

**THE NEW KING
ARTHUR, AN OPERA
WITHOUT MUSIC**

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The New King Arthur, an Opera Without Music by Edgar Fawcett

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EDGAR FAWCETT

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WITHOUT MUSIC**

THE
NEW KING ARTHUR

AN OPERA WITHOUT MUSIC

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BUNTLING BALL"



FUNK & WAGNALLS

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DEDICATION.

TO ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

TAKE, Alfred, this mellifluous verse of mine,
Nor rank too high the honor I bestow,
Howe'er it thrill thy soul with grateful pride.
For thou hast sung of Arthur and his knights,
And thou hast told of deeds that they have done,
And thou hast told of loves that they have loved,
And thou hast told of sins that they have sinned,
And I have sung in my way, thou in thine.
I think my way superior to thine,
Yes, Alfred, yes, in loyal faith I do ;
But if I do I may be right or wrong ;
And whether right or wrong, what matters it ?
For shall not swans be swans, though geese are
geese ?

And if our swans be geese yet swans are deemed,
The merrier for ourselves that deem them swans.
So, take my verses, Alfred, nor with shame
Too deeply blush, as when we gain a boon
So precious that we know 'tis undeserved.
For thou hast very creditably sung
Of Arthur, if we judge thee all-in-all ;
And I, if I more creditably sing,
Can help it not ; but let us live our lives.
For now o'er tilth and wold, o'er waste and weald,
Full summer broods, the linnets warbles peace,
The red kine stray, and butter has gone down !

NEW YORK, August, 1885.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

ARTHUR, *King of Britain.*

MERLIN, *his Magician in Ordinary.*

SIR LANCELOT.

SIR GALAHAD.

MODRED, *near Kinsman of the King.*

DAGONET, *the King's Fool.*

SIR BEDIVERE.

SIR GERAINT.

GUINEVERE, *Queen of Britain.*

ENID.

VIVIEN.

KNIGHTS, LADIES, SOLDIERS, POPULACE OF CAMELOT,

ETC.

*Damna tamen celeres reparant cœlestia luncæ ;
Nos, ubi decidimus
Quo pater Æneas, quo Tullus, dives et Ancus,
Fulvis et umbra sumus.*

HOR., LIB. IV., ODE VII.

THE NEW KING ARTHUR.

ACT I.

SCENE : *Courtyard of KING ARTHUR's castle in Camelot. Troops appear, marching under command of SIR BEDIVERE, SIR GALAHAD, SIR GERAINT, and other Knights of the Round Table, with banners, trophies, and all the pomp of a brilliant pageant.*

TROOPS.

It is not a pleasant matter
To endure the idle chatter
Sentimentalists who flatter
 Will continually breed,
All about the battle gory,
With its legendary glory
And its fame in song or story
 As the centuries proceed.