

The Treasure and a Tale

a musical drama for young performers

by

Edward Lambert

The Treasure and a Tale tells the stories of *Beowulf* and the discovery of an Anglo-Saxon ship burial and its treasure at **Sutton Hoo** in 1939.

It is the result of a project which took place under the auspices of the Royal Opera House and the British Museum in the Autumn and Winter of 1991-92. Several schools in Suffolk came together in the Maltings Concert Hall, Snape, to perform this work which their pupils had helped to create. Although conceived as musical theatre, the emphasis was on the story telling, and the action of the *Beowulf* story was mimed by giant puppets manipulated by groups of children while the rest of the 200 or so performers - whose ages ranged from 7 to 17 - told the story, sang and played the music.

The tale is told largely through rhythmic recitation accompanied by drumming. With the exception of the Gleeman, who has a challenging solo part, even the singing roles can be taken by groups since the characters in the story are generally introduced by way of reported speech and so may be sung by the Storytellers themselves. Thus the Storytellers become part of the tale that they are telling.

While some musicians constituted a symphonic youth orchestra, many others played percussion, keyboards, steel band, recorders, or easy string, wind or brass parts. The musical accompaniment of *The Treasure and a Tale* thus includes much that can be performed by all sorts of young players, beginners or advanced, and particularly musical patterns for metallophones and xylophones designed to be played from memory.

By way of contrast, the *Beowulf* scenes are separated by spoken interludes which tell of the finding of the treasure against the background of World War II, sketched briefly through the eyes of local children and an evacuee. There is, of course, no direct connection between *Beowulf* and the treasure from Sutton Hoo; yet they have in common the society that created them and each brings the other vividly to life.

This score (2005) reduces the accompaniment to keyboard and drums - but it is suggested that at least an additional synthesiser is needed for performance.

Parts available for percussion, synthesiser and piano/keyboard.

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The Treasure and a Tale

Prologue

A Gleeman introduces himself as a minstrel who entertained the courts of England with tales of heroism. Once he came to the court of Redwald at the royal palace of Rendlesham, and sang the story of Beowulf...

Scene 1

The noble king Hrothgar has built a wondrous new mead-hall called Heorot. But his land is plagued by the monster Grendel. Hrothgar has summoned help from the hero, Beowulf, who duly arrives and takes charge.

Interlude 1

June 1939: in the countryside near Woodbridge in Suffolk, some children see a large hole being dug. Winnie recognizes Basil Brown, an archaeologist from Ipswich. The land belongs to Mrs Edith Pretty.

Scene 2

Beowulf defeats Grendel through his amazing strength, only to find Grendel's she-mate, who lives at the bottom of a lake, an even more formidable foe. But just as the Thanes despair, Beowulf surfaces, victorious.

Interlude 2

July 1939: the archaeological dig has revealed the outlines of a huge ship and attracted the attention of experts from London and Cambridge.

Scene 3

In Heorot a banquet is held in Beowulf's honour and he is presented with royal gifts. In response, he tells the assembled company to enjoy themselves while they can. The Gleeman does his turn.

Interlude 3

August 1939: an inquest is being held to determine ownership of the priceless treasure.

Scene 4

Beowulf returns home, and the king's only son is killed, he succumbs to grief, buries the royal treasure and dies. A fierce dragon guards the hoard...

Interlude 4

Autumn 1939: it is wartime. The children show George, an evacuee from London, where the treasure was found. The inquest held Mrs Pretty to be its rightful owner, but she presented it to the nation. The site is now occupied by the army.

Scene 5

The dragon has laid waste the land, and Beowulf, himself now king, is called upon to rescue his people. He kills the dragon, but not before its fearful venom has fatally wounded the hero. He bids his followers farewell.

Interlude 5

1945: the war is ending. George has lost his father, and the children wonder about the futility of war, but also the heroism of those who give up their lives for the sake of their country.

Scene 6

Beowulf is mourned and placed with his treasure in a mighty ship. 'Raise a lament again and again in sorrow for passing times'.

Epilogue

The ship was hauled to high ground, and buried in a vast mound, making a fitting monument for such a noble and beloved king.

And so the Gleeman finishes his story. Redwald himself has died: it is now time to move on...

Singing roles

England, about AD 625:

The Gleeman, *a poet and musician*

Choruses of Storytellers

In legendary times:

King Hrothgar

His Queen

Beowulf

Wiglaf, *his follower*

Old King

Choruses of Thaners

Silent roles for movement or dance:

Grendel, *a monster-devil*

She-Monster, *Grendel's mate*

Dragon

Spoken parts

Suffolk, 1939:

Winnie, Edith and Joan,

Henry, Neville and Frank

George, *an evacuee from London*

Duration: music 45 minutes, about 60 minutes in total

Props that may be required include: swords, dagger, helem, shield, hanging tapestries, horn & drinking vessels, jewellery & precious stones, golden standard

The Treasure and a Tale

Edward Lambert

Prologue: *A Gleeman, a poet of Anglo-Saxon times, enters*

Gleeman

$\text{♩} = 72$

p

accompanying the singer

Gl. I am a Glee-man! With tel-ling voice we

will make mu-sic and sing be-fore this migh-ty throng: the sound of sto-ry and harp shall ring

1-11

Gl. out, so that all may hear the splen-dours of song! As a min-strel I have wan-dered the

Gl. world, as Fate de - creed, since time be-gan: from north to south, from east to

Gl. west, I al-ways find prin-ces ea - ger their prai-ses be sung, for rhymes are re-nowned af - ter

1-20

Gl. he-roes have died. And once I came to the feast of a king to ho-nour the years of

Gl. his reign: of Wo - den's dy - nas - ty, the High King Red - wald, Lord of East An - glia,

Gl. u - ni - ted in glo - ry the king - doms of Eng - land. I sang to stir the

Gl. hearts and the minds of those in the mead hall ga - thered to hear me tell of brave deeds and va -

Gl. [spoken] liant he - roes. And so I was with Hroth - gar, at Heo - rot I was, and with Beo - wulf.

1-37

♩ = 92

Gl. I lived then ma - ny cen - turies a - go, yet I am still a - live...

Scene 1: *legendary times on the Danish coast. In the Great Hall, Hrothgar and his Thanes are awaiting the arrival of Beowulf.*

Gl.

Hroth-gar, king of the coun-try, won ho-nour in war, glo-ry in bat-tle, so he e-rec-ted a

Thanes Storytellers 1-45

feast-ing hall, tall and wide, and called it Heo-rot. Splen-did the hall is, lof-ty and no-ble.

Th./St.

Splendid the hall is, lof-ty and no-ble. Splendid the hall is, lof-ty and no-ble.

1-51

did the hall is, lof-ty and no-ble. Splendid the hall is, lof-ty and no-ble.

1-59 Gleeman

Gl.

Those war-rior Danes lived joy-ful lives

p

Storytellers

Thanes

St.

un-til hell's fiend com-mit-ted dread deeds.. A mon-ster tor-ments us, gro-

ff *p*

Th.

tesque he is, great-er than a giant, called Gren-del, this grue-some crea-ture lives in a lair...

Storytellers

St.

...un-der co-ver of night, he came to Hroth-gar's hall,

ff *p*

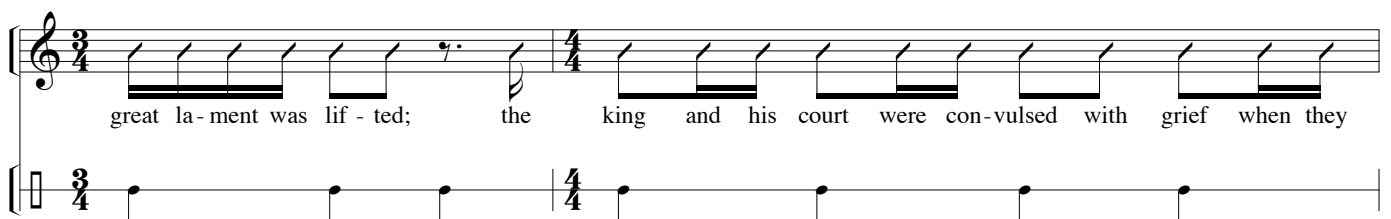
1-69

St.

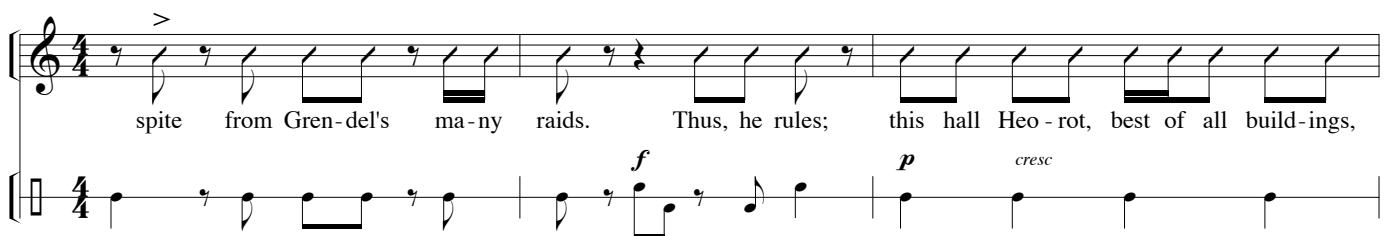
found there a band of brave war-riors a-sleep. The hor-ror sur-prised them:


ff

St.  *p*
 swift - ly that mon - ster killed thir - ty no - ble thanes, took them to his lair. A

St. 
 great la - ment was lif - ted; the king and his court were con - vulsed with grief when they

St.  **1-77** **Thanes**
 heard of the death of their dear - est re - tai - ners. *ff* There has been no re -

Th.  *f* *p* *cresc*
 spite from Gren - del's ma - ny raids. Thus, he rules; this hall Heo - rot, best of all build - ings,

Th.  **1-82**
 stands de - ser - ted when the sun goes down. The cru - el mon - ster threa - tens all, *ff*

Th.  *p*
 young and old a - like, death's dark sha - dow lurks in am - bush.

1-89

Th. *Strong men try in vain to guard a-against at-tack.*

ff

f

Thanes Storytellers

Th./St. *Beo-wulf the Brave has been told of Gren-del's crimes: the stron-gest man a - live, no - ble and*

Th./St. *power - ful, prince of the Swedes. Beo - wulf's strength will crush Beo - wulf's strength will*

Th./St. *crush the e - vil giant. May the gods speed him here, guide him safe - ly*

f

1-104

Th./St. *to these shores.*

ff

1-112

♩ = 76

Th./St. *guide him safe- ly to these shores.*

p

f

p

p

f

p

Beowulf enters with his followers

f

Beowulf

1-134

♩ = 96

B.

Greetings, Hrothgar! Word of Gren-del's

B.

deeds has reached me. I have come to purge your coun-try

B.

or lay down my life, or lay down my life.

1-152

♩ = 104

Hrothgar

H.

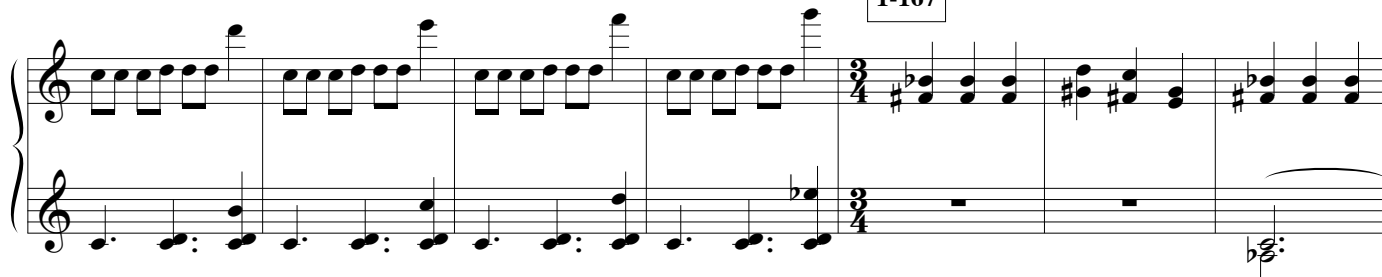
It fills me with an - guish to re -

1-160

H. 

flect on all the pain caused by Gren - del's at - tacks.

1-167

**Hrothgar**

H. 

Beo-wulf, my friend! You have come here to rid us of this de - mon:

H. 

sea - fa - rers say that in the grasp of his hand

H.

Beo-wulf in bat-tle has the might of thir-ty men.

1-189

H.

