

SCENE 10. Gate of Angband. Black chasms beside the road, put there by Grond, MORGOTH'S hammer, from which rise wisps as of serpents writhing. Cliffs left and right upon which sit croaking vultures. At center is the Gate, a wide dark arch under a 1000-foot precipice.

NARRATOR*
(concert version)

After a long and weary journey across the barren, trackless waste of Anfauglith,

1 *Esitante, con terrore.*

8 **NARRATOR** (concert version) Beren and Lúthien reach the drear dale where stands the impregnable Gate of Angband. Black chasms lie scattered about, left by Grond, Morgoth's Hammer, during his battle with Fingolfin.

14 **NARRATOR** (concert version) Carrion-fowl adorn the cliffs on either side. Guarding the gate is a werewolf of unfathomable size, Garcharoth, the Red Maw, raised by Morgoth himself.

21 **CARCHAROTH** *mf*

CARCHAROTH at the Gate halts BEREN and LUTHIEN and approaches with menace. Hail Drauglwin, lord of my kin-dred!

27

What rare fortune brings you here a - live, who it is rumored was slain by Hu-an at Sauron's Isle?

32

Come nearer, if Drauglwin you be, that I may know more of this tale.

*The NARRATOR lines in this scene are spoken fairly rhythmically; beat-falls are indicated either by arrows or underlines.

39 **BEREN** *f* *3*
 Be 8 Who are you to bar my way, up-start whelp? I come in haste to the Mas - ter with new tid-ings from Sau-ron

winds
mf

44
 Be 8 who haunts the forests. Stand a-side or swift-ly go and announce my coming!

strings
p
 harp solo

49 **CARCHAROTH** rising and moving aside
 Ca *mp* En-ter. Stay! What slinks be - side you as if to hide from me?

They begin to pass him, LÚTHIEN hiding behind BEREN.

tuba
poco a poco accel. $\text{♩} = 96$ *mf* winds
 timpani

54
 Ca I know not this vam - pire. What sneak-ing er-rand brings you to the King, you wingèd ver-min?

horn

57

Ca

Small matter, I think, if you enter or stay, or if I crush you like a fly! CARCHAROTH approaches LÚTHIEN, scenting her fragrance.

cresc. *ff* *i.h.*

61

(concert version) NARRATOR Beren steps between them. BEREN *f* *gliss.* *gliss.*

Be

Such sweet scent never flowed from such a form! What are you? Aaaarrrrrrrrhh! (sung with the uvular "r")

Ca

Such sweet scent never flowed from such a form! What are you? Aaaarrrrrrrrhh! (sung with the uvular "r")

3 Beren steps between them. They face off.

mf *f* *mp*

66

LÚTHIEN *f* *gliss.*

Lu

Sleep, tortured spirit! Fall in-to dark dreams and for one brief hou-r for - get the dreadful doom of life!

LÚTHIEN throws off her disguise, lifts up her hand.

banjo + timpani *strings* *cresc.*

Red. ad lib.

(concert version) NARRATOR Lúthien swings her shadow-cloak over the wolf's eyes and he falls as if struck by lightning. Elf and Man now pass through the Gate and down the labyrinthine stair.

71

poco a poco accel. al % (m. 79)

77

fff tutti *8va* *winds* *loco* *saxophone* *f* *trombone*

% *♩ = 112*

84

banjo

mf

strings
p
contrabassoon

8vb-

90

marimba

timpani + organ

bassoon

loco

(8vb)-

96

mandolin

103

109

+ winds

115

violins

brass

122 *strings + organ solo*

(concert version)
NARRATOR At last they come to the Seat of Morgoth in his nethermost hall, upheld by horror, lit by fire, filled with weapons of death and torment.

130 *+ contrabassoon* *rit.*

8vb

SCENE 10a. Morgoth's Hall. Pillars with carved serpents, smoke covering the ceiling. Nearest MORGOTH are the Balrogs with fiery manes, red hands, huge fangs. The Silmarils shine faintly over all from MORGOTH's crown.

137 *Allegro. ♩ = 104*

saxophone

loco *bass viol*

+ pipeaphone

141

ORCS *f*

Ha ha! Burn the truth from him!

ORCS *f*

Ha ha! Burn the truth from him!

