

Bladud

My father was of the sky \ My Mother of the earth
The sea between became the scene \ the place of my birth
My father ruled the kingdom \ with a cruel and savage hand
And when he'd won all that there was \ he looked around for more
He decided he would fly \
He built his wings of strings and things \ I knew not how or why
And then he had a tower built \ On fortress walls so high
It touched the clouds \ as they passed by
His lords, their ladies gathered 'neath, \ to watch the king take flight
He spread his arms and bent his legs \ and jumped with all his might
And he flew up high and swooped down low \ and up and out of Sight
He tired and had not reckoned with \ the wind and all the strain
and his strings and things gave up and broke
and though he flapped and though he stroked
He fell, a mighty crash he made
of earth and flesh and strings and things
And that is how I became king

I was good

I, was good a king for sixty years Beloved by some \ beloved enough
As judge and jury birth to death \ Sometimes by fear but mostly not

Lir Libretto

Jay Hamilton

Kept peace and promise when I could \ And felt remorse when I could not
The people were not always mine \ To keep united t'was thought unkind
Again again enough! enough! I'm old and tired of all of this
And I feared my father's madness \ What was his and more was now all mine
My thoughts took flight when in distress \ So I devised a wily test
To see if now was time to rest \ If to resign was for the best

The Test

I think I thought I thought I knew I had a queen and daughters three
Three beauties three three beauties three
My queen she died in childbirth She died and can not counsel me
The daughters three had her beauty, Had he beauty but were not men.
Men were more valued then, More than beauty More than wisdom
I thought to be wise was better than ~to be a man ~to be a man
Three beau ties three three beau ties three
I rose one morning to ques tion them, Three beauties and no wise men
I rose and wrote my questions down and to the wisest, kindest one
Would go the greatest part you see
Three beauties three I ask of thee ask each of thee
What would most important be? The land, your king, the peo ple, your life?
(the land, our king, our sub jects our lives?)
Three beauties three. Three beauties three

Lir Libretto

Jay Hamilton

The eldest one answered me. The life of our king most valued must be
Your life is worth more than mine. I would give it up for thee.

This answer pleased me. So I gave her the greater north, that she could rule
as it's worth, and her husband dear, was from there.

Daughter two answered too.

Father dear, oh father dear The answer to the question clear

My life, the land, even my husband Is not worth so much to me as Thee.

And this too pleased me. So I gifted her the larger South. To rule well though
I thought her husband but a youth. Three beauties three.

Youngest daughter, answer me. You are the wisest of the three, which to
you is worth the most~ Our Kingdom, the subjects, or me the host?

Father, you are our king, but truth be told you are getting old. So I believe that
the kingdom's peace is the most fragile thing and I would do 'most anything
to keep you and it and our people free

This answer did not please me

So I sent her off to France, She could marry their King But from me, more? No! Nothing.

And what was left Daughters one and two divided up, and when they were through
no crown, no folk, no gold, no Knights. An empty throne a servant or two.

Who think my mind is not my own. \ They think that I am mad.

My Husband it's clear

My husband it's clear \ My father's no more \ value to us he's a burden

Lir Libretto

Jay Hamilton

His servants are getting fatter \ The castle echoes with his laughter
His antics are driving me crazy \ We must send him away, Send him away
I thought we could tame him geld him, lame him, \ no folk no crown no gold but no!
He's the same~ he hasn't changed
Send him away it's time! Go! Tie him up and off to my sister Off Off Off to my sister.

(husband 1 Sean Connery)

That's no right, it's no my way He's your father, it's right to have him here.
If you wish, it's sure, we could build him a home \ some where up North
and leave him a lone. \ With a servant of course.

(Daughter 1)

NO! Send him a way. It's time to go South, South! South!
South to my sister. It's her turn to host him
His laughter and servants and childish plays \ I'm tired of it, send him away.

Husband I order you

Husband I order you do what I tell you to, you are too young,
you can't know what pain my father's dementia is causing
My sister cruelly sent him here. Tied to a horse \ led by one servant (and a note)
“It's your turn, maybe he'll die, soon We can only hope”
I thought her a drama Queen. But Grandfather Grandmother
what have you done? Look at what has be come of the man who's
your son? We must send him a way \ Our sister in France! That's what we'll do

Lir Libretto

Jay Hamilton

She won't like it at all what he did to her

She happily married the King of all France \ She's rich and contented it makes me so mad!

Send him to her he's nuts and won't know \ We're sending him to some one who hates him
as we do....

Just shut up and do what I tell you to do \ Put him in carraige, and send him to France

I can't stand one more day of his mad song and dance

I've heard my father's come

My lord, I've heard my father's come \ to our shores in distress

In a child like madness

My Sisters have robbed him of all that he knew \ I doubt that he knows where he is.

May we shelter him in a town, crown him King \ and let him rest,

Perhaps with kind treat ment \ he'll revive, and his good sense return.

“It shall be done”

Thank you my lord and I pray \ Fa ther will some day recognize your kindness

recognize your kindness

What wisdom this?

What wisdom this? A throne not my own.

Subjects kind in a foreign tongue. \ I understand but know not how

this magic or chance has made me \ King, of a place in France.

Lir Libretto

Jay Hamilton

I am now old and grey, my face I barely know it. \ I must be mad But he says no longer
That this is sanity? \ Before was great vanity. \ And that I've been betrayed by family.
But he does not know the how or the why up on a throne am I? (am I?)
Do I not have a daughter in France? \ Mistreated her, I did. now I know
Amends and sorrow I wish to show her.
Send word... Send word to the King of All France \ Send word that I wish to meet
My daughter \ who I once thought so sweet and I wronged
So much that I retreated in to dance and song \ In shame for treatment I paid
To the best, I suspect, and wisest maid.

I kneel before the Queen of France

I kneel before the Queen of France, Sadder and wiser weak with remorse
I seek for givenness but more, \ I wish to evidence that I was wrong
And have wronged you.
It can not be undone and in that truth, \ I am more sorry than you can know.....

Love father

Love, Father what ever youve done. \ Is forgotten speak no more of it.
For the future is our's to share \ What time is left to you
The most, the best and thus most blessed \ Should be yours and I with you.

Please retake our lands

Please retake our lands \ Both North and South

That your hands may \ rule with pacific intentions

Father it has come to pass

Father, it has come to pass \ our people and land are one

My sisters, their husbands Banished to havens \ until their last breath.

Shall we cede the throne to you? \ What you advise we will do~

for without madness a gain you are wise \

and as King and Queen we wish to follow your ad vice.

Youngest Daughter

Youngest Daughter, wisest kindest \ a cottage is all I wish.

The vanity of thrones and gold \ are not worth so much as the regard

and pleasure, your smile gives me

So if you re turn to the home you have made \ far away.

I would prefer to accompany you there

And when I die, return me to this land \ laid on a hill no marker no stone

or better yet

send me to sea \ That I may return to my originality.