Take and guard this grea-test of halls: the gods have di-rec-ted you to

1-197

Thanes

H.

us. Take and guard this grea-test of halls: the gods have di-rec-ted

1-205

 $\text{♩} = 84$ **Beowulf**

Th.

you to us. Fate will spare an un-doomed man, un-

B. less his cou - rage fails him. I shall grap - ple

Storytellers

St. No - one pre - sent thought to see day dawn...

B. with this fiend and we shall fight to the death!

St. or e - ver re - turn to his home...

Interlude 1

June 1939. In the countryside near Woodbridge in Suffolk, a group of children are attracted to some activity in a field.

HENRY (*looking over a gate*)
What's going on there?

NEVILLE
It's a big hole they're digging!

WINNIE
That's Mr Brown! Mr Basil Brown - we know him.

JOAN
Who is he?

WINNIE
Friend of the family. Local man, born near here. Now works for the museum in Ipswich, something to do with history. An ologist...

FRANK
How come girls always know everything?

HENRY
Archaeologist?

WINNIE
...Archaeologist - that's it. He's an expert on soil.

NEVILLE
What is there to know about soil, for heaven's sake. It's just soil, isn't it?

HENRY
But their job is to find things in it.

JOAN
Buried treasure!

WINNIE
Well, maybe, you never know.

FRANK
Is that what these mounds have inside them - buried treasure? Gosh, they'd be an awful lot inside, they're pretty big mounds!

EDITH
That's it! Mrs Pretty - she's the lady who lives at the big house. This must be part of her estate. Sutton Hoo it's called.

HENRY
How do you know that?

EDITH

My mum worked for her for a while. Her and the Colonel when he was alive. They got servants, used to anyway. Yes - that's her gardener, Mr Jacobs, with the shovel. Look!

NEVILLE

Well, are we going to stand here all day, or what?

JOAN

Well, if they find buried treasure, I'm going to make sure I know about it!

WINNIE

It'll be rubbish, more likely!

Scene 2: *outside the Great Hall. Later - a lake in a mountainous landscape.*

$\text{♩} = 108$

Storytellers

St. 

Then the night prow-ler came

f *p*

p

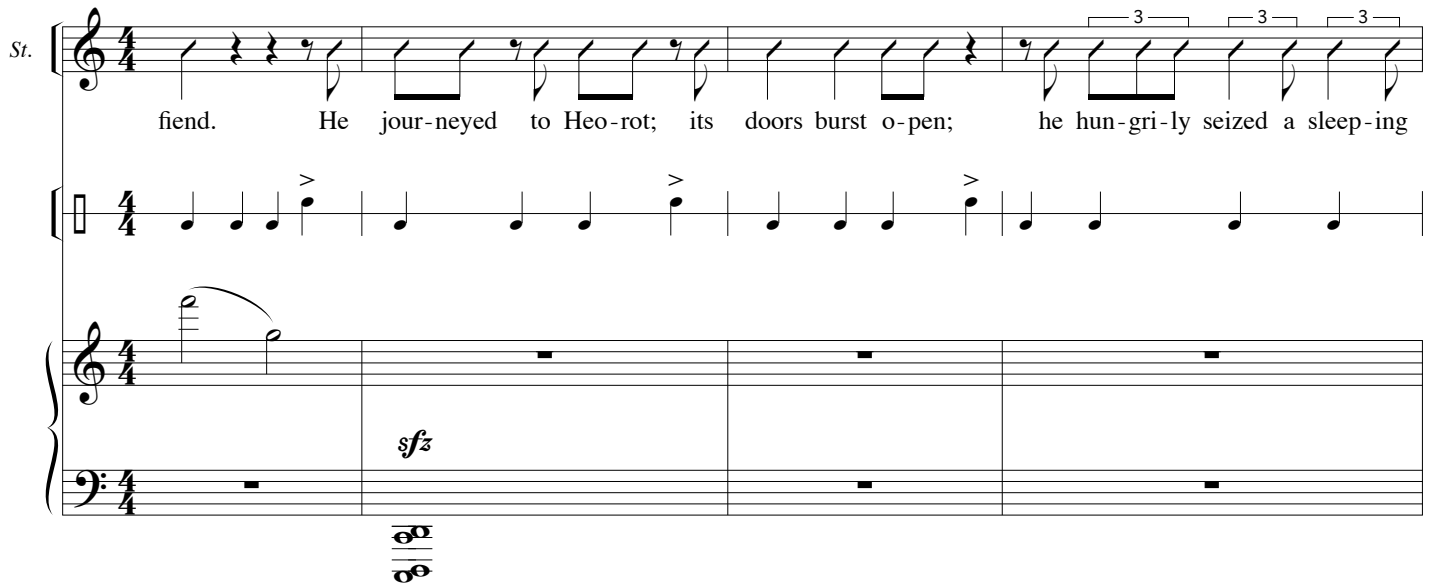
strid-ing through the sha-dows, a hor-ri-ble light like a lu-rid flame, flick-ered in the eyes of the

f *p*

p

sfz

2-11

St. 

fiend. He jour-neyed to Heo-rot; its doors burst o-pen; he hun-gri-ly seized a sleep-ing

sfz

2-17

St. 

war-rior, drank his life-blood de-voured the man.

ff

St. 

Then Gren-del stepped for-ward, grasped the va-liant Beo-wulf,

p *ff* *p* *ff* *p*

f *sfz*

St. *in-stant-ly rea-lised that he had met his match.*

ff p ff p f

sfz

2-31

St. *[sung]*

He was seized with ter-ror

sfz f

St. *[spoken]*

Beo-wulf held him fast; Gren-del had wo-ven a sec-ret spell which

2-40

St. *[sung]*

ren - dered him im - per - vi - ous to e - very kind of wea - pon - wound, but he

2-45

St.

soon dis - co - vered that his strength could not save him. The

f

St.

build - ing rang with blows, dread seized all who heard the shriek - ing,

St.

e - ven proud war - riors were stri - cken with pa - nic hea - ring hell's de - mon in

St.

a - go - ny there. The hor - rib - le mo - nster suf - fered grie - vous

St.

pain; fa - tal - ly harmed, Gren - del made off, a - ware that he was fi - nished.

2-62 ♩ = 104

[sung]

St. Beo-wulf re - joiced: he had the

f

(The Thanes admire Grendel's severed arm which Beowulf is holding)

St. giant's grasp in his own.

2-78 freely murmuring, then shouting

2-79 ♩ = 84

Th. Thanes

Nails of steel! Claws like pin - cers!

ff

p

2-85

Gl. Gleeman

Yet while they re-joiced an a - ven - ger still thrived, sur -

Gl.

vived af - ter Gren-del's mor-tal com-bat. A she-mon-ster, mourn - ful and ra - ven-ous, re-solved to re-

2-93 ♩ = 104

Storytellers [spoken]

Gl.

venge her de-vil mate. So Beo-wulf the Great left

f

St.

Heo-rot far be-hind, jour-neyed through the pe-rils of night. He came to a pre-ci-pice;

2-99

St.

pp

a

St.

lake lay be-neath. The wa-ter boiled with blood; they saw ma-ny mon-sters, sea-dra-gons swim-ing.

f

pp

Th./St.

All

Beo-wulf took the sword which his fa-ther had be-queathed to him, the

p *cresc*

f

Th./St.

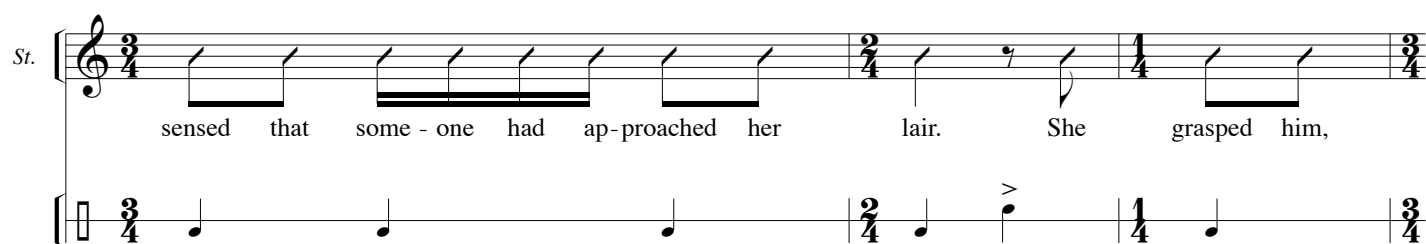
fi-nest of heir-looms, so he was not a-fraid.

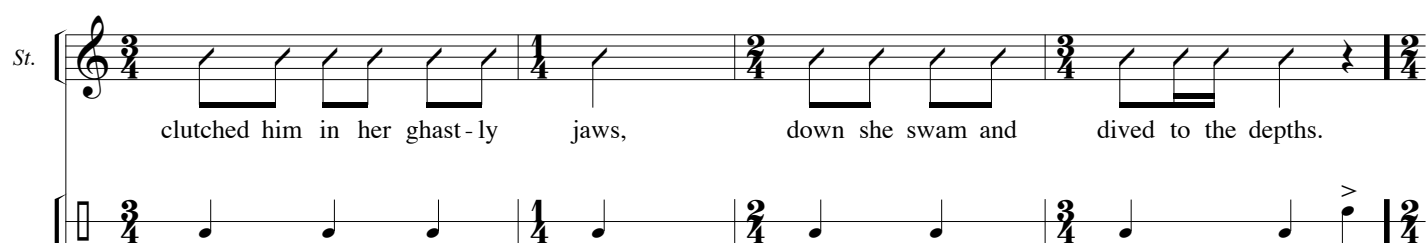
Storytellers

St.

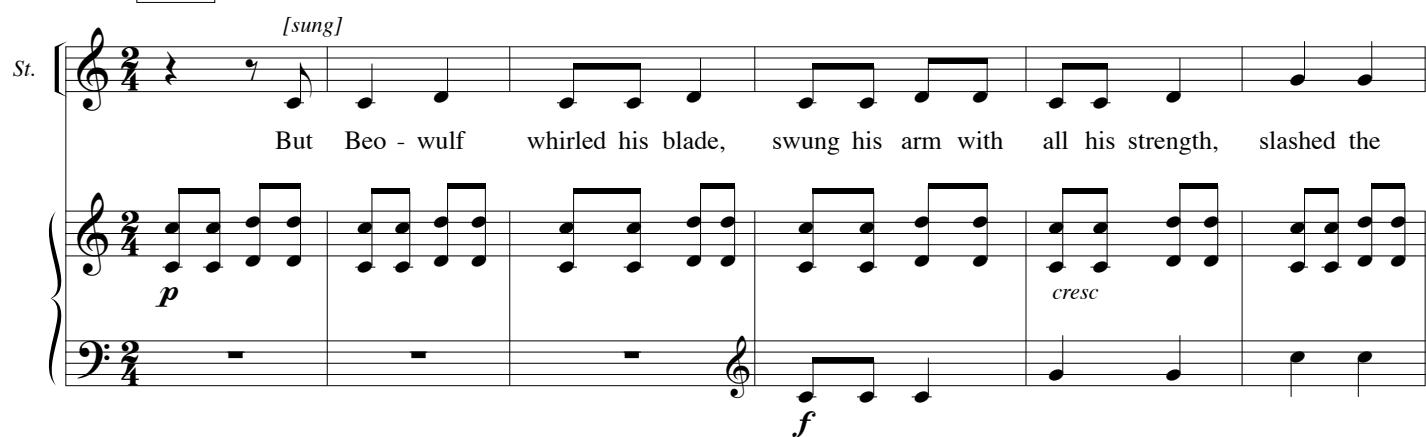
She who was guard-ing the en-trance to the lake, see-thing and ra-ve-nous,

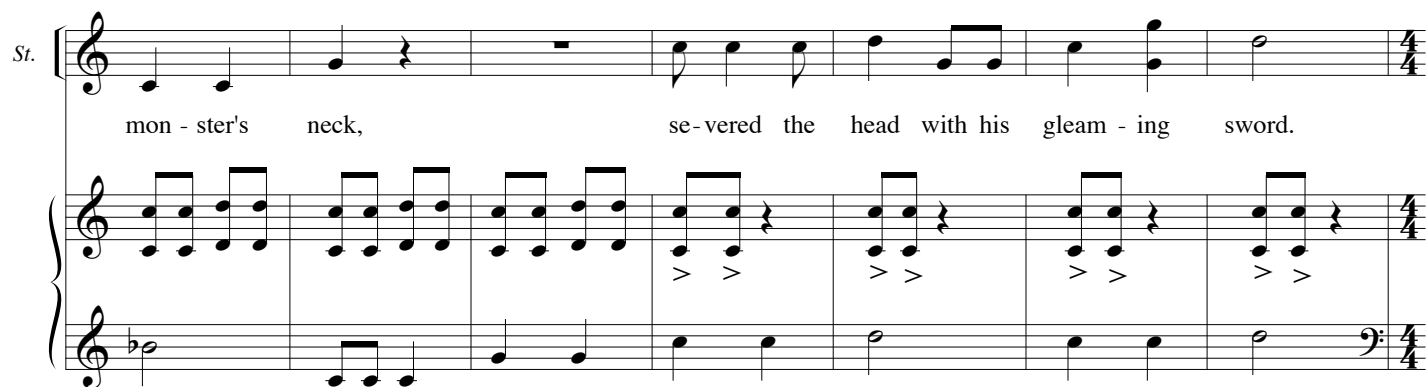
f

St. 

