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RICCARDO CHAILLY AND IGOR STRAVINSKY

Riccardo Chailly was 15 years old when he conducted his first note of Stravinsky's music. "It was in 1968," he recalls. "I was a first-year conducting student at the Conservatory in Milan, and the piece was the Second Suite. It was at the Teatro Odeon, a beautiful old theatre, which nowadays is a cinema. It was the first time I found myself unable to resist what the orchestra was projecting back to me as I conducted this music." And even today, over half a century later, he still finds himself in awe of Stravinsky's music (he'd just been conducting *Apollon musagète* at La Scala when we spoke, a work he simply adores).

Few conductors are able to resist the allure of those three early ballets written in quick succession for the impresario Sergei Diaghilev's Ballets russes – *The Firebird*, *Petrushka* and *The Rite of Spring* – but Chailly has remained loyal to the music of Stravinsky throughout his career, and has embraced music from well over 50 years of the composer's output. For a musician who has spent years exploring Austro-Germanic symphonic literature, Mahler in particular, as well as the great Italian opera tradition, with Puccini to the fore, it's surprising to learn how much Stravinsky he has recorded. In fact, Chailly has recorded more music by Stravinsky than by any other composer. "When Decca sent me the list of contents for this set," he confesses, "I didn't know whether to be horrified or very impressed! I was amazed at how much I'd recorded. And I'm very pleased that we are marking the anniversary of Stravinsky's death with this box."

Though all of the symphony orchestras with whom Chailly has held chief conductor posts are represented here (the Berlin Radio Symphony, Amsterdam's Royal Concertgebouw, Leipzig's Gewandhausorchester and the Lucerne Festival Orchestra), the earliest recordings feature the London Sinfonietta and date from the late 1970s. "The series I recorded for Ricordi was made with the producer Jürg Grand," Chailly explains. "We'd decided to focus on the chamber works, and it was around the time when I was guest conducting a lot in London – with the LSO, at Covent Garden and as a Principal Guest with the LPO. So when it came to choosing an orchestra, I remember suggesting the London Sinfonietta. This was such an exciting collaboration with some splendid musicians – the individual bravura of so many of the players was terrific. And shortly after those early sessions, when Claudio Abbado was not only Chief Conductor but also Artistic Director of La Scala, he'd planned for me to do *The Rake's Progress*. Because there was a production at La Scala itself at the time, it meant that we had to perform in another theatre, the Teatro Lirico, and with another orchestra. And I recall Claudio asking me who we should get, so, remembering the experience I'd had with them, I immediately suggested the London Sinfonietta. It was the John Cox production with sets by David Hockney [first produced at Glyndebourne in 1975], and Philip Langridge was Tom Rakewell – he was unforgettable! It was an extraordinary success. And after that, naturally and logically, Decca asked me to record the complete opera with the London Sinfonietta. Obviously it benefitted from those many staged performances in Milan beforehand,

and the excitement of that recording was a natural consequence of making music with the London Sinfonietta. It was my first collaboration with Decca's Andrew Cornall as a producer, and a very happy and successful one."

Chailly has some advice, borne of long experience, for anyone approaching Stravinsky's music as a performer. "A conductor, and particularly a young conductor, will almost certainly not understand everything simply by studying the score for the first time; especially given the structural complexity of Stravinsky's style of writing." The composer wanted to document what he did and how the music should sound, so you have to listen to his own recordings. Take the Violin Concerto, which is a piece I love, and which he recorded with Isaac Stern. Now there you see that when he makes 'almost-quotes' of Bach, Weber or Tchaikovsky in that piece, he's drawing playing of great intellectual ability from Isaac Stern but also with a knowledge of the classical and romantic repertoire – and Stravinsky conducts magnificently well. So whoever wants to perform his music mustn't ignore the existence of these recordings. Also, the metronome marks: these are not optional in Stravinsky's music. (I keep saying the same for Giacomo Puccini too – these two composers have been my companions the longest, since the late 1960s.) The attention to the value and the meaning of the metronome markings is so often mistreated or ignored. And if you listen to that CBS box, he tells you exactly the tempo he wants."

One of the works that is repeated in this set, *The Rite of Spring* of 1913, is a piece Chailly is quick to acknowledge changed the language of music in the 20th century. It is, quite simply, a watershed. His first recording dates from 1987 and was made in Cleveland: Decca's then A&R Vice President Ray Minshull was determined to pair his dynamic young Italian signing with arguably North America's most virtuoso ensemble. "At that time," Chailly recalls, "I was conducting them regularly, most seasons. I was still a young conductor, and the idea that I should record *The Rite* with the orchestra that had made a classic recording under Pierre Boulez was slightly daunting! I've not listened to that recording recently, but when my second recording with the Lucerne Festival Orchestra was reviewed it was good to read that people still thought that earlier version had some value!"

When Chailly recorded that second version of *The Rite of Spring* in 2017 (coincidentally, exactly 30 years after his Cleveland account), he was also entrusted with making the world-premiere recording of the newly rediscovered *Chant funèbre*. Working on the programme with the Lucerne Festival's Director Michael Haefliger, Chailly placed this work, composed in memory of Stravinsky's teacher, Rimsky-Korsakov, in the context of the pieces written around the same time, *Le Faune et la Bergère*, *Feu d'artifice* and the *Scherzo fantastique*, works that seem to look to France for their language. "But when we read through the *Chant funèbre*," Chailly remembers, "the musicians were completely shocked by the piece and said there's a kind of spectre of Wagner. There's almost a quote of *The Ring* there. It was written as a threnody for Rimsky-Korsakov, and I found it a very inspiring piece. But that's always the case with Stravinsky: he always amazes us with his imagination and his incredible sound. Listen to just three bars of his music, and you can tell immediately who wrote it. He was a genius."

James Jolly, November 2020

STRAVINSKY: ALWAYS NEW, ALWAYS RUSSIAN

The first thing that will surely strike anyone who listens through all the music in the present collection is the astonishing range of style and technique in the work of one single composer. Is it really possible that the composer of *The Faun and the Shepherdess* also wrote *Agor*: a romantic cycle roughly in the style of Tchaikovsky followed – admittedly half a century later – by a piece of brisk modernism that would hardly embarrass Pierre Boulez or Harrison Birtwistle?

But Stravinsky was like that. He was born in Oranienbaum, a few miles from St Petersburg, in 1882, and the Russia he knew as a child and young man was the old Russia of Tolstoy and Chekhov, the Russia of the Tsars. His teacher was Rimsky-Korsakov, his father a principal bass at the Mariinsky Theatre. The music that surrounded him was the work of composers like Mussorgsky, Borodin and Tchaikovsky. But when he came to Paris in 1910 for the premiere of his ballet *The Firebird*, and then settled in Switzerland for his wife's health, he soon ran into the difficulty that has plagued so many Russian artists forced to live abroad: the loss of contact with their roots, the loss of that sense of belonging that goes with a shared culture and language.

With his brilliant ballets for Diaghilev, *Petrushka* and *The Rite of Spring*, he could still feel very Russian, working with Russians on Russian subjects, albeit in France. After all, he probably thought, we'll soon be back home. Stranded in Switzerland during the war, he had a wonderful time exploring collections of Russian folksong and folk tales and turning them into music that built on their peculiarities in various ways. This is the time of the "jolly burlesque" *Renard* (1916), a song and dance pantomime with 15 instruments, already remote in style from the pre-war ballets, with their huge orchestras and spectacular scenarios. *Renard* is spiky, raucous, rough at the edges, like the old travelling street theatre that it draws on. And Stravinsky wrote a number of smaller works in this style, culminating in *The Soldier's Tale* of 1918, with a French text but based on two or three Russian folk stories about the soldier returning home from the wars who sells his fiddle (alias his soul) to the devil, gets rich, marries a princess, but still yearns for his old home, and is grabbed by the devil when he tries to go back there.

How symbolic! What had happened in between in Russia, of course, was a pair of revolutions whose outcome was that a member of the gentry class, as Stravinsky was, could not safely return. The devil would grab him. Suddenly he was faced with, not just a lengthy stay, but the rest of his life in exile. It was at this point that he started looking around for a new stylistic direction. Russia would no longer do; the future lay in the west. This is surely one reason why, when Diaghilev suggested he arrange some pieces by the 18th-century composers Pergolesi and Gallo, he jumped at the chance to work along new lines. *Pulcinella* is a lot more than simple arrangements, and it suggested to Stravinsky the idea of applying his Russian techniques to a completely different type of music. *Pulcinella* had its premiere in Paris in May 1920, exactly two years before that of *Renard*. And if that

wasn't confusing enough for the poor Parisians, they were then confronted with the Octet (October 1923), a piece that masquerades as classical chamber music in E flat major, sonata form and the rest, followed by *The Soldier's Tale* (April 1924), which is a hybrid of Russianisms and western dances, tango, waltz and ragtime.

Stravinsky seems to have enjoyed wrong-footing his audiences by confounding their expectations in this way. It was his response to being torn up by the roots and heeled in a completely different soil. It sounds an unpromising psychology for an artist. But Stravinsky was no ordinary artist. *Oedipus rex*, which followed in 1927, is a quintessentially artificial masterpiece, everything calculated – the Latin text, the dinner-jacketed narrator, the flat décor, the masked characters, immobile except for their heads and arms. The music hints at Handel, Verdi, even Puccini, but in a purely Stravinskian manner. Yet there is no more powerful work in 20th-century opera. Then, just when you thought you had caught up with the (no longer) young tearaway, along came *Apollon musagète*, the Apollo of the Muses, a work of the most purely limpid serenity, written for strings, and apparently modelled on the most banal kind of 19th-century ballet, only without the banality. Finally *The Fairy's Kiss*, a Pulcinellaification of Tchaikovsky, the slushy romantic whom, surely, no one of taste could possibly admire. But Stravinsky did admire Tchaikovsky, loved his music in fact. And *The Fairy's Kiss* is a wonderful, still underrated tribute to that love. In fact, Stravinsky got so involved with this music that he nearly missed the deadline for the first performance, by Ida Rubinstein's ballet company, in November 1928.

Amid all this musical side-stepping, Stravinsky never truly abandoned his Russianness. In Paris he lived like a Parisian, but his home life, in the French countryside, was purely Russian, sometimes even devout, always Orthodox. When Serge Koussevitzky commissioned a symphony for the 50th anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1930, he expected an orchestral work, but got, no doubt to his surprise, a choral one, the *Symphony of Psalms*, with a Latin text perhaps because Russian would be an arcane, impenetrable language for western choirs, but perhaps also because in the Orthodox Church musical instruments are not permitted, so choral music is always unaccompanied.

This was Stravinsky's second American commission (*Apollon musagète* had been the first), but it would be very far from his last. The Violin Concerto (1931) was a commission by the American composer Blair Fairchild for his adoptive son, the Polish-born violinist Samuel Dushkin, and the ballet *Jeu de cartes* (1937) was commissioned by Lincoln Kirstein for his American Ballet company. Stravinsky toured the USA three times before settling there in 1940, and he grew into it increasingly. His music begins even to feel a bit American, more settled, perhaps, more comfortable in its skin. Yet it still had some surprises up its sleeve. The E flat concerto usually known by the name of the Washington house – Dumbarton Oaks – whose owners commissioned it in 1938 recaptures the elusive brilliance of the 20s, and the Bach influence, so obvious at the start, soon vanishes into the intricacies of the Stravinsky style. But once settled on the American west coast, and with war in Europe a constant worry, he was forced to make compromises with the commercialism which, then as now, was always hovering on

the fringes of great art in that country. The *Tango* (1940), for instance, was a popular song that never got its words but was played early on in an orchestral arrangement by Felix Guenther and published as a piano piece. Unlike in Stravinsky's earlier jazzy pieces (the tango in *The Soldier's Tale* and his various ragtimes), there is no monkeying here with the regular metre; the jitterbugs who swayed to Benny Goodman's orchestral performance in a Philadelphia concert in 1941 could barely have coped. The *Four Norwegian Moods* likewise display a palpable softening of style, while still being immaculately composed.

After the war, Stravinsky surprised his followers once again by embarking on a full-length opera, *The Rake's Progress*, to a libretto by W.H. Auden, a work almost three times the length of his longest previous work. But this surprise was as nothing compared to the one that came next. After the opera's Venice premiere in September 1951, Stravinsky and his assistant Robert Craft visited the studios of the South-West German radio and listened to some of the music of the young avant-garde, including Boulez and Henze, as well as works by Schoenberg and Webern that were completely new to him. It seems that he came away from this experience in a state of depression. Suddenly he who had been the great progressive, the one who set the agenda, sounded like a back number, a has-been. *The Rake's Progress* was a masterpiece, but it was old-fashioned, neo-classical, tonal for heaven's sake! The future was atonality, serialism, the new complexity. Now Craft, it so happened, was an enthusiast for this music and knowledgeable about it, and he worked on Stravinsky, explained it to him, interested him in it. Soon Stravinsky was writing his own serial music, in his own unique way, imprinting his own – Russian – thinking on it, just as he had imprinted his thinking on Pergolesi, Tchaikovsky, Bach, Verdi.

The ballet *Agon*, one of the two or three greatest works of this final period, uses a serial method of its own, but a more ancient style – that of the 17th-century dance manuals – peeps out through the undergrowth. Listen to the Galliard, for instance, and hear the master reimagining sound for the umpteenth time, inventing something incredible, with double basses at the top, the cellos playing thick chords at the bottom and mandolin and harp tinkling away in the middle. Stupid! Doesn't he know how to score? But just listen...

Stephen Walsh

Photos pp. 10–13: Recording in the Jesus-Christus-Kirche, Berlin, 1984







Recording session for *Roi des étoiles*, February 1984 ▲



RICCARDO CHAILLY ET IGOR STRAVINSKY

Riccardo Chailly avait quinze ans quand il dirigea sa première note de musique de Stravinsky. « C'était en 1968, » raconte-t-il. « J'étais en première année de direction d'orchestre au Conservatoire de Milan, et nous travaillions sur la Suite n° 2. Nous étions au Teatro Odeon, un beau théâtre ancien aujourd'hui reconvertis en cinéma. C'est la première fois que je me suis senti incapable de résister à ce que l'orchestre me renvoyait pendant que je dirigeais cette partition. » D'ailleurs, aujourd'hui encore, plus d'un demi-siècle plus tard, il est toujours très impressionné par la musique de Stravinsky (quand nous nous sommes entretenus, il venait de diriger *Apollon musagète* à La Scala, un ouvrage qu'il adore carrément).

