BECKET

A TRAGEDY

IN A PROLOGUE AND FOUR ACTS

PLAY BY

Alfred Lord Tennyson

AS ARRANGED FOR THE STAGE BY

Henry Irving

OVERTURE AND INCIDENTAL MUSIC

COMPOSED BY

C. Villiers Stanford

(1892)

VIOLIN II

COVER IMAGE

Sculpture - Altar of the Swords Point

Canterbury Cathedral

1986

by

Giles Blomfield

Truro, Cornwall, England

[1925 - 2012]

Other Illustrations from Souvenir Booklet for the Royal Lyceum Theatre
production of 'Becket' presented on February 6, 1893.
Artists J. Bernard Partridge, W. Telbin and J. Harker.
Published by Hawes Craven & George Bell & Sons, 1904

IN THE UNITED STATES

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ENGLISH HERITAGE
MUSIC SERIES

The “renaissance” in English music is generally agreed to have started in the late Victorian period, beginning roughly in 1880. Public demand for major works in support of the annual choral festivals held throughout England at that time was considerable which led to the creation of many large scale works for orchestra with soloists and chorus.

Although a number of those works were engraved, printed and are regularly performed today, performance scores for a considerable number of compositions, both large-scale and more intimate works, are not available. These works were either never engraved or were engraved and printed but are no longer available in the publishers’ catalogues. While the existence of these works is documented in biographies of the composers, the ability to study and, most importantly, to perform these compositions is not possible.

Changes in the International copyright laws, coupled with changing musical tastes, played a pivotal role in creating this void. As a result, music publishers lost the ability to generate revenue from the sale/rental of such music. In 1964, holograph and copyist scores from both Novello and from publishers it represented were offered to the British Library and the Royal College of Music Library (see The RCM Novello Library – The Musical Times, Feb. 1983 by Jeremy Dibble).

These autograph full score manuscripts along with copies of engraved vocal scores, widely available through various online library sources, are now the only resources available for studying and performing these works.

The English Heritage Music Series has been created to ensure that these compositions are preserved, are accessible for scholarly research and, most importantly, are available for performance by future generations. Its mission is to:

- Source non-engraved/out-of-print English composer compositions that are in the U.S. public domain
- Preserve these compositions through the preparation of performance scores using notation software
- Provide open Internet access to the scores to facilitate study, performance and sharing of performance material (program notes, audio, reviews, etc.)

In preparing the English Heritage Music Series editions, every effort has been made to adhere strictly to the notation contained in the manuscripts. Because of the passage of time and its effect on the condition of the manuscript, the absence of clear information often times by the composer in notating divided instruments, and with emendations in the composer and other hands resulting from use of the manuscript in performance, there were numerous circumstances which required interpretation and decisions for notes, accidentals, dynamics, articulations and tempi. Should questions arise in the use of these editions, the composers’ autograph manuscripts and the Novello vocal scores should be consulted for clarification.

Matthew W. Mehaffey
Editor

Professor of Music
University of Minnesota - School of Music
Minneapolis, Minnesota USA

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OVERTURE		5
PROLOGUE		
Scene I	*A Castle in Normandy*	Tacet
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Violin II

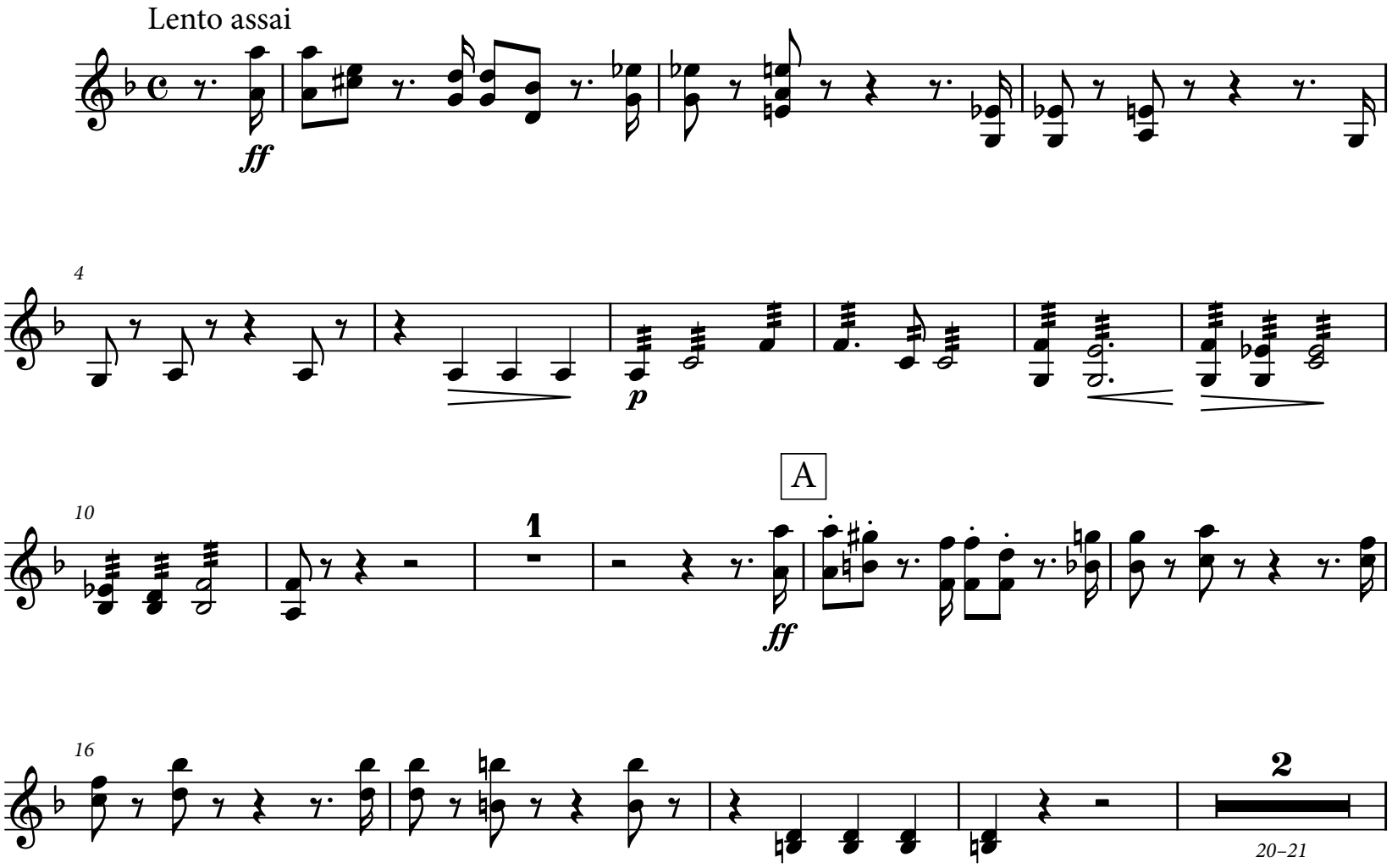
BECKET - A Tragedy

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Charles Villiers Stanford

OVERTURE

Lento assai



22

p *pp*

29

accel.....

p *pp* *cresc.*

36

..... rall..... Allegro molto

1 *f* 3 *tr* *pp*

44

mp *mf*

53

p

58

B

f

63

1 *ff*

69

1

75

p

cresc.

f

81

C

p

mf

90

99

p

cresc.

105

f

D

4

109–112

114

4

115–118

124

3

127–129

p

1

E

2

133–134

pizz.

6

138–143

144
arco
pp

154
mp

160

F

165
ff

170
rall....
a tempo
sf sf sf sf
3
176–178

179
mf

4
182–185

G
mp
cresc.

190
ff

197
(𝅗𝅥. = 𝅗𝅥)
sfp

204

(♩ = ♩.)

3

cresc.

208–210

sf

sf

213

2

H

214–215

sf

220

1

227

J

234

240

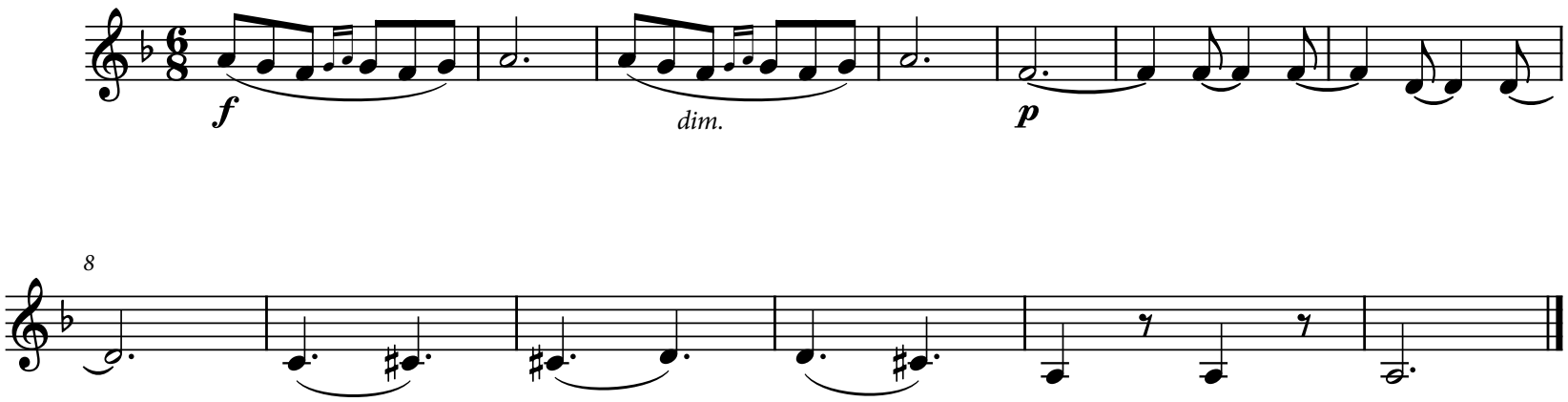
244

PROLOGUE

A Castle in Normandy

PROLOGUE

[To take up Curtain when not raised during Overture]