St. 

2-131

St. 

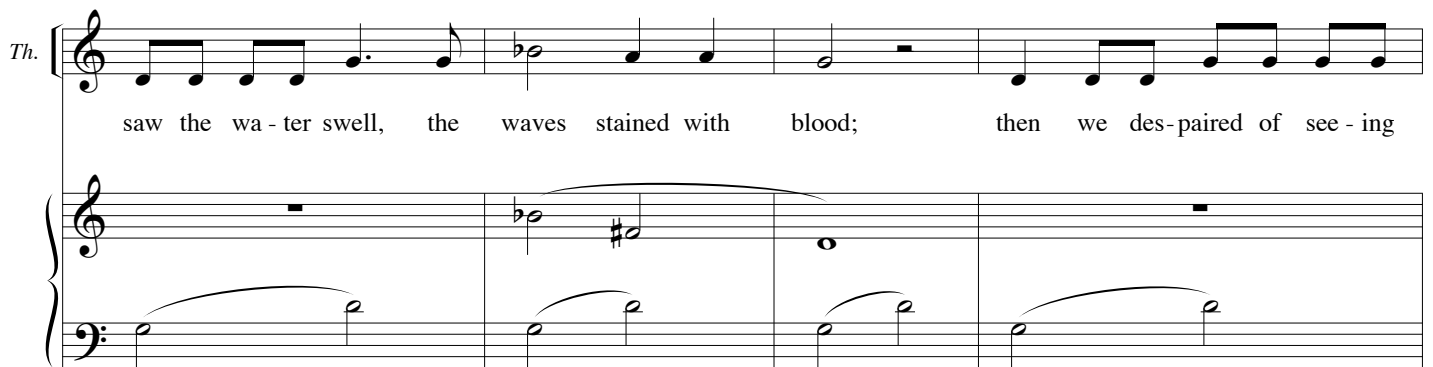
St. 

2-144

Thanes

Th. 

We wait-ed an-xious-ly,

Th. 

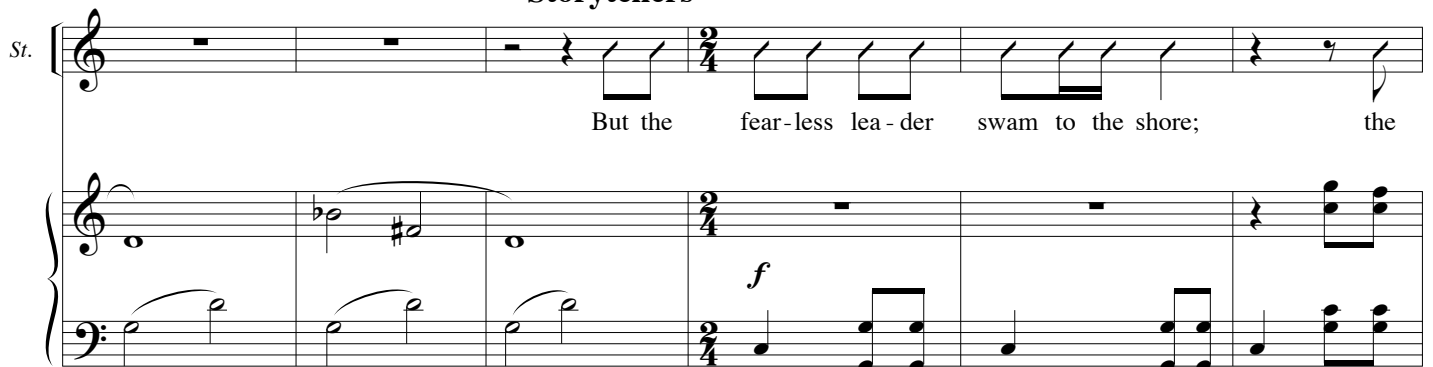
saw the wa-ter swell, the waves stained with blood; then we des-paired of see-ing

Th. 

our brave thane a-gain so we left that dread-ful place, mourn-ful and hope-less.

2-163

Storytellers

St. 

But the fear-less lea-der swam to the shore; the

St. 

an-gry wa-ter soon be-came calm. Day broke; Beo-wulf car-ried the

heads of both the mon-sters!

Interlude 2

June 1939. There is now much activity at the site.

JOAN

See, told you. Must be buried treasure. Why else would there be so many people here?

NEVILLE

There's reporters. And a policeman - look!

EDITH

That's PC Ling!

FRANK

Keep your heads down!

HENRY

Look how big the hole is now - as big as a ship!

WINNIE

That's just what they found - a rotten ship.

JOAN

What good's a rotten ship to anyone?

NEVILLE

Don't be silly! How could you get a ship here? We're in the middle of the countryside, on high ground, for heaven's sake. Any fool knows you couldn't get a ship up here!

HENRY

Good point! - the river's a mile away!

WINNIE

Well, the Vikings had ships. Haven't you learnt about them at school? And they buried them in the ground when they'd finished with them.

FRANK

What on earth's the point of that?

WINNIE

Maybe they sort of wanted to bury things they were fond of. Like we bury people when they're dead.

EDITH

And I bet I know something else you don't know. Mrs Pretty saw ghosts here, figures standing on this mound. That's why she had it dug up. At least, that's what I heard.

JOAN

It's like a horror movie!

NEVILLE

Those cars. Where do you think they're all from?

FRANK

London. Looks like they're important people to me.

WINNIE

Well, people are coming from the Science Museum and Cambridge University... but I was told not to tell anyone; it's all hush hush!

JOAN

Told you - buried treasure! Must be worth a mint!

NEVILLE

Look, they're carting away those grocery boxes!

HENRY

Let's see where they take them!

FRANK

Watch out - the copper's going with them!

Scene 3

In the Great Hall Heorot a banquet has been laid; cauldrons, drinking horns, silver bowls, hanging textiles, etc. The monsters' heads are displayed on poles. Hrothgar and the Thanes enter ceremoniously. Beowulf is the guest of honour.

$\text{♩} = 66$

p

3-15

p

Storytellers

St.

Hear-ing the news, proud-hear-ted war-riors went to the hall,

St. 

St. cor - ting his queen and her re - tin - ue of mai - dens.

3-28

St. 

St. 

3-35

St. 

feas - ters who were friends. Heo - rot was packed with

3-41

St. 

feas - ters who were friends.



3-58

$$d = 48$$

Hrothgar

H. This fi - nest of buil - dings stood stained with bat - tle blood,

H.

a source of sor - row to my coun - sel-lors, and me:

pp

3-70

H.

We all des - paired of re - gain - ing this hall, of guard - ing it from foes, from

p

3 3

H.

de - vils and from de - mons. I who tell you this am ma - ny win - ters old.

p

3-82

H. 

Now, Beo-wulf, I love you like a son, for you have suc-cee-ded in

H. 


end-ing our af-flic-tions. You shall lack no ri-ches, hence-forth, which I com-mand.

H. 

And may the gods grant you good for-tune, as they have al-ways done be-fore!

3-94

All

Th. 

Let us at once give thanks to the gods. We did not dare hope that our tor-ments would end:

3-100

Th. one war-rior alone has suc - cee-ded where we failed Now, Beo - wulf, the bra - vest of men,

cresc

Th. you have en-sured that your glo-rious name will en - dure for e - ver - more! You have en -

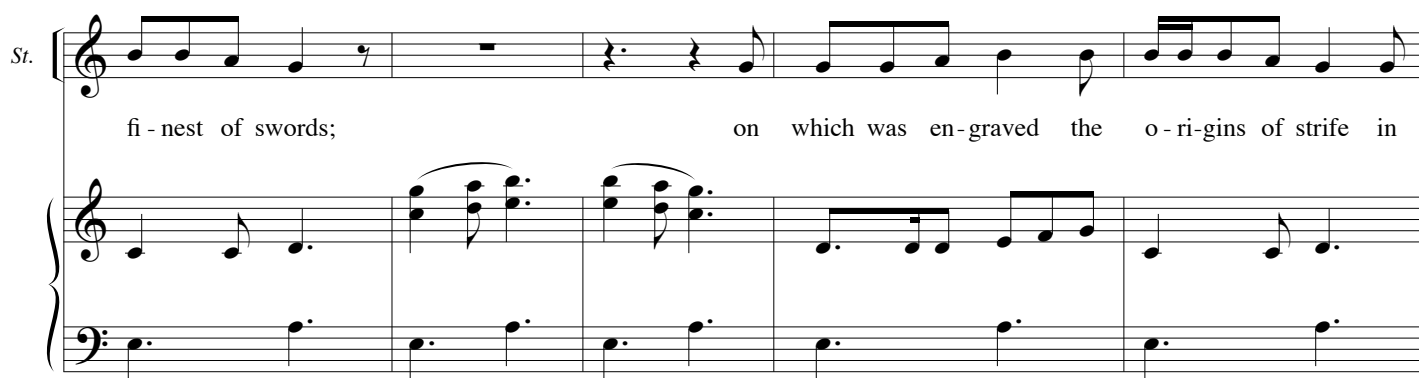
ff

Th. sured that your name will en - dure for e - - - ver!

3-112 ♩ = 72

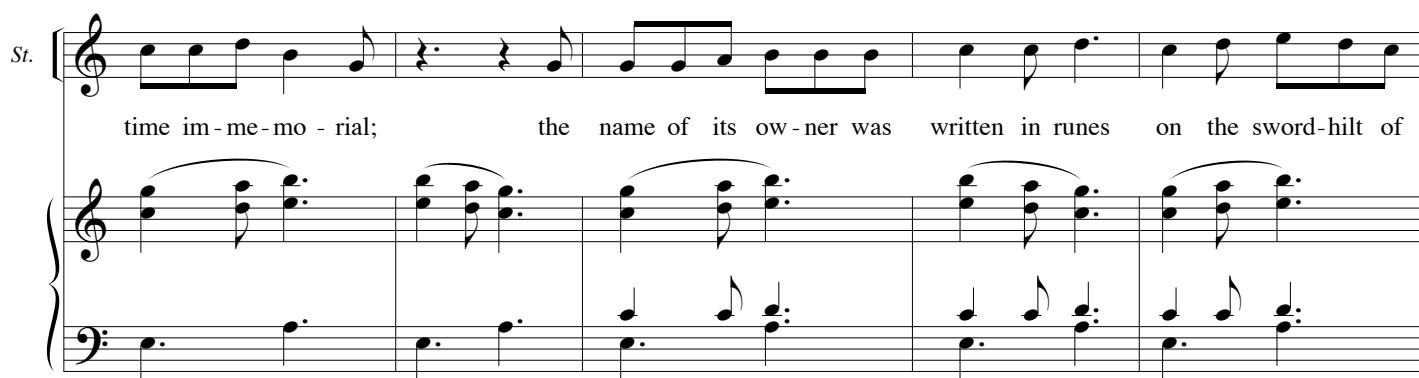
St. Then Hroth-gar gave Beo-wulf the

p

St. 

fi - nest of swords; on which was en-graved the o - ri-gins of strife in

3-126

St. 