Rares sont les chefs d'orchestre qui résistent aux charmes des trois ballets de jeunesse écrits par Stravinsky en rapide succession pour les Ballets russes de l'imprésario Serge de Diaghilev – *L'Oiseau de feu*, *Pétrouchka* et *Le Sacre du printemps* – mais Chailly est demeuré fidèle à la musique du compositeur tout au long de sa carrière, et a abordé des pages couvrant plus de cinquante ans de sa production. Pour un musicien qui a passé tant d'années à explorer le répertoire symphonique austro-allemand, et notamment Mahler, ainsi que la grande tradition lyrique italienne, avec une préférence pour Puccini, on s'étonne en apprenant la quantité d'œuvres de Stravinsky qu'il a enregistrées. De fait, Chailly a gravé plus de musique de Stravinsky que d'aucun autre compositeur. Il l'avoue lui-même : « Quand Decca m'a fait parvenir la liste du contenu de ce recueil, je ne savais plus s'il fallait que je sois horrifié ou ébahi ! Je n'en revenais pas d'avoir enregistré autant de morceaux. Et je suis ravi de pouvoir marquer l'anniversaire de la disparition de Stravinsky avec ce coffret. »

Bien que tous les orchestres symphoniques dont Chailly a été chef principal soient représentés ici (l'Orchestre symphonique de la Radio berlinoise, l'Orchestre royal du Concertgebouw d'Amsterdam, l'Orchestre du Gewandhaus de Leipzig et l'Orchestre du Festival de Lucerne), il a signé ses tout premiers enregistrements avec la London Sinfonietta, à la fin des années 1970. « La série que j'ai gravée pour Ricordi a été réalisée avec le producteur Jürg Grand, » raconte Chailly. « Nous avions décidé de nous centrer sur les pièces de chambre et à l'époque, j'étais souvent chef invité à Londres – avec l'Orchestre symphonique de Londres, au Covent Garden et en tant que premier chef invité de l'Orchestre philharmonique de Londres. Alors quand il a fallu choisir un orchestre, je me rappelle avoir proposé la London Sinfonietta. Ma collaboration avec ces musiciens de haut vol a été sensationnelle : la virtuosité individuelle de nombre de ces instrumentistes était épataante. Et peu de temps après ces premières sessions, alors que Claudio Abbado était non seulement chef principal, mais également directeur artistique de la Scala, il avait prévu de me confier *The Rake's Progress*. Comme il y en avait justement une production à la Scala à l'époque, il nous a fallu jouer dans un autre théâtre, le Teatro Lirico, et avec un autre orchestre. Et quand Claudio m'a demandé quelle formation engager, je me suis rappelé mon expérience avec eux et j'ai aussitôt proposé la London Sinfonietta. C'était la production de John Cox dans des décors de David

Hockney [créée à Glyndebourne en 1975], et Philip Langridge campait un Tom Rakewell inoubliable ! Le succès fut extraordinaire. Après cela, en toute logique, Decca m'a demandé d'enregistrer l'opéra complet avec la London Sinfonietta. À l'évidence, le projet a bénéficié de ces nombreuses représentations scéniques données préalablement à Milan, et le bonheur de faire ce disque a été une conséquence naturelle de ma collaboration musicale avec la London Sinfonietta. Il s'agissait de ma première collaboration avec le producteur de Decca Andrew Cornall, et elle a été particulièrement heureuse et fructueuse. »

À tous les interprètes qui souhaitent aborder la musique de Stravinsky, Chailly a quelques conseils à prodiguer, fruits de sa longue expérience en la matière : « Un chef d'orchestre, surtout s'il est jeune, ne pourra pas tout comprendre simplement en étudiant une partition pour la première fois, surtout compte tenu de la complexité structurelle du style d'écriture de Stravinsky. Le compositeur tenait à documenter ce qu'il faisait et à illustrer le résultat sonore qu'il attendait, si bien qu'il faut écouter ses propres enregistrements. Prenez le Concerto pour violon, qui est un morceau que j'adore et qu'il a gravé avec Isaac Stern. En l'écoulant, on remarque que quand il y fait des "quasi-citations" de Bach, Weber ou Tchaïkovski, il obtient un jeu d'une grande adresse intellectuelle de la part d'Isaac Stern, mais assorti d'une vraie connaissance du répertoire classique et romantique ; et sa direction d'orchestre est magnifique. Ainsi, quiconque souhaite interpréter sa musique doit prendre en compte l'existence de ces enregistrements. Il en est de même pour les indications métronomiques : celles-ci ne sont pas optionnelles dans la musique de Stravinsky. (Je m'évertue d'ailleurs à répéter la même chose pour Giacomo Puccini – ce sont ces deux compositeurs qui m'ont accompagné le plus longtemps, depuis la fin des années 1960.) L'attention prêtée à la valeur et à la signification des indications métronomiques est trop souvent malmenée ou négligée. Et si vous écoutez ce coffret CBS, le compositeur vous indique exactement quel tempo il a en tête. »

L'un des ouvrages présents plus d'une fois dans ce recueil, *Le Sacre du printemps* de 1913, est un morceau dont Chailly reconnaît bien volontiers qu'il a bouleversé le langage musical au XX^e siècle. Il s'agit d'un tournant décisif, tout simplement. La première gravure de Chailly date de 1987 et a été réalisée à Cleveland : Ray Minshull, qui était alors le vice-président de la branche « Artistes et Répertoire » de Decca tenait à associer son jeune Italien dynamique à ce qui était sans doute l'ensemble le plus virtuose d'Amérique du Nord. « À cette époque, » se remémore Chailly, « je les dirigeais régulièrement, pratiquement chaque saison. J'étais encore un jeune chef, et l'idée d'enregistrer *Le Sacre* avec l'orchestre qui en avait réalisé une gravure de référence sous la baguette de Pierre Boulez était quelque peu intimidante ! Je n'ai pas réécouter ce disque récemment, mais quand mon second enregistrement avec l'Orchestre du Festival de Lucerne est paru, j'ai apprécié d'entendre les critiques dire que les mélomanes trouvaient encore quelques qualités à cette version plus ancienne ! »

Quand Chailly a gravé cette seconde version du *Sacre du printemps* en 2017 (incidemment, tout juste trente ans après sa lecture de Cleveland), il s'est également vu confier le premier enregistrement mondial du *Chant funèbre* nouvellement redécouvert. En travaillant au programme avec Michael Haefliger, le directeur du

Festival de Lucerne, Chailly a placé cette œuvre, composée en mémoire du professeur de Stravinsky, Rimski-Korsakov, dans le contexte des pièces écrites vers la même époque, *Le Faune et la Bergère*, *Feu d'artifice* et le *Scherzo fantastique*, trois ouvrages dont le langage semble se tourner vers la France. « Cependant, quand nous avons joué le *Chant funèbre* en répétition pour la première fois », se rappelle Chailly, « les musiciens étaient complètement interloqués par ce morceau et ils ont déclaré qu'on y décèle une espèce de spectre de Wagner. Il y a presque une citation du *Ring* dans ces pages. Elles ont été écrites en guise de thème pour Rimski-Korsakov, et je les ai trouvées très habitées. Mais c'est toujours le cas avec Stravinsky : il nous stupéfie sans cesse avec son imagination et ses incroyables sonorités. Il suffit d'écouter trois mesures de sa musique pour deviner aussitôt qui les a composées. C'était un génie. »

James Jolly, novembre 2020

Traduction : David Ylla-Somers

STRAVINSKY : TOUJOURS NOUVEAU, TOUJOURS RUSSE

La première chose qui ne manquera pas de frapper ceux qui écouteront les œuvres réunies dans cette anthologie est leur étonnante variété de styles et de techniques de composition, bien qu'elles émanent d'un seul et même compositeur. Est-il vraiment possible que *Le Faune et la Bergère* soit de la même plume qu'*Agon*, qu'un cycle de mélodies romantique plus ou moins dans le style de Tchaïkovski ait été suivi, certes un demi-siècle plus tard, par une partition d'un modernisme cru que n'aurait pas dédaignée un Pierre Boulez ou un Harrison Birtwistle ?

Stravinsky était comme ça. Né en 1882 à Oranienbaum, à une trentaine de kilomètres de Saint-Pétersbourg, il grandit dans la vieille Russie de Tolstoï et Tchekhov, la Russie des tsars. Son père, chanteur (basse), est soliste au Théâtre Mariinski. Le jeune Igor baigne dans la musique de Moussorgski, Borodine et Tchaïkovski, et il a pour professeur Rimski-Korsakov. Lorsqu'il arrive à Paris, en 1910, pour la première de son ballet *L'Oiseau de feu*, et plus tard s'installe en Suisse à cause des problèmes de santé de son épouse, il se heurte rapidement à une difficulté qui a tourmenté de nombreux Russes forcés à vivre à l'étranger : la perte de ses racines, la perte de contact avec sa culture et sa langue, et du sentiment d'appartenance qui va avec.

En écrivant ses superbes ballets pour Diaghilev, *Pétrouchka* et *Le Sacre du printemps*, il peut continuer à se sentir très Russe : il travaille avec des Russes sur des sujets russes, même si c'est en France. Après tout, pense-t-il probablement, je serai bientôt de retour au pays avec ma famille. Bloqué en Suisse durant la Première Guerre mondiale, il prend plaisir à explorer des recueils de chants et contes populaires russes et à en tirer des œuvres musicales qui s'inspirent de leurs particularités de diverses manières. C'est l'époque de l'*« histoire burlesque » Renard* (1916), un pantomime chanté et dansé pour quinze instruments, déjà loin, stylistiquement, des ballets d'avant-guerre avec leur énorme orchestre et leur argument spectaculaire. *Renard* est piquant, tapageur, brut de coffrage, comme les anciennes pièces de théâtre ambulant dont il hérite. Stravinsky compose dans ce style un certain nombre de petites partitions dont le point culminant est *L'Histoire du soldat*, en 1918. Le texte, qui est français mais puise sa matière dans deux ou trois contes russes, met en scène un soldat qui revient de la guerre et vend au diable son violon, symbole de son âme, devient riche, épouse une princesse, mais veut à la fin retourner dans son village ; il est alors obligé de suivre le diable et sa princesse l'appelle en vain.

Comme c'est symbolique ! Car l'année précédente la Russie a été secouée par deux révolutions, en février et en octobre, et désormais un membre de la classe bourgeoise comme Stravinsky ne peut retourner au pays sans encombre, le diable lui demanderait de le suivre. Le compositeur conte soudainement non plus un séjour prolongé à l'étranger, mais le reste de sa vie en exil. Dès lors, il commence à chercher une nouvelle direction stylistique. La Russie ne fait plus l'affaire, l'avenir est en Occident. C'est sûrement une des raisons qui expliquent que lorsque Diaghilev lui propose un ballet inspiré de la commedia dell'arte, avec de la musique de compositeurs du XVIII^e siècle comme Pergolèse et Gallo, il accepte et revisite à sa manière le langage italien de cette époque. *Pulcinella* est bien plus qu'une suite d'arrangements, le sujet donne à Stravinsky l'idée d'appliquer ses techniques russes à un type de musique complètement différent. La première a lieu à Paris en mai 1920, exactement deux ans avant celle de *Renard*. Et comme si *Pulcinella* n'était pas assez troublante pour les pauvres Parisiens, ils sont ensuite confrontés à l'*Octuor* (octobre 1923), qui arbore le masque d'une œuvre de musique de chambre en *mi bémol* majeur avec forme sonate et tout le reste, puis à *L'Histoire du soldat* (avril 1924), un hybride de particularismes russes et de danses occidentales : tango, valse et ragtime.

Stravinsky semble avoir aimé prendre son public à contre-pied et tromper ses attentes avec ce genre de partitions. C'était sa manière de réagir à son déracinement et à sa transplantation dans un sol complètement différent. Cette attitude peut paraître peu prometteuse pour un artiste, mais Stravinsky n'était pas un artiste ordinaire. *Oedipus rex*, qui suit en 1927, est un chef-d'œuvre d'artificialité, tout y est calculé : le texte latin, le narrateur en smoking, le décor plat, les personnages masqués immobiles (sauf leur tête et leurs bras). La musique fait allusion à Haendel, Verdi et même Puccini, mais d'une manière purement stravinskienne. Il n'y a pas ouvrage plus puissant dans l'opéra du XX^e siècle. Puis, alors que vous pensiez vous être mis à la page

du jeune homme impétueux désormais plus si jeune, vient *Apollon musagète*, une partition pour cordes à la sérénité la plus pure, apparemment modelée sur la forme la plus banale du ballet du XIX^e, mais sans la banalité. Enfin, c'est *Le Baiser de la fée*, une « pulcinellisation » de Tchaïkovski, ce romantique à l'eau de rose que personne ayant un peu de goût ne saurait admirer. Mais Stravinsky admirait Tchaïkovski, il adorait sa musique, et *Le Baiser de la fée* est un témoignage merveilleux, encore sous-estimé, de cette admiration. Le compositeur se prendra tellement de passion pour sa partition qu'il faillira ne pas terminer à temps pour la première, donnée par la compagnie de danse d'Ida Rubinstein en novembre 1928.

Stravinsky a beau faire tous ces pas de côté d'une œuvre à l'autre, il n'abandonne jamais vraiment sa russité. Si, à Paris, il vit comme un Parisien, sa vie de famille, dans la campagne française, est purement russe, parfois même dévotement, toujours conforme à la foi orthodoxe. Lorsque Serge Koussevitzky lui commande une symphonie pour le cinquantenaire de l'Orchestre symphonique de Boston, en 1930, il compose, probablement à la surprise de son commanditaire, une partition chorale, la *Symphonie de Psaumes*, sur un texte latin, sans doute parce que le russe aurait été une langue obscure et impénétrable pour des choeurs occidentaux, mais peut-être aussi parce que l'église orthodoxe proscrit l'usage des instruments musicaux (la musique chorale est toujours chantée a cappella).

C'est sa deuxième commande américaine, après *Apollon musagète*, mais loin d'être la dernière. En 1931, le compositeur américain Blair Fairchild lui demande un concerto pour violon pour son fils adoptif, le violoniste d'origine polonaise Samuel Dushkin. Six ans plus tard, Lincoln Kirstein requiert une partition pour son American Ballet, ce sera *Jeu de cartes*. Stravinsky fait trois tournées aux États-Unis avant de s'installer dans le pays en 1940. Il s'assimile de plus en plus dans son nouveau contexte, sa musique commence même à prendre un caractère un peu américain, elle est plus posée, peut-être, mieux dans sa peau. Mais elle a encore plus d'un tour dans son sac. Le Concerto en *mi bémol*, surnommé « *Dumbarton Oaks* » par référence au nom de la maison de Washington dont les propriétaires avaient commandé l'œuvre en 1938, renoue avec le brio insaisissable des années 1920. L'influence de Bach, si évidente au début, ne tarde pas à se dissiper dans la complexité du style stravinskien.

Cependant, une fois installé sur la côte ouest des États-Unis, et la guerre en Europe étant un souci permanent, Stravinsky est forcé de faire des compromis au commercialisme qui, à l'époque comme aujourd'hui, ne cesse de mordre sur le terrain de l'art raffiné dans ce pays. Le *Tango* (1940), par exemple, est un chant populaire qui n'a jamais été pourvu de paroles mais n'a pas tardé à être joué sur un arrangement orchestral de Felix Guenther et publié en version pour piano. Contrairement aux premières pièces jazzy de Stravinsky (notamment *L'Histoire du soldat*, avec son tango et ses divers ragtimes), le mètre régulier n'est pas trafiqué ici ; les danseurs de jitterbug qui se dandinent en écoutant Benny Goodman diriger la version orchestrale à

Philadelphie, en 1941, auraient eu du mal à suivre. De même, les *Quatre Atmosphères norvégiennes* présentent un adoucissement sensible du style, tout en étant d'une composition impeccable.

