

First system of piano introduction. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a melodic line with slurs and dynamic markings *f* and *p*. Bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Second system of piano introduction. Treble staff continues the melodic line with dynamic markings *mf* and *pp*. Bass staff continues the eighth-note accompaniment.

(She pauses in her work to listen to the piping, then calls.) The Mother

Mother

①

A -

Mother's first vocal entry. Treble staff shows a vocal line starting with a circled 1. Bass staff continues the piano accompaniment.

Andantino

Amahl

Oh! — Com-ing!

Mother

mahl! A - mahl! Time to go to bed!

Andantino

ppp

Amahl and Mother's musical exchange. Amahl's line is marked *Andantino*. Mother's line is also marked *Andantino*. The piano accompaniment is marked *ppp*.

(Amahl does not stir. After a moment he begins to play again.)

Allegro, ma non troppo

Mother

②

A -

Mother's second vocal entry. Treble staff shows a vocal line starting with a circled 2. Bass staff continues the piano accompaniment.

Andantino

(With a shrug of his shoulders, Amahl continues to play.)

Allegro

Amahl

Com-ing!

Mother

mahl!

Andantino

Allegro

③

ppp

f

p

Amahl

(Impatiently, the Mother goes to the window, opens it sharply, and leans out.) I'm sor-ry, Moth-er.

Mother

poco meno

How long must I shout to make you o-bey? Hur-ry in! It's time to go to bed.

ff

Amahl

Andantino, con moto

But, Mother, let me stay a lit-tle long-er! But my cloak is warm, let me stay a lit-tle

Mother

④ Andantino, con moto

The wind is cold.

pp

Amahl

long-er! But the sky is light, let me stay a lit-tle long-er! But the

Mother

The night is dark. The time is late.

Amahl
moon has-n't ris-en yet, let me stay a lit-tle. (*clapping her hands*)

Mother
There won't be an-y moon to -

5

ff

Amahl
liberamente Oh, ver-y well...

Mother
night. But there will be a weep-ing child ver-y soon, if he does-n't hur-ry up and o-bey his mother.
(*The Mother closes the window with a sharp little bang.*)

5

(*Reluctantly, Amahl rises, takes up his crutch, and hobbles into the house. On the pegs to one side*

a tempo

pp

dolce

6

of the door he hangs his heavy cloak and shepherd's cap. His pipe he places carefully in the corner. The Mother kneels at the fireplace, trying to coax a flame from the few remaining twigs. Amahl returns to the open door and leans against it, looking up to the sky.)

poco rall.

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

Mother ⑦ What was keep-ing you out-side?

pp

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

⑧ *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

Amahl shin-ing like crys - tal. ⑨ Hang-ing o-ver our roof there is a star as large as a

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

The Mother

(wearily)

Mother

Oh! A-mahl, — when will you stop tell-ing lies? All day long you wan-der a-bout in a dream.

(10)

Mother

Here we are with nothing to eat, not a stick of wood on the fire, not a drop of oil in the

(11)

Mother

jug, and all you do is to wor-ry your moth-er with fair-y tales. Oh! A - mahl, —

(12)

Mother

have u for-got-ten your prom-ise nev - er, nev - er to lie to your moth-er a - gain? —

Amahl

Amahl

Moth - er dar - ling, I'm not ly - ing. Please, do be - lieve me, please, do be - lieve me.

(13)

(He tugs at her skirt.)

Amahl
Come out - side and let me show you. See for your - self, — see for your-self. —

(She brushes his hand aside.)

Mother
più mosso
Stop both-er-ing me!
(liberamente)
Why should I be-lieve you? You come with a new one ev-'ry day!

Mother
⑭ First it was a leop-ard with a wo-man's head. Then it was a treebranch that shrieked and bled.

pp

Mother
Then it was a fish as big as a boat, with whis-kers like a cat and wings like a bat and

cresc.

Mother
(cresc.)
horns like a goat. And now it is a star as large as a win-dow... or was it a car-riage...

(liberamente)

Mother

And if that were-n't e-nough, the star has a tail and the tail is of fire! (15) *a tempo*

p

Liberamente

Amahl

But there is a star and it has a tail this long. Well... may-be on-ly...

Mother

(Amahl measures the air as wide as his arms can reach.) (At her frown, he reduces the size by half.)

pp

a tempo

Amahl

this long. But it's there! Cross my heart and hope to die. (clasping Amahl in her arms)

Mother

A - mahl! (16) *a tempo* Poor A - mahl! —

p secco

Mother

Hun-ger has gone to your head. Dear God, what is a poor wid-ow to do, —

(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

(17) *molto meno mosso*

pp

(She sinks, weeping, onto a little stool.)

Mother

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

rall. - - - pp

(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

(18) *ppp*

Amahl

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

(19)

Amahl

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

Amahl

walk and walk from vil - lage to town. At

mf

(20)

Amahl

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

Amahl

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

Amahl

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

pp

(22)

Amahl

throw us some gold to stop all the noise. At

mp

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

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

(23)

(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.

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

(24) Allegro, con moto

pp *cresc.* *mf*

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.)

tr *mf* *tr* *pp*