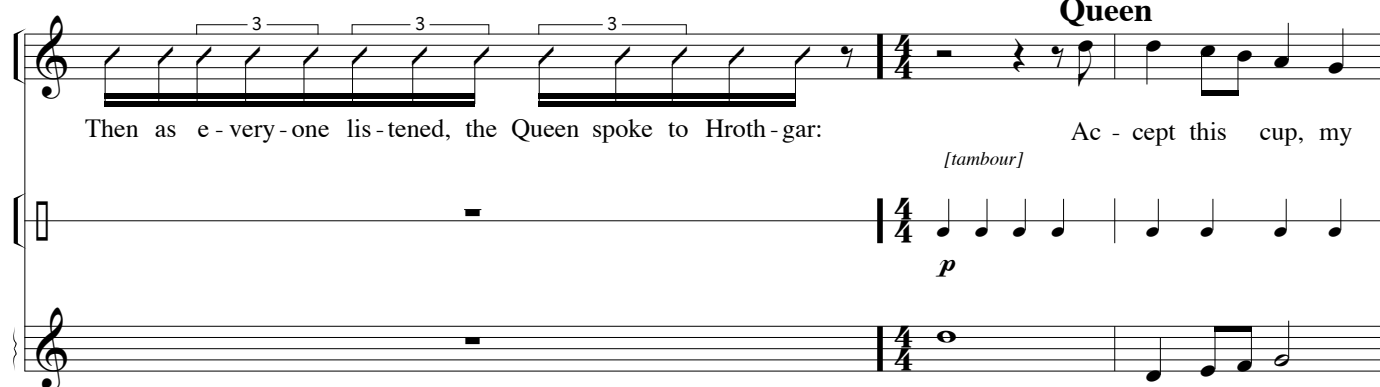
time im-me-mo - rial; the name of its ow - ner was written in runes on the sword-hilt of

St. 

pur - est gold.

3-136 **Gleeman**

3-137 ♩ = 112



Then as e - very-one lis-tened, the Queen spoke to Hroth-gar: Ac - cept this cup, my

[tambour]

p

Hrothgar

Q. lo - ved lord, and learn to live with joy a - gain. I take this cup, my

3-147

Storytellers

H. lo - ved queen, for I can live with joy a - gain. Then the Queen went

St. to the bench where Beo-wulf sat. To him she pre-sen - ted the

St. cup, pre - sen - ted gold jew-ell-ry, ex-qui-site or-na-ments. pre - sen - ted gold jew-ell-ry,

3-163

St.

ex - qui - site or - na - ments. Ap - plause e - choed in the hall.

[tambour]

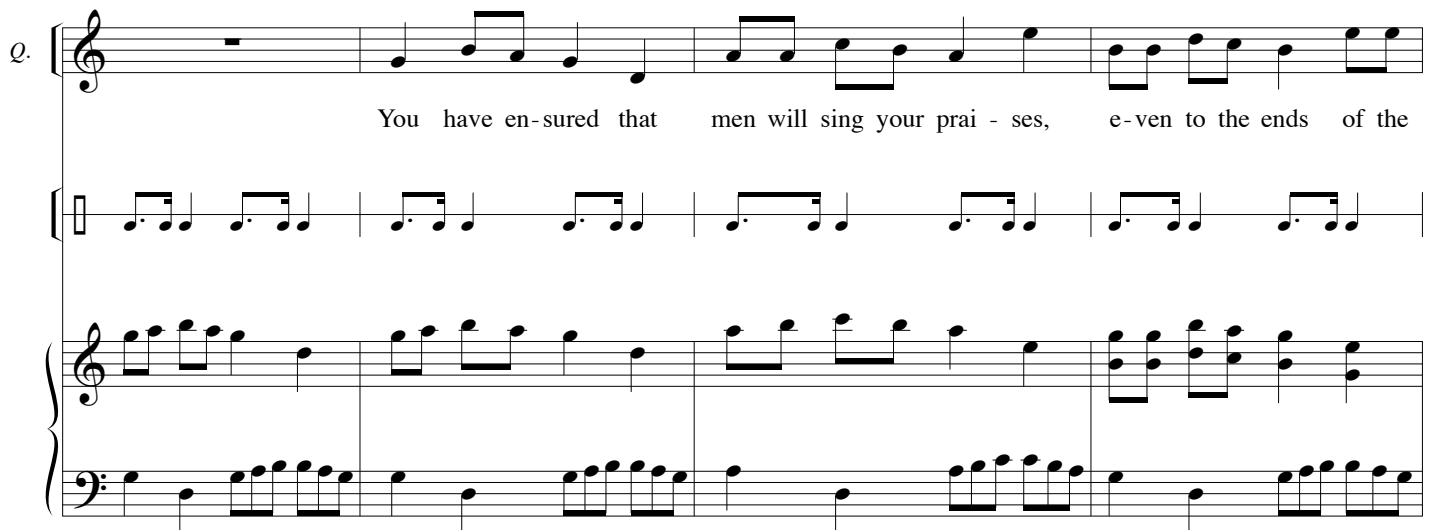
Queen

May you, Beo - wulf, be - lo - ved youth, en - joy these trea - sures of the peo - ple;

3-169


Q.

may you al - ways pros - per; win re - nown through cou - rage.

Q. 

You have en-sured that men will sing your prai - ses, e-ven to the ends of the

3-179

Q. 

world.

Storytellers
— 3 — — 3 —

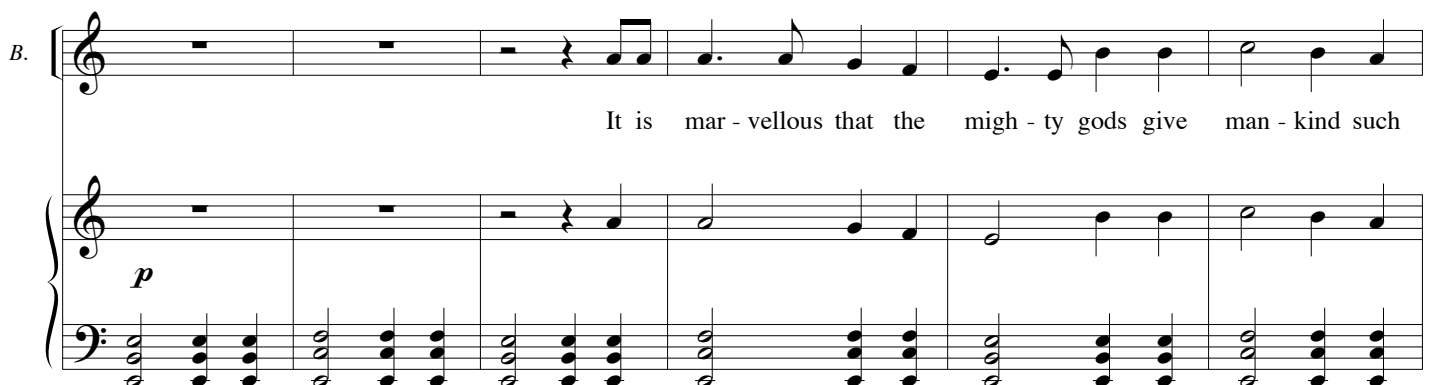
St. 

This was the best of ban-quets, men drank their fill of wine...
[spoken]

(cries of "speech!")

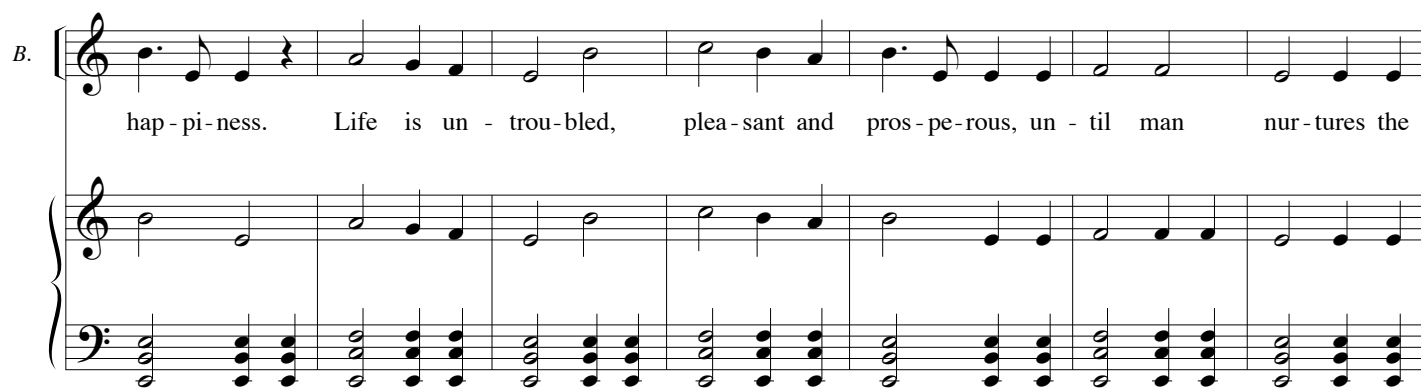
3-181

 = 88**Beowulf**

B. 

It is mar - vellous that the migh - ty gods give man - kind such

p

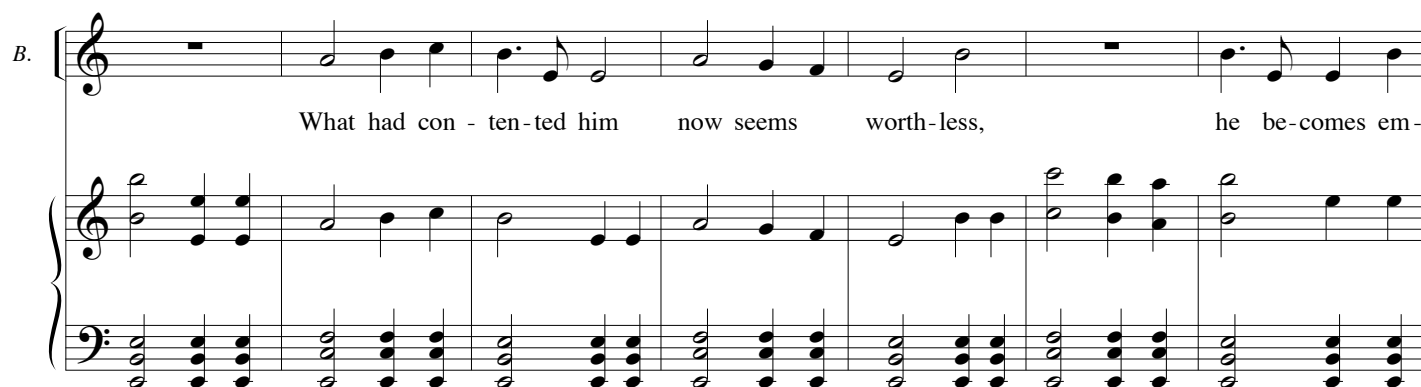
B. 

hap - pi - ness. Life is un - trou - bled, plea - sant and pros - pe - rous, un - til man nur - tures the

3-200


B. 

seed of ar - ro - gance, ac - quires am - bi - tion in earth - ly mat - ters.

B. 

What had con - ten - ted him now seems worth - less, he be - comes em -

3-212

B. 

bit - tered, for - gets his des - ti - ny. Soon man must die, in bat - tle or in

B.

bed, so re-mem-ber what is worth-while and true - - - en-joy the feast

All

B.

and trea-sures while you may! en-joy the feast and trea-sures while you

3-227 (they dance)

Th.

may!

ff *etc.*

Piano introduction for 'Beowulf'. The music is in 4/4 time, featuring a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and a melody of eighth and quarter notes in the treble.

3-251

Beowulf

B. *so re-mem-ber what is worth - while and*

Vocal and piano accompaniment for 'Beowulf'. The vocal line begins with a rest followed by a melody. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the bass and a supporting melody in the treble.

All

B. *true - - en-joy the feast and trea-sures while you may! en-joy*

Vocal and piano accompaniment for 'All'. The vocal line features a melody with rests. The piano accompaniment includes a treble staff with chords and a bass staff with a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

3-262

♩ = 76

Gleeman

Th. *the feast and trea-sures while you may! Then the war-riors were filled with [spoken]*

Vocal and piano accompaniment for 'Gleeman'. The vocal line includes a melody and a spoken section. The piano accompaniment features a treble staff with chords and a bass staff with a steady eighth-note accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *fp* (fortissimo) is present.

Gl.

joy, they laughed with con-tent-ment. All were en-ter-tained with mu-sic, harp and voice in ha-mo-n-y;

pp

3-265 ♩ = 80

Gleeman

Gl. *I, who brim with poetry, composed a new*

Gl.

song, sang of Beo - wulf's feat, told a fit - ting tale...

The musical score is for a vocal and piano piece. The vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time, and consists of a single melodic line. The piano accompaniment is in G major, 4/4 time, and consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line. The lyrics are: 'song, sang of Beo - wulf's feat, told a fit - ting tale...'. The score is written on a grand staff with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time, and consists of a single melodic line. The piano accompaniment is in G major, 4/4 time, and consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line. The lyrics are: 'song, sang of Beo - wulf's feat, told a fit - ting tale...'. The score is written on a grand staff with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment.

Interlude 3

August 1939. In the village.

NEVILLE

So what does it say? Read it out!

HENRY

'Some people expect war with Germany to break out any day now...'

EDITH

Not that! The bit about Sutton Hoo!

HENRY

'Treasure Unearthed' - that's the headline.