Au lendemain de la guerre, Stravinsky surprend à nouveau son monde en se lançant dans un opéra d'envergure, *The Rake's Progress* (« La Carrière du libertin »), sur un livret de W. H. Auden. L'ouvrage terminé est presque trois fois plus long que la plus longue de ses partitions précédentes. Mais ce virage surprenant n'est rien comparé à ce qui va suivre. Après la première de l'opéra à Venise, en septembre 1951, le compositeur et son assistant Robert Craft se rendent dans les studios de la Radio allemande du Südwestfunk et écoutent de la musique de la jeune avant-garde, notamment de Boulez et Henze, ainsi que des œuvres de Schoenberg et Webern que Stravinsky ne connaît pas encore. Il semble que cette expérience l'ait plongé dans un état de dépression. Lui qui a été à la pointe du modernisme, qui a montré la voie, le voilà soudain pérîme comme un vieux journal, réduit à être un *has-been*. *The Rake's Progress* est un chef-d'œuvre, mais c'est une partition démodée, néoclassique, tonale, fichtre ! L'avenir est dans l'atonalité, le sérialisme, la nouvelle complexité. Il se trouve cependant que Craft s'enthousiasme pour la nouvelle musique, qu'il en sait long sur elle. Il entame alors un travail de persuasion sur Stravinsky, lui explique ces nouveaux idiommes, suscite son intérêt. Bientôt l'auteur du *Sacre* se met à écrire lui-même de la musique sérielle, de sa manière inimitable, lui imprimant sa propre conception – russe –, comme il l'avait fait pour Pergolèse, Tchaïkovski, Bach ou Verdi.

Si le ballet *Agon*, l'une des deux ou trois partitions grandioses de cette dernière période, s'appuie sur un principe sériel propre, un style plus ancien – celui des manuels de danse du XVII^e siècle – pointe sous la surface. Écoutez la Gaillarde, par exemple, et notez comme le compositeur réimagine le son pour la n-ième fois, invente quelque chose d'incroyable avec les contrebasses en haut, des accords épais des violoncelles en bas, et les délicats tintements de la mandoline et de la harpe au milieu.

Quelle stupidité ! Il ne sait plus orchestrer ?

Écoutez bien...

Stephen Walsh

Traduction : Daniel Fesquet

Photos pp. 20–23: Recording *Pulcinella* in the Concertgebouw's Grote Zaal, October 1992





Riccardo Chailly
Stanley Goodall (engineer)
Michael Woolcock (producer)



Seated at desk (L-R):
Simon Eadon (engineer)
Riccardo Chailly,
Michael Woolcock



RICCARDO CHAILLY UND IGOR STRAWINSKY

Mit 15 Jahren dirigierte Riccardo Chailly zum ersten Mal ein Werk von Strawinsky. „Es war 1968“, erinnert er sich. „Ich studierte Dirigieren am Mailänder Konservatorium im ersten Jahr, und das Stück war die Suite Nr. 2. Es war am Teatro Odeon, einem schönen alten Theater, das heute ein Kino ist. Zum ersten Mal erlebte ich, dass für mich die Reaktion des Orchesters darauf, wie ich diese Musik dirigierte, unwiderstehlich war.“ Und noch heute, mehr als ein halbes Jahrhundert später, verehrt er die Musik von Strawinsky (als wir miteinander sprachen, hat er gerade *Apollon musagète* an der Scala dirigiert, ein Werk, das er einfach bewundert).

Nur wenige Dirigenten können dem Reiz jener drei frühen Ballette – *L'Oiseau de feu*, *Petruschka* und *Le Sacre du printemps* – widerstehen, die in rascher Folge für die Ballets Russes des Impresarios Sergei Diaghilew geschrieben wurden, doch Chailly hat in seiner gesamten Karriere an Strawinskys Musik festgehalten und Werke des Komponisten aus über 50 Schaffensjahren dirigiert. Für einen Musiker, der viele Jahre lang das österreichisch-deutsche Sinfonierepertoire, insbesondere Mahler, sowie die große italienische Operntradition mit Puccini an der Spitze erkundet hat, ist es erstaunlich, wie viele Werke Strawinskys er eingespielt hat. Tatsächlich sogar mehr als von jedem anderen Komponisten. „Als Decca mir die Inhaltsliste für dieses CD-Boxset schickte, wusste ich nicht, ob ich erschrocken oder sehr beeindruckt sein sollte“, bekannte er. „Ich staunte über meine vielen Einspielungen. Und es freut mich sehr, dass wir dieses Album anlässlich des 50. Todestages von Strawinsky herausbringen.“

Während alle Sinfonieorchester, deren Chefdirigent Chailly war, hier vertreten sind (das Radio-Symphonie-Orchester Berlin, das Royal Concertgebouw-Orchester Amsterdam, das Gewandhausorchester Leipzig und das Lucerne Festival Orchestra), dirigiert Chailly in den frühesten, Ende der 1970er Jahre entstandenen Aufnahmen die London Sinfonietta. „Produzent dieser für Ricordi gemachten Reihe war Jürg Grand“, erläutert Chailly. „Wir wollten uns auf die Kammermusikwerke konzentrieren, und um diese Zeit dirigierte ich als Gast mehrfach in London – beim LSO, am Covent Garden und als Erster Gastdirigent beim LPO. Als es dann um die Wahl eines Orchesters ging, habe ich, wie ich mich erinnere, die London Sinfonietta vorgeschlagen. Dies war eine aufregende Zusammenarbeit mit einigen großartigen Musikern – die Virtuosität vieler Spieler war fantastisch. Und kurz nach jenen frühen Sitzungen wollte Claudio Abbado, der damals nicht nur Chefdirigent, sondern auch künstlerischer Leiter der Scala war, mich als Dirigenten für *The Rake's Progress* einsetzen. Da es damals eine Aufführung an der Scala selbst gab, mussten wir in einem anderen Theater, dem Teatro Lirico, und mit einem anderen Orchester auftreten. Und als Claudio mich fragte, welches wir nehmen sollten, schlug ich in der Erinnerung an die gute Erfahrung mit dem Ensemble sofort die London Sinfonietta vor. Es war die Inszenierung von John Cox mit der Bühnenausstattung von David Hockney [erstmals 1975 in Glyndebourne aufgeführt],

und Philip Langridge war als Tom Rakewell unvergesslich! Der Erfolg war außerordentlich. Und danach bat Decca mich natürlicher- und logischerweise, die ganze Oper mit der London Sinfonietta aufzunehmen. Sie profitierte sichtlich von den vielen Aufführungen in Mailand zuvor, und der Reiz der Aufnahme ergab sich ganz natürlich aus dem Musizieren mit der London Sinfonietta. Das war meine erste Zusammenarbeit mit dem Decca-Produzenten Andrew Cornell und sie war sehr erfreulich und erfolgreich.“

Chailly hat aus langer Praxis gewonnene Ratschläge für jeden, der mit Strawinskys Musik als Interpret zu tun hat. „Ein Dirigent, und besonders ein junger, wird höchstwahrscheinlich nicht alles verstehen, wenn er zum ersten Mal bloß die Partituren studiert, besonders angesichts der strukturellen Vielschichtigkeit von Strawinskys Kompositionsstil. Der Komponist wollte dokumentieren, was er tat und wie die Musik klingen sollte, daher muss man seine eigenen Einspielungen hören. Z. B. das Violinkonzert, ein Werk, das ich liebe und das er mit Isaac Stern aufgenommen hat. Hier erkennt man, wie er bei den ‚Beinahe-Zitaten‘ von Bach, Weber oder Tschaikowsky ein Spiel von großem intellektuellen Können aus Isaac Stern herausholt, aber auch mit der Kenntnis des klassischen und romantischen Repertoires – und Strawinsky dirigiert das fantastisch. Wer immer seine Werke aufführen möchte, darf diese Aufnahmen nicht außer Acht lassen. Ebenso die Metronomangaben, die in Strawinskys Werken nicht beliebig sind. (Das gilt auch für Giacomo Puccini – diese beiden Komponisten sind meine ältesten Begleiter seit Ende der 1960er Jahre.) Wert und Bedeutung von Metronomangaben werden so oft falsch interpretiert oder ignoriert. Und wenn man die CBS Box hört, vermittelt er genau das von ihm gewünschte Tempo.“

Eines der in dieser Zusammenstellung wiederholt vertretenen Werke ist *Le Sacre du printemps* von 1913, über das Chailly bündig äußert, es habe die Sprache der Musik im 20. Jahrhundert verändert. Es ist schlicht und einfach ein Wendepunkt. Seine erste Aufnahme entstand 1987 in Cleveland: Ray Minshull, der damalige A&R Vizepräsident von Decca, war entschlossen, seinen jungen und dynamischen italienischen Vertragskünstler mit dem wohl virtuosesten nordamerikanischen Orchester zusammenzubringen. „Damals habe ich das Orchester regelmäßig dirigiert, fast jede Spielzeit“, erinnert sich Chailly. „Ich war immer noch ein junger Dirigent, und die Vorstellung, dass ich *Le Sacre* mit dem Orchester aufnehmen sollte, das die klassische Einspielung unter Pierre Boulez gemacht hat, war etwas einschüchternd! In letzter Zeit habe ich mir die Aufnahme nicht angehört; als jedoch meine zweite Einspielung (mit dem Lucerne Festival Orchestra) besprochen wurde, las ich erfreut, dass der früheren Version immer noch einiger Wert zugesprochen wird!“

Als Chailly *Le Sacre du printemps* 2017 (zufällig genau 30 Jahre nach seiner Cleveland-Aufnahme) zum zweiten Mal aufnahm, war er auch mit der Weltersteinspielung des kürzlich wiederentdeckten *Chant funèbre* betraut. Bei der Arbeit an diesem Programm mit Michael Haefliger, dem Intendanten des Lucerne Festivals, stellte Chailly dieses zum Gedenken an Strawinskys Lehrer Rimsky-Korsakow komponierte Werk in einen Kontext mit den um die gleiche Zeit geschriebenen Stücken *Le Faune et la Bergère*, *Feu d'artifice* und *Scherzo*

fantastique, Werke, die sich mit ihren Titeln nach Frankreich auszurichten scheinen. „Aber als wir den *Chant tunèbre* durchgingen“, erzählt Chailly, „waren die Musiker ganz schockiert über das Stück und meinten, Anklänge an Wagner zu hören. Es gibt geradezu ein Zitat aus dem *Ring* darin. Das Werk wurde als Klagegesang für Rimsky-Korsakow geschrieben, und ich fand es sehr inspirierend. Aber so ist es stets bei Strawinsky: er erstaunt uns immer mit seiner Einfallskraft und seinem unglaublichen Klang. Man muss nur drei Takte seiner Musik hören und kann sofort den Komponisten nennen. Er war ein Genie.“

James Jolly, November 2020

Übersetzung: Christiane Frobenius

STRAWINSKY: EWIG NEU, EWIG RUSSISCH

Jedem, der sich dieses ganze Boxset anhört, wird wohl besonders die verblüffende stilistische und technische Bandbreite auffallen, die ein und derselbe Komponist in seinen Werken an den Tag legt. Kaum zu glauben, dass *Faun* und *Schäferin* und *Agon* aus derselben Feder stammen: ein romantischer Zyklus in stilistischer Nähe zu Tschaikowsky, gefolgt – wenn auch ein halbes Jahrhundert später – von einem ungestüm modernen Stück, das sich nicht vor Pierre Boulez oder Harrison Birtwistle zu verstecken bräuchte.

Doch so war Strawinsky eben. Er wurde 1882 in Oranienbaum, einem Ort unweit von St. Petersburg, geboren, und lernte als Kind und junger Mann das alte Russland Tolstois und Tschechows, das Russland der Zarenzeit, kennen. Er wurde von Rimsky-Korsakow unterrichtet, sein Vater war Bass-Solist am Mariinski-Theater. Die Musik, die ihn umgab, stammte von Komponisten wie Mussorgsky, Borodin und Tschaikowsky. Doch als er 1910 zur Uraufführung seines Balletts *Der Feuervogel* nach Paris kam und sich später der Gesundheit seiner Frau zuliebe in der Schweiz niederließ, wurde er bald mit einem Problem konfrontiert, das sehr viele russische Künstler plagte, die zu einem Leben im Ausland gezwungen waren: die Entfremdung von den eigenen Wurzeln, der Verlust des Zugehörigkeitsgefühls, das mit einer gemeinsamen Kultur und Sprache verbunden ist.

Mit seinen brillanten Balletten für den Impresario Diaghilev, *Petruschka* und *Le Sacre du printemps*, konnte er sich dennoch wie ein echter Russe fühlen, weil er mit anderen Russen an russischen Stoffen arbeitete, wenn auch in Frankreich. Schließlich glaubte er wahrscheinlich, dass er bald wieder zu Hause wäre. Als in der Schweiz Gestrandeter zur Kriegszeit genoss er es, Sammlungen russischer Volkslieder und Volkssagen zu erkunden und diese in Musik zu verwandeln, die auf verschiedene Weise deren Besonderheiten ausschöpfte. Zu dieser Zeit entstand die „muntere Burleske“ *Renard* (1916), eine gesungene und getanzte Pantomime mit 15 Instrumenten, die sich bereits deutlich von den Vorkriegsballetten mit ihrer gigantischen Orchestrierung und den spektakulären

Szenarien unterscheidet. *Renard* ist provokant, lärmend, ungehobelt, wie das alte fahrende Straßentheater, von dem das Stück inspiriert ist. Strawinsky komponierte noch mehrere kleinere Werke in diesem Stil. Den Höhepunkt bildet *Die Geschichte vom Soldaten* von 1918, die zwar einen französischen Text hat, aber auf zwei oder drei russischen Volksmärchen über einen Soldaten basiert, der aus dem Krieg heimkehrt und seine Geige (und zugleich seine Seele) an den Teufel verkauft, zu Reichtum gelangt, eine Prinzessin heiratet und sich dennoch nach seiner alten Heimat sehnt, aber vom Teufel geschnappt wird, als er dorthin zurückzukehren versucht.