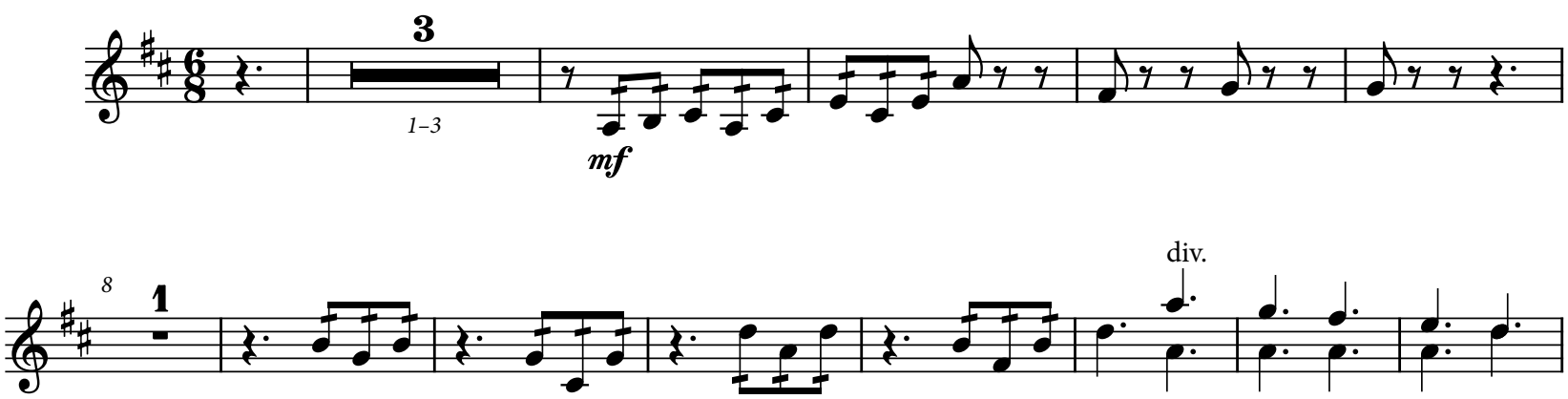


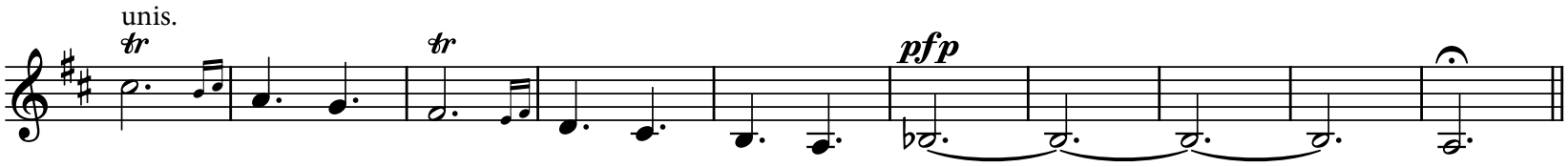
Bec. Thou wilt find her back in her lodging. Go with her — at once — To-night — my men will guard you to the gates. Be sweet to her, she has many enemies. Send the Great Seal by daybreak.

Both good-night !

[Exit.]

Introduction to Scene 2





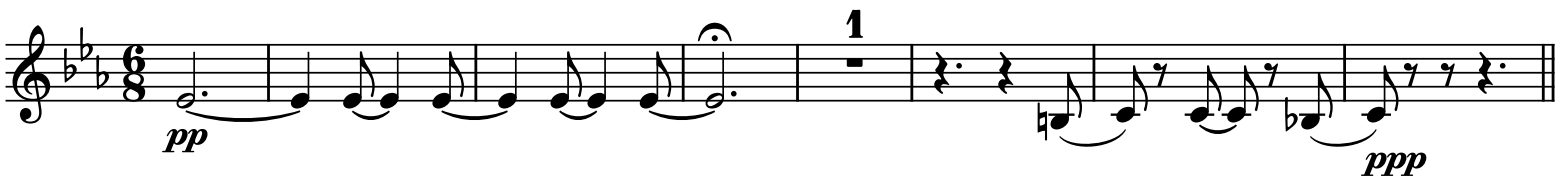
Elea. Becket ! O — ay — and these chessmen on the floor — the king's crown broken ! Becket hath beaten thee again — and thou hast kicked down the board. I know thee of old.

Hen. True enough, my mind was set upon other matters.

Elea. What matters ? State matters ? love matters ?

Elea. My love for thee, and thine for me.

Melodrama

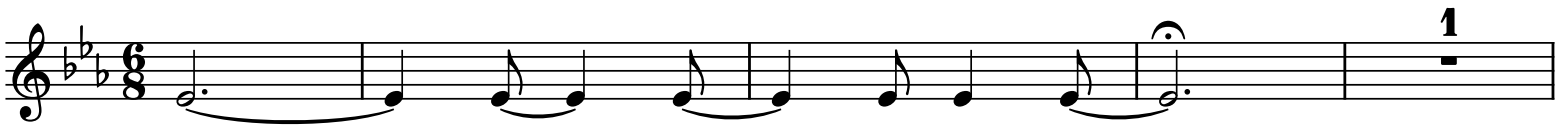


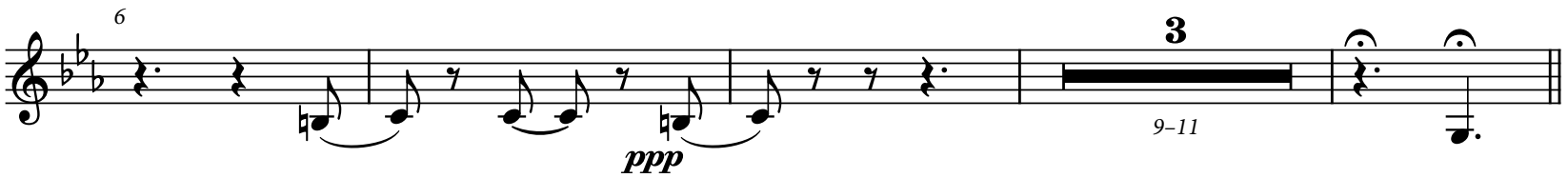
Hen. Dead is he, my Queen ? What, altogether ? Let me swear nay to that by this cross on thy neck. God's eyes ! what a lovely cross ! what jewels !

Elea. Doth it please you ? Take it and wear it on that hard heart of yours — there. [*Gives it to him.*]

Hen. [*Puts it on.*] On this left breast before so hard a heart, to hide the scar left by thy Parthian dart.

Elea. Has my simple song set you jingling? Nay, if I took and translated that hard heart into our Provençal facilities,

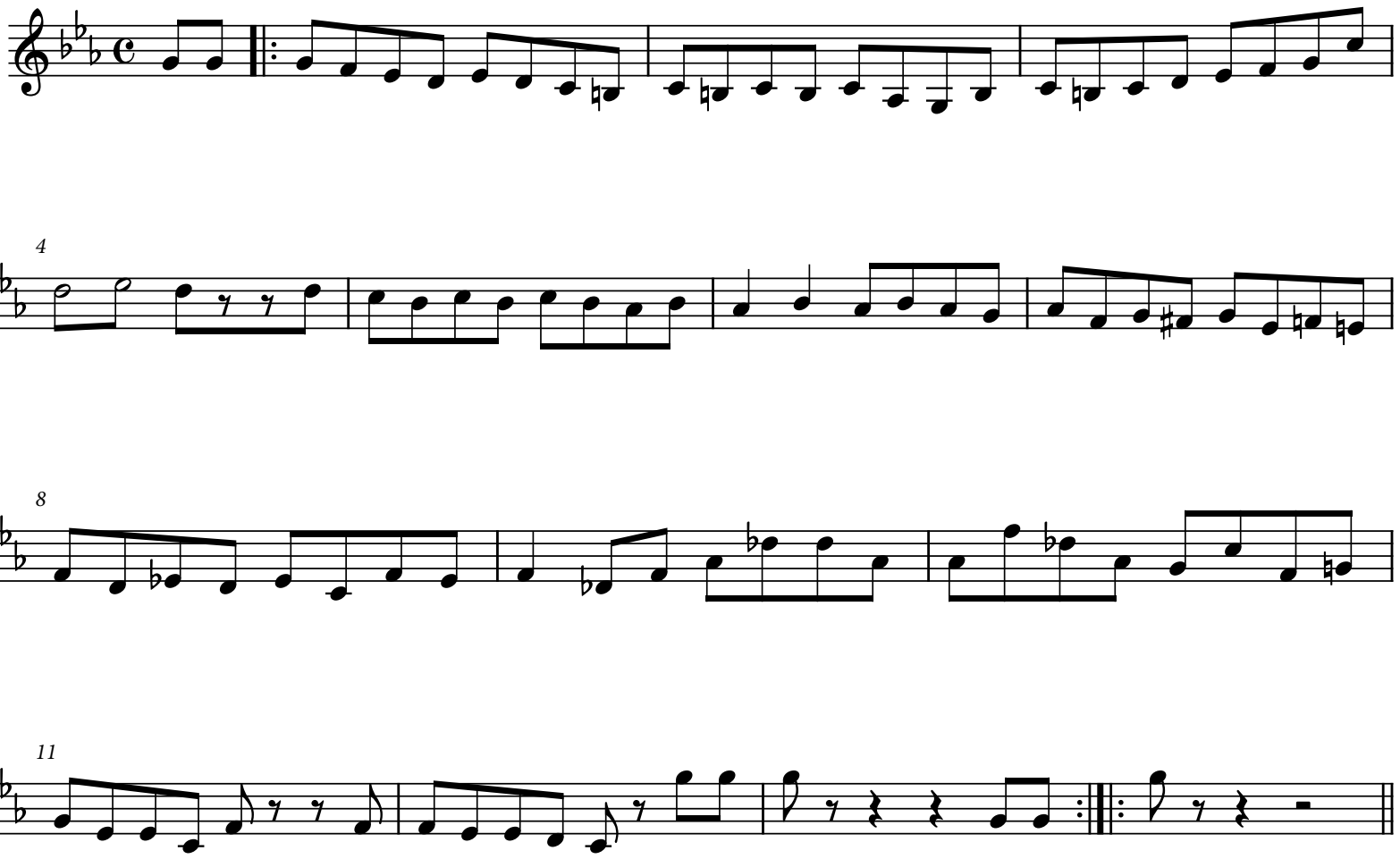




Hen. Ha, Becket ! thou rememberest our talk !
Bec. My heart is full of tears — I have no answer.
Hen. Well, well, old men must die, or the world would grow mouldy.
A-hawking, a-hawking ! If I sit, I grow fat.

[*Leaps over table, and exit.*]

