

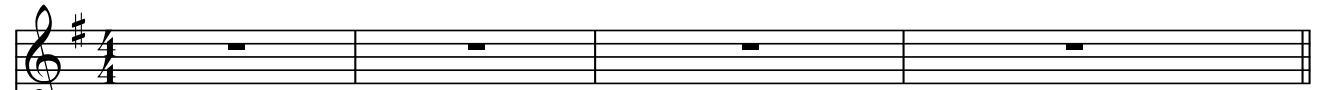
# The Princesses' Greetings

for Voice and Piano

Don Orfeo

Don Orfeo

♩ = 152



**Chancellor:** King Morph, Queen Zazu, Princess Camilla approaches!

*[The Chancellor hides behind the thrones  
X from the side of the Princess' entrance.]*

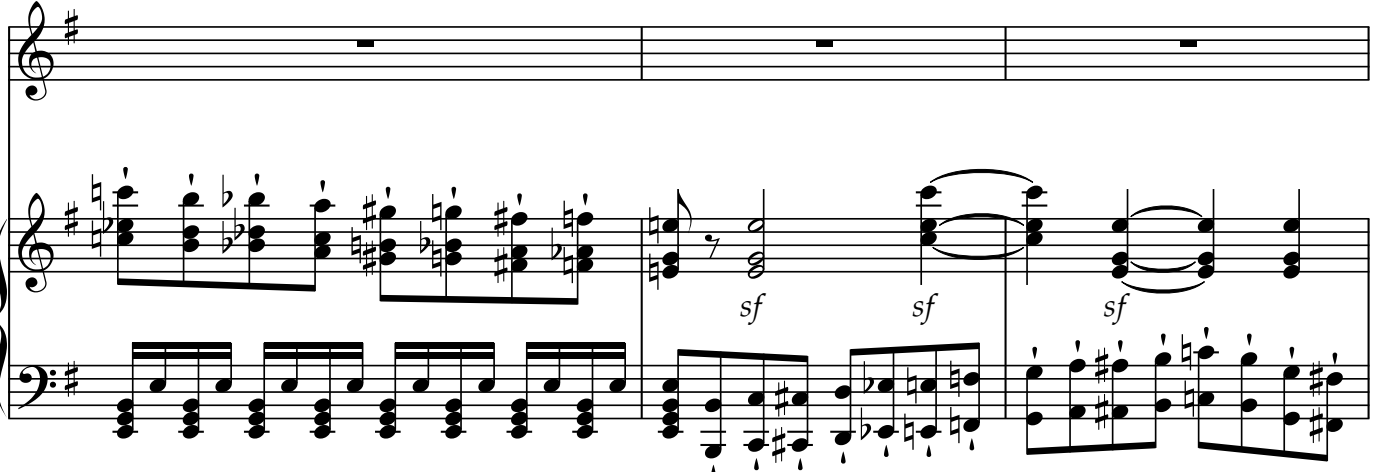
♩ = 152



5



8



11

*fff* *sf* *sf*  $\text{♩} = 76$

14

*rit.* . . . . .

[The Princess comes in. She is young, her hair may be in happy, healthy, but currently wearing rollers or at least covered up a clay facial and a muumuu or robe, in some sort of corresponding fashion.] both hiding her beauty and figure;

$\text{♩} = 76$

*sf* *rit.* *p*  $\text{♩} = 76$

20

*mf* Good mor-row, dear moth-er; good fath-er good mor-row!\_

*p*

24

[Seeing the Chancellor; waves to the conductor to stop the music]

For I'm to be mar-ried to - day, to - day--

Oh, I say! Affairs of state? Sorry.

**King Morph**

[*Holding out his hand*] Don't go, Camilla. [*She takes his hand.*]

**Chancellor**

Shall I withdraw, Your Majesty?

**Queen Zazu**

You are aware, Camilla, that Prince Simon arrives today?

**Princess Camilla**

He has arrived. They're just letting down the drawbridge.

**King Morph**

[*Jumping up*] Arrived! I must —

**Princess Camilla**

My dear father, you know what the drawbridge is like. It takes at least half an hour to let it down.

**King Morph**

[*Sitting down*] It wants oil. [*To the Chancellor*] Have you been grudging it oil?

**Princess Camilla**

It wants a new drawbridge, darling.

**Chancellor**

Have I Your Majesty's permission —

**King Morph**

Yes, yes. [*The Chancellor bows and goes out.*]

**Queen Zazu**

You've told him, of course? It's our only chance.

**King Morph**

Er — no. I was just going to, when —

**Queen Zazu**

Then I'd better. [*She goes to the door.*] You can explain to the girl; I'll have her sent to you. You've told Camilla?

**King Morph**

Er — no. I was just going to, when —

**Queen Zazu**

Then you'd better tell her now.

**King Morph**

My dear, are you sure —

**Queen Zazu**

It's the only chance left. [*Dramatically to heaven*] My daughter! [*She goes out.*  
*There is a little silence when she is gone.*]