Welche Symbolträchtigkeit! In der Zwischenzeit hatten sich in Russland bekanntlich zwei Revolutionen ereignet, die zur Folge hatten, dass Mitglieder der Oberschicht wie Strawinsky nicht sicher heimkehren konnten. Der Teufel würde ihn schnappen. Plötzlich war er mit der Aussicht konfrontiert, nicht nur einen langen Aufenthalt, sondern den Rest seines Lebens im Exil zu verbringen. Das war der Zeitpunkt, als er sich allmählich stilistisch umorientierte. Russland hatte ausgedient; die Zukunft lag im Westen. Wohl unter anderem aus diesem Grund ergriff er die Gelegenheit, seine Arbeit in neue Bahnen zu lenken, als Diaghilev ihm vorschlug, einige Stücke der Komponisten Pergolesi und Gallo aus dem 18. Jahrhundert zu bearbeiten. *Pulcinella* ist weit mehr als simple Arrangements und brachte Strawinsky auf die Idee, seine russischen Techniken auf völlig andersartige Musik anzuwenden. Die Uraufführung von *Pulcinella* fand im Mai 1920 in Paris statt, genau zwei Jahre vor *Renard*. Und als ob das für die armen Pariser nicht schon verwirrend genug gewesen wäre, wurden sie dann mit dem Oktett (Oktober 1923) konfrontiert, einem Stück im Gewand klassischer Kammermusik in Es-Dur, Sonatenform und so weiter, gefolgt von der *Geschichte vom Soldaten* (im April 1924), in der typisch russische Elemente mit westlichen Tänzen – Tango, Walzer und Ragtime – verschmelzen.

Strawinsky schien es genossen zu haben, seine Zuhörer durcheinanderzubringen, indem er auf diese Weise ihre Erwartungen über den Haufen warf. So ging er damit um, entwurzelt und auf völlig fremdem Boden gelandet zu sein – eine denkbar schlechte psychische Strategie für einen Künstler. Doch Strawinsky war kein gewöhnlicher Künstler. Sein Werk *Oedipus rex*, das 1927 folgte, ist ein durch und durch konstruiertes Meisterwerk, von vorne bis hinten kalkuliert – der lateinische Text, der Erzähler im Smoking, der spärliche Dekor, die maskierten Figuren, die außer Kopf und Armen nichts bewegen können. In der Musik klingen Händel, Verdi und sogar Puccini an, jedoch in unverkennbarer Strawinsky-Manier. Ein beeindruckendes Werk gab es unter den Opern des 20. Jahrhunderts bis dahin nicht. Kaum meinte man den (nicht mehr ganz jungen) Rabauken endlich verstanden zu haben, folgte *Apollon musagète* (*Apollon, Führer der Musen*), ein völlig unkompliziertes und unbeschwertes Werk. Es ist ein Stück für Streicher, das wohl der banalsten Sorte des Balletts des 19. Jahrhunderts nachempfunden ist, ohne dabei selbst banal zu sein. Dann folgte *Der Kuss der Fee*, eine „Pulcinellafikation“ Tschaikowskys, des schnulzigen Romantikers, den jemand mit Geschmack eigentlich unmöglich verehren kann. Doch Strawinsky bewunderte Tschaikowsky wirklich, ja liebte dessen Musik. Und *Der Kuss der Fee* ist ein wunderbarer, nach wie vor unterschätzter Tribut an diese Liebe. Tatsächlich

vertiefte Strawinsky sich so sehr in dieses Werk, dass er beinahe den Termin für die Uraufführung durch Ida Rubinstein's Ballettkompanie im November 1928 nicht einhalten konnte.

Bei all diesen musikalischen Exkursen gab Strawinsky sein Russentum nie ganz auf. In Paris lebte er wie ein Pariser, doch in seinem ländlichen Zuhause in Frankreich benahm er sich durch und durch russisch, manchmal gottesfürchtig, stets orthodox. Als Serge Koussevitski bei ihm eine Sinfonie zur Feier des 50. Geburtstags des Boston Symphony Orchestra im Jahr 1930 in Auftrag gab, erwartete er ein Orchesterwerk, erhielt jedoch – sicherlich zu seiner Überraschung – ein Chorwerk, die *Psalmensinfonie* (mit lateinischem Text, weil Russisch für westliche Chöre sicherlich ein Buch mit sieben Siegeln gewesen wäre). Das mag unter anderem daran gelegen haben, dass in der orthodoxen Kirche keine Musikinstrumente erlaubt sind und Chorgesang deswegen nie begleitet wird.

Dies war Strawinskys zweites amerikanisches Auftragswerk (nach *Apollon musagète*) und noch lange nicht sein letztes. Das Violinkonzert (1931) schrieb er im Auftrag des amerikanischen Komponisten Blair Fairchild für dessen Adoptivsohn, den polnischstämmigen Violinisten Samuel Dushkin, und das Ballett *Jeu de cartes* (1937) gab der Impresario Lincoln Kirstein für sein American Ballet bei ihm in Auftrag. Strawinsky ging dreimal in den USA auf Tournee, bevor er sich 1940 dort niederließ und immer mehr eingewöhnte. Beinah klingt seine Musik ein wenig amerikanisch, irgendwie gefestigter, selbstsicherer. Dennoch hatte sie noch einige Überraschungen im Ärmel. Das Es-Dur-Konzert von 1938 – besser bekannt unter dem Beinamen „Dumbarton Oaks“, nach dem Washingtoner Landsitz der beiden Auftraggeber – bringt den trügerischen Glanz der Zwanziger zurück, und der Bach'sche Einfluss, der am Beginn so unverkennbar ist, verliert sich bald in der Komplexität von Strawinskys Stil. Doch nachdem er sich an der Westküste Amerikas niedergelassen hatte und ständig in Sorge vor dem Krieg in Europa lebte, war er gezwungen, Kompromisse mit dem Kommerz zu machen, der in diesem Land damals wie heute stets eine Begleiterscheinung großer Kunst war. *Tango* (1940) beispielsweise war ein beliebtes Lied, das nie einen Text erhielt, sondern früh als Orchesterarrangement von Felix Günther gespielt und als Klavierstück veröffentlicht wurde. Im Gegensatz zu seinen früheren jazzigen Stücken (siehe der Tango in der *Geschichte vom Soldaten* und seine verschiedenen Ragtimes) macht Strawinsky hier keine Faxen mit dem regulären Metrum; die Jitterbugs, die zu Benny Goodmans Orchesterinterpretation bei einem Konzert 1941 in Philadelphia schwowten, hätten sonst ihre liebe Not gehabt. In den *Four Norwegian Moods* zeigt sich ebenfalls ein deutlicher Rückgang der stilistischen Prägung, wobei das Werk dennoch tadellos komponiert ist.

Nach dem Krieg überraschte Strawinsky seine Anhänger ein weiteres Mal, und zwar mit einer abendfüllenden Oper, *The Rake's Progress*, zu einem Libretto von W.H. Auden. Dieses Werk war dreimal so lang wie sein bisheriges längstes. Doch diese Überraschung wurde von der folgenden noch um Längen übertroffen. Nach der Uraufführung der Oper im September 1951 in Venedig besuchte Strawinsky mit seinem Assistenten Robert Craft das Radiostudio des SWR und hörte sich Musik einiger junger Avantgardisten wie Boulez und Henze

sowie Werke von Schönberg und Webern an, die ihm völlig neu waren. Scheinbar war er nach dieser Erfahrung niedergeschlagen. Plötzlich klang er, der ehemalige Super-Progressive, der dem anderen gezeigt hatte wo es langging, wie Schnee von gestern. *The Rake's Progress* war ein Meisterwerk, aber es war altbacken, neoklassizistisch, und – um Gottes willen! – tonal. Die Zukunft gehörte der Atonalität, dem Serialismus, der neuen Komplexität. Nun war Craft zufälligerweise ein begeisterter und bewanderter Anhänger dieser Musik und beeinflusste Strawinsky, indem er sie ihm erklärte und sein Interesse daran weckte. Bald komponierte Strawinsky eigene serielle Musik, ganz nach seiner typischen Art, indem er sie durch seine eigene – russische – Denkweise prägte, so wie er schon Pergolesi, Tschaikowsky, Bach und Verdi interpretiert hatte.

Das Ballett *Agon*, eines der besten zwei oder drei Werke dieser letzten Periode, entstand nach einer eigenen seriellen Methode, aber zugleich blitzt in dem Dickicht ein eher antiquierter Stil – von Tanzvorschriften des 17. Jahrhunderts – durch. Man höre sich zum Beispiel die Gaillarde an, eine der zahllosen Klanginnovationen des Meisters, eine sagenhafte Erfindung mit Kontrabässen oben und satten Akkorden der Celli unten und dem Geklimper von Mandoline und Harfe in der Mitte. Unsinn! Weiß der denn nicht, wie Orchestrierung geht? Aber hören Sie einfach selbst ...

Stephen Walsh

Übersetzung: Stefanie Schlatt



Cathryn Pope (Anne Trulove)
Philip Langridge (Tom Rakewell)



Philip Langridge
Sarah Walker (Baba the Turk)



Riccardo Chailly
Andrew Cornall (producer)



Philip Langridge
Astrid Varnay (Mother Goose)



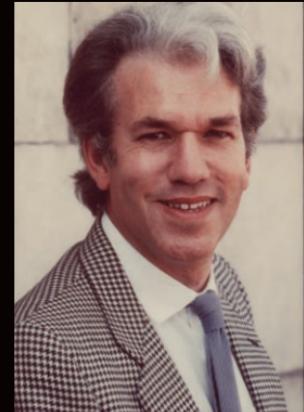
Sarah Walker
Astrid Varnay



Samuel Ramey (Nick Shadow)
Philip Langridge



Samuel Ramey
Stafford Dean (Trulove)





Live recording with
Lucerne Festival Orchestra,
19 August 2017

Le Faune et la Bergère

LA BERGÈRE

Elle a quinze ans à peine
Et sa beauté sereine
Fleurit blanc nénuphar.
Quelle grâce souveraine !
Haleine frémissante,
Ardeur d'un clair regard,
Poitrine palpitate,
Pâleur d'un teint sans fard.
Merveille de jeunesse !
Déjà Lila délaissée
Ronde et chant tour à tour
Et fuit quand meurt le jour
Vers les ondes dormantes,
Tendant ses mains tremblantes
Vers Éros, dieu d'amour.
Mais sous la nuit légère
L'enfant dans la clairière
Rêve un doux rêve blond.
Et dans un rais lunaire,
Vers Lila solitaire
Se penche Cupidon,
Comblant de griseries
Parmi ses rêveries
Son cœur à l'abandon.
Et Lila endormie,
Troublée, mais ravie,
Murmure : Cher Philon !

LE FAUNE

Alerte ! Qui dans l'ombre
De ces taillis touffus
Regarde d'un air sombre
Le temple de Vénus ?

CD 1 The Faun and the Shepherdess

THE SHEPHERDESS

1 Her fifteen Springs arrayed in
Candidy, the maiden,
A lily dight by dawn,
More each moment comes to blossom –
Her languid step yet lissoom,
Her glance though bright, withdrawn,
The trembling of her bosom,
Twin roses and no thorn –
All mask and show her fancies;
For Lila shuns the dances,
And seeks the wood alone

Where silent banks can hide her
And where her sighs confide her
By Cupid overthrown.
But to her midnight slumber,
Her dark and modest chamber
In secrecy anon
With tender dreams attending
Dan Cupid comes descending
Upon a beam of moon,
And sleep in fond submission
Admits the imaged passion
Her waking dare not own;
Then restive in surrender
To shy delight and wonder,
She whispers "O Philon!"

THE FAUN

2 Who is that? Is it menace
That sets him in the rye
To fix the shrine of Venus
With such a somber eye?

Parmi les herbes fines
Parait un pied velu,
Et deux cornes s'inclinent
Vers deux grands yeux bourrus.

C'est le Faune à l'œil louche
Des grands monts et des bois
Le pourchasseur farouche
Des vierges aux abois.

Il hait, face camuse,
L'élu joyeux des Muses,
Philon, l'heureux amant !
Vers lui, du temple antique,
Jillit divin cantique,
Un doux gémississement.

Il boit jusqu'à la lie
La coupe de douleur,
Noyant sa jalouse
Dans des torrents de pleurs.

Et lorsque la nuit sombre
Se meurt dans les vallons,
Tandis que naît dans l'ombre
L'aurore aux cheveux blonds,
De frais zéphyrs murmurent.
Et le sylvain cornu
S'en fuit sous les ramures
Pleurer l'amour perdu.

LE TORRENT
Voilant son clair visage
Sous le soleil levant,
L'enfant d'un pas dolent
Quitta le frais bocage.

The rage that stubs the daisies
Is swart and shaggy-limbed,
The vexed and burning gazes
By curling horns are framed.

It is the faun, the haunter
Of mountain, grot and grove,
The unrelenting hunter
Of shepherdesses' love.

His rival is a shepherd,
The favorite of Cupid,
Philon, a handsome foe.
The faun in boskage lying
Has heard how Lila sighing
Has named her blissful woe.

With silent pain, and jealous
Of Lila's hopes and fears,
He drains the fearful chalice
Of hopeless love in tears.

The moon, the bright enchantress,
Resigns her reign of night,
The woodland hides the huntress
Who fades in morning light.

The winds begin their matins,
The faun does not abide;
He hares to reach the mountains
And in his grot to hide.

THE STREAM

3 The night is barely ended
But Lila cannot sleep;
With hesitating step
She walks the grove untended.

« Ténèbres de minuit,
Tendez sur les ciels bleus
Vos voiles de mystères !
Et vous, bosquet sombreux
Estompez vos lisières
Lorsque viendra la nuit ! »

Parmi l'épais feuillage
Frémint un bruit soudain.
Horreur ! C'est le visage
D'un fauve dieu sylvain.

Plus prompte que Zéphire,
Devant l'affreux satyre,
Hagarde Lila court.
Durant sa fuite folle,
Lutin, le vieil Éôle
Disperse ses atours.

Aux lents baisers des brises
Elle offre ses seins nus
Et tend ses flancs menus
Aux vents frais qui la grisent.

Et Lila, la bergère
Bondit par la bruyère
Vers l'onde du torrent,
Fuyant le dieu ardent,
Qui de si près la serre.

L'enfant pressant ses pas
Déjà sent sur ses bras
Le feu de son haleine...
Hélas ! Narguant ta peine
Le Faune te prendra.

Le fleuve aux reflets d'or,
Tissant un doux suaire
La prit à cette terre...
Non ! Lila vit encore.

Alexander Pushkin, trad. Alexandre Komaroff

“How soon, O lovers' moon,
Will you resume your reign
And darkness mutely center?
How soon, O azure mist,
The shady grove's enchanter,
Will you come whisp'ring past?”

But then she hears a flutter,
She sees amidst the leaves
Two eyes that watch and glitter –
The guardian god of groves!

A Zephyr in her fleetness,
She flees the ardent witness,
The faun is close behind;
And as she runs her dower
Of loveliness in flower
Is courted by the wind –

Her loosely flowing tresses,
Her bosom softly neat,
Her slender arms and feet
Revealed by his caresses.

As might a startled hare
She flies the hunter's shadow,
Timidity the spur,
To reach the stream the care
That guides her through the meadow.

But closer still he hies;
She feels his burning sighs
Upon her nape with terror:
All flight is futile error;
The faun will gain his prize!

The restless stream she gives
Her loveliness to cover
In restfulness forever...
No! Lila safely lives!