ORCS *f* *3*

Kick him again! Ha ha! Get the hot irons!

ORCS *f* *3*

Kick him again! Ha ha! Bring the whip!

CAPTIVE dies.

Aaah!

banjo *mf*

brass *ff*

organ

145

S (some) (others) (all)
ORCS Ha ha! Ha ha! Hahahahaha!

A (some) (others) (all)
ORCS Ha ha! Ha ha! Hahahahaha!

T 8
ORCS What a weakling!

B ORCS He's dead. Allright, all right, bring the next one in!

What a weakling! Allright, all right, bring the next one in!

LÚTHIEN flies in and flitters about the pillars.

pipeaphone

8va

mp bassoon bass clar. organ pipeaphone I.v. clarinet flutes

150

Mo MORGOTH *fff*

S *p* Thuring-we-thil! Shadow de-

A *p* Thuring-we-thil!

T *p* (some) Thuring-we-thil! (others) *mf*

B Look! *p* Thuringwe-thil! Im - pos-si-ble! Thuring-we-thil is dead! *mf*

Look! Thuringwe-thil! Yet there she flits!

The laughter dies; the host of Orcs cower beneath her shadow. BEREN slinks in unnoticed.

p winds + mandolin

153

Mo scend! *mf* Do not think to cheat my eyes! None may defy my will. De -

organ *fff* saxophone *mf* guitar *p* pipeaphone bass viol

timpani banjo

157

Mo scend, foolish, frail bat-shaped thing, yet not bat within, ere my an-ger blast you down!

flute + harp

8vb

164

Lú *mf* A law-ful errand has brought me here, tidings I bear from Sauron in Taur-nu-Fuin.

Mo *ff* Your name, shrieking wail, your

harp

organ *ff*

loco

8vb

171

Lú *mf* Thu-ring-wethil am I, who cast a sha-dow o-ver the moon in

Mo name!

mandolin

dim.

p

loco guitar

8vb

178

Lú shiv-er-ing Be-ler-land. **MORGOTH** *ff* Li-ar! *mp cresc.* Think you to weave de- ceit be-fore the eyes of the Dark Lord?

Mo

DRCS *mp* See? Thu-ring-wethil it is! As MORGOTH bends his gaze on her, BEREN crawls under his throne.

p ff organ

p

Mo *mf* Leave your false raiment and stand revealed as you truly are! **NARRATOR** (spoken concert version) rhythmically The bat-fell falls a-
Slowly the bat-shape falls away.

bassoon *p* strings

way, and Lúthien is re-vealed. **LUTHIEN** *mf* raising her arms, singing Ah, sleep, ah, dream long, long and deep, **ORCS** *p* Why is it here?
What is that?
See? A disguise!

Sereno. ♩ = 52
+ timpani *flute*

196 Ah, sleep, sleep, ah... **MORGOTH** *mf* So, Lú - thien! *pp* A li - ar like all
Why is my head so heavy? (yawn) *pp* Lú - thi - en!
Lú - thi - en!
Lú - thi - en!
Lú - thi - en!
Lú - thi - en!

The Orcs, Balrogs and Wolves become drowsy.

horn

201

Lú

ah... ah... ah...

Mo

Elves and Men! Yet wel-come to my hall! What news of Thin-gol in his hole? What fresh

cresc. *f*

più m. sub.
♩ = 108

206

Mo

fol-ly is in his mind that he can-not keep his daugh-ter from straying thus? Or has he no bet-ter coun-sel for his spies?

ff organ solo

f a tempo ♩ = 104

210

LUTHIEN staying her song

mp *cresc.* *mf*

Thin-gol sent me not, nor knows what road his daughter has taken. Yet every path must at last lead north-ward, and here of need I come,

pp strings *l.h.*

loco

215

Lú

before your throne I hum-bly bow, and of-fer my service in dance and song, for Lú-thi-en knows

220

Lu ma-ny ways to soothe the hearts of kings.

Mo Here of need you shall stay, in joy or in pain.

MORGOTH *mf*

ORCS *f* Ha ha!

ORCS *f* Ha ha!

ORCS *f* Ha ha!