Conclusion to Prologue



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ACT I

King Henry

Henry II

Act I - Entr'acte

Allegro con fuoco

f staccato sempre

4

8va

loco

f

8

12

1

A

mf

f

f

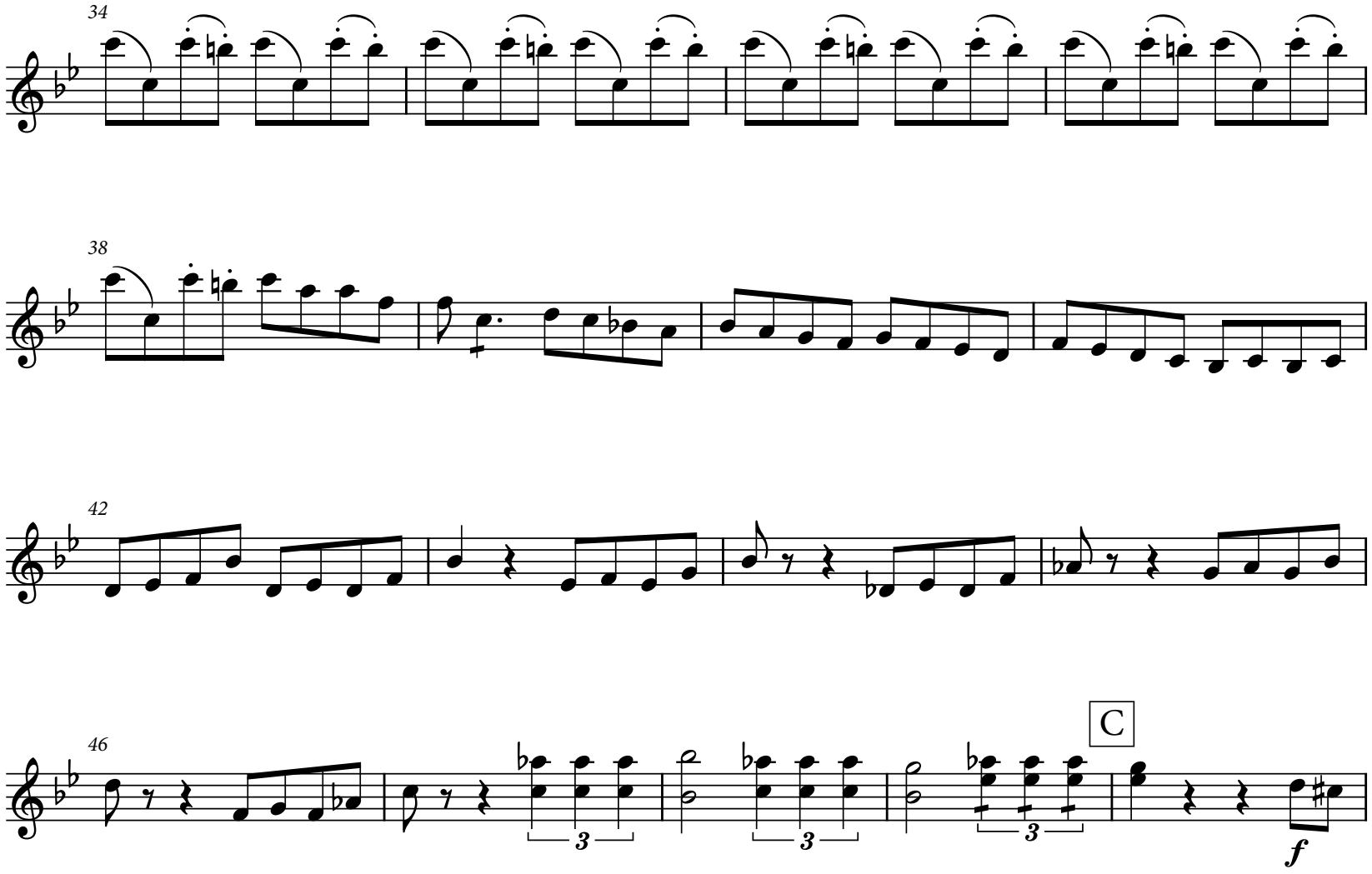
18

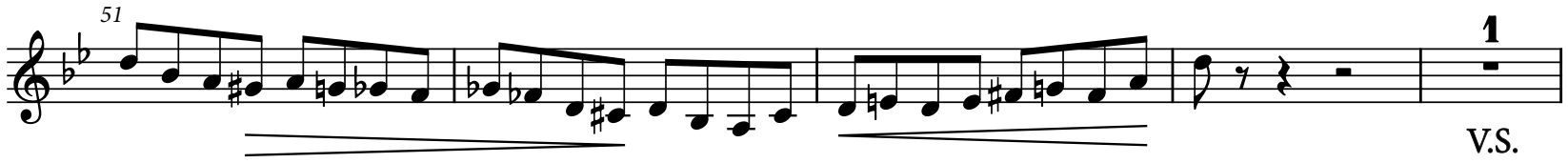
22

26

B

30


34
38
42
46
C
3
3
3
f


51
1
V.S.

56

f *p*

61

65

D

69

74

79

E

84

dim.

89

93

cresc.

97

F

f

101

105

109

ff

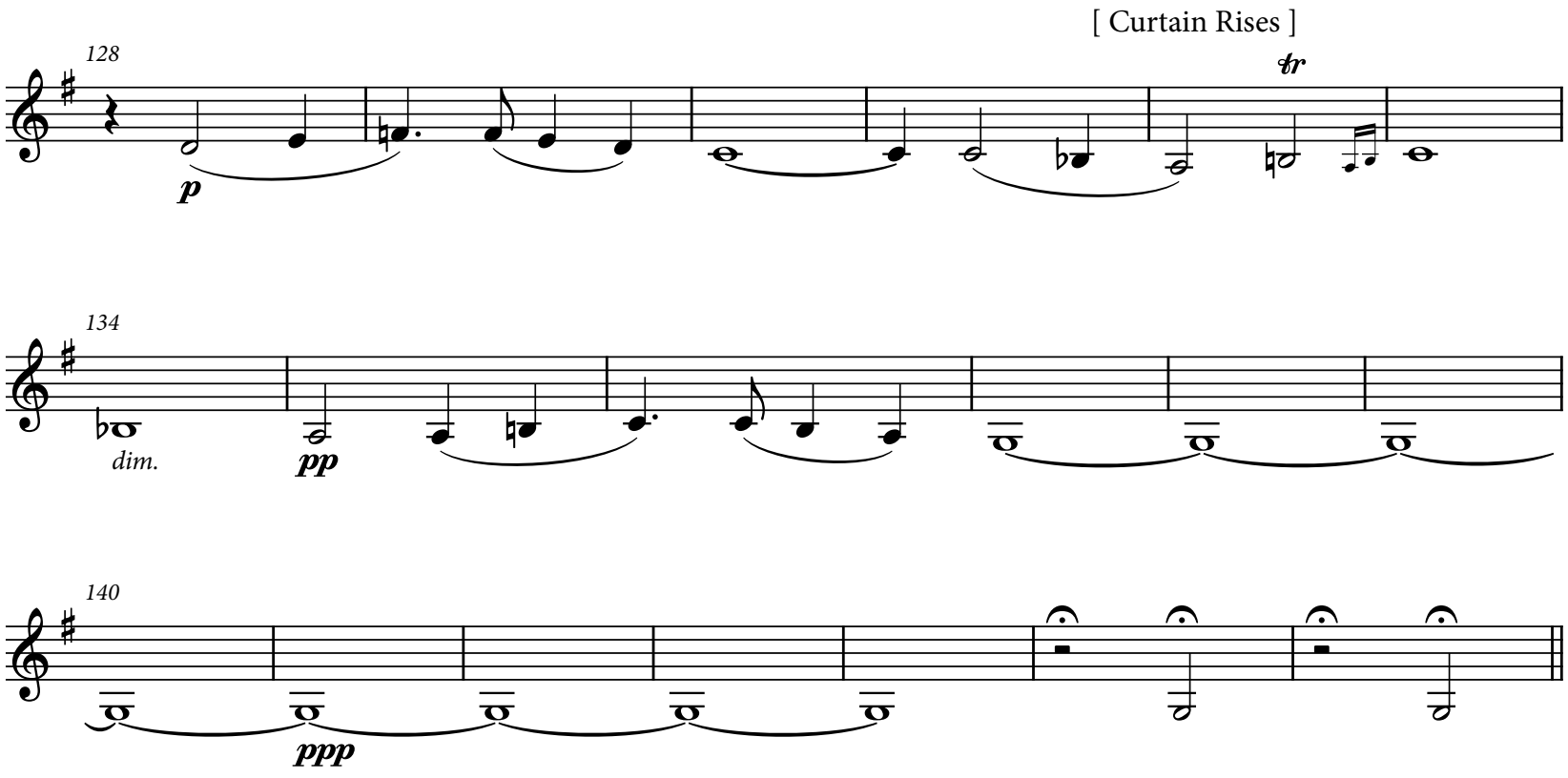
113

118

123

Tranquillo

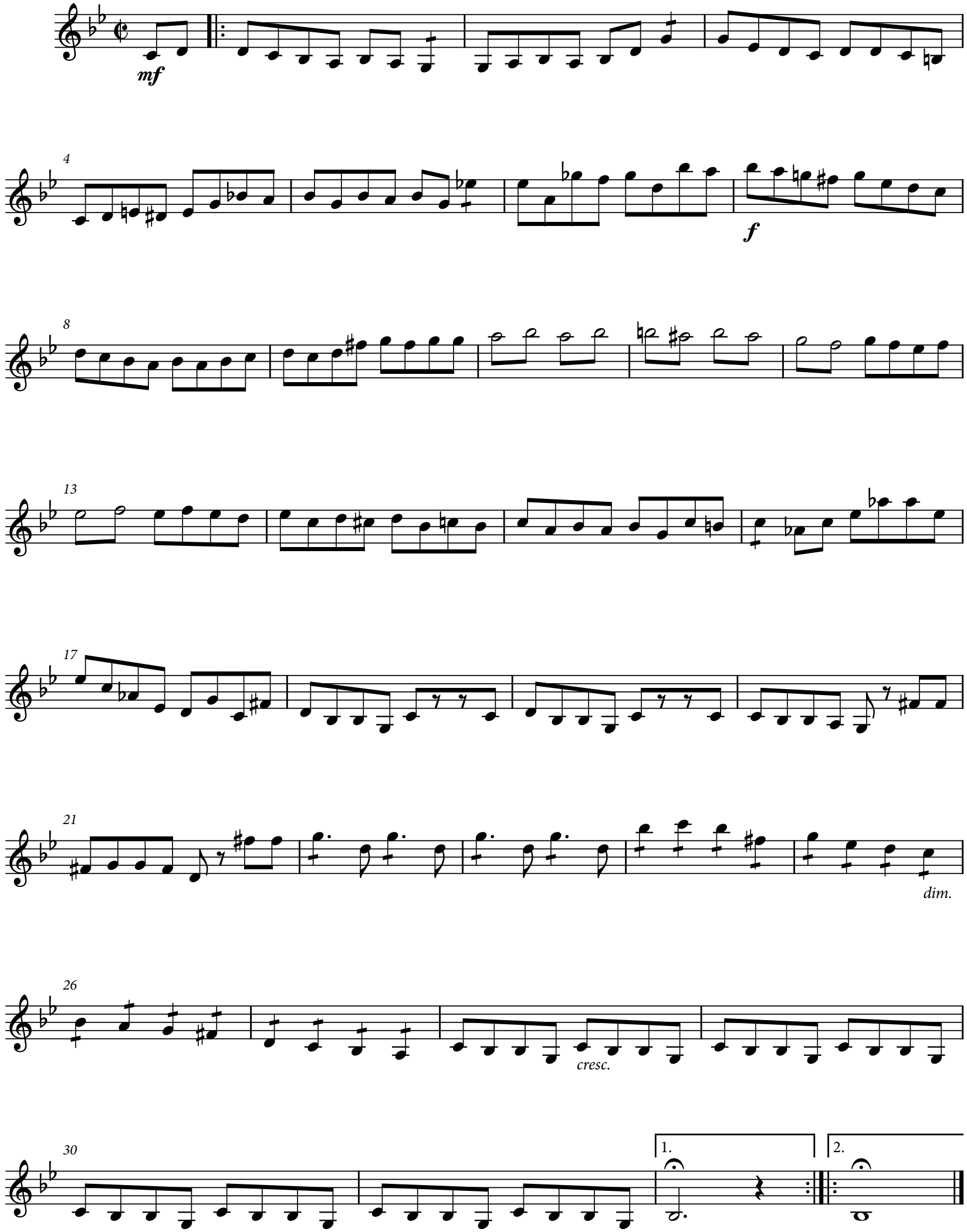
V.S.



Bec. Thou wilt find her back in her lodging. Go with her — at once — To-night — my men will guard you to the gates. Be sweet to her, she has many enemies. Send the Great Seal by daybreak.

Both good-night ! [Exit.]

Introduction to Scene 2



Elea. To the Castle ?

De Broc. Ay !