Translation: Chester Kallman

Zvezdolikij

Litsko jevo bylo kak Solntse
– v tot chas kogda Solntse v zenite,
Glaza jevo byli kak zvyozdy
– pred tem kak sorvat'sya s Nebes,

I kraski iz radug sluzhyli
kak tkani, uzory, i niti,
Dlya pyshnykh jevo odeyanij,
v kotorykh on snova voskres.

Krugom nevo rdjanilis' gromy
v obryvnykh razgnevannykh tuchakh,
I sem' zolotykh semizvezdij
kak svchi goreli pred nim,

I grozd'ja pylayushchikh molnij
tsvetami raskrylis' na kruchakh,
«Khranite li Slovo? – on molvil,
– my kriknuli s voplem: «Khranim».
«Ya pervyj», on rek, «i poslednij»,
– i gulko otvetili gromy,
«Chas zhatvy», skazal Zvezdookij.
«Serpy prigotov'te. Amin'».

My vernoj tolpoju vosstali,
na Nebe aleli izlomy,
I sem' zolotykh semizvezdij
veli nas k predelem pustyn'.

Konstantin Balmont

CD 1 The King of the Stars (Le Roi des étoiles)

7 His face had the radiance of sunbeams
– at noon, when the sun rides triumphant,
His eyes set within it like starfire
– as stars burn before they descend,

The hues of the rainbow were spun
into filaments woven in fabric
For garments of sumptuous radiance
to clothe his rebirth yet again.

Around him rose grumbling thunder
from deep in the gathering cloudbank,
And sevenfold seven gold starlights
like candles illumined his face,

And cascades of fiery lightning
made blossoms erupt on the hillsides,
“The Word, do you keep it?” – he asked us,
– we cried out in answer: “We do!”.
“The Alpha am I, and Omega”,
– he said, and the thunder gave echo,
“Tis harvest”, the Star-Eyed One told us.
“Make ready your sickles. Amen.”

We rose up, a righteous assembly,
the Heavens were riven with crimson,
And sevenfold seven gold starlights
from desert to home were our guide.

Translation: © Ray Granlund

**Bajka pro lisu, petukha,
kota, da barana**

PETUKH

Kuda, kuda, kuda, kuda, kuda?
Podajte mne jevo syuda!
Ya nogami stopchu,
toporom srbuly,

Podayte mne jevo skorei syuda!
Kuda, kuda, kuda, kuda, kuda?

I nozhishko zdesya,
I guzhishko zdesya,
I zarezhem zdesya,
I povesim zdesya.
Kuda, kuda, kuda, kuda, kuda?

Sizhu na dubu,
Sizhu, dom stregu,
Pesnyu poju.

LISA

Zdravstvuj, krasnoje chado, petel!
Snidi, krasnoje chado, na zemlyu,
Da pokajsy!
Ya shla iz dal'nikh pustyn',
Ne pila, ne jela ...

PETUKH

Podi von, lisa!

LISA

Mnogo nuzhdy preterpela.
Tebya, miloje chado!
Spovedat' khotela.

PETUKH

O mati moja, lisitsa!
Ya ne postilsya ne molilsya.
Pridi v innoje vremya.

CD 2 Renard

The Cock is strutting on his perch

COCK

15 Where, oh where, oh where, oh where is he?
Bring him here to me!
I'll trample him underfoot,
I'll chop him up with an axe.

Bring him along quicker than that!
Where, oh where, oh where, oh where is he?

We've got a little knife,
and we've got a noose here,
and we'll chop him up,
and we'll string him up.
Where, oh where, oh where, oh where is he?

I'm on my perch,
I'm guarding the house,
I'm singing my song.

The Fox enters, dressed as a monk.

FOX

Good-day, my crimson-crested son!
Come down, dear son, from your perch,
and make your confession!
I've travelled from far-off deserts,
I haven't drunk or eaten...

COCK impatiently

Oh, go away, Renard!

FOX

I have suffered greatly;
I've come, dearest son,
to hear your confession.

COCK haughtily

Oh, my dear Brother Renard,
I don't go in for fasting and praying.
Come back some other time.

LISA

O mojo chado, petel!
Sidish ty na vysotsem dreve,
Da myshlysh myshi nedobryja,
Prokljatyja.

Vy derzhyte zdes' po mnogu;
Kto derzhyt desyat' zhon,
Innyj derzhyt
tselykh dvadtsat' zhon,
Pribyvajet so vremenem do soroka!
Gde sojdoytes',
tut i deryotes' o svoiki zhonakh,
Kak o nalozhnitsakh.

Snidi, miloje chado,
na zemlyu
i pokajsy
da ne vogrekakh umreshy.

FOX

Oh, my dearest son!
You are perched up very high,
but your mind is full
of low, wicked thoughts.

You lot all have too many wives;
some of you have ten,
and some have
as many as twenty,
or even forty at a time!
Whenever you get together
you fight over your wives
as though they were your mistresses.

Come down, my son,
and confess
so that you don't
die in a state of sin.

*A drumroll ... the Cock prepares to jump a "salto mortale".
He jumps. The Fox seizes him and parades round
the stage holding him under his arm.
The Cock struggles desperately.*

COCK

The Fox has grabbed me!
He's dragging the poor Cock!
Over the high hills,
over the steepest mountains,
into unknown parts,
into distant lands,
into far countries,
into farther kingdoms,
into the farthest empires.

Dear Cat, dear Goat,
the Fox wants to eat me!
Dear Cat, dear Goat,
he wants to eat the poor old Cock!
Dear Cat, dear Goat,
get me out of here!

PETUKH

Ponesla menya lisa!
Ponesla petukha!
Po krutym berezhkam,
Po vysokim goram,
V chuzhyja zemli,
V dalyokiya strany,
Za tridevyat' zemel',
V tridsatoje tsarstvo,
V tridesyatoje gosudarstvo.

Kot da baran,
Khochet sest' menya lisa!
Kot da baran,
Khochet sest' petukha!
Kot da baran,
Otymite menya!

KOT, BARAN

Esh ty, kumushka golubushka!
Ne kuplennoje u tebya,
Deshovoje.
Uzh ne podelish li myatsa?
Al' ne vedajesh Jermak
zatreschal natoshchak.
I tebe tovo ne minovat'!

Kak lisa ozornichala,
krasnaja ozornichala,
i sebya velichala.
U nej byla de zubki lovki da,
Usyo skhvatyvala golovki.
Skhodil kychetok so dvora,
svodil kychetok za sobo,
kurochek-ryabushechek.
Otkul' vzyalasya lisitsa,
Otkul' vzyalasya krasnaja,
Khvost podzhala,
Kychetku chelom otdala:
«Chavo shlyajeshsy, shatajeshsy?
Zdes' lisa podzhydajet myastsa.»

«Ne yesh menya, lisyn'ka,
ne yesh menya, krasnaja!
Ne budet li s tebya
kurochek-ryabushechek?»
«Ne khochu myastsa innavo,
Khochu pyetushinavo!»

O, o, o, o ...
Vzyala lisa kycheta za boki,
ponesa yevo dalyoko,
za pen', za kolodu,
za beluju beryozu ...

*The Cat and the Goat appear***CAT, GOAT**

Hey, you greedy old thing!
What you've got in your mouth
can't have cost a lot!
Wouldn't you like to share it with us?
It wouldn't do you any good,
if you gobble it up all at once.
So cough up, or you'll be sorry!

The Fox lets the Cock go and runs away.
The Cock, the Cat and the Goat dance.
So the Fox started making trouble,
Renard started making trouble
and boasting about it.
And he had a wicked set of teeth,
sharp and ready for use.
There's the Cock coming out...
And with him he's got...
His darling speckled hens.
Suddenly the Fox pops up,
up pops Renard,
waves his tail around
and bows to the Cock:
“Why are you running about like that?
It's time for the Fox's dinner!”

“Don't eat me, Fox,
don't eat me, Renard!
Wouldn't you rather eat
my darling speckled hens?”
“I don't want anything else,
it's you I want to eat, Cock!”

O, o, o, o ...
The Fox has got his claws into the Cock,
he's dragging him far away
over the log-pile, beyond the trough,
right behind the birch trees...

Kychet klichet da kychet klichet ...
Kury kycheta ne slyshut.

PETUKH

Sizhu na dubu,
sizhu, dom steregu,
pesnyu pojtu.

LISA

Kukareku petushok,
zolotoj grebeshok,
chyosana golovushka,
sholkova borodushka,
vyglyani v okoshko.

PETUKH

Ne glyazhu v okoshko.

LISA

Dam tebe goroshku.

PETUKH

Ne nado mne goroshku.
Petukh kashku kushajet,
Lisu ne slushajet.

LISA

Petushok, petushok!
u menya to khromoy bol'shije,
v kazhdom uglu pshenichki po merochke: jesh, jesh!

PETUKH

Syt, nekhochu!

LISA

Kukareku, petushok,
zolotoj grebeshok,
sholkova borodushka!
Vyglyani v okoshko,
dam tebe lepyoshku.

Cock-a-doodle-doo...
And even his hens can't hear him.

The Cat and the Goat leave.

The Cock resumes his perch and settles down comfortably.

COCK

I'm on my perch,
I'm guarding the house,
I'm singing my song.

FOX

Master Cock,
golden-crested,
proudly-combed,
silken-bearded,
just poke your head out of the window.

COCK

No, I won't look out of the window.

FOX

I'll give you some peas.

COCK

I don't want any peas.
Cocks only like grain,
and they don't listen to foxes.

FOX

Little Cock, little Cock!
I've got a great big house
with piles of grain in every corner – you can eat your fill!

COCK

I'm not hungry!

FOX

Cock-a-doodle-doo, Master Cock,
golden-crested,
silken-bearded!
Look out of the window!
I've got some cake for you.

PETUKH

Ne nado mne lepyoshki!
Petukh ne tak to glup,
Ne gimdat' tebe moj khlup.

LISA

Okh, ty petya, petushok,
Spushchajsy ka ty na nizyashcheje,
s nizyashchevo na zemlyashcheje,
Ya toyu dushu na nebesa vznisu!

TENOR 1

Ne oskorom'sja, Lisy'n'ka!

TENOR 2

Komu skoromno, a nam zdorov'je!

COCK

Ponesla menya lisa,
ponesa petukha,
po krytym berezhkam,
po vysokim goram,
v chuzhyia zemli,
v dalyokija strany,
za tridevyat' zemel',
v tridsatyoje tsarstvo,
v tridesyatyoje gosudarstvo!
Kot da baran, Khochet sest' menya lisa!
Kot da baran, Khochet syest petukha!
Kot da baran, Otymite menya!

Okh, ty lisyn'ka, lisitsa,
neporochnaja sestritsa!
Kak u nashevo u batyushki
maslitsem blinki polivajut tebya

COCK

I don't want your cake!
Cocks aren't that stupid –
You won't catch me that way.

FOX

Oh, little Cock, little Cock,
just come down a tiny bit more,
just a tiny little bit nearer the ground,
and I'll take your soul up to heaven!

A drumroll ... the Cock prepares to jump ...

TENOR 1 shouted

Don't break your fast, Renard!

The Cock jumps.

TENOR 2 shouted

We love it when it's forbidden!

The Fox seizes the Cock and parades round the stage holding him under his arm. The Cock struggles desperately.

COCK

The Fox has grabbed me!
He's dragging the poor Cock away!
Over the high hills,
over the steepest mountains,
into unknown parts,
into distant lands,
into far-off countries,
into farther-off kingdoms,
into the farthest-off empires!
Dear Cat, dear Goat, the Fox wants to eat me!
Dear Cat, dear Goat, he wants to eat the poor old Cock!
Dear Cat, dear Goat, get me out of here!

The Fox carries the Cock to the side of the stage and begins to pluck him. The Cock wails.

Oh, Brother Renard,
you're so kind and sweet!
Come home to daddy's,
you'll have a wonderful welcome,

vosti podzhydajut.

Tam te ne po nashemu pirogi s kasheju.
Pomyani, Gospodi, Sidora, Makara,
Tret'avo Zakhara, tryokh Matryon,
da Luku s Petrom, Deda Mirojeda,
Babku Bel'matku, Tyushu da Katyushu,
Babushku Matryushu ...

KOT, BARAN

Tyuk, tyuk,
gusel'tsy, baranovy strunochki ...
Tyuk, tyuk ...
kak strunn to zugula.
Tyuk, tyuk ...
da zugula, a drugaja
prigovarivala.

Uzh kak doma li lisa Ivanovna.

Tyuk, tyuk,
vo svojom zolotom gnezde,
da so svoimi malymi
detushkami?
Tyuk, tyuk ...

Pervaja to doch' Chuchelka,
a vtoraja to Poduchelka,
tret'ja to Podaj-pirozhok,
a chetyortaja Zazhmi-kulachok.

Tyuk, tyuk ...

LISA
Kto tam pesnyu moyot?
Da uzh kto tam lisku zovyot?

KOT, BARAN
Idut zveri na pyatkakh,
nesut kosu na plechakh,

you'll be an honoured guest.

It's not like here, there are good things to eat.

Remember, O Lord, your pious servants,
the holy saints, and all my brothers and sisters,
and uncles and aunts, and nephews and nieces,
and mummy and daddy, and of course grandad,
and dear old granny...

*The Cock faints. The Cat and the Goat appear.
They sing a pleasant song to the Fox, accompanying themselves on the gusli.*

CAT, GOAT

Plink, plonk,
little gusli, little sheep-gut strings...
Pink, plonk...
strumming a cheerful song.
Plink, plonk...
a cheerful song to keep you company.

Is Renard the Fox at home?

Plink, plonk,
in his golden den,
with his pretty
little cubs?
Plink, plonk...
And the first daughter looks a real fright,
and the second looks a worse fright,
and the third's called Give-us-a-pie,
and the fourth one's Stick-out-a-paw.

Plink, plonk...

The Fox shows the tip of his nose.

FOX

Who's that singing out there?
What do they want of me?

CAT, GOAT
We've caught up with you now,
we've brought along this big scythe,

khochut lisyn'ku posechi
po samyja plechi.

LISA

Akh! Vy moi glazyonki, glazyonki,
i shto vy moi milyja delali?
– My smotrelli, smotrelli,
shtob zveri lisku ne seli.
Akh, vy moi nozhun'ki, nozhun'ki,
i shto vy moi milyja delali?
– My bezhalii, bezhalii,
shtob zveri lisku ne porvali.
A ty, moj khvost, dlya cha ros?
– Ya po pnyam, po kustam,
po kolodam zatseplyal,
shtob lisu zveri khvatili,
da zakamshyli.

Akh! Ty kanal'ja,
tak zhe tebya zveri jedyat!

A! A! A! A! A! A!

PETUKH, KOT DA BARAN

Lisynka, lisitsa!
Glyacha dolgo na zhyla?
Ja boyalas' tipuna,
a tipun to ne sud'ja,
a sud'ja to ladyga.
Ladyginy deti khotyat uleteti.
Za Ivanov-gorod ...
oni po gramotke pishut,
da na lisitsu dyshut.

and we're going to slice you up
into little pieces.

