

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

The Mother

Mother

Andantino

Amahl

Amahl

Oh! —

Com-ing!

Mother

mahl! A - mahl!

Andantino

Time to go to bed!

ppp

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

Allegro, ma non troppo

Mother

Andantino

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

Amahl

Com-ing!

Mother

mahl!

Andantinob

Allegro

③

Amahl

(Impatiently, the Mother goes to the window, opens it sharply, and poco meno leans out.)

Mother

I'm sor-ry, Mother.

How long must I shout to make you o-bey?

Hur-ry in! It's time to go to bed.

Andantino, con moto

Amahl

But, Mother, let me stay a lit-tle long-er!

Mother

But my cloak is warm, let me stay a lit-tle

④ Andantino, con moto

The wind is cold.

long-er!

Amahl

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

Mother

But the

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

Amahl liberamente

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

Oh, ver-y well...

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

6

a tempo

p dolce

pp

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

What was keep-ing you out-side?

(7)

pp

Amahl

sky! 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.

Poco più mosso
The Mother
(wearily)

Mother

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

Mother

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

Mother

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

Mother

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

Amahl

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

(He tugs at her skirt.)

Ainahl

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

(She brushes his hand aside.)

Mother

più mosso

(liberamente)

Stop both-er-ing me! 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 tree branch that shrieked and bled.

Mother

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

Mother

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

Mother

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

p

Amahl

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

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

Mother

pp

Amahl

a tempo

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

Mother

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

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 fire-place.)

Mother *molto meno mosso*

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*

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

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

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

Amahl *Andante calmo*

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

(18) *ppp*

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

(20)

mf

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

(22)

pp

Amahl

throw us some gold to stop all the noise. At

42736

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

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.)