

Guinevere's Song

Words and Music: Elaisse de Garrigues

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of four staves of music. The first two staves contain the first verse of the song. The third staff is marked 'Chorus' and contains the chorus. The fourth staff contains the final line of the chorus. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

You see be - fore you a la - dy of God, but the tale of my life's filled with sor - row. I
My lord built a king - dom peace - ful and fair, where chi - val - ry ruled each en - dea - vor. A
once was a queen on a great gold - en throne with noth - ing but hope for the mor - row.
sweet gold - en dream, those days in the sun, des - troyed by my weak - ness fo - re - ver.

Chorus
Now I sit and I gaze out my ab - bey cell win - dow and I see, not the stars, but a face that I loved And
I hear the voice of mem - o - ry cal - ling, "Gui - ne - vere, Gui - ne - vere, don't break my heart."

You see before you a lady of God, but the tale of my life's filled with sorrow.
I once was a queen on a great golden throne with nothing but hope for the morrow.
My lord built a kingdom peaceful and fair, where chivalry ruled each endeavor.
A sweet golden dream, those days in the sun, destroyed by my weakness forever.

*Now I sit and I gaze out my abbey cell window and I see, not the stars, but a face that I loved
And I hear the voice of memory calling, "Guinevere, Guinevere, don't break my heart."*

A gallant young knight on a dashing white steed came riding one day into Camelot.
He captured my eye, and beginning that day, my heart stirred for no one but Lancelot.
We tried to resist, to be faithful and true, knowing our love bore a cost.
We knelt before God each night and each day, but our souls were already lost.

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We met in the darkness of the forest at night, believing our shame was concealed.
But truth finds a way to make itself known, and our secret was quickly revealed.
When Arthur discovered that his heart was betrayed, he declared that my life must be ended.
My Lancelot came, took me from the fire, made war on the king he'd befriended.

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The kingdom divided, the knights all took sides, this battle no tournament game.
Though Arthur survived, and Lancelot, too, nothing was ever the same.
So ended the glory of fair Camelot. The peace of the kingdom was shattered.
With my betrayal of husband and king, I lost everything that ever mattered.

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"Guinevere, Guinevere, don't break my heart."