They produce a large scythe.

FOX

Oh, my eyes, my precious eyes,
what have you been doing for me?
– We've been watching, watching,
to see the animals don't get you.
Oh, my legs, my precious legs,
what have you been doing for me?
– We've been running, running,
to make sure the animals don't catch you.
And you, my tail, my lovely brush?
– In the brambles, in the bushes,
in the branches I got stuck,
so the animals could catch you,
and finish you off.

Enraged, the Fox lashes his tail, crying out:
Ah, you wretch!
You deserve to be eaten!

*The animals catch the Fox by his tail,
drag him out of his house, and strangle him.*
A! A! A! A! A! A!

The Fox dies. The Cock, the Cat and the Goat dance.

COCK, CAT AND GOAT

Renard the Fox, Renard the Fox,
couldn't you live any longer?
I came out in spots,
I went to the judge,
but he's a blockhead.
Blockhead's children want to fly away.
Away beyond the town...
they can read and write,
and they can smell the fox.

Lisynka, lisitsa,
podi po voditsu
na doroge volki
gorokh molothi.
Liskiny rebyata
liske to skazali
lisyn'ka to s pechi
oblomala plechi
syom, syom, syom, peres'jom, peres'jom,
na lopatke ispechyon.

Muzhik pesnyu spel ...
Ciom, syom, syom, peres'jom!
Na kapustnik sel.
Syom, syom, syom, peresyom ...
Sel tri koroba blinov,
tri kostra pirogov,
zaulok roglek,
zakhod kalachej,
makinnitsu s suloyu,
ovin kiselya, po varenku shchej.
Gospodi pomiluj,
na konike Danilo,
na lavke Flor,
na pechi prigovor.
V pechi kalachi,
kak ogon' goryachi
pro boyar pecheny.
Najekhali boyare
da sobak na vezli,
sobaki to vzdurili
da lisku ukusil ...

Vot vam skazka!
A mne krinka masla!
*Igor Stravinsky, after folk tales ed. Alexander Afanasyev;
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Renard the Fox, Renard the Fox,
go and fetch the water.
There are wolves on the road,
they're shelling peas.
Renard's cubs
come along to tell him
their mother's fallen off the stove
and broken her neck.
Boom, boom, boom, taraboom, taraboom,
it's cooked on a griddle.

The peasant sings his song...
Boom, boom, boom, taraboom!
And sits down to eat his fill.
Boom, boom, boom, taraboom...
He ate three basketfuls of pancakes,
three cartloads of pies,
a streetful of fritters,
a barnful of pastries,
a barrelful of vodka,
a pondful of jam, a lakeful of soup.
Lord save us all,
Danilo's lying on the bed,
Flor's at the workbench,
the answer's in the oven.
There's fresh bread in the oven,
it's piping hot,
we've baked it for our gentlemen.
The gentlemen have come to us
and brought dogs with them,
and the dogs went wild
and savaged the fox...

Spoken
So there's your story,
now give us our reward!

Translation © Andrew Huth

Pulcinella**TENOR**

Mentre l'erbeta
pasce l'agnella,
sola soletta
la pastorella
tra fresche frasche
per la foresta
cantando va.

Gennaro Antonio Federico

SOPRANO

Contento forse vivere
nel mio martir potrei,
se mai potessi credere
che ancor lontan, tu sei
fedele all'amor mio,
fedele a questo cor.

G.B. Pergolesi

BASS

Con queste paroline
così saporitine
il cor voi mi scippate
dalla profondità.
Bella, restate quà,
che se più dite appresso
io cesso morirò.
Così saporitine
con queste paroline
il cor voi mi scippate,
morirò, morirò.

Gennaro Antonio Federico

SOPRANO, TENOR, BASS

Sento dire no'ncè pace.
Sento dire no'ncè cor,
ma' cchiù pe' tte, no, no,
no'ncè carma cchiù pe' tte.

CD 5 Pulcinella*Il FLAMINIO, Act I (G.B. Pergolesi)*

2 While on the grass
The lamb grazes
Alone, alone
The shepherdess
Amid the green leaves
Through the forest
Goes singing.

Gennaro Antonio Federico

LUCE DEGLI OCCHI MIEI, IV. Aria (G.B. Pergolesi)

7 Content perhaps to live
In my torment I might be
If I ever could believe
That, still far away, you were
Faithful to my love,
Faithful to this heart.

G.B. Pergolesi

Il FLAMINIO, Act I (G.B. Pergolesi)

9 With these little words
So sweet
You rend my heart
To the depths.
Fair one, stay here,
Since if you say more
I must die.
With such sweet
Little words
You rend my heart
I shall die, I shall die.

Gennaro Antonio Federico

Lo FRATE 'NNAMORATO, Act III (G.B. Pergolesi)

10 I hear say there is no peace
I hear say there is no heart,
For you, ah, no, never,
There is no peace for you.

TENOR

Chi disse ca la femmena
se cchiù de farfariello
disse la verità, disse la verità.

Gennaro Antonio Federico

SOPRANO

Ncè sta quacquuna po'
che a nullo vuole bene
e a ccento 'nfrisco tene
schitto pe' scor coglia',
e ha tant'antre malizie
chi mai le ppò conta'.

Una te fa la zemprece
ed è malezeosa,
'n'antra fa la schefosa
e bo' lo maretello,
Chi a chillo tene 'ncore
e ha tant'antre malizie
chi mai le ppò conta'.
e lo sta a rreppassa'.

TENOR

Una te fa la zemprece
ed è malezeosa,
'n'antra fa la schefosa
e bo' lo maretello.
Ncè stà quacquuno po'
chi a nullo udetene
chia chillo tene 'ncore,
e a chisto fegne amore
e a ccento 'nfrisco tene
schitto pe' scor coglia',
e a tant'antre malizie
chi maie le opò conta'.

Gennaro Antonio Federico

Whoever says that a woman
Is more cunning than the Devil
Tells the truth.

Lo FRATE 'NNAMORATO, Act II (G.B. Pergolesi)

11 There are some women
Who care for none
And keep a hundred on a leash,
A shabby trick,
And have so many wiles
That none can count them.

One pretends to be innocent
And is, and is cunning
Another seems all modesty
Yet seeks a husband,
One clings to a man
And has so many wiles
That none can count them,
None can number them.

12 One pretends to be innocent
And is, and is cunning
Another seems all modesty
Yet seeks a husband,
There are some
Who care, listen, for none.
Who cling to a man
And who flirt with another
And have a hundred on a leash
A shabby trick,
And have so many wiles
That none can count them.

SOPRANO

Se tu m'ami, se tu sospiri
sol per me, gentil pastor,
ho dolor de' tuoi martiri
ho diletto del tuo amor,
ma se pensi che soletto
io ti debba riamar,
pastorello, sei soggetto
facilmente a t'ingannar.
Bella rosa porrona
oggi Silvia sceglierà
con la scusa della spina
doman poi la sprezzera.
Ma degli uomini il consiglio
io per me non seguirò.
Non perchè mi piace il giglio
gli altri fiori sprezzero.

Paolo Rolli

SOPRANO, TENOR, BASS

Pupilette, fiammette d'amore,
per voi il core struggendo si va.

Gennaro Antonio Federico

19

(Alessandro Parisotti attrib. G.B. Pergolesi)

15 If you love me, if you sigh
For me alone, gentle shepherd,
I have pain in your suffering,
I have pleasure in your love,
But if you think that you alone
I should love in return,
Shepherd, you are easily
To be deceived.
A fair red rose
Today Silvia picks,
But pleading its thorn
Tomorrow she spurns it.
But the plans of men
I will not follow.
Because the lily pleases me,
I will not spurn other flowers.

(Lo FRATE 'NNAMORATO, Act II (G.B. Pergolesi))

Sweet eyes, bright with love,
For you my heart languishes.

Symphony of Psalms

Exaudi orationem meam, Domine,
et deprecationem meam; auribus percipe lacrimas meas.
Ne sileas, quoniam advena ego sum apud te,
et peregrinus sicut omnes patres mei.
Remitte mihi, ut refrigerer
prius quam abeam et amplius non ero.

Exspectans exspectavi Dominum,
et intendit mihi. Et exaudivit preces meas,
et eduxit me de lacu miseriae
et de luto faecis.
Et statuit super petram pedes meos,
et direxit gressus meos.
Et immisit in os meum canticum novum,
carmen Deo nostro.
Videbunt multi, et timebunt,
et sperabunt in Domino.

Alleluia.
Laudate Dominum in sanctis eius;
laudate eum in firmamento virtutis eius.
Laudate eum in virtutibus eius;
laudate eum secundum multititudinem magnitudinis eius.
Laudate eum in sono tubae.
Laudate eum in timpano et choro;
laudate eum in chordis et organo.
Laudate eum in cymbalis benesonantibus;
laudate eum in cymbalis jubilationis.
Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum!
Alleluia.

CD 5

21 Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with Thine ears
consider my calling: hold not Thy peace at my tears.
For I am a stranger with Thee:
and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.
O spare me a little that I may recover my strength:
before I go hence and be no more seen.

22 I waited patiently for the Lord:
and He inclined unto me, and heard my calling.
He brought me also out of the horrible pit,
out of the mire and clay:
and set my feet upon the rock,
and ordered my goings.
And He hath put a new song in my mouth:
even a thanksgiving unto our God.
Many shall see it and fear:
and shall put their trust in the Lord.

23 Alleluia.

O praise God in His holiness:
praise Him in the firmament of His power.
Praise Him in His noble acts:
praise Him according to His excellent greatness.
Praise Him in the sound of the trumpet.
Praise Him upon the lute and harp;
praise Him upon the strings and pipe.
Praise Him upon the well-tuned cymbals;
praise Him upon the loud cymbals.
Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.
Alleluia.

Oedipus rex

Prologue

NARRATEUR

Toeschouwers, zo dadelijk hoort u een Latijnse versie van koning Oedipus. Teneinde oor en geheugen nietovermatig te belasten en omdat een opera-oratorium lechts de monumentale scènes behoudt, zal ik u meteen zekere regelmaat het drama van Sophokles inherinnering brengen.

Oedipus bevecht zonder het te weten de krachtendie ons beloeren vanaf de andere kant van de dood. Sinds zijn geboorte zetten zij een val voor hem die u hier zal zien dichtklappen.

Zie hier het drama:

Thebe is moedeloos. Na de sfinx, de pest. Het koortsmeekt Oedipus zijn stad te reden. Oedipus heeft de sfinx overwonnen, hij belooft.

Acte I

CHŒUR

Caedit nos pestis,
Theba peste moritur.
E peste serva nos, serva,
E peste qua Theba moritur.
Oedipus, adest pestis,
Oedipus, e peste serva nos,
E peste libera urbem.

OEDIPE

Liberi, vos liberabo,
Liberabo vos, Vos, vos a peste.
Ego, clarissimus Oedipus,
Eg'Oedipus vos diligo.
Eg'Oedipus vos servabo.

CHŒUR

Serva, nos adhuc, serva urbem,
Quid faciendum, Oedipus, ut liberemur?

CD 6

Prologue

SPEAKER

1 Spectators, you are about to hear a Latin version of King Oedipus. This version is an opera—oratorio; based on the tragedy by Sophocles, but preserving only a certain monumental aspect of its various scenes. And so (wishing to spare your ears and your memories) I shall recall the story as we go along.

Oedipus, unknown to himself, contends with supernatural powers: those sleepless deities who are always watching us from a world beyond death. At the moment of his birth a snare was laid for him – and you will see the snare closing.

Now our drama begins:

Thebes is prostrate. After the Sphinx, a plague breaks out. The chorus implores Oedipus to save his city. Since Oedipus has vanquished the Sphinx, he promises.

Act I

CHŒUR

2 The plague is upon us,
Thebes is dying of the plague.
Save us from the plague
Of which Thebes is dying.
Oedipus, the plague is upon us,
Oedipus, save us from the plague,
Deliver the city from the plague.

OEDIPE

3 My children, I will deliver you,
I will deliver you from the plague.
I, the far-famed Oedipus,
I, Oedipus, love you,
I, Oedipus, will deliver you.

CHŒUR

Save us once more, save our city,
What is to be done, Oedipus, that we may be delivered?

OEDIPE

Uxoris frater mittitur, oraculum consultit,
Deo mittitur Creo,
Quid faciendum consultit.
Creo ne commoretur.

Créon arrive

CHŒUR

Vale, Creo! Audimus.
Vale, Creo! Cito, cito!
Auditi te salutant

NARRATEUR

Zie daar, Créon, de zwager van Oedipus. Hij heeft orakel aanhoord. Het orakel eist genoegdoening voor de moord op Laios. De moordenaar houdt zich schuil in Thebe; Hij moet gevonden worden, koste wat kost. Oedipus beroert zich op zijn bedrevenheid in het oplossen van raadsels. Hij zal de moordenaarvinden en verdrijven.

CRÉON

Respondit deus:
"Laium ulcisci, scelus ulcisci;
Reperire peremptorem.
Thebis peremptor latet.
Latet peremptor regis;
reperi opus istum.
Thebas a labe luere.
Caedem regis ulcisci,
regis Laii perempti.
Jubet deus peremptorem depelli,
Peste inficit Thebas."
Apollo dixit deus.

OEDIPE

Non reperias vetus scelus.
Thebas, Thebas eruam.
Thebis incolit scelestus.

OEDIPIUS

The Queen's brother has been sent to consult the oracle, Creon has been sent to the God, To ask what is to be done. May Creon not be slow to return.

Creon enters

CHORUS

Hail, Creon, we give you audience.
Hail, Creon, make haste!
Waiting to hear you, we salute you.

SPEAKER

4 Creon, the brother-in-law of Oedipus, has returned from Delphi, where he consulted the oracle. The oracle demands that Laius' murderer be punished. The assassin is hiding in Thebes; at whatever cost, he must be discovered. Oedipus boasts of his skill in dealing with the powers of darkness. He will discover and drive out the assassin.

CREON

5 The God gives answer:
Avenge Laius, avenge the crime;
Seek out the murderer.
The murderer is hiding in Thebes.
The murderer of the King is in hiding;
he must be discovered,
To purge Thebes from the stain.
Avenge the king's murderer,
the murdered King Laius.
The God decrees: expel the murderer,
Who brought the plague on Thebes.
Apollo the God has spoken.

OEDIPIUS

6 You cannot right this ancient wrong.
I will have Thebes searched,
For the murderer is in Thebes.

CHŒUR

Deus dixit, tibi dixit.

OEDIPE

Tibi dixit. Mici, debet se dedere.

Opus vos istum deferre.

Thebas eruam.

Thebis pellere istum,

Vetus scelus non repertas.

CHŒUR

Thebis scelestus incolit.

OEDIPE

Deus dixit, dixit, dixit...

Sphynga solvi Carmen, ego divinabo.

Iterum divinabo, clarissimus Oedipus.

