

# ONCE UPON A MATTRESS

No. 1

Overture

129

*attacca*

No. 2

Prologue—Many Moons Ago

Brightly

1

5 MINSTREL: 6 Freely - in 4

(on cue) Man - y moons a - go in a far off place Lived a

hand - some prince with a gloom - y face, For he did not have a bride. Oh, he

12 sighed "a - las" And he pined a - las, But a - las, the prince could - n't

find a lass Who would suit his moth - er's pride. For a

18 prin - cess is a del - i - cate thing. Del - i - cate and dain - ty as a

dra - gon fly's wing. You can re - cog - nize a la - dy by her ei - e - gant air, But a

24 gen-u-ine prin-cess is ex - ceed-ing - ly rare. 26 *Keep moving*

Bells

30 On a storm - y night, to the cas - tle door, Came the

lass the prince had been wait - ing for. "I'm a prin - cess lost" quoth she. But the

36 queen was cool and re - mained a - loof And she said: "Per - haps, but she'll

need some proof. I'll pre - pare a test and see. I will

42 test her thus," the old queen said: I'll put twen-ty down-y mat-tress-

es up-on her bed And be - tween those twen-ty mat-tress-es I'll place a ti - ny pea. If that

50 *a tempo* 6

pea dis-turbs her slum-ber, then a true prin-cess is she.

*Sung:* 58

Now, the bed was soft and ex - treme-ly tall, But the dain - ty lass did-n't

64

sleep at all, And she told them so next day. Said the queen: "My dear, if you

felt that pea, Then we've proof e - nough of your roy - al - ty. Let the