JOAN

Told you! Buried treasure!

FRANK

Oh do shut up! Listen...

HENRY

'...Monday 14 August 1939...'

WINNIE

That's yesterday...

HENRY

'...In a former Army hut, now a village hall not far from Woodbridge in Suffolk, lies one of the most important archaeological discoveries ever made. Most of the priceless treasure - of gold and silver - is on display here under the watchful gaze of the local constabulary, for this is where the Treasure Trove Inquest is being held to determine the question: "whom does this treasure belong to? The Crown? Those who found it? Or the landowner, a certain Mrs Pretty? The jury of fourteen local people..."' So it goes on.

JOAN

Don't get it. I thought you had an inquest when somebody died in mysterious circumstances.

EDITH

I suppose this is connected with death.

NEVILLE

Why, did they find a body?

WINNIE

Mr Brown said not, but they think that somebody must have been buried in the ship once upon a time.

FRANK

So it *was* a ship!

HENRY

Yes - look it says here: *'What they found, of course, was only the shadow of a boat. It had left traces in the soil; the timbers had long since gone, but it was as if the ghost of the ship remained'*.

EDITH

The ghost of a ship! Told you there were ghosts!

NEVILLE

Creepy!

JOAN

Amazing!

HENRY

Anyway, it says the chap in the ship must have been a very important king.

FRANK

Just think! This place might once have been a royal palace.

WINNIE

And it's true! - the ship was hauled all the way up from the river and then covered with a huge mound of earth.

EDITH

So they're going to decide today who gets the booty?

JOAN

I think it should belong to the country really. Feel it sort of belongs to everyone if it can't belong to me, that is.

EDITH

But nobody would have found it if it wasn't for Mrs Pretty.

NEVILLE

True...

Scene 4 *Beowulf's homeland in Sweden, some time later*


Beowulf's homeland in Sweden, some time later

♩ = 112

Storytellers

St. *And so, the he-ro crossed the seas re-*

p

St. 

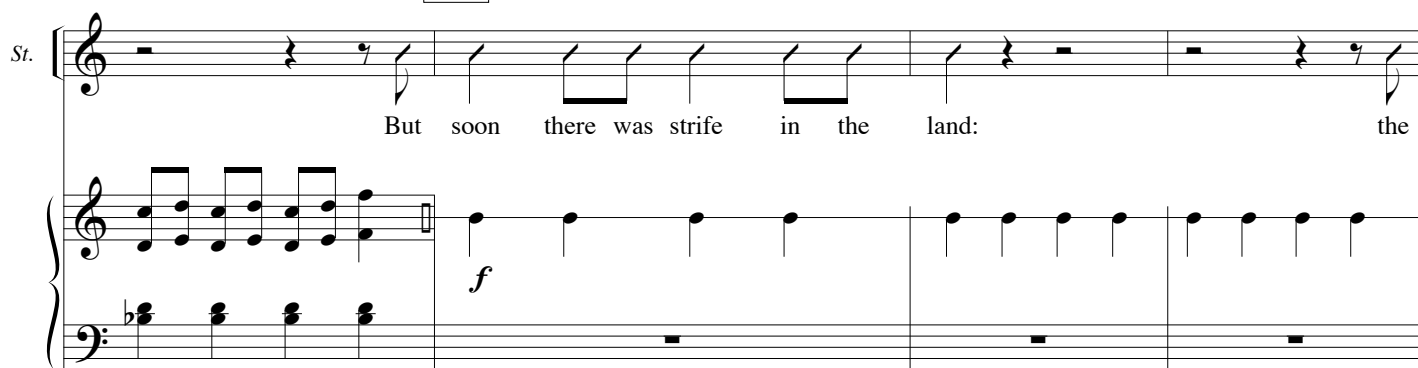
St. *til they saw fa-mi-liar head-lands. His peo-ple gave him the war-mest of wel-comes,*

4-14

The musical score is for a song titled "The Great Test of Heroes". It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef and has a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are "fit for the grea-test of he-roes." The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass clef. The right hand of the piano part plays a melody of eighth notes, while the left hand plays a bass line of eighth notes. The tempo is marked "Allegretto".

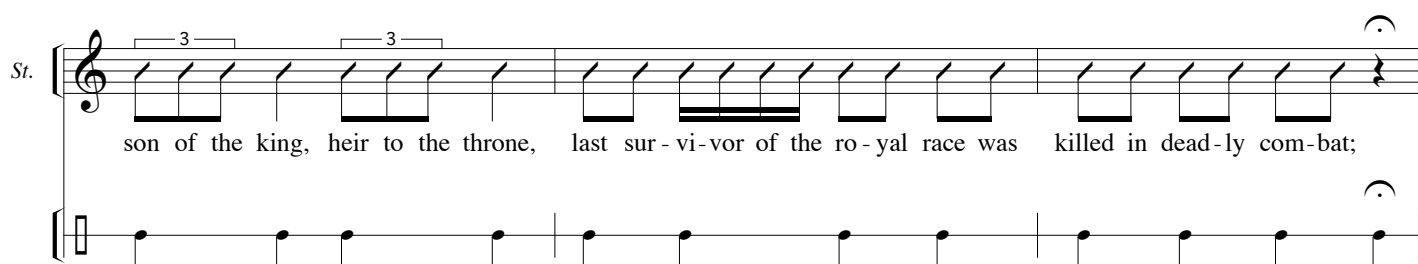
St. fit for the grea-test of he-roes.

4-19

St. 

But soon there was strife in the land: the

f

St. 

son of the king, heir to the throne, last sur-vi-vor of the ro-yal race was killed in dead-ly com-bat;

f

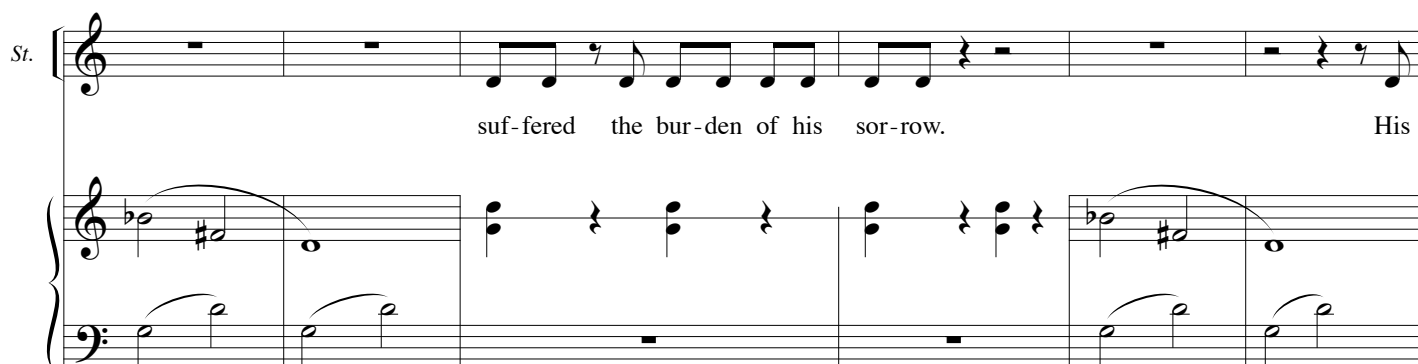
4-25

♩ = 72

St. 

the Old King moaned a great la-ment,

p

St. 

suf-fered the bur-den of his sor-row. His

p

St.

years and wis-dom were no help to him; he gave up hu-man joys, lea-ving his

4-43 ♩ = 88

Old King

St.

treasures to the earth. Earth, now hold what

pp

K.

he-roes once owned - they quar-ried it first from you.

4-53

♩ = 112

ff

Storytellers

St. *A dead - ly dra - gon, dri - ven by greed, co - ve - ted the hoard,*

p

St. *took it to his cave, stole the ro - yal le - ga - cy of count - less heir - looms, and guar - ded it*

St. *there, ma - ny win - ters long.*

Interlude 4

Autumn 1939. War has broken out. Winnie introduces an evacuee.

HENRY

Hello!

WINNIE

This is George, from London. Staying with us while the war's on. Got to make him feel at home.

FRANK

This is it, George. This is where we saw these folks digging up treasure in the summer.

EDITH

Loads of it there was.

GEORGE

Yes, we saw it in the newspapers.

NEVILLE

Go on!

GEORGE

Did you really see this treasure coming out of the ground?

FRANK

Well, not exactly. Looked like rubbish, what we saw of it. Packed into grocery boxes which they carried off...

NEVILLE

...with an armed guard.

GEORGE

Must be worth a bomb.

EDITH

Talking of which - there's a sign over there saying - 'Bombs keep out!'

WINNIE

They're trying to keep people away. Local bobby gone off to fight. Safest way to protect the ship, they said: put all the soil back in, so they filled it up again. Now the army have taken over - I saw guns here the other day.

(The mention of bombs has made George unhappy.)

JOAN

Cheer up, George. Won't be long. The war, I mean, then you can go back home.

GEORGE

Not sure they'll be anything left at home. Mum wrote to say there's houses down the street been bombed. 'Don't worry', she said. 'What is there not to worry about?' I ask myself.

FRANK

Where's your Dad?

GEORGE

In France somewhere, behind enemy lines when we last heard of him.

FRANK

That's hard.

WINNIE

Mr Brown told my Dad the treasure's in some secret place underground to protect it from the bombs.

JOAN

Maybe the London Underground where everybody sleeps.

NEVILLE

With a giant dragon guarding it!

HENRY

I thought the treasure belonged to Mrs Pretty?

EDITH

That's right, the inquest said it was hers to keep, but then she gave it away to the nation.

JOAN

I *said* that the country ought to own it.

GEORGE

Good for her, that's what I say. Pretty generous of her!

EDITH

Ha, ha!

HENRY

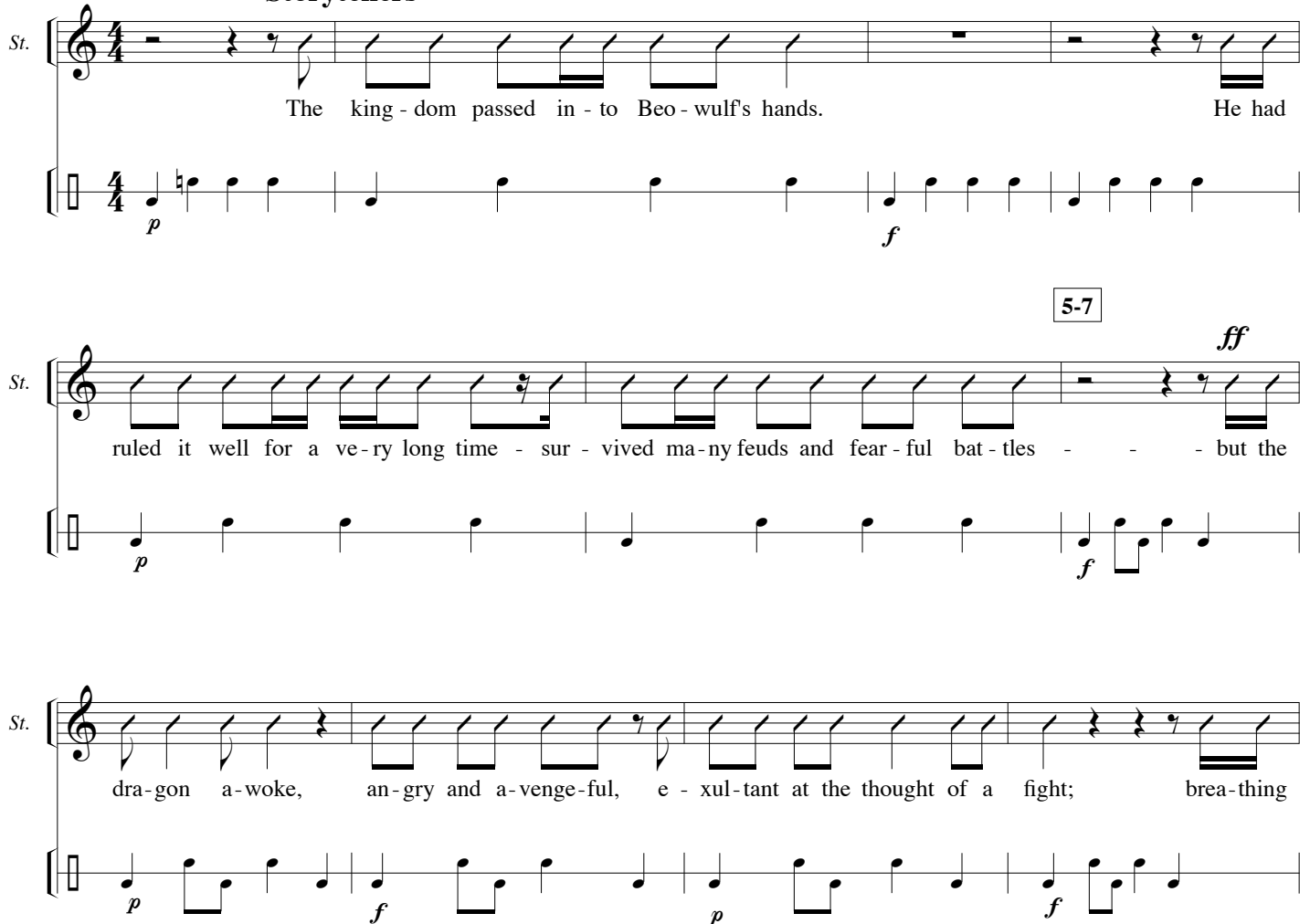
Come on. Sun's going down, it's getting late.