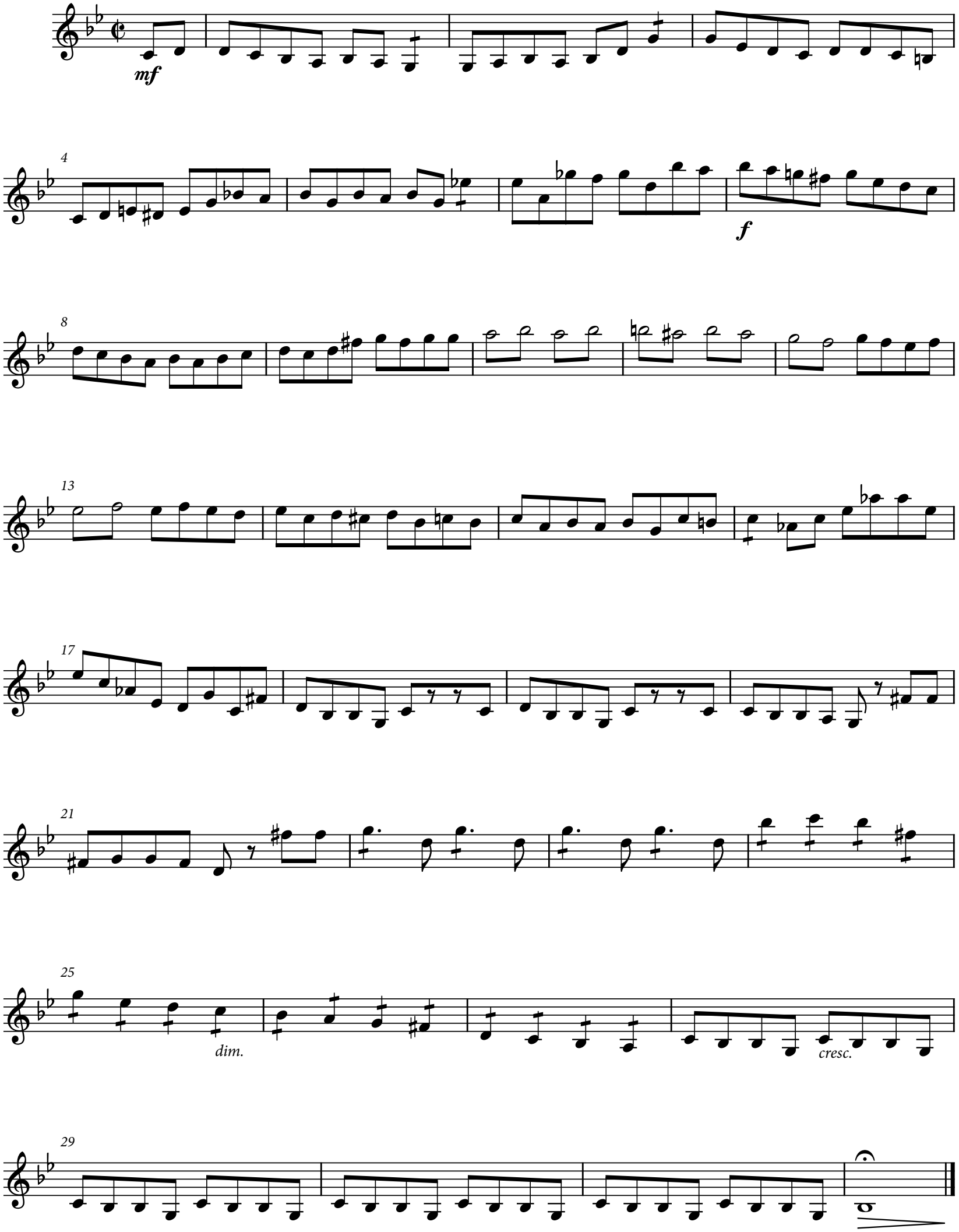
Elea. Stir up the King, the Lords ! Set all on fire against him !

De Brito. Ay, good Madam ! [*Exeunt.*]

Elea. Fool ! I will make thee hateful to thy King. Churl ! I will have thee frighted into France, and I shall live to trample on thy grave.

[Exit.]

Introduction to Scene 3

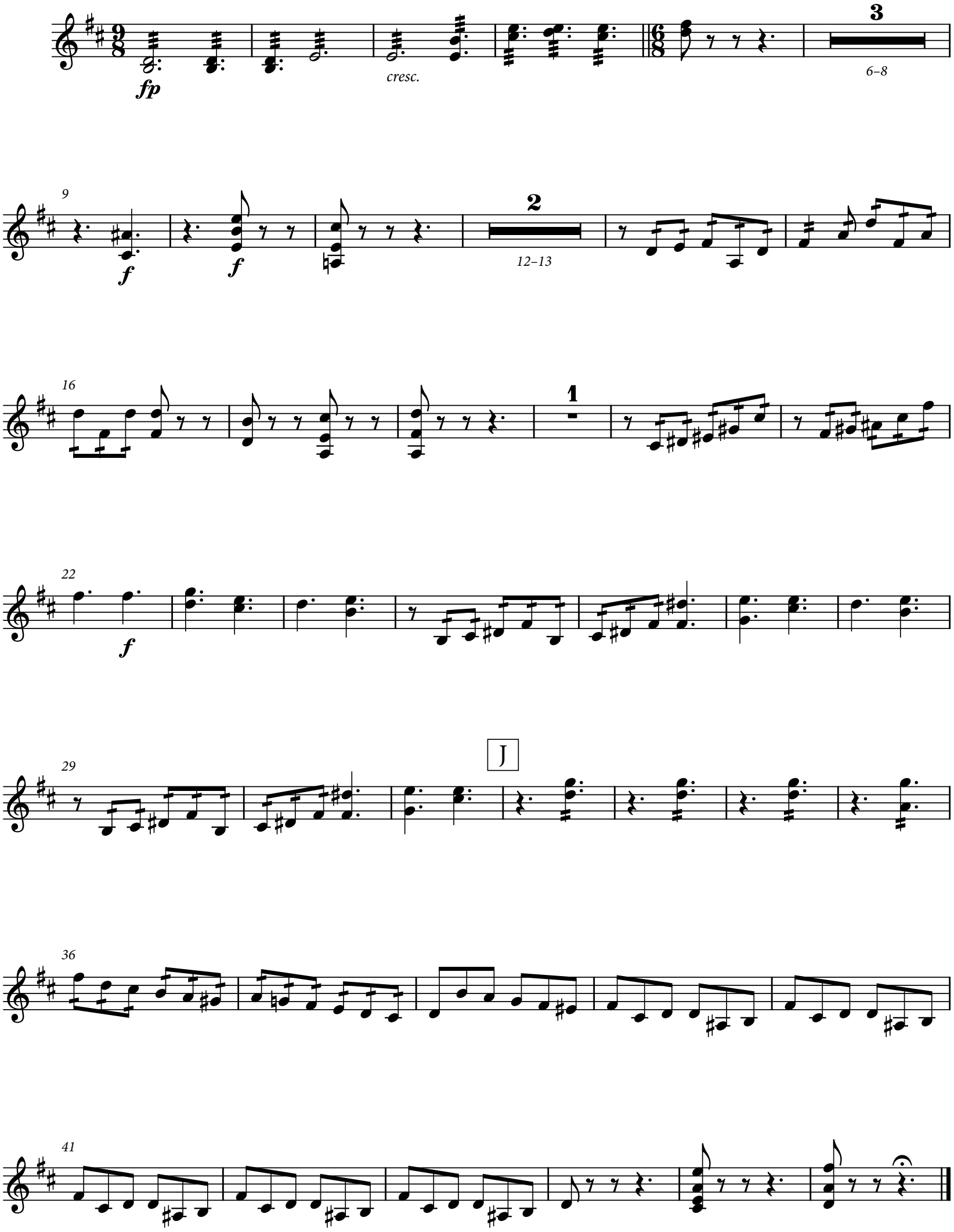


Fitz Urse. I hate him for his insolence to all.

De Tracy. And I for all his insolence to thee.

De Brito. I hate him for I hate him is my reason, and yet I hate him for a hypocrite.

Introduction to Scene 4



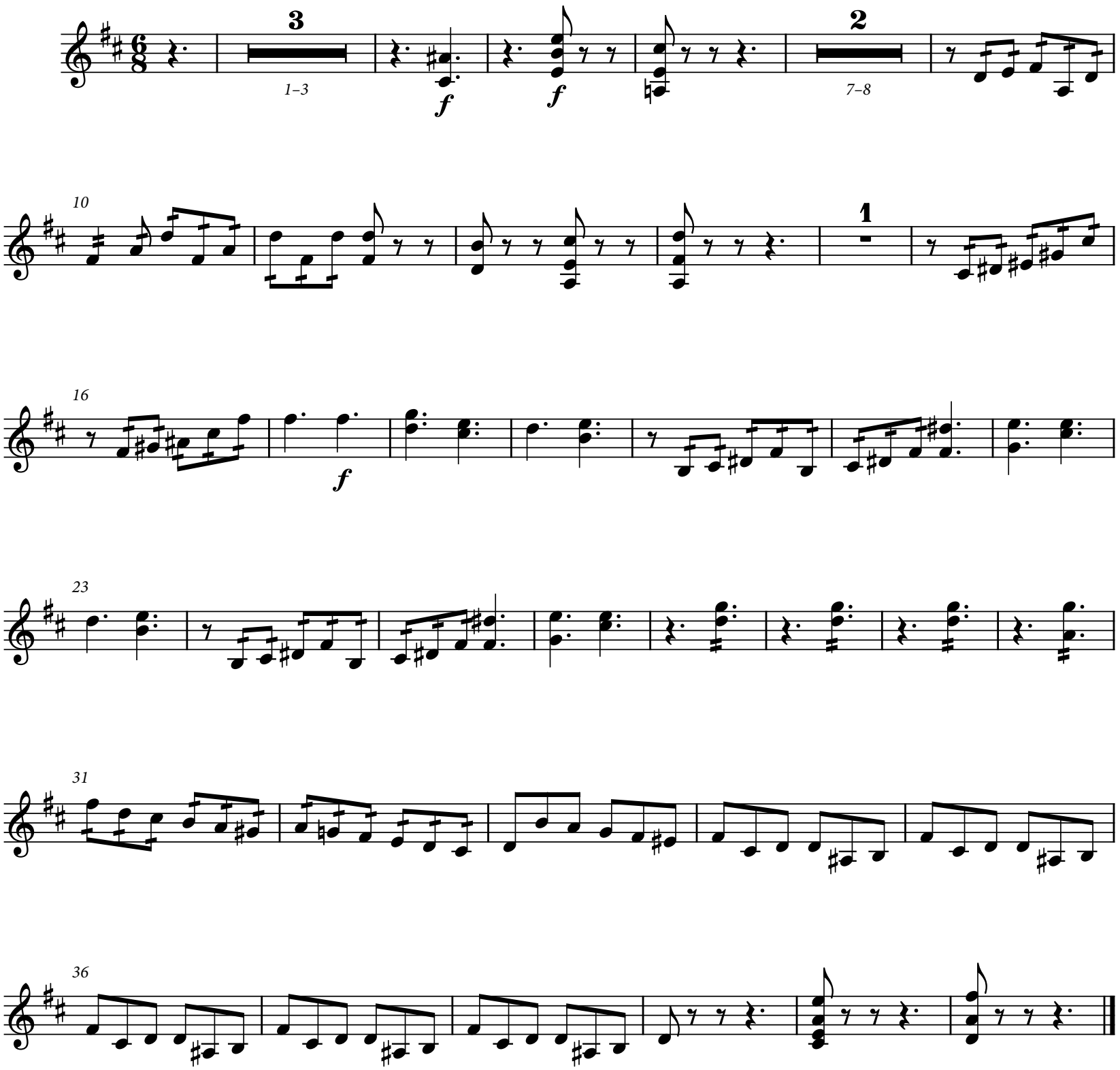
Her.[*Enter* Herald.] The King commands you, upon pain of death, that none should wrong or injure your Archbishop.