Thebas iterum servabo,

Ego, eg'Oedipus Carmen divinabo.

Polliceor divinabo.

CHŒUR

Solve, solve, solve! Solve, Oedipus, solve!

NARRATEUR

Oedipus ondervraagt de bron van waarheid:

Tiresias, de ziener.

Tiresias ontwijkt een antwoord. Hij beseft immers dat Oedipus een speelbal is van de harteloze goden.

Die stilte ergerd Oedipus. Hij verwijt Creon zijn troon te willen en Tiresias medeplichtigheid.

Ontdaan door zoveel onrecht beslist Tiresias. De bron spreekt. Zie hier het orakel:

De moordenaar van de koning is koning.

CHORUS

To you the God has spoken.

OEDIPUS

To you he has spoken. To me he shall give himself up.

You must deliver him to me.

I will have Thebes searched.

To drive that man from Thebes,

You cannot right this ancient wrong.

CHORUS

The murderer is in Thebes.

OEDIPIUS

God has spoken, spoken, spoken...

I solved the Sphinx's riddle, this one too will I solve,

This further riddle I will solve, I, the far-famed Oedipus,

Once more will I save Thebes.

I, I, Oedipus, will solve the riddle.

I pledge my word to solve it.

CHORUS

Solve the riddle, Oedipus, solve the riddle!

SPEAKER

7 Oedipus questions that fountain of truth: Tiresias, the seer.

Tiresias will not answer. He already realises that Oedipus is a plaything of the heartless gods.

This silence angers Oedipus, who accuses Creon of desiring the throne for himself, and Tiresias of being his accomplice.

Revolted by the injustice of this attitude, Tiresias decides – the fountain speaks. This is the oracle:

The assassin of the King is a King.

CHŒUR

Delie, expectamus, Minerva, filia Iovis,

Diana, in trono insidens;

Et tu, Phoebe insignis iaculator, succurrite nobis!

Ut praeceps ales ruit malum et premitur funere funus et corporibus corpora inhumata.

Expelle, expelle everte in mare atrocem istum Martem Qui nos urit inermis dementer ululans.

Et tu, Bacches, cum taeda advola nobis urens infamen inter deus.

Tirésias arrive

Salve, Tiresia! Salve! Dic nobis quod monet deus, dic cito, sacrorum doce.

Salve, Tiresia, homo clare, vates!

TIRÉSIAS

Dicere non possum, dicere non licet,
dicere nefastum,

Oedipus, non possum.

Dicere ne cogas? Cave ne dicam!

Clarissime Oedipus, tacere fas.

OEDIPE

Taciturnitas t'accusat;
Tu peremptor.

TIRÉSIAS

Miserande, dico, quod me accusas, dico.

Dicam quod dixit deus; nullum dictum celabo;

Inter vos peremptor est, apud vos peremptor est,

Vobiscum est. Regis est rex peremptor.

Rex cecidit Laius, rex cecidit regem,

Deus regem accusat; peremptor, peremptor rex!

Opus Thebis pelli, Thebis pelli regem.

Rex scelestus urbem foedat, rex peremptor regis est.

CHORUS

8 Delian goddess, we await thee, daughter of Jove,

Diana, seated on thy throne.

And thou, Phoebe, splendid archer, come to our aid.

For evil swoops on us, swift in its flight, death follows death, and in heaps lie the dead unburied.

Drive out and hurl into the sea this terrible foe, this Mars Who comes unarmed, but shrieking madly consumes us.

And thou, Bacchus, come swiftly with thy torch, and burn up this god whom gods abhor.

Tiresias enters

Hail, Tiresias! Hail! Tell us what the God decrees, tell us swiftly, O most learned in holy things.

Hail, Tiresias, thou great man, thou seer!

TIRÉSIAS

9 I cannot speak, I may not speak,
It is not right for me to speak,

Oedipus, I cannot speak.

Do not force me to speak! Beware, lest I speak!
O far-famed Oedipus, it is best that I keep silent.

OEDIPIUS

Your silence accuses you;
You are the murderer.

TIRÉSIAS

Unhappy man, I will speak, since you accuse me.

I will reveal what the God has said, and keep back nothing;

The murderer is amongst you, the murderer is in your midst, Is here with you. The slayer of the king is a king.

A King slew Laius, a king slew the king.

The God accuses a king; a king is the murderer!

He must be driven from Thebes.

A guilty king pollutes the city, a king is the murderer of the king.

OEDIP

Invidia fortunam odit. Creavistis me regem!
Servavit vos carminibus et creavistis me regem.
Solvendum carmen cui erat?
Tibi, homo clare, vates;
a me solutum est et creavistis me regem.
Nunc vult quidam munus meum.
Creo vult munus regis.
Stipendiarius es, Tiresias! Hoc facinus ego solvo!
Creo vult rex fieri.
Quis liberavit vos carminibus?
Amici, amici, eg'Oedipus clarus.
Volunt regem perire,
vestrum regem perire,
clarum Oedipodem, vestrum regem.

Jocasta arrive

CHŒUR

Gloria, gloria, gloria!
Laudibus, regina locasta in pestilentibus Thebis.
Laudibus Oedipus uxor, Gloria!

OEDIPUS

10 Envy hates good fortune. Ye made me king.
I saved you from the Sphynx's riddle, and ye made me king.
Who should have solved the riddle?
By thou, thou famous seer;
But it was I who solved it, and ye made me king.
Now, there is one desires my office.
Creon desires to be king.
You are his accomplice, Tiresias! I see through your evil plan!
Creon desires to be king.
Who saved you from the riddle?
Friends, it was I, great Oedipus.
They desire that the King should die,
They desire that your King should die,
Great Oedipus, your King!

Jocasta enters

CHORUS

11 Glory, glory, glory!
Sing praises Jocasta, Queen in stricken Thebes.
Sing praises to the wife of Oedipus. Glory!

Acte II**NARRATEUR**

Jocaste, aangetrokken door het geruzie van
de prinsen.

U zal horen hoe ze hen tot kalmte maant, hoe ze hen
bezweert hun stem niet te verheffen in een zieke stad. Zij
gelooft niet in orakels. Z bewijst dat orakels liegen. Zo was
voorspeld dat Laios zou sterven door de hand van een van
haar zoons. Maar Laios is vermoord op de driesprong van
Daulis en Delphi door dieven.

Trivium! Driesprong! Onthoud dit woord goed. Want het
slaat Oedipus met stomheid. Hij herinnert zich dat hij bij zijn
aankomst uit Corinthe voor de ontmoeting met de sfinx een
oude man heeft gedood op de driesprong. Als dat Laios was,
wat dan? Naar Corinthe kan hij niet terug, want daar heeft
het orakel gedreigd dat hij zijn vader zou doden en met zijn
moeder zou huwen.

Hij is bang.

CHŒUR

Gloria, gloria, gloria!
Laudibus, regina locasta in pestilentibus Thebis.
Laudibus Oedipus uxor, Gloria!

JOCASTE

Nonn' erubescite, reges,
clamare, ululare in aegra urbe domesticis altercationibus?

Clamare, vestros domesticos clamores,
coram omnibus clamare?
Ne probentur oracula quae semper mentiantur.
Mentita sunt oracula.
Cui rex, interficiendus est?
Nato meo.
Age, rex peremptus est.
Laius in trivio mortuus.
Ne probentur oracula, quae semper mentiantur.

Act II**SPEAKER**

The dispute of the princes attracts Jocasta.

You will hear her calm them, shame them for raising their
voices in a stricken city. She proves that oracles lie. For
example, an oracle predicted that Laius would perish by the
hand of a son of hers; whereas Laius was murdered by thieves,
at the crossing of three roads from Daulis and Delphi.

Three roads... crossroads – mark well those words. They
horrify Oedipus. He remembers how, arriving from Corinth
before encountering the Sphinx, he killed an old man where
three roads meet. If Laius of Thebes were that man – what
then? Oedipus cannot return to Corinth, having been threatened
by the oracle with a double crime: killing his father and
marrying his mother.

He is afraid.

CHORUS

Glory, glory, glory!
Sing praises Jocasta, Queen in stricken Thebes.
Sing praises to the wife of Oedipus. Glory!

JOCASTA

14 Are ye not ashamed, O princes,
To raise your voices and fill a stricken city with
domestic strife?

To shout your family quarrels,
to expose personal feuds in public?

Nothing is proved by the oracles, which always lie.
The oracles have lied.

Who was to have slain the King?

My son.

But the King was murdered.

Laius was murdered at the crossroads.

Nothing is proved by the oracles, which always lie.

CHŒUR

Trivium, trivium, trivium!

OEDIPE

Pavesco subito, locasta,
Pavesco, maxime pavesco.

locasta, locasta audi: locuta es de trvio?
Ego senem cecidi, cum Corintho excederem,
Cecidi in trvio,
Cecidi, locasta, senem.

JOCASTE

Oracula mentiuntur, semper oracula mentiuntur.
Oedipus, cave oracula quae mentiuntur.
Domum cito redeamus;
Non est consulandum.

OEDIPE

Pavesco, maxime, subito, locasta.
Pavor magnus, locasta, in me inest.
Volo consulere, consulendum est,
locasta, volo videre pastorem.
Sceleris superest spectator. Sciam!

NARRATEUR

De getuige van de moord treedt uit de schaduw.
Een bode meldt de dood van Polybus, koning van
Corinthe, en onthult dat Oedipus slechts diens
aangenomen zoon was.

Jocaste begrijpt.

Ze duwt Oedipus weg. Ze vlucht.

Oedipus denkt dat ze zich schaamt de vrouw te zijn
van een parvum.

Die trots, alles ontraadselende Oedipus! Hij zit in
de val. Hij is de enige die het niet ziet.

De waarheid treft het hoofd.

Hij valt. Hij valt diep.

CHORUS

15 The crossroads! The crossroads!

OEDIPUS

Suddenly I am afraid, Jocasta,
I am afraid with a great fear.
Jocasta, Jocasta, did you speak of the crossroads?
I killed an old man, as I was coming from Corinth,
I killed him at the crossroads,
I killed an old man, Jocasta.

JOCASTA

The oracles lie, always the oracles lie.
Oedipus, beware of the lying oracles.
Let us go home at once;
Do not speak with the shepherd.

OEDIPUS

I am afraid with a great fear, Jocasta.
A great fear, Jocasta, is suddenly upon me.
I wish to speak with him, I must speak with him,
Jocasta, I wish to see the shepherd.
He is still living, the only witness of the crime. I must know
the truth!

SPEAKER

16 The witness of the murder steps from the shadows.
A messenger, announcing that King Polybus of Corinth is dead,
reveals to Oedipus that he is only an adopted son of the King.

Jocasta understands.

She tries to draw Oedipus back – in vain. She flees.

Oedipus supposes that she is ashamed of being the wife of
an upstart.

O, this lofty, all-discerning Oedipus: he is in the snare.
He alone does not know it.

And then the truth strikes him.

He falls. He falls headlong.

CHŒUR

Adest omniscius pastor,
Omniscius pastor et nuntius horribilis.

MESSAGER, CHŒUR

Mortuus est Polybus.
Senex mortuus Polybus.
Polybus non genitor Oedipodis:
a me ceperat Polybus, eg'attuleram regi.
Verus non fuerat pater Oedipodis,
falsus pater, per me!
Reppereram in monte puerum Oedipoda derelictum,
foratum pedes, vulneratum pedes parvulum Oedipoda.
Attuleram pastori puerum Oedipoda.

CHŒUR

Resciturus sum monstrum, monstrum resciscam.
Deo claro Oedipus natus est; deo et nympho
montium in quibus repertus est.

BERGER

Oporebat tacere, nunquam loqui.
Sane, repperit parvulum Oedipoda
a patre, a matre in monte derelictum,
pedes laqueis foratum.
Utinam ne diceres; hoc semper celandum inventum,
esse in monte derelictum parvulum, parvum Oedipoda.

OEDIPE

Nonne monstrum resciri, quis Oedipus?
Genus Oedipodis sciam.
Pudet locastam, fugit,
pudet, pudet Oedipi exulis,
Pudet Oedipodis generis.
Oedipodis genus, genus meum sciam, genus exulis mei.
Ego exul exsulto.

CHORUS

17 The shepherd who knows all is here,
the shepherd who knows all, and a messenger with
dread tidings.

MESSINGER, CHORUS

Dead is Polybus.
Dead is the aged Polybus.
Polybus was not Oedipus' father:
From me Polybus received him, I took him to the King.
Polybus was not the true father of Oedipus,
Only his adopted father, through me!
I found Oedipus, a child abandoned on the mountains,
Oedipus, a child with his feet pierced by shackles.
I brought the boy Oedipus to the shepherd.

CHORUS

We are about to hear of a marvel, we shall hear of a marvel.
Oedipus was born of a great god; of a god and a nymph
Of the mountains on which he was found.

SHEPHERD

I would have been better to keep silent, never to speak.
It is true that he found the child Oedipus
Abandoned by his parents on the mountain,
shackled by the feet.
Would you had not spoken; this should ever have
been concealed,
That Oedipus was found as a child, abandoned on
the mountains.

OEDIPE

Are these not wondrous tidings you tell me, who Oedipus is?
Let me know whose child I am.
Jocasta is ashamed, she flies from me.
She is ashamed of Oedipus the exile,
ashamed of the descent of Oedipus.
Let me know who begot me, Oedipus the exile,
I, an exile, exult.

BERGER, MESSAGER, CHŒUR

In monte reppertus est, a matre derelictus,
in montibus repperimus.
Laio locastaque natus!
Peremotor Laii parentis!
Coniux locastae parentis!
Utinam ne dices, oportebat tacere,
nunquam dicere istud:
A locasta derelictum in monte reppertus est.

Berger et Messager sortent

(ŒDIPÉ)

Natus sum quo nefastum est, concubui qui nefastum est,
decidi quem nefastum est.
Lux facta est!

NARRATEUR

En nu hoort u de beroemde monoloog "Het goddelijke hoofd van Jocaste is dood", monoloog waarin de bode het einde van Jocaste vertelt.

Hij opent met moeite zijn mond. Het koor neemt zijn rol over en helpt hem te zeggen hoe Jocaste zich heeft verhangen en hoe Oedipus zich zijn ogen heeft uitgestoken met haar gouden speld.

Dan komt de epiloog.

Oedipus is gevangen. Hij wil zich tonen aan allen, het zieke beest tonen, de bloedschenner, de vadermoordenaar, de zot.

Dan wordt hij verjaagd. Heel teder wordt hij verjaagd.

Vaarwel, vaarwel, arme Oedipus! Vaarwel Oedipus wij hielden van u.

SHEPHERD, MESSENGER

18 He was found on the mountains, abandoned by his mother;
We found him on the mountains.
He is the son of Laius and Jocasta!
The slayer of Laius his father!
The husband of Jocasta his mother!
Would you had not spoken, it were better
never to have said this:
He was found on the mountains, abandoned by Jocasta.