Scene 5

A desolate landscape

$\text{♩} = 104$

Storytellers

St. 

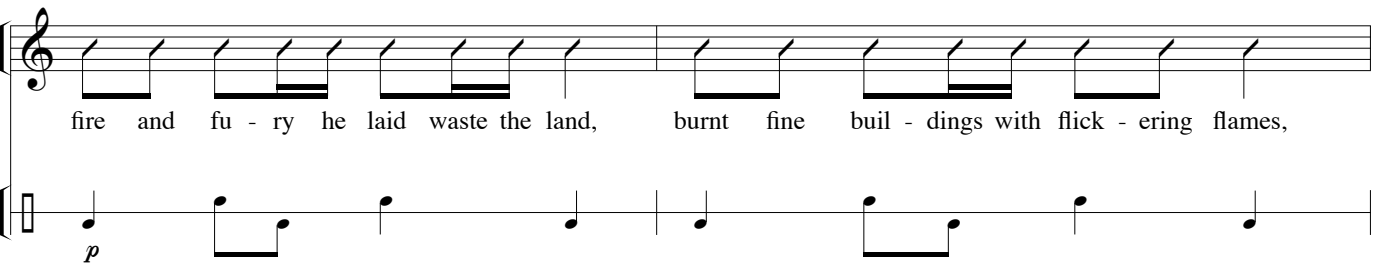
The king - dom passed in - to Beo - wulf's hands. He had

ruled it well for a ve - ry long time - sur - vived ma - ny feuds and fear - ful bat - tles - but the

dra - gon a - woke, an - gry and a - venge - ful, e - xul - tant at the thought of a fight; brea - thing

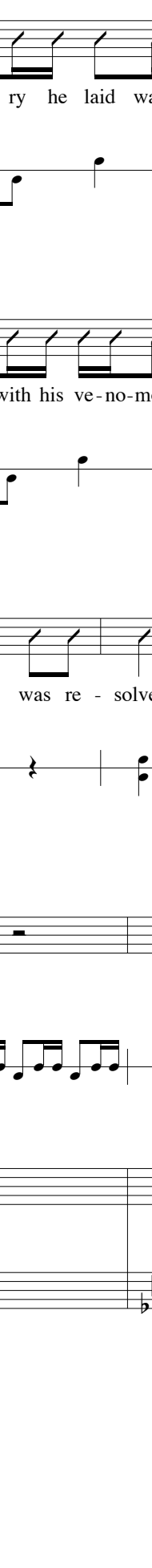
p *f* *ff* *p* *f* *p* *f*

5-7

St. 

fire and fu - ry he laid waste the land, burnt fine buil - dings with flick - ering flames,

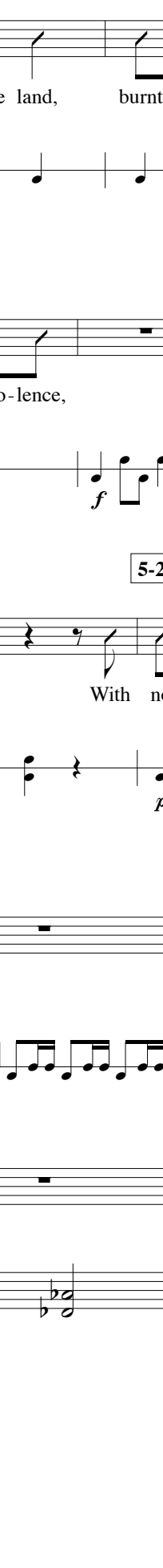
p

St. 

ter-ri-fied men with his ve-no-mous vio-lence, wrought ha-voc on the peo-ple...

f p f

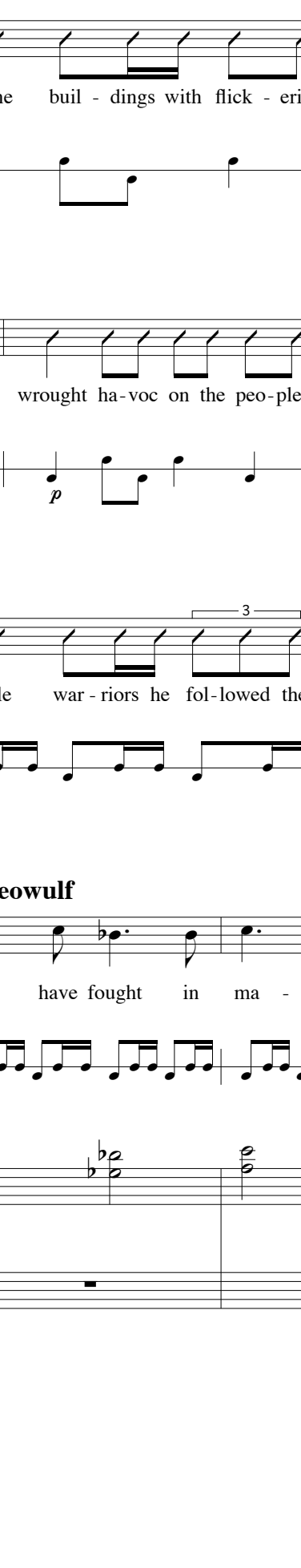
5-20

St. 

Beo-wulf was re - solved. With no - ble war - riors he fol-lowed the track to the

ff p

Beowulf

St. 

ser-pent's cave. I have fought in ma - ny bat - tles.

f

B.

Now I shall strive for the trea - sure hoard - if the e-vil dra - gon

5-32

Storytellers

B.

dares to show it - self! The

ff

St.

mon - ster's breath spou-ted from the cave; the earth it - self thun-dered.

ff

Beowulf

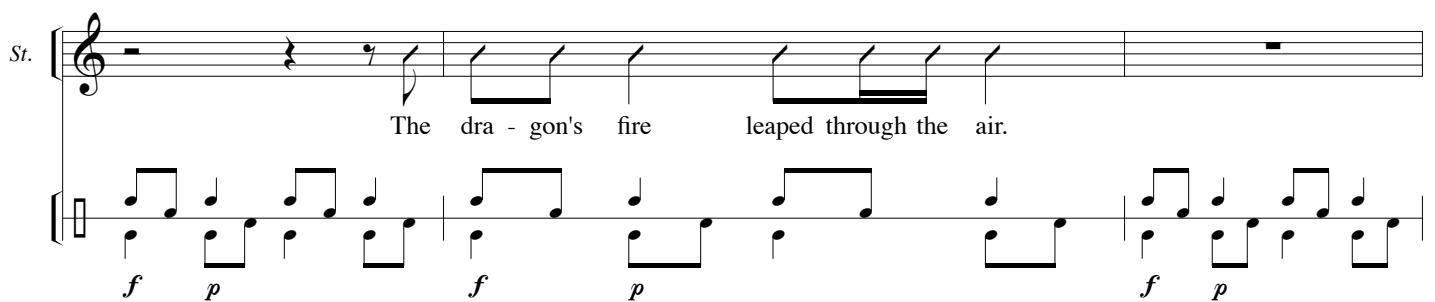
St. 

Beo-wulf raised his shield: Now I will gain the gold or

B. 

death will des - troy me.

5-45

St. 

The dra - gon's fire leaped through the air.

St. 

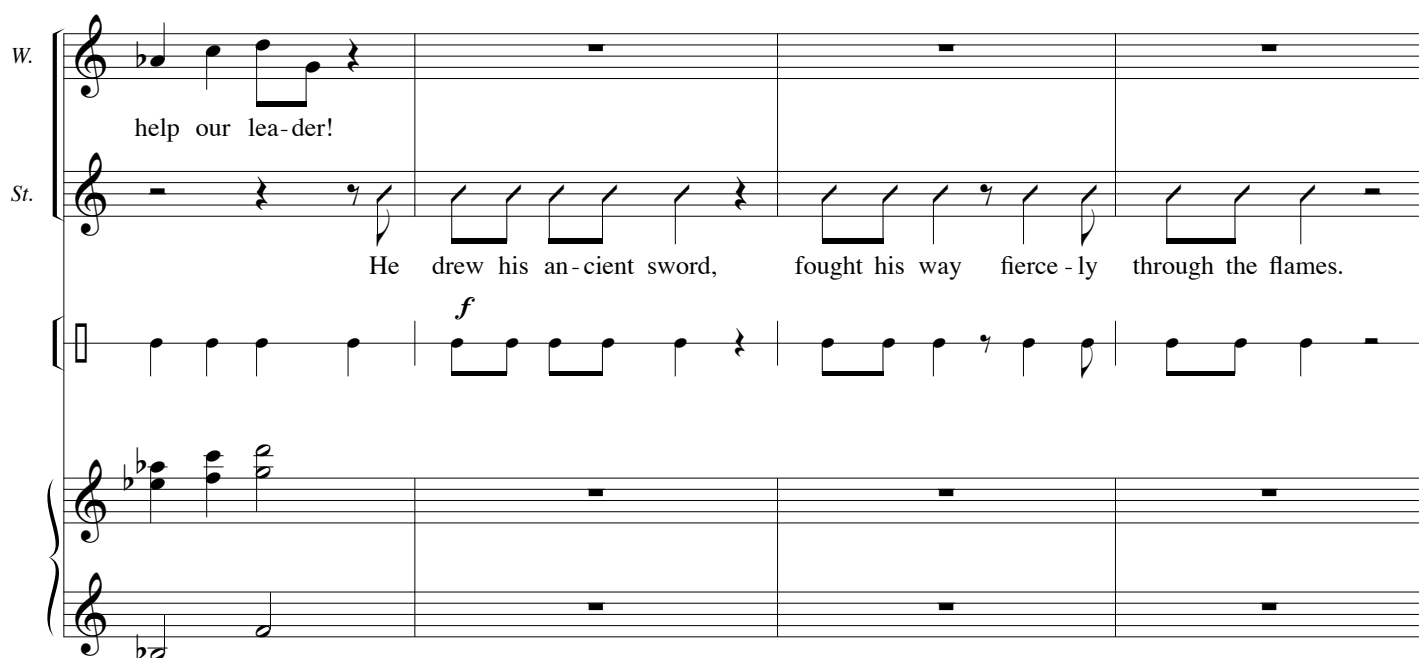
Beo-wulf's com-rades ran for their lives. One man a-lone stayed to fight with him. His

5-53

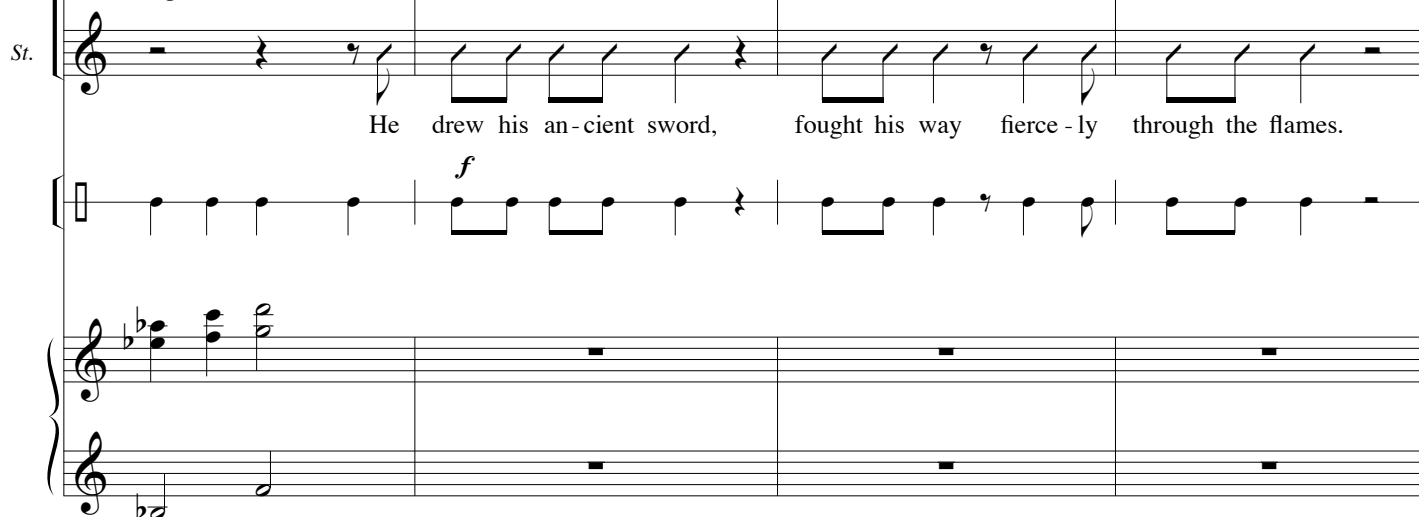
Wiglaf

St. 

name was Wig-laf. I will be loyal to our nee - dy lord! I will has-ten to

W. 

help our lea-der!