[*Great doors of the Hall at the back open, and discover a crowd.*] [*Crowd Shouts*]

Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord !

Bec. The voice of the Lord is in the voice of the People ! The voice of the Lord will hush the hounds of Hell, that ever yelp and snarl at Holy Church, in everlasting silence.

Conclusion to Act I



ACT II

Rosamund's Bower

ROSAMUND'S BOWER

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Act II - Entr'acte

Andante con moto

2

1–2

6

4–9

pp

11

A

6

13–18

pp

20

5

22–26

pp

28

B

tr

mf espress.

33

p

38

C

p

43

poco cresc.

1

V.S.

f

47

p

3

dim.

D

Poco più mosso scherzando

52

1

58

mp

p

62

mp

p

E

mf

66

pizz.

3

68–70

arco

pp

73

F

77

82

86

90

2

92–93

G

tr

mf

98

103

p

108

112

H

p

dim.

117

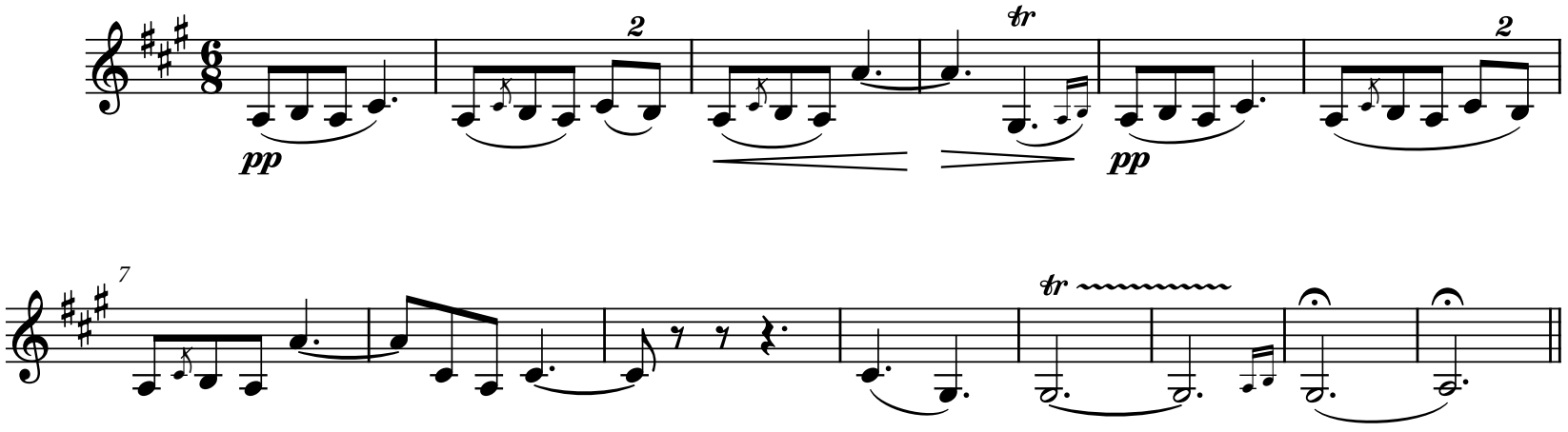
122

pp

tacet al fine

126–132

To Take Up curtain if not raised during Entr'acte



Scene 1

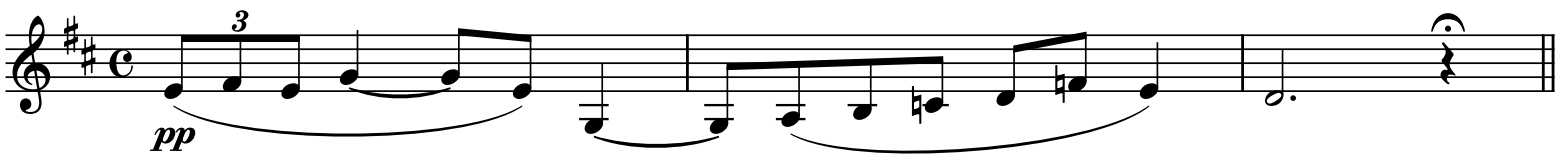
Hen. Fame ! What care I for fame ? Fame of to-day is infamy to-morrow ;
Infamy of to-day is fame to-morrow ; and round and round again.
What matters? Royal — I mean to leave the royalty of my crown
Unlessen'd to mine heirs.

Rosa. Still — thy fame too : I say that should be royal.

Hen. And I say, I care not for thy saying.

Rosa. And I say, I care not for *thy* saying.

Hen. Care dwell with me for ever, when I cease to care for thee as ever !



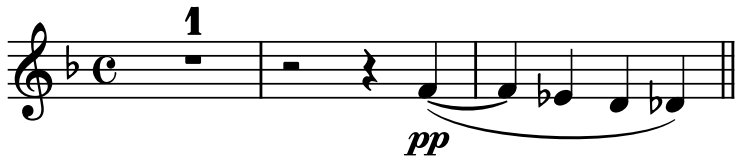
Hen. No mate for *her,* if it should come to that. Life on the hand is naked
gipsy-stuff; Life on the face, the brows — clear innocence ! Vein'd
marble — not a furrow yet — and hers [Muttering.]
Crost and recrost, a venomous spider's web —

Rosa. O then ! O then ! I almost fear to say that my poor heretic heart would excommunicate his excommunication, clinging to thee closer than ever.

Hen. [*Raising* Rosamund *and kissing her*] he ever been to see thee ? My bravehearted Rose ! Hath

Rosa. Here ? not he. and it is so lonely here — no confessor.

Hen. Thou shalt confess all thy sweet sins to me.

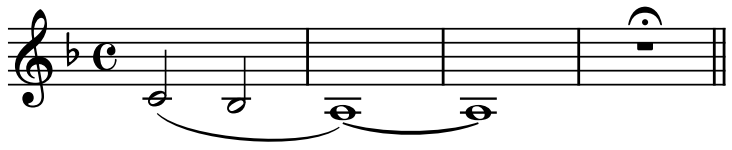


Hen. Take this. [*Giving her the Crucifix which* Eleanor *gave him*.]

Rosa. O beautiful ! May I have it as mine, till mine be mine again ?

Hen. [*Throwing it round her neck*.] Thine — as I am — till death !

Rosa. Death ? No ! I'll have it with me in my shroud, and wake with it, and show it to all the Saints.

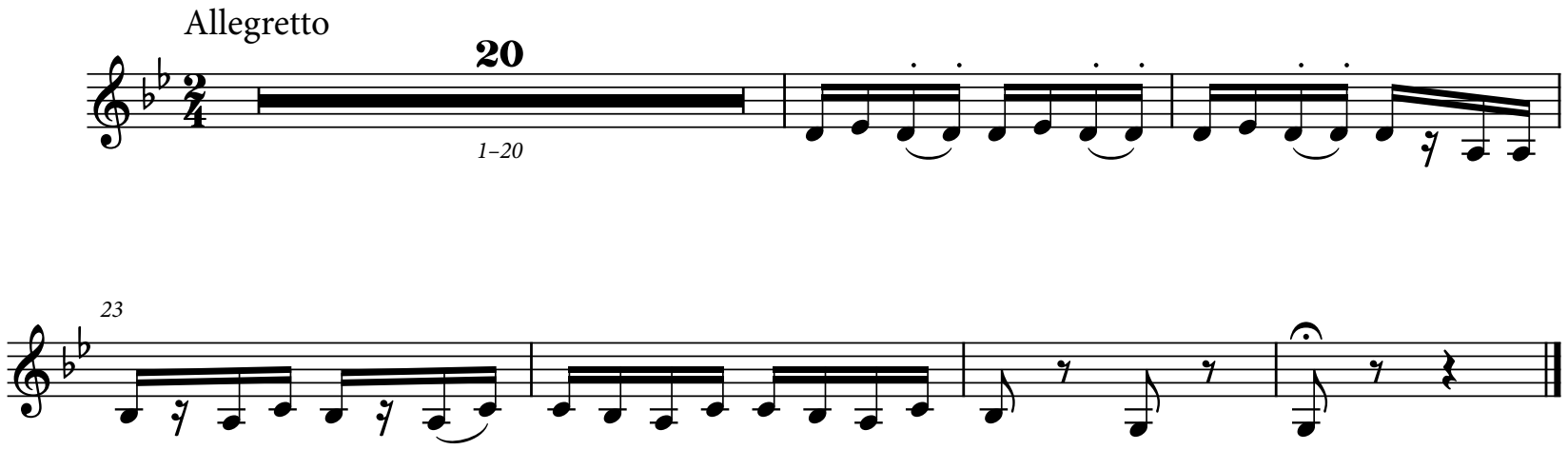


Hen. I am the King, his father, and I will look to it.

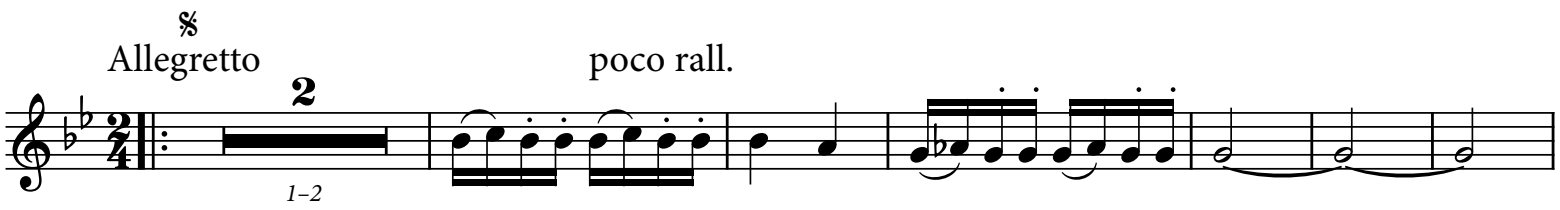
Rosa. Must you go, my liege, so suddenly?

Hen. I came to England suddenly, I needs must leave as suddenly. It is raining. Put on your hood and see me to the bounds. Look, look ! if little Geoffrey have not tost his ball into the brook ! Makes after it too to find it. Why, the child will drown himself.

Rosa. Geoffrey ! Geoffrey ! [*Exeunt.*]

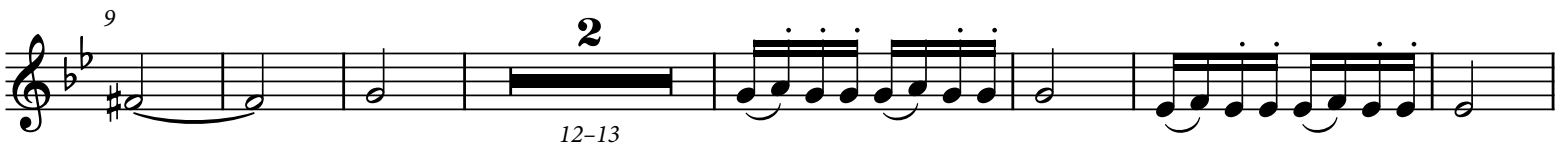


Rosa. He charged me not to question any of those about me. Have I ? She questioned *me*. I have lived, poor bird, from cage to cage, and known nothing but him — happy to know no more. So that he loved me — and he loves me — yes, and bound me by his love to secrecy till his own time. Eleanor, Eleanor, have I not heard ill things of her in France ? Oh, she's the Queen of France. I see it — some confusion, some strange mistake. I did not hear aright, myself confused with parting from the King.

