

## Anthony Phillips "Henry: Portraits From Tudor Times"

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### I. Fanfare

Heralds sound the fanfare at the opening of the court of King Henry

viii: a stately procession reveals lavish pageantry and splendour.

### II. Lutes Chorus

A great feast in the Long Hall is followed by dancing and games at

which the Master of the Revels presides; members of the "King's

Musick" accompany, and Richmond Palace glows long into the night,

lighting the royal barges upon the river.

### III. Misty Battlements

Dawn breaks on Gloucester Castle. A Knight looks out over his misty

battlements. There is talk of war with France; suddenly the almost

uneasy days of peace have ended and the air is filled with excitement.

Once again he will ride with his King, for the honour of England, and

strive to do valiant deeds. Once again he will trust his fate to the

Almighty and leave behind him a proud and gracious lady, anxious both

for his speedy return and glory in the field. And yet he is sad. As

the scarves of mist unfurl on the bare courtyard below he raises his

hands to his eyes, and scans the horizon, beyond the necks of the

trees, far away over the plains, over that broad stretch of blue to

France and all that awaits...

### IV. Henry Goes To War: France

Preparation for War: The Fleet assembles. Across the fields and

meadows of Brittany. The greasing of catapults and the sharpening of

arrows: -- the Siege of Tournai. Nightfall upon the

English camp: Sir  
Guy dreams of Gloucester.  
The Battle of the Spurs: Dawn carnage. The crash of  
mace upon armour  
and steel upon scabbard. The English are victorious but  
many lie,  
seeing only a wide open sky...

V. Death Of A Knight On The Field Of France  
The lady rises from her spinning-wheel and  
approaches the window.  
Gazing forth from her Tower she views the pleasant  
verdant landscape.  
Beneath her, the courtyard and paddocks are  
deserted; beyond the  
gentle-sloping water and hillocks are dimming in the  
crepuscular  
light. All is still save the occasional cries of curlews  
fleeing the  
approaching night. She waits. No heavy voices or tramp  
of hooves echo  
from below. Somewhere, far beyond her sight, men,  
deep in song and  
crowned in triumph, are swarming back along dusky  
tracks to their  
shires. A door creaks, but all remains silent, unmoving.  
No-one comes.  
With a sigh she draws the heavy folds across the  
awning, shutting out  
the night.

VI. Triumphant Return From War  
Heralds' Fanfare greets the returning, victorious army;  
the streets  
are lined with folk shouting "Cry God For Hal," eager  
for a glimpse of  
their bold and heroic prince.  
Finally, all join in Prayer and Thanksgiving in the Chapel  
Royal.

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