St. 

He drew his an-cient sword, fought his way fierce - ly through the flames.

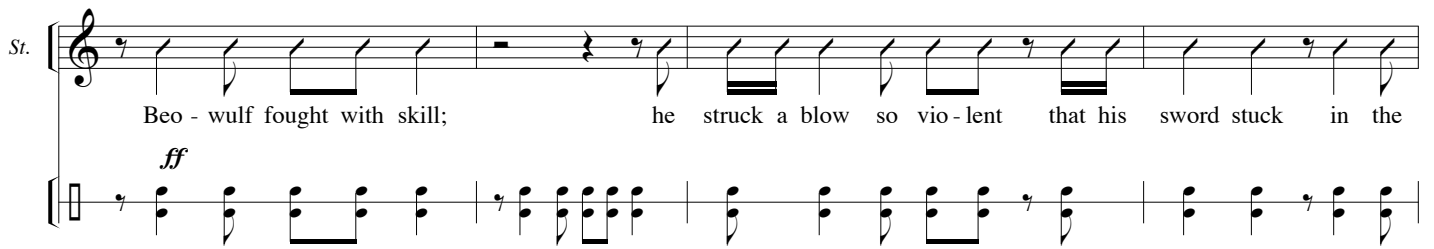
5-60

Wiglaf

W. 

Nob-lest of kings, I shall as-sist you! Guard your-self with all your might!

5-66

St. 

Beo - wulf fought with skill; he struck a blow so vio - lent that his sword stuck in the

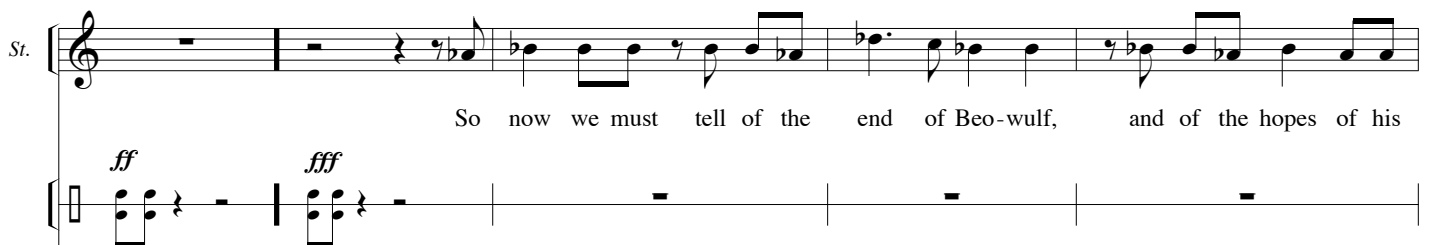
St. 

dra - gon's skull. The blade snapped! Its mas - ter's own strength had de - stroyed it!

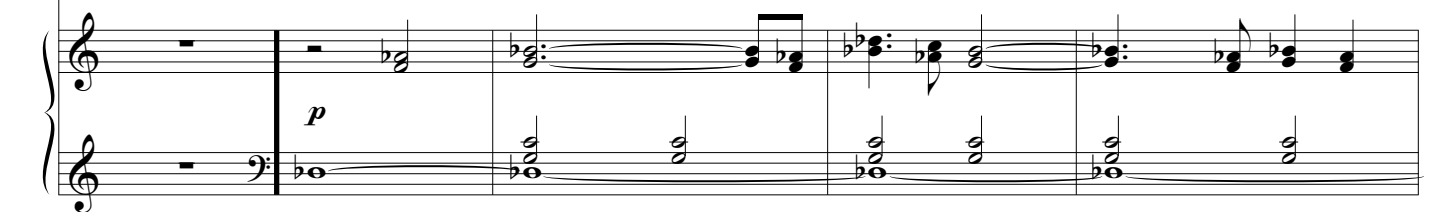
5-76



All

St. 

So now we must tell of the end of Beo-wulf, and of the hopes of his



p

St. 

peo - ple, for he was a light that shone o-ver ma - ny lands:

5-90

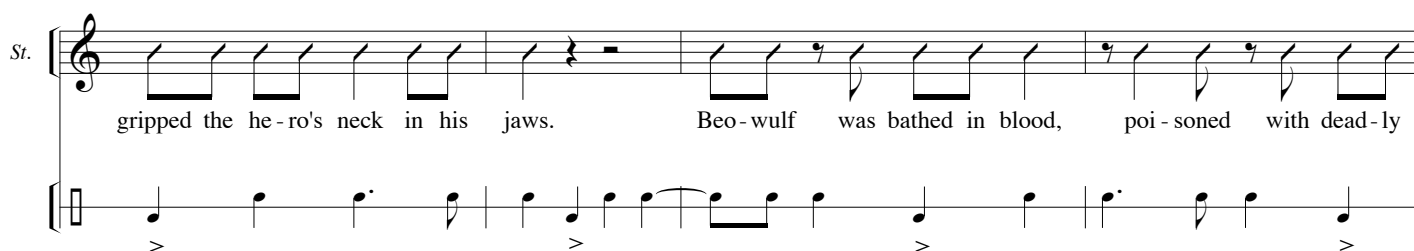
♩ = 96

accel...

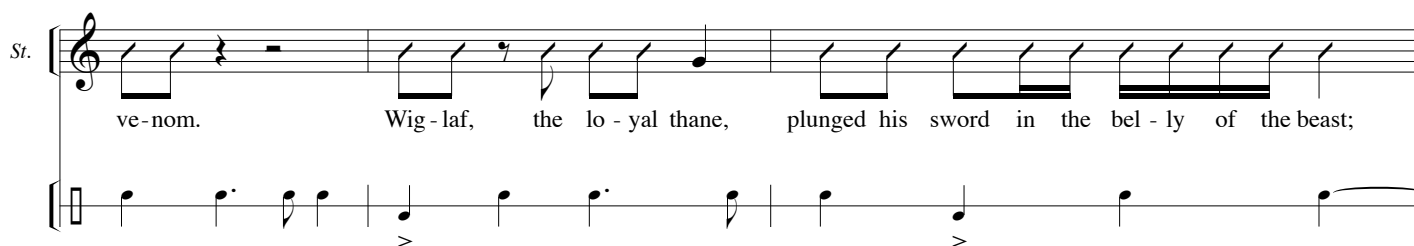
St. 

The dra-gon at-tacked a-gain,

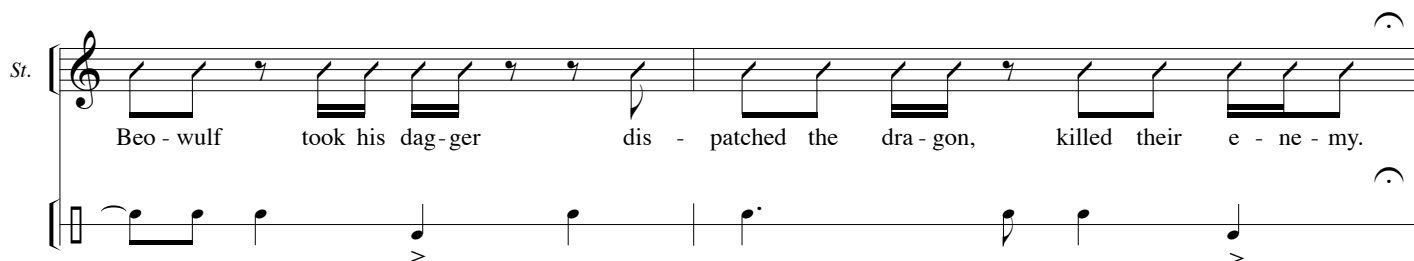
[drums]
f

St. 

gripped the he-ro's neck in his jaws. Beo-wulf was bathed in blood, poi-soned with dead-ly

St. 

ve-nom. Wig-laf, the lo-yal thane, plunged his sword in the bel-ly of the beast;

St. 

Beo-wulf took his dag-ger dis-patched the dra-gon, killed their e-ne-my.

5-100

♩ = 76

All

St. 

It was the last of the king's a-chieve-ments, his fi-nal ex-ploit in this world.

p

5-105

Storytellers

St.

St.

5-113

St.

Beowulf

B.

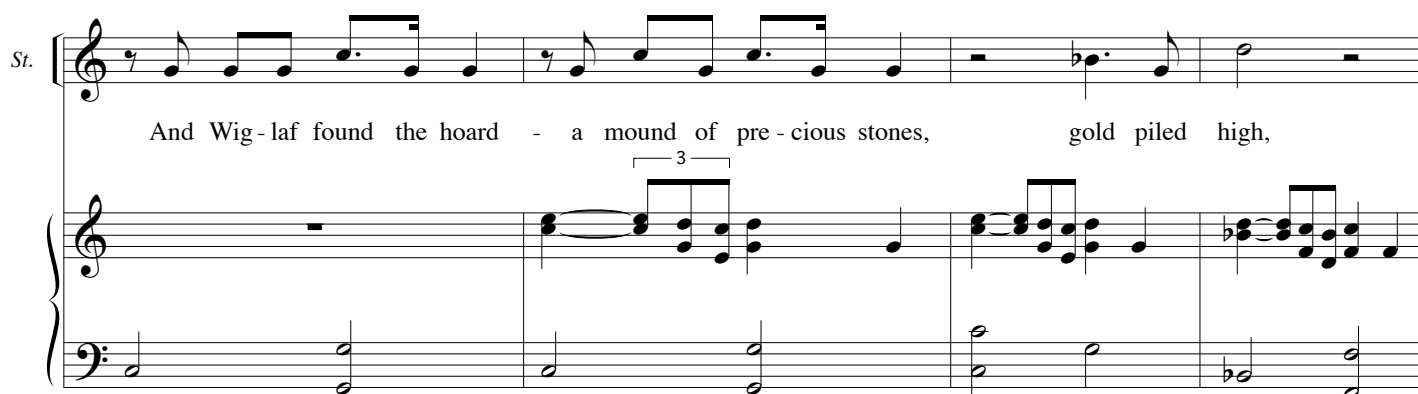
5-121

♩ = 84

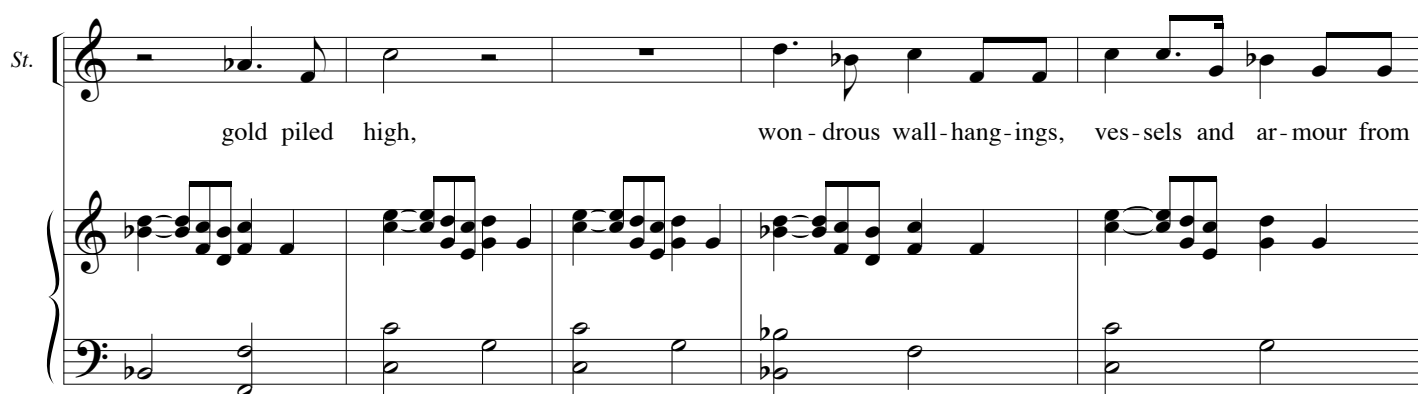
B. 