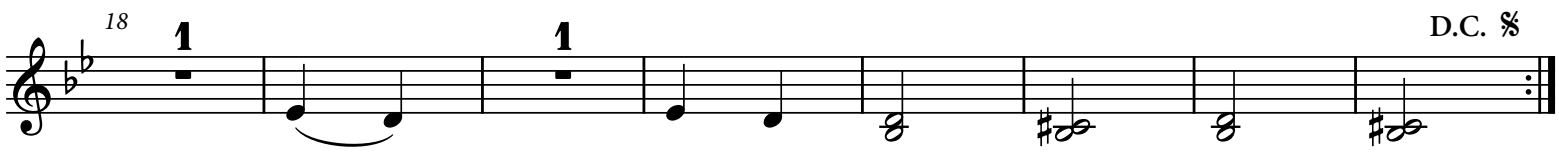


Rosa. Yet her — what her ?
He hinted of some her —
When he was here before —

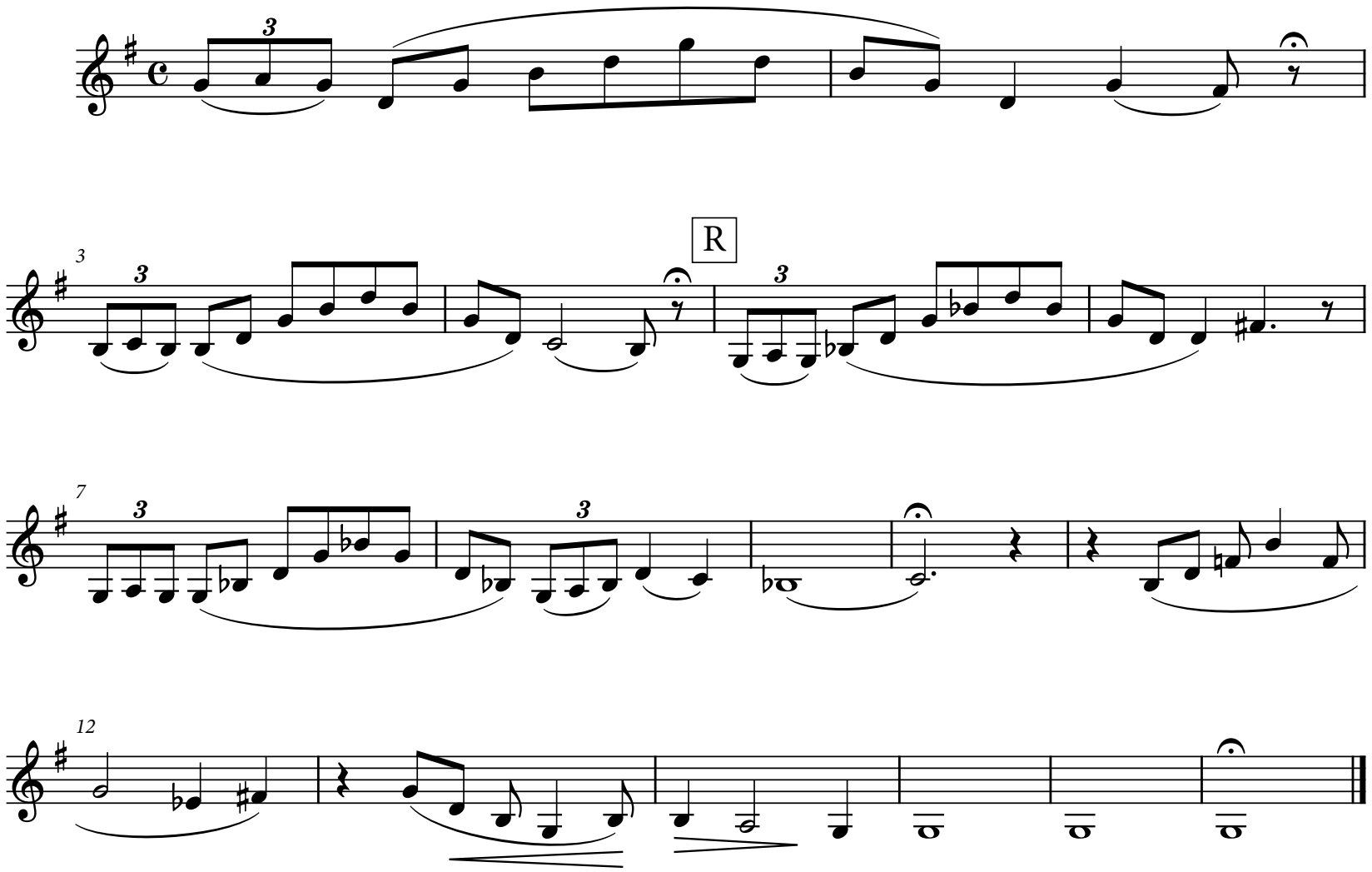
Something that would displease
me. Hath he stray'd from love's
clear path



Rosa. I would not hear him. Nay — there's more — there's more



Geof What are you crying for, when the sun shines ?
Rosa. Hath not thy father left us to ourselves ?



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ACT III

Becket's Rest

Montmirail — "The Meeting of the Kings"

Act III - Entr'acte - Becket's Rest

Larghetto espressivo

16

1–16

Vla

A

22

27

B

33

p

mf

39

tr

2

45–46

C

f

dim.

f

D

52

57

mf

p

p

espress.

63

E

f

68

sf

73

ff

dim.

78

F

1

p

4

82–85

88

pp

1

mf

92

95

tr

G

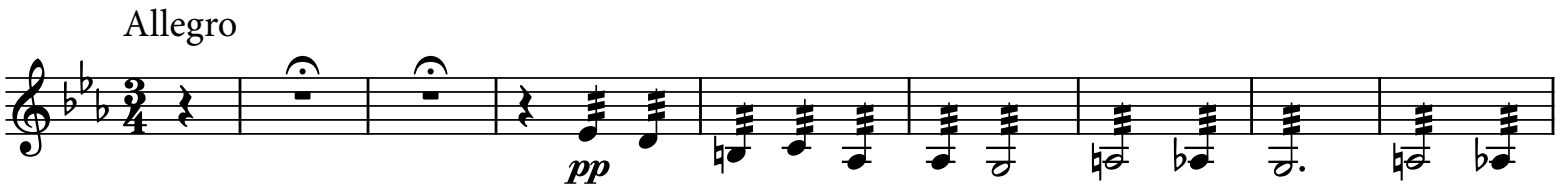
98

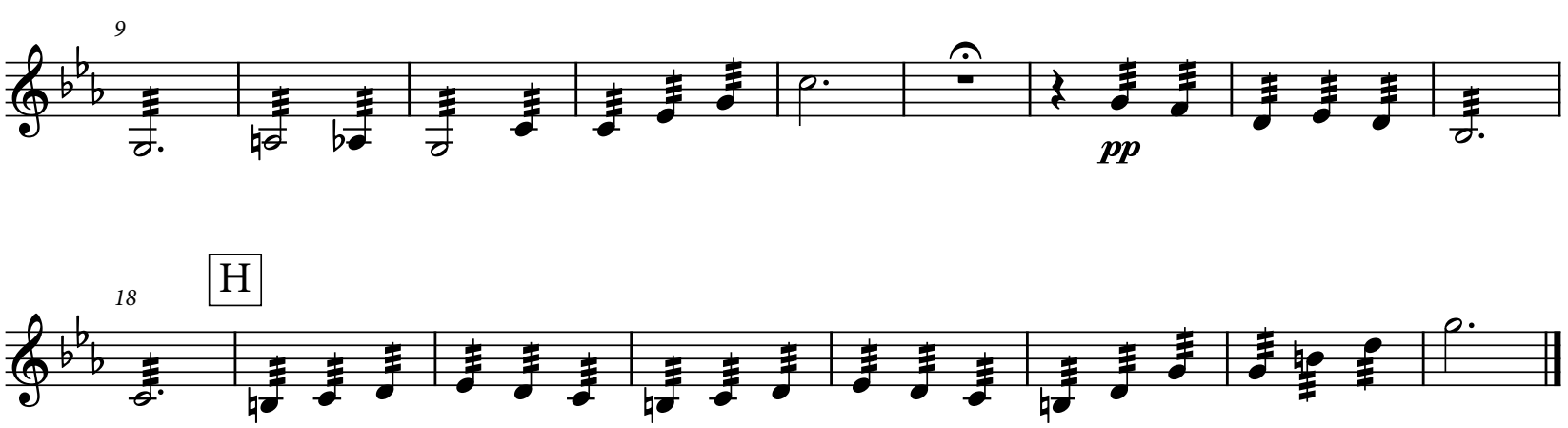
Più mosso.

Scene 1

Bec. The State will die, the Church can never die. The King's not like to die for that which dies ; But I must die for that which never dies. It will be so — my visions in the Lord. And when my voice is martyred mute, and this man disappears, that perfect trust may come again between us. The crowd are scattering, let us move away ! And thence to England.

Melodrama - Change of Scene





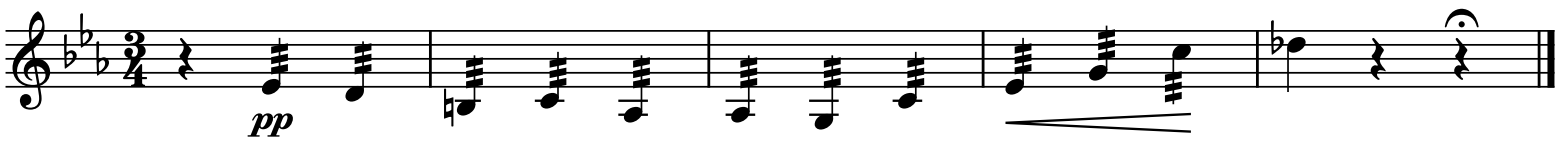
Scene 2

Elea. Up from the salt lips of the land we two Have track'd the King to this dark inland wood ; And somewhere hereabouts he vanish'd. Here his turtle builds : his exit is our adit : Watch ! he will out again, and presently.

[*A great horn winded.*]

Fitz. Hark ! Madam !

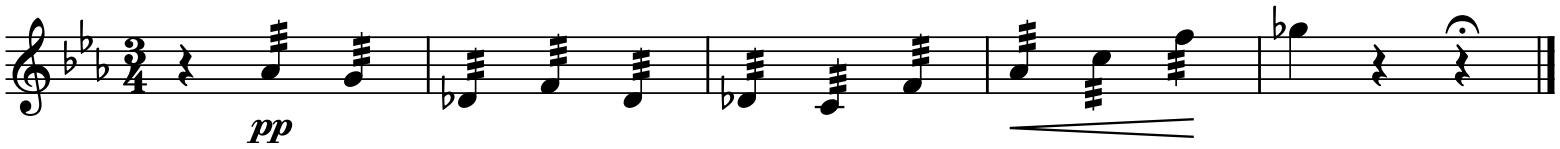
Elea. Ay, how ghostly sounds that horn in the black wood !



