allarg.

75

And here I have found what in - deed I sought not, but find - ing I would possess for - ev - er. For

p horn euphonium ♩ = 56

81

it is a - bove all gold and sil - ver, and be - yond all jew - els. And nei - ther rock nor steel nor

poco accel. cresc.

piccolo

85

fires of Mor - goth nor all the pow - ers of the Elf - King - doms shall keep me from the trea - sure

rit. *f* ♩ = 66 *loco* *rit.*

88

Be 8 I de-sire, for Lú-thi-en is the fair-est of all the Child-ren

trumpet
ff col canto

meno mosso ♩ = 56

ancora meno ♩ = 52

horn

92

Be 8 of the World.

Th Death you have earned with those words, and

Andante. ♩ = 144

fff,

THINGOL ff

rit. molto

p tuba

mf saxophone

contrabassoon

97

Th death you should find suddenly, had I not sworn an oath in haste, of which I re-pent, baseborn mortal, who in the realm of

100

Th Mor-goth has learned to creep in secret, as his spies and thralls!

104 *pp*

S Oh harsh words, oh boil-ing blood! The Dark Lord's will works in our ver-y halls!

A *pp* Oh harsh words, oh boil-ing blood! The Dark Lord's will works in our ver-y halls!

T *pp* Oh harsh words, oh boil-ing blood! The Dark Lord's will works in our ver-y halls!

B *pp* Oh harsh words, oh boil-ing blood! The Dark Lord's will works in our ver-y halls!

Grave.

ppp strings *accel.*

mf

1 *BEREN* *mf*

8 Death you can give me earned or un-earned, but I will not take the names of base-born, spy, or

Deciso.

f oboe
clarinet
saxophone

mf

5 *f*

8 thrall. By this Ring, giv-en by Fe-la-gund to Ba-ra-hir my fath-er, my

He lifts the Ring of Felagund: twin serpents with emerald eyes, one holding a crown of golden flowers, the other devouring it: the badge of Finarfin and his house.

rit. *mf* *a tempo* strings

9 *MELIAN* *mf*

Me For-go thy

8 House has not earned such names from an-y Elf, be he king or no!

trumpet
viola

13

Me

pride, O King, and hear my coun-sel: not by thee shall Ber-en be

Dolce. *flute*

harp

16

Me

slain. Far and free does his fate lead him ere the end; yet

20

Me

it is wound with thine. Take heed!

poco rit.

24

THINGOL *p* to himself, looking at LÚTHIEN

Un-hap-py men, child-ren of lit-tle lords and brief kings: shall such as these lay hands on Lú-thi-en,

Largo. *clarinet* *bassoon*

poco a poco accel. *più mosso* *f*

$\text{♩} = 50$ $\text{♩} = 56$

30 *p* *mf* *aloud, to BEREN*

and yet live? I see the Ring, son of Ba-ra-hir, and I per-ceive that you are proud, and

più mosso ♩ = 58 *bass clar.*

34 $(\frac{3}{8} + \frac{3}{4})$

deem yourself might-y. But a fath-er's deeds a-vail not to win the daught - er of Thin-gol and

strings

bass clar.

37 *f* *mf*

Me-li-an. See now! I too de-sire a trea-sure that is with-held. For

pp *strings*

bass viol

42

rock and steel and the fires of Mor-goth keep the jew-el that I would pos-ess a-gainst all the pow-ers of the Elf-king-doms.

8vb

45 *ff*

Yet you say that such bonds do not daunt you: Go your way there-fore! Bring to me in your

loco *bass clar.*

49

Th hand a Sil - ma - ril from Mor-goth's Crown; and then, if she will, Lú-thien may set her hand in

Sil-ma - ril!

From Mor-goth's Crown!

Sil-ma - ril!

From Mor-goth's Crown!

whispering p

mf

ff *f* *mf* *mp*

strings

bass clar.

+ vibes

54

Th yours. Then shall you have my jewel; and though the fate of Ar-da lie with-in the Sil-marils,

sitar

bass clar.

59

Th yet you shall hold me gen - er-ous.

f *p*

sitar

gvb- - - loco

64

Be BEREN *mf* For little price do Elven-kings sell their daughters: for gems, and things made by

strings *più mosso* ♩ = 63

68

Be 8 craft. Bu if such be your will, I will per - form it. When we meet a-gain, my hand shall hold a

72

Be 8 Sil-maril from the I-ron Crown; you have not looked the last up-on Ber - en son of

vibes
strings

76

Be 8 Ba - rahir. BEREN looks at MELIAN, then long at LÜTHIEN.

violin
clarinet
violin II
clarinet

81

Be 8

mf
flute + oboe
clarinet

8vb - - - - - loco

86

Be 8 ú - vi-el, fare - well, I shall re - turn for thee.

mf
mp
flute
cello

BEREN bows to King and Queen, puts aside the guards behind him, exits alone. LUTHIEN sinks in tears.

91

94

MELIAN *f*

0 King, thou hast devised cunning counsel! But if my eyes

Sure-ly he walks to his death, but brave-ly so! How she weeps! How her tears burn us all!

See Lú - thi-en: How she weeps! How her tears burn us all!

Sure-ly he walks to his death, but brave-ly so! How she weeps! How her tears burn us all!

See Lú - thi-en: How she weeps! How her tears burn us all!

98

have not lost their sight, it is ill for thee, whether Beren fail or suc-ceed in this task: thou hast doomed either thy daughter or thy-
(eye-ther)

The peace of Dor-i-ath shall be no more;

The peace of Dor-i-ath shall be no more;

The peace of Dor-i-ath shall be no more;

The peace of Dor-i-ath shall be no more;

102

Me self. And Dor-i-ath is now drawn with-in the fate of a greater realm.

Th

S we are drawn un-der the sha - dow of Morgoth's hand.

A we are drawn un-der the sha - dow of Morgoth's hand.

T we are drawn un-der the sha - dow of Morgoth's hand.

B we are drawn un-der the sha - dow of Morgoth's hand.

8vb

THINGOL *ff*

I sell

106

Th not to Elves or Men those whom I love and cherish above all treasure! And if there were hope or fear that Beren should come ever

f

8vb

f sempre

loco

110

Th back alive to Menegroth, he should not have looked again up - on the light of day.

rit.

rit.

a tempo

attacca