ORCS *f* Ha ha!

subito più mosso

p organ solo

f

224

Mo Yes, you shall share in our fate of woe and tra-vail! Why should I spare your frail body from breaking torment?

Allegro. ♩ = 112

organ p questo tempo al % (m. 400)

banjo

228

Mo Of what use to me is your bab-bl-ing song and fool - ish laugh-ter?

ORCS *f* Chop her up and feed her to

ORCS *f* Crush her where she stands!

f brass

232 **ORCS** *f*

S: Ha ha! Ha ha ha! Burn her a-live!

A: Car-char-oth! Ha ha ha! Burn her a-live!

T: Ha ha ha! Boil her!

B: Ha ha! Ha ha ha! Whip her!

oboe *saxophone* *ff*

238 **MORGOTH** *mf*

Mo: Yet I will give you a brief res-pite, a lit-tle while to live, a pret-ty toy for id-le

banjo *(ress-pit)*

organ *mf*

243

Mo: hou-rs. Sing, for a time! Here we sel-dom find such beau-ty a-mid our long

gvb

248

Mo: la-bors. I will lis-ten and better con-si-der your fi-nal fate.

gvb *p strings + guitar*

255 **LUTHIEN** singing *mp*

Ah, ah, Great is the

(8vb)

263

King - dom of Mel - kor.

MORGOTH *mf* to himself Ah, ah,

Such cru-el beau - ty! In sloth - ful gardens the curs - ed

(8vb)

269

He rules all Ar - da, his pow - er has no e - qual. Ah,

Va - lar taste and ca - res many a fragrant flower, ere crushing the soft cool tis - sue beneath their feet!

(8vb)

276

p cresc. ah, *f* all be - ings great and small

Ah, e - ter - nal hun - ger, blind - ing thirst's un - end - ing fi - re, for a mo - ment

(8vb)

282

Lú *ff.*

bow to his will. *cresc. poss.* Ah,

Mo cease, as I take this ten-der mor-sel, to sa-vor and de-file!

MORGOTH reaches for LÚTHIEN. She eludes his grasp, and again taking up her wings flies about, singing

f p *f p*

loco

(8vb)

288

Lú ah! Dark-ness reigns through-out the land!

f p simile cresc. dim.

294 *poco più p*

Lú Ah, ah, sha-dows fall up-on thy throne. Sleep, sleep deep and

Her voice is like rain dropping into pools, profound and dark.

p cresc.

(8vb)

300

Lú long, rest from care, sleep, sleep, all Ar-da is

f dim.

(8vb)

306 (concert version) **NARRATOR** The fiery glow grows dim in Morgoth's lidless eyes. *mp* The fires lighting the Hall die yours. Ah...!

The host falls asleep. The fiery glow dies out in MORGOTH's lidless eyes. *pp* Fires die out in the hall. *clarinet*

flute

(8vb)

313 (concert version) **LUTHIEN** *mf* **NARRATOR** As Morgoth nods, the Silmarils blaze forth. *f* **LUTHIEN** Ah...!

The Silmarils blaze forth and Morgoth's head nods. (The only light is from the crown.) *pipeaphone* *simile*

horn *pipeaphone* *loco*

(8vb)

320 Dream now, dark as the out-er Void where once you walked a -

325 lone. Ah, Ah, Ah...

ff *fff* *ff*

331

(concert version) **NARRATOR** Morgoth falls over. The Crown rolls away.

MORGOTH falls over. The crown rolls off his head.

dim.

8vb

336

(concert version) **NARRATOR** A- wakened by her hand, Beren casts aside his dis-

Ber-en! Ber-en! Awake! Take the jewel! Ber-en— ah..

She sinks shivering, her power spent.

pppp

(8vb)

343

guise, and tries to free a Silmaril from the crown.

BEREN *ff*

It will not budge!

He tries in vain to move the Crown, then to pull a Silmaril out by hand.

ff trombone

(8vb)

350

p Ah! *mf* Come, Angrist, now prove thy maker's

He suddenly remembers Angrist and pulls it out.

mf *pp* *mp* *violins*

loco

357 *più f* (concert version) **NARRATOR** He cuts a Silmaril

skill, and cut this ho-ly jew-el from its accurs-ed pri-son!

mf *clarinet* *strings*

365 free, and holds it in his hand, through which it shines.

cresc. *f dim.*

371 **BEREN** *mf* Why not go be-yond my vow and free all three of them?

p *cresc.*

378 *ff* Now, Ang-rist, for the lib-er-a-tion of Ar-da! (knife snaps) **MORGOTH** *mf* Ah (X)

cresc. *organ ff mf p* **MORGOTH** groans and, with the entire host, stirs in sleep.