[*A Countryman flying.*]

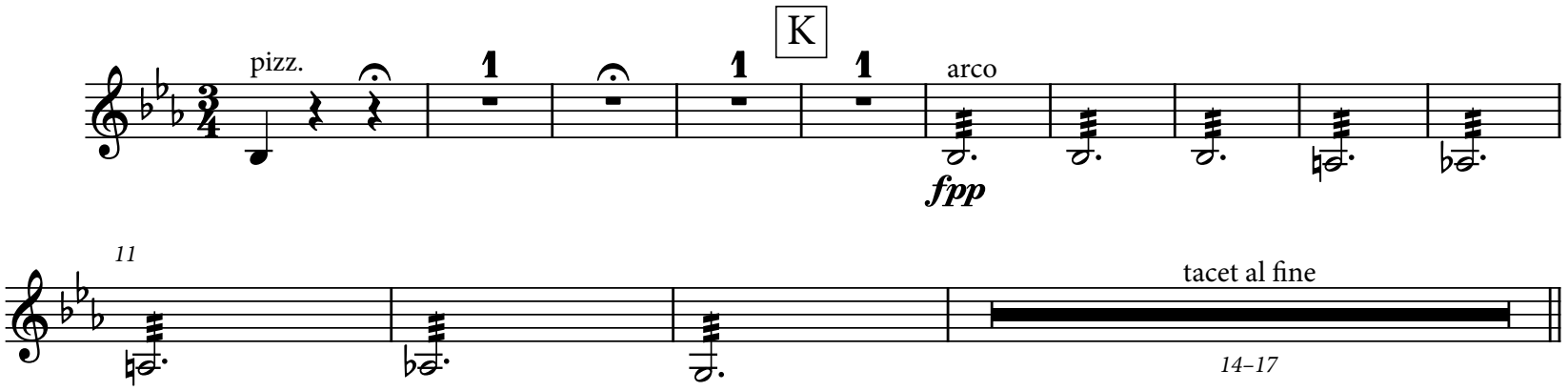
Elea. Whither away, man ? what are you flying from ?

Coun. The witch ! the witch ! she sits naked by a great heap of gold in the middle of the wood, and when the horn sounds she comes out as a wolf. Get you hence ! a man passed in there to-day: I holla'd to him, but he didn't hear me : he'll never out again, the witch has got him. I daren't stay — I daren't stay !



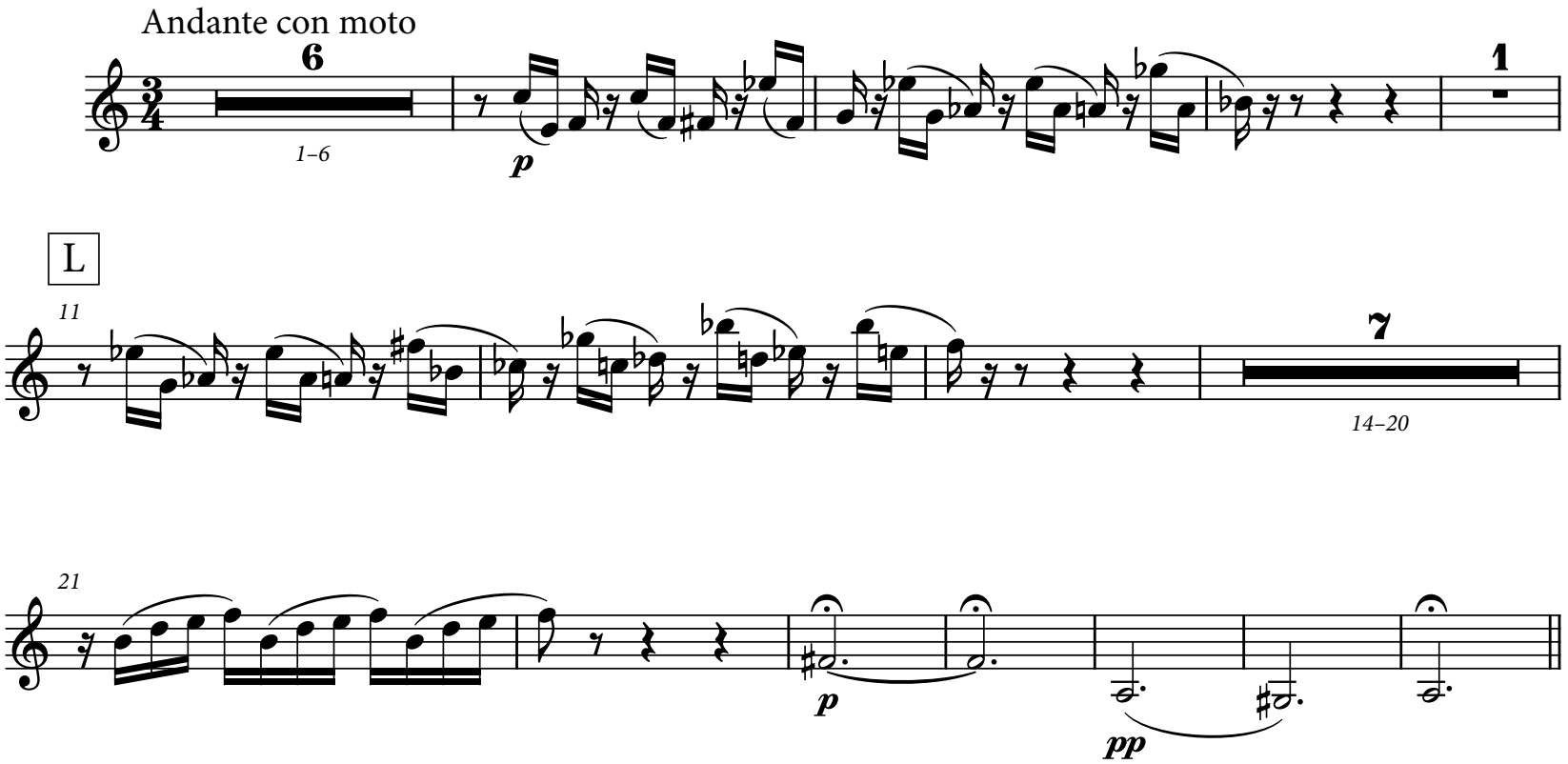
Coun. Fly thou too. The King keeps his forest head of game here, and when that horn sounds, a score of wolfdogs are let loose that will tear thee piecemeal. Linger not till the third horn. Fly ! [*Exit.*]

Elea. This is the likelier tale. We have hit the place. Now let the King's fine game look to itself. [*Horn Sounds*]



Elea. We can't all of us be as pretty as thou art — [*aside*] little bastard.Show me where thou camest out of the wood.

Geof. By this tree ; but I don't know if I can find the way back again. [Exeunt.]

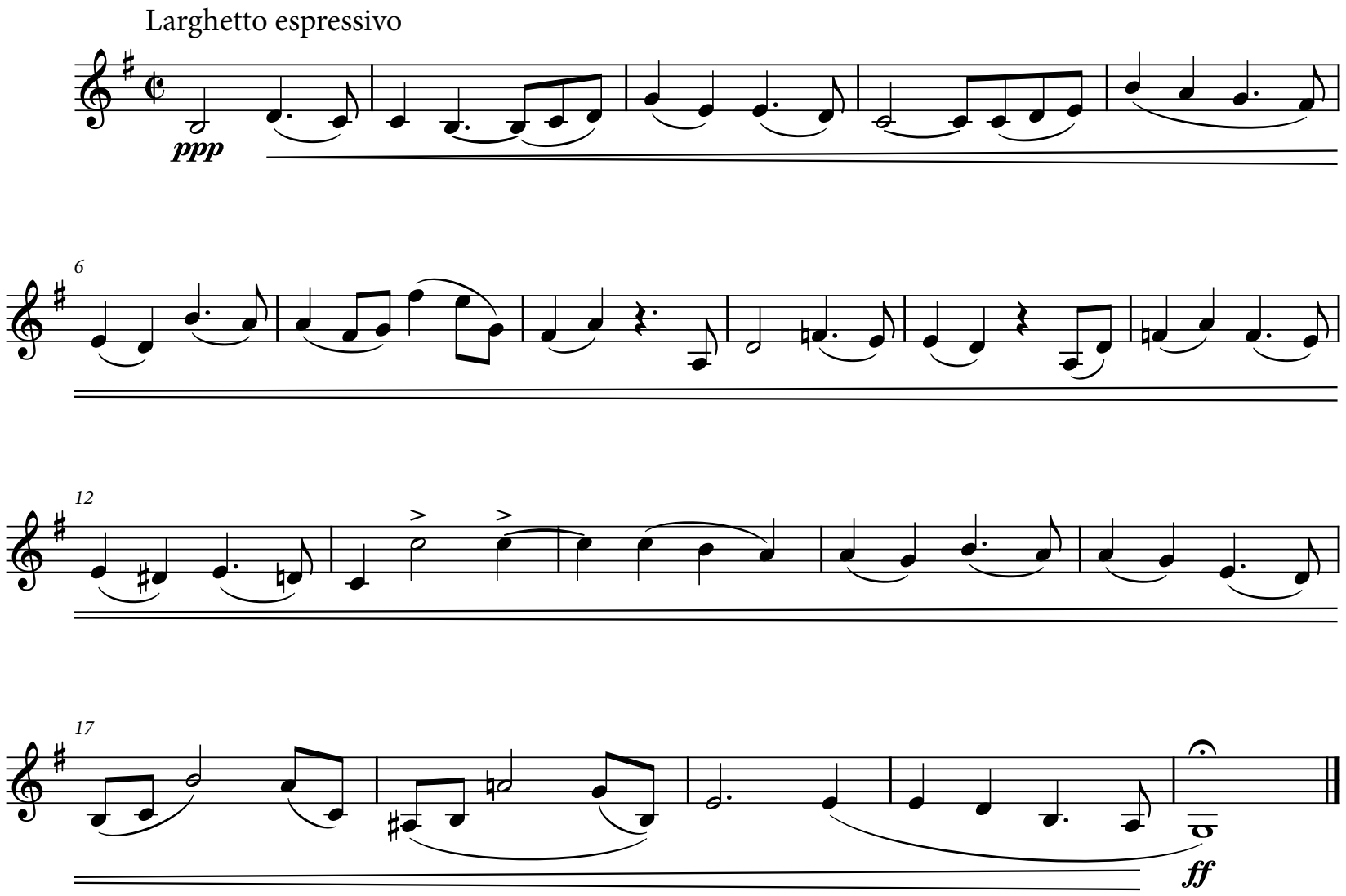


Scene 3

Bec. He too ! What dost thou here ? Go, lest I blast thee with anathema and make thee a world's horror.

Fitz. My lord, I shall remember this.

Bec. I do remember thee. [*Exit* Fitz Urse.] Take up your dagger ; put it in the sheath. Daughter, the world hath trick'd thee, leave it, daughter. Come thou with me to Godstow nunnery.



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ACT IV

The Martyrdom

Archbishop of Canterbury — Thomas Becket

Act IV - Entr'acte - The Martyrdom

Lento assai

ff

sf *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf*

1

A

Con largezza e maestoso

pizz.