Hur-ry, dear Wig-laf, be quick!

All

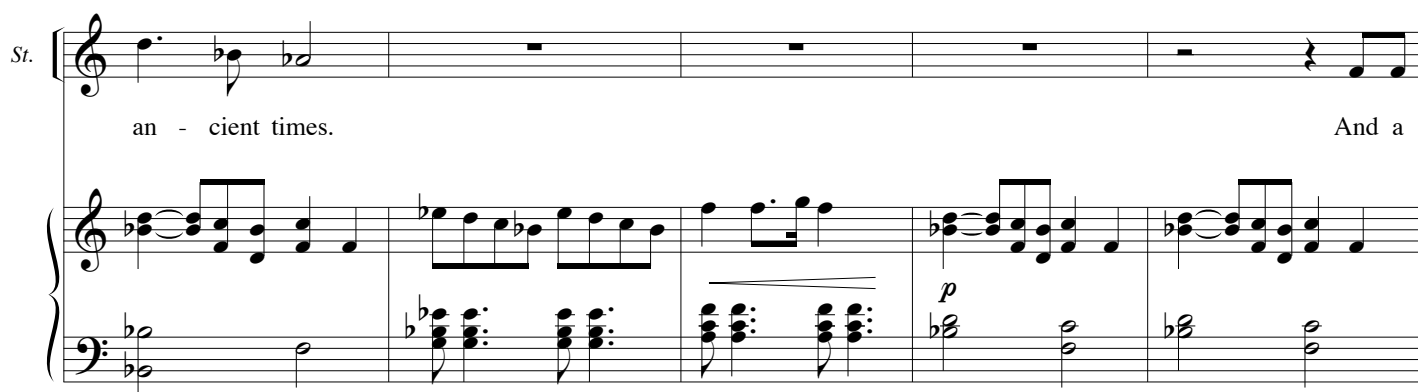
St. 

And Wig-laf found the hoard - a mound of pre-cious stones, gold piled high,

St. 

gold piled high, won-drous wall-hang-ings, ves-sels and ar-mour from

5-136

St. 

an - cient times. And a

St. *gol - den stan-dard, glea - ming and glit-ter-ing, a mi - ra-cle of man's ma-king!*

cresc *dim*

5-143

St. *He car-ried some je-wels to the dy-ing king.*

#8 sfz

5-150

Beowulf

St. *Ga-zing at the gold, Beo-wulf said: I have ruled for fif-ty*

f *p*

B. *win-ters, a - wai - ted my fate, cared for my peo - ple,*

f *p* *f* *p* *f*

5-160

B.

nei - ther sought strife nor judged unjust - ly.

Now I re-joice, for the Ru - ler of Men will judge me with mer - cy in my

5-166

B.

kins - men's do-main! (he dies)

Now I re-joice, for the Ru - ler of Men will judge me with mer - cy in my

kins - men's do-main! (he dies)

Now I re-joice, for the Ru - ler of Men will judge me with mer - cy in my

Interlude 5

1945.

GEORGE

Just wanted to come back up here one last time before I go home.

JOAN

Are you sure it's safe to go back to London?

FRANK

They say the war will be over in a few weeks.

HENRY

We'll miss you.

GEORGE

Me too.

JOAN (*breaking the silence*)

And we're sorry about your dad.

GEORGE

Thanks. I somehow knew he would never come back.

NEVILLE

We're all a bit older now.

HENRY

Funny thing is war. In one way, it's something we shouldn't glorify. It's only people killing each other and where's the glory in that? On the other hand, people die for a cause they believe to be just, and they give their lives for the sake of others. That needs to be honoured in some way, doesn't it? at least, to be respected.

EDITH

They calculate that more people will have died in this war than in all previous wars in the history of mankind put together. All for what?

FRANK

Don't know what it was for, all this death and destruction. I suppose the country had no option.

JOAN

Something's changed, England won't be the same again.

GEORGE

I can't really believe that death is the end of everything. I'll never forget my dad, if you know what I mean.

WINNIE

That's just it! Something survives us, doesn't it? in ways we can't foretell. Look at this treasure, belonged to someone very important...

NEVILLE

Well, he left something behind, whoever he was!

EDITH

And Mrs Pretty, she has died too, but she found the treasure...

HENRY

And one day people will flock to see it, in the British Museum - "The Sutton Hoo Treasure" - I mean we could travel to London ourselves couldn't we, and have a reunion!

FRANK

London? That'd be fun!

GEORGE

See what I mean? It's all connected, somehow... a dead king...

WINNIE

...his treasure...

EDITH

...this place...

ALL

...us!

NEVILLE

The future's born from the past.

JOAN

Blimey, we are getting philosophical, aren't we? Mind if we go home? It's tea time and I'm starving!

Scene 6

The royal palace.

$\text{♩} = 72$

6-13

Storytellers**Thanes**

St.

The news was pro - claimed: The

Th. Lord our king, who gave joy to all our peo - - -

Th. ple, lies on his death - bed,

Th. slaugh - - - - tered by the dra - gon who lies dead

6-34

Th. be - side him. The king **Storytellers** (Chorus II) we

St. The Lord our king, who

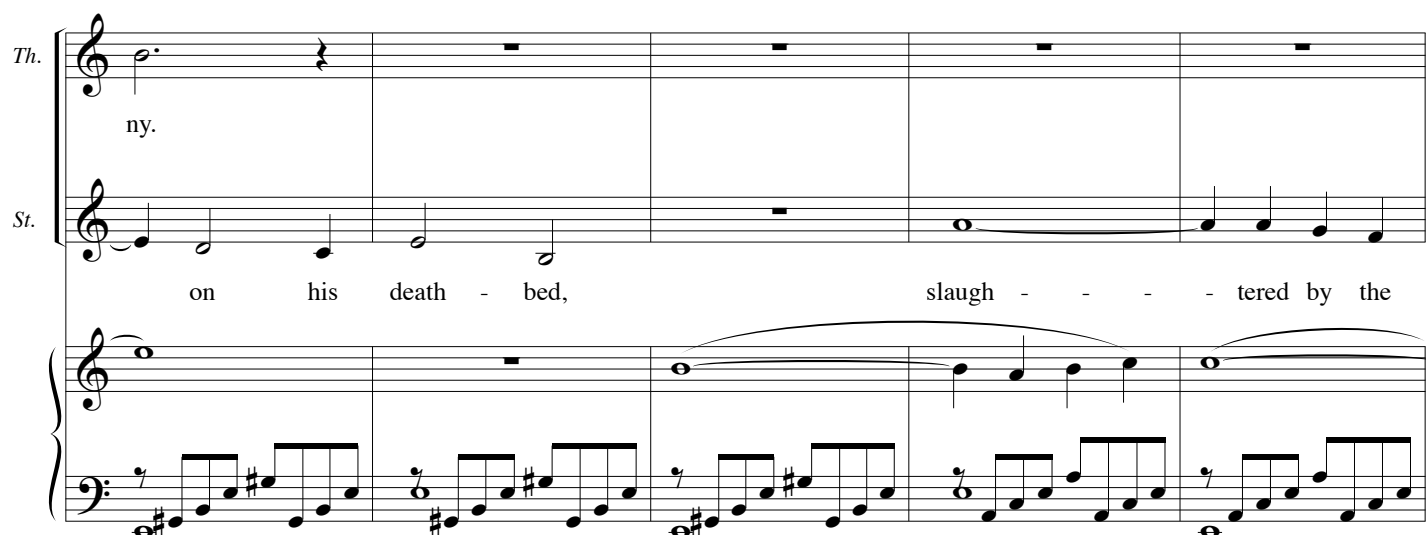
Th. loved could not be turned from his des - - ti -

St. gave joy to all our peo - - - ple, lies



Th. ny.

St. on his death - bed, slaugh - - - - tered by the



Th. The

St. dra - gon who lies dead be - side him. The



6-52

Th. king loved could not be

St. king we loved could not be

Th. turned from his des - - - ti - ny.

St. turned from his des -- - - ti - ny.

6-65

♩ = 72

Thanes**Wiglaf** *[spoken]*

Th. Raise a la-ment a - gain and a-gain in sor-row for pas - sing times! Build the bier:

car-ry our lord and his trea-sure to where they will re-main for e-ver-more!

6-75 ♩ = 96

Storytellers

St. Wig-laf sum-moned from Beo-wulf's band the bra-vest thanes;

p

St. *[spoken]* they took the trea-sure from the e-vil grot-to, and the wa-gon la-den with craf-ted

St. gold was borne with the king to the head-land. *[sung]* There they pre-

St. 

pared a migh-ty pyre and laid their dear lord u - pon it. The smoke soared, the

6-91

St. 

flames roared, min-gled with tears of re-morse. The bo-dy be-came ash, con-sumed to the

St. 

core. Their hearts were griev-ing, their minds in mour-ning. They be - moaned their loss, the

6-99

St. 

death of their lord. Their hearts were

St. 

6-107 ♩ = 72

St. 

Thanes

Th. 

6-113 ♩ = 72


Storytellers

St. 

St. 

the prin - ce's ves - sel, still ea - ger to sail; the prin - ce's ves - sel,

6-126

St. 

still ea - ger to sail; they scat - tered their dear Lord with-in it. The trea - sures were

pp

St. 

loa - ded a-board the boat, placed near the mast-head, ly - ing in ma - jes-ty. No ves -

6-131

St. 

sel was e - ver more fine - ly e-quipped with a war - rior's wea-pons, a trove of trea-sure.

p

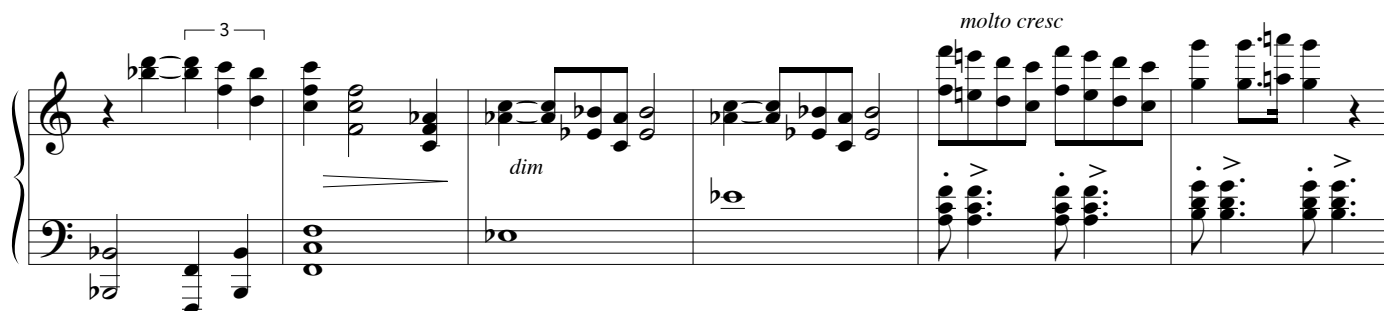
St. 

with a war - rior's wea-pons, a trove of trea-sure.

6-141



pp *cresc*



dim *molto cresc*

6-150

All

h./St. 

And high a - bove was the gol - den stan - dard,

fff

Th./St.

glea - ming and glit - ter-ing, glea - ming and glit - te-ring, a mi -

Th./St.

ra-cle of man's ma-king, a mi - ra-cle of man's ma-king.

6-162 ♩ = 72

All

Th./St.

Raise a la-ment a - gain and a - gain in

Th./St.

sor - row for pas - sing times!

WIGLAF

Build a mound by the river's mouth,
a towering monument to house the
ship,
these treasures and his remains!

6-181

Gleeman

Gl. Em - pires will crum - ble, as we all know.

St. **Storytellers**
The war - riors kept vi - gil,

Gl. Red - wald the King, he died at Ren - dle - sham:

St. mourned their king,

Gl. he was bu - ried and the royal tre - sure with him...

St. sang an e - le-gy, gave

St. thanks for the he-ro: for of all earth-ly kings he was blessed with the grea-test of gifts.

6-190

Gleeman

Gl. My tale is told,

f 3 3 3 3 *f* 3 3

Gl. and so I move to a - no - ther place, a - no - ther time...

p *pp*

(The scene fades)