NARRATOR (concert version) The knife snaps.

Tries to cut out another, but the blade snaps, a shard from it hitting MORGOTH on the cheek.

384 **BEREN** *mp* rousing LÚTHIEN

8 Tin - ú - vi-ell!

Mo

mf Ah

mf Ah

mf Ah

mf Ah

Ah

BEREN and LÚTHIEN, struck with terror, flee the Hall heedless and without disguise.

saxophone trombone organ saxophone winds

390 organ strings winds

393 strings **cresc. molto**

395 **fff** trumpets

398

dim. *allarg.*

402

trumpet
p winds guitar

406

(concert version) **NARRATOR** Back up the endless stairs they flee, heedless and without dis- guise, de-sir-ing on-ly to see the light once more.

411

banjo
mf tuba
bass clar.

416

420

425

ppp strings

8vb

432

trombone

poco a poco cresc.

saxophone

I.V. (8vb)

437

clarinet

trumpet

I.V.

441

flute

loco

trombone

(concert version)
NARRATOR

At last they reach the Gate, but their escape is not unopposed: Garcharoth has awakened from his slumber.

445

flute

SCENE 10b. The Gate.

CARCHAROTH

Ca

f dim.

loco

8vb

Rrrrrrrrrrr!

Lu

454

LUTHIEN *mf* (gasps for breath)

Ber-en, I am spent! I have not the strength to quell the beast a - gain!

p *viola*

bassoon

cresc.

Be

461

BEREN *f* holding aloft the Silmaril

Get you gone and fly, for here is a fire that will con - sume you and all e - vil things!

pipeaphone

cresc.

(8vb) *loco*

Lu

467

Ah! Faints in pain.

Be

Ah-hhh...

Ca

CARCHAROTH *f*

Aaaaarr!

soprano sax

brass

ffpp cresc. accel. al 3/4 (m. 478)

timpani

(concert version)

NARRATOR He swallows Beren's hand and immediately the jewel starts to

He thrusts the jewel before the eyes of the wolf. CARCHAROTH looks upon the jewel and is not daunted.

473

fff
e...

GA
S
A
T

AAAAaaaaa!!

ECHO *mp* AAAAAaa!!

ECHO *mf* AAAAAaa!!

ECHO *f* AAAAAaa!!

within, approaching ORCS *ff*

8 A

NARRATOR
(concert version)

burn him.

Howling, CARCHAROTH flees before them: the jewel is burning him from within.
LÚTHIEN sucks the poison from BEREN's wound and puts forth her failing power to staunch it.

mf cresc. $\text{♩} = 106$ $\text{♩} = 108$ $\text{♩} = 110$ *ff cresc. molto*

478

within, approaching ORCS *ff*

To arms! To arms! To arms!

within, approaching ORCS *ff*

A Sil - ma - ril has been ta - ken!

To arms! To arms!

Sil - ma - ril has been ta - ken!

Kill the thief! Kill the thief! To arms!

within, approaching ORCS *ff*

To arms!

Kill the thief! Kill the thief! To arms!

THORONDOR and other Eagles swoop down and bear BEREN and LÚTHIEN away southward as Orcs and Balrogs appear at the Gate.
Fire and smoke burst forth from Thangorodrim.

Agitato. $\text{♩} = 112$

subito pp cresc.

484 *fff*

S To arms! To arms! To arms! To arms! To arms!

A To arms! To arms! To arms! To arms! To arms!

T To arms! To arms! To arms! To arms! To arms!

B To arms! To arms! To arms! To arms! To arms!

fff

fff

fff

fff

cresc.

fff tutti

489

493 **NARRATOR**
(concert version)

A- bove the wall of the val-ley, three mighty birds appear. They swoop swiftly down and

diminuendo al fine

498

bear Beren and Lúthien a- loft, in- to the clouds.

pppp