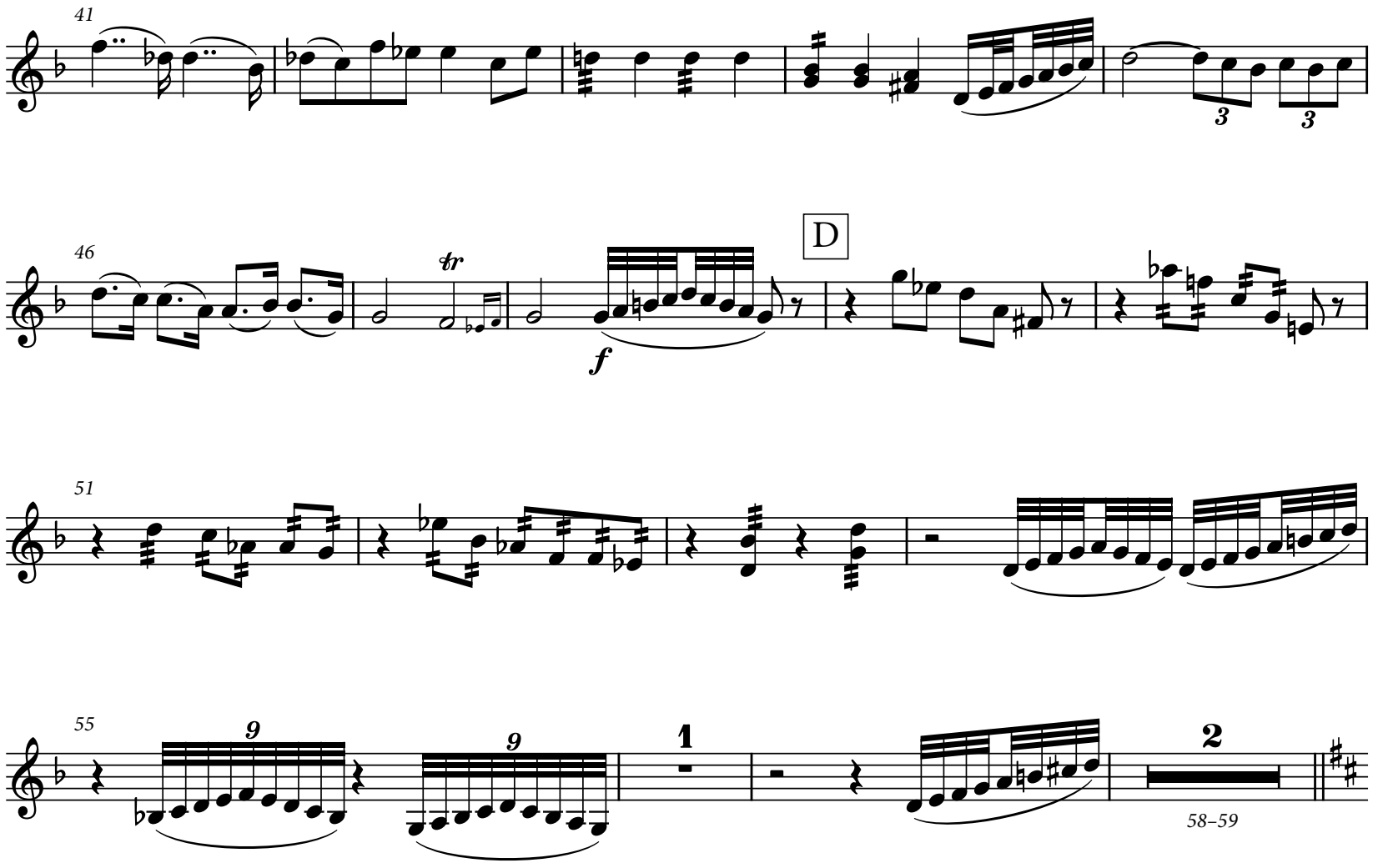
f *p*

arco

mf

B

C


41
46
tr
f
D
51
55
9
9
1
2
58–59

E

60

pp

66

F

ff

tr

71

tr

pp

75

3

G

81

ff

tr

tr

86

fp

cresc.

H

90

tr

tr

ff

tr

tr

95

3 3 3 3

3 3 3 3

ff

dim.

98

100

J

104

107

110

K

114

117

120

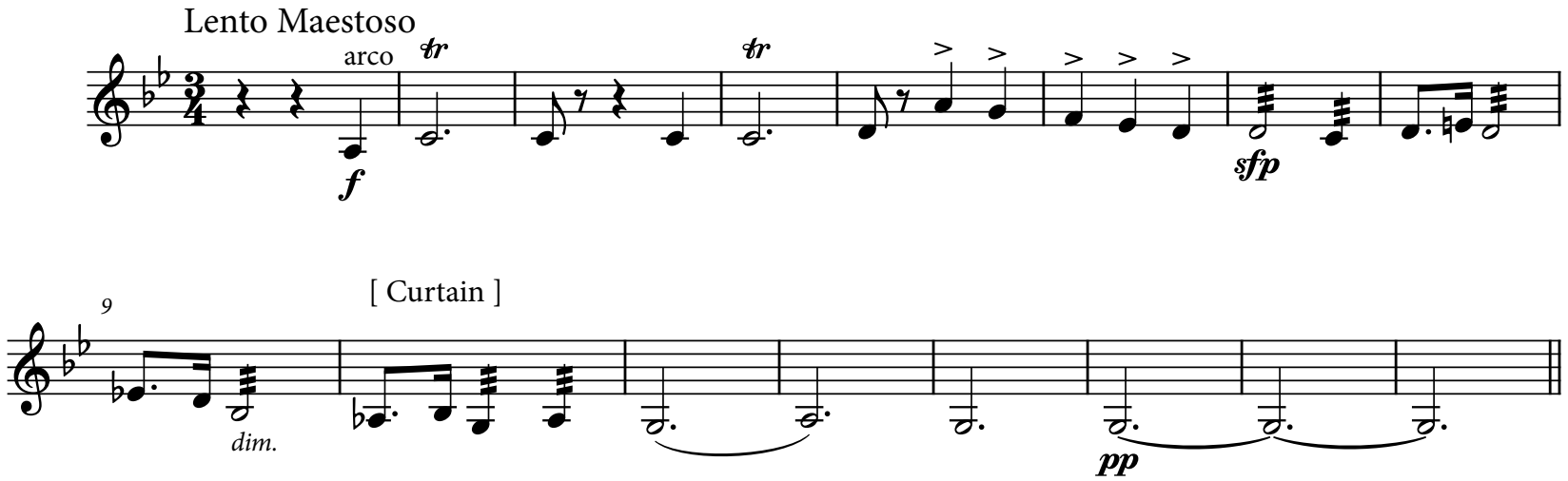
[Curtain Rises]

pizz.

122–125

126–127

[To take up curtain when not raised during Entr'acte]

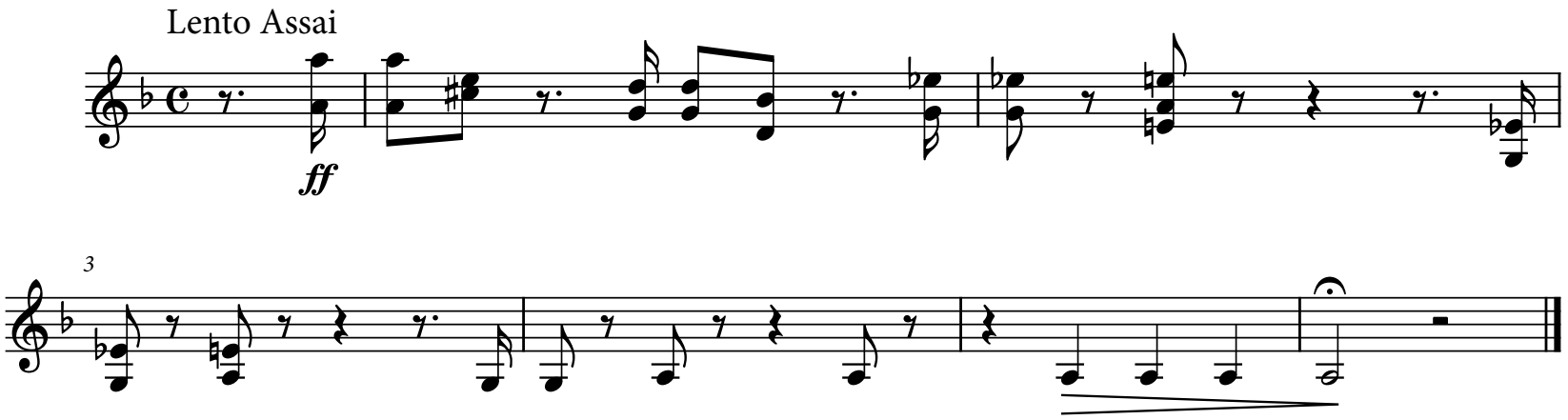


Scene 1

[The Knights *draw their swords.]*

Elea. Are ye King's men ? I am King's woman, I.

The Knights. King's men ! King's men !



Scene 3 - Conclusion

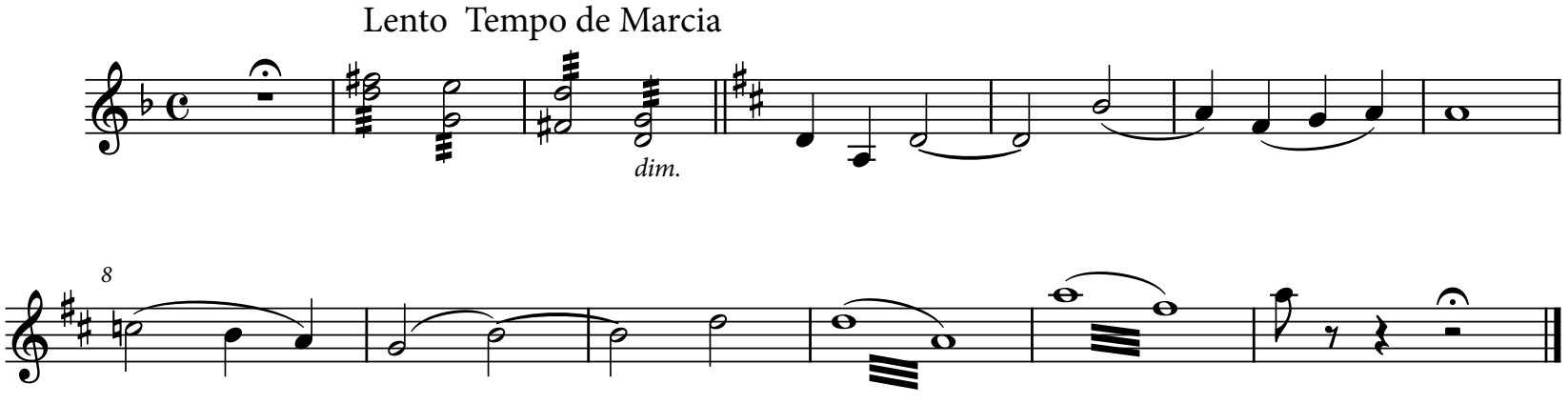
Bec. [Falling on his knees.]

Into Thy hands, O Lord — into Thy hands ! [*Sinks prone.*]

De Brito. The traitor's dead, and will arise no more.

[De Brito, De Tracy, Fitz Urse, rush out, crying " King's Men!"
De Morville follows slowly. Flashes of lightning thro' the
Cathedral. Rosamund seen kneeling by the body of Becket.]

Crash of thunder
comes during
fermata and
orchestra
commences at cry of
"King's Men"



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