The Shepherd and the Messenger withdraw

OEDIPUS

Sinful was my begetting, sinful my marriage,
Sinful my shedding of blood.
My light is put out!

SPEAKER

19 And now you will hear that famous monologue
"The divine Jocasta is dead", a monologue in which
the messenger describes Jocasta's doom.

He can scarcely open his mouth. The chorus takes his part and
helps him to tell how the queen has hanged herself, and how
Oedipus has pierced his eyeballs with her
golden pin.

Then comes the epilogue.

The King is caught. He would show himself to all: as a filthy
beast, an incestuous monster, a father-killer, a fool.

His people drive him (gently, very gently) away.

Farewell, farewell, poor Oedipus! Farewell, Oedipus –
we loved you.

MESSEAGER, CHŒUR

Divum locastae caput mortuum!
Mulier in vestibulo comes lacerare.
Claustris occludere fores, exclamare.
Et Oedipus irrumpere et pulsare,
pulsare, ululare.

Divum locastae caput mortuum!
Et ubi evellit claustra, suspensam mulierem omnes
conspexerunt
et Oedipus praeceps ruens illam exsolvebat,
illam collocabat,
et aurea fibula et avulsa fibula, oculos effodire;
ater sanguis rigare.

Divum locastae caput mortuum!
Sanguis ater rigabat, prosiliebat;
et Oedipus exclamare et sese detestare.
Omnibus se ostendere.
Beluam vult ostendere.
Aspicite fores pandere,
aspicite spectaculum omnium atrocissimum.

MESSEAGER

Divum locastae caput mortuum!

CHŒUR

Ecce! Regem Oedipoda: foedissimum
monstrum monstrat, foedissimam beluam.
Ellum, regem occaecatum! Rex parricida
miser Oedipus.
Oedipus carminum coniector.
Adest, adest! Ellum! Regem Oedipoda!

Vale, Oedipus! Te amabam, te miseror.
Miser Oedipus, oculos tuos deploro.
Vale, miser Oedipus noster,
te amabam, Oedipus,
tibi valedico.

MESSEANGER, CHORUS

20 Jocasta the Queen is dead!
The woman in her chamber is tearing her hair.
They mace fast the doors with bars, and lamented.
Oedipus broke in, beat on the doors,
beat on the doors with cries of anguish.

Jocasta the Queen is dead!
When Oedipus broke open the doors, they all beheld the Queen
hanging there.

And Oedipus rushed to her, loosened the cord
and took her down,
and snatching a golden pin from her dress, put out his eyes;
the dark blood ran down in streams.

Jocasta the Queen is dead!
The dark blood ran down in streams;
And Oedipus cried aloud and cursed himself.
To all he showed himself.
It was his will to show this horror.
See, the doors are opening,
behold a sight of all sights most terrible.

MESSEANGER

Jocasta the Queen is dead!

CHORUS

21 Lo! Oedipus the King: he shows himself to all as
a foul monster, a thing most vile.
Behold the blinded King! Wretched King Oedipus,
slayer of his father,
Oedipus, the solver of riddles.
He is here! He is here! Behold him, King Oedipus!

Farewell, Oedipus! We loved thee well, we pity thee.
Unhappy Oedipus, we weep for thine eyes.
Farewell, unhappy Oedipus,
we loved thee well, Oedipus,
we bid thee farewell.

The Rake's Progress

Act I

First Scene

The garden of Trulove's house in the country on a spring afternoon. The house is on the right. There is a gate in the fence at the back. Anne and Tom are seated in an arbor to the left.

Duet and Trio

ANNE

2 The woods are green, and bird and beast at play,
For all things keep this festival of May.
With fragrant odours and with notes of cheer,
The pious earth observes the solemn year.

TOM

Now is the season when the Cyprian Queen
With genial charm translates our mortal scene,
When swains their nymphs in fervent arms enfold
And with a kiss restore the Age of Gold.

ANNE

How sweet within the budding grove
To walk, to love.
How sweet beside the pliant stream
To lie, to dream. How sweet.

TOM

How sweet beside the pliant stream
To lie, to dream.
How sweet within the budding grove
To walk, to love. How sweet.

TRULOVE enters from the house and stands aside
Oh may a father's prudent fears
Unfounded prove,
And ready vows and loving looks
Be all they seem.

ANNE, TOM

How sweet!

CD 10

TRULOVE

In youth we fancy we are wise,
But time has shown,
Alas, too often and too late,
We have not known
The hearts of others or our own.

ANNE

Love tells no lies...

ANNE, TOM

...and in love's eyes
We see our future state,
Ever happy, ever fair;
Sorrow, hate,
Disdain, despair,
Rule not there,
But love alone
Reigns o'er his own.

Recitative

TRULOVE approaching Anne
Anne, my dear...

ANNE

Yes, father?

TRULOVE

Your advice is needed in the kitchen.

Anne curtsies and goes into the house.

Tom, I have news for you.

I have spoken on your behalf to a good friend
in the City, and he offers you a position
in his counting house.

TOM

You are too generous, sir.
You must not think me ungrateful
if I do not immediately accept what you propose,
but I have other prospects in view.

TRULOVE

Your reluctance to seek employment
makes me uneasy.

TOM

Be assured your daughter shall not marry
a poor man.

TRULOVE

So he be honest, she may take a poor husband
if she choose, but I am resolved she shall
never marry a lazy one.
He goes into the house.

TOM

3 The old fool!

Recitative

Here I stand, my constitution sound,
my frame not ill-favoured,
my wit ready, my heart light.
I play the industrious apprentice in a copybook?
I submit to the drudge's yoke?
I slave through a lifetime to enrich others
and then be thrown away like a gnawed bone?
Not !!
Have not grave doctors assured us
that good works are of no avail
for heaven predestines all?
In my fashion, I may profess myself of their
party, and herewith entrust myself to Fortune.

Aria

Since it is not by merit
We rise or we fall,
But the favour of Fortune
That governs us all, etc.
Why should I labour
For what in the end
She will give me for nothing
If she be my friend?

While if she be not, why,
The wealth I might gain
For a time by my toil would
At last be in vain, etc.
Till I die then, of fever,
Or by lightning am struck,
Let me live by my wits
And trust to my luck, etc.
My life lies before me,

The world is so wide:
Come, wishes, be horses
This beggar shall ride, etc.
He walks around. Spoken:

4 I wish I had money!

Recitative

Nick appears immediately at the garden gate.

NICK

Tom Rakewell?

TOM turning round, startled
I...

NICK

I seek Tom Rakewell with a message.
Is this his house?

TOM

No, not his house, but you have found him straying in his thoughts and footsteps.
In short...

NICK

You are he?

TOM laughing

Yes, surely. Tom Rakewell at your service.

NICK

Well, well.

He bows.

Nick Shadow, sir, and at your service.
For, surely as you bear your name,
I bear you a bright future.
You recall an uncle, sir?

TOM

An uncle? My parents never mentioned one.

NICK

They quarrelled, I believe, sir.
Yet he... Sir, have you friends?

TOM

More than a friend.
The daughter of this house and ruler of my heart.

NICK

A lover's fancy and a lovely thought.
Then call her, call her.
Indeed, let all who will, make their joy here
of your glad tidings.

Tom rushes into the house. Nick reaches over the garden gate, unlatches it and enters the garden. Tom returns with Anne and Trulove.

Recitative**NICK bowing**

Fair lady, gracious gentlemen,
a servant begs your pardon for your time,
but there is much to tell.
Tom Rakewell had an uncle,
one long parted from his native land.
Him I served many years.
Served him in the many trades he served in turn;
and all to his profit.
Yes, profit was perpetually his.
It was, indeed, his family, his friend,
his hour of amusement, his life.
But all his brilliant progeny of gold
could not caress him when he lay dying.
Sick for his home, sick for a memory of pleasure
or of love, his thoughts were but of England.
There, at least, he felt, his profit could be
pleasure to an eager youth; for such,
by counting years upon his fumbling fingers,
he knew that you must be, good sir.
Well, he is dead.
And I am here with this commission:
to tell Tom Rakewell that an unloved and
forgotten uncle loved and remembered.
You are a rich man.

Quartet**TOM**

I wished but once, I knew
That surely my wish would come true,
That I
Had but to speak at last
And Fate would smile when Fortune cast
The die.
I knew, I knew!

to Nick

Yet you, who bring

The faithful end of questioning,

Here by

A new and grateful master's side

Be thanked, and as my Fortune and my guide,
Remain, confirm...

...deny.

NICK

| Be thanked, for masterless should I abide
Too long...

TOM

| Be thanked...

NICK

| ...I soon would die.

ANNE

Be thanked, O God, for him, and may a bride
Soon to his vows reply. Be thanked.

TOM

| ...be thanked, etc.

NICK

| Be thanked, etc.

TRULOVE

| Be thanked, O God, and curb in him all pride,
That Anne may never sigh.

Be thanked.

TOM puts one arm around Anne and gestures outwards with the other
My Anne, behold, for doubt had fled our view.
The skies are clear and every path is true.

ANNE

The joyous fount I see that brings increase
To fields of promise and the groves of peace.

TOM, ANNE

O clement love, o clement love,...

...o clement love!

TRULOVE

My children, may God bless you
Even as a father.

NICK

| Sir, may Nick address you
A moment in your bliss?

Even in carefree May

A thriving fortune has its roots of care:
Attorneys crouched like gardeners to pay,
Bowers of paper only seals repair;
We must be off to London.

TOM

They can wait.

TRULOVE

No, Tom, your man is right, things must be done.
The sooner that you settle your estate,
The sooner you and Anne can be as one.

ANNE

| Father is right, dear Tom.

NICK

| A coach in wait
Is down the road.

TOM

Well then, if Fortune sow
A crop that wax and pen must cultivate,
Let's fly to husbandry
and make it grow.

Recitative**NICK**

5 I'll call the coachman, sir.

TRULOVE to Nick

Should you not mind,
I'll tell you of his needs.

NICK

Sir, you are kind.

Trulove and Nick go out together through the garden gate.

Duettino**ANNE**

Farewell for now, my heart
Is with you when you go,
However you may fare.

TOM

Wherever, when apart,
I may be, I shall know
That you are with me there.

ANNE

Farewell, farewell!

Trulove and Nick return through the garden gate.

Recitative**NICK**

All is ready, sir.

TOM

Tell me, good Shadow,
since, born and bred in indigence,
I am unacquainted with such matters,
what wages you are accustomed to receive.

NICK

Let us not speak of that, master,
till you know better what my services are worth.
A year and a day hence we will settle our account,
and then, I promise you, you shall pay me
no more and no less than what you yourself
acknowledge to be just.

TOM

A fair offer. 'Tis agreed.

Arioso and Terzettino**TOM**

Dear father Trulove, the very moment my
affairs are settled, I shall send for you
and my dearest Anne.
And when she arrives, all London shall be
at her feet, for all London shall be mine,
and what is mine must of needs at least adore
what I must with all my being worship.

Tom and Trulove, shake hands affectionately. Anne brings her hand quickly to her eyes and turns her head away.
Tom steps forward.

TOM aside

Laughter and light and all charms that endear,
All that dazzles or dins,
Wisdom and wit shall adorn the career
Of him who can play, and who wins...

ANNE aside

Heart, you are happy, yet why should a tear
Dim our joyous designs?

TOM

...who can play, and who wins...

TRULOVE aside

Fortune so swift and so easy, I fear,
may only encourage his sins, etc.

ANNE aside

Why, why should a tear, etc.

TOM

...who can play, and who wins, etc.

TRULOVE to Tom

Be well, be well advised.

ANNE

Be always near.

ANNE, TRULOVE

Farewell, farewell!

Anne, Tom and Trulove move towards the garden gate.
Nick holds it open for them and they pass through.

NICK to the audience

The Progress of a Rake begins!

Second Scene

Mother Goose's brothel, London. A cuckoo clock on the wall at the back. Tom, Nick and Mother Goose sit at a table, drinking.

Chorus**ROARING BOYS**

6 With air commanding and weapon handy,
We rove in a band through the streets at night.
Our only notion to make commotion
And find occasion to provoke a fight.

WHORES

In triumph glorious with trophies curious
We return victorious from Love's campaigns;
No troops more practised in Cupid's tactics
By feint and ambush the day to gain.

ROARING BOYS

For what is sweeter to human nature
Than to quarrel over nothing at all,
To hear the crashing of furniture smashing
Or heads being bashed in a tavern brawl?

WHORES

With darting glances and bold advances
We open fire on young and old;
Surprised by rapture, their hearts are captured,
And into our laps they pour their gold.

WHORES, ROARING BOYS

A toast to our commanders then
From their irregulars;
A toast, ladies and gentlemen:
To Venus and to Mars!

Recitative**NICK**

7 Come, Tom, I would fain have our hostess,
good Mother Goose, learn how faithfully
I have discharged my duties as a godfather
in preparing you for the delights to which
your newly-found state of manhood
is about to call you.

So tell my Lady-Bishop of the game
what I did vow and promise in thy name.

TOM

One aim in all things to pursue:
My duty to myself to do.

NICK to Mother Goose

Is he not apt?

MOTHER GOOSE

And handsome, too.

NICK to Tom

What is thy duty to thyself?

TOM

To shut my ears to prude and preacher
And follow Nature as my teacher.

MOTHER GOOSE

What is the secret Nature knows?

TOM

What Beauty is and where it grows.

NICK

Canst thou define the Beautiful?

TOM

I can.
That source of pleasure to the eyes,
Youth owns, wit snatches, money buys,
Envy affects to scorn, but lies:
One fatal flaw it has. It dies.

NICK

Exact, my scholar!

MOTHER GOOSE

What is Pleasure then?

TOM

The idol of all dreams, the same
Whatever shape it wear or name;
Whom flirts imagine as a hat,
Old maids believe to be a cat.

MOTHER GOOSE

Bravo!

NICK

One final question. Love is...?

TOM aside

Love, Love!
That precious word is like a fiery coal,
It burns my lips, strikes terror to my soul.

NICK

No answer? Will my scholar fail me?

TOM

No, no more!.

NICK

Well, well.

MOTHER GOOSE

More wine, love?

TOM

Let me go.

NICK

Are you afraid?

The cuckoo clock coos one; Tom rises.

TOM

Before it is too late.

NICK

Wait.

*He makes a sign and the clock turns backward
and coos twelve.*

See. Time is yours. The hours obey your pleasure.
Fear not. Enjoy. You may repent at leisure.

Tom sits down again and drinks wildly.

Chorus**WHORES, ROARING BOYS**

Soon dawn will glitter outside the shutter,
And small birds twitter. But what of that?
So long as we're able and wine's on the table,
Who cares what the troubling day is at?

While food has flavour and limbs are shapely,
And hearts beat bravely to fiddle or drum,
Our proper employment is reckless enjoyment,
For too soon the noiseless night will come.

Recitative

NICK rising to address the company

Sisters of Venus, brothers of Mars,
Fellow-worshippers in the Temple of Delight,
it is my privilege to present to you
a stranger to our rites who, following
our custom, begs leave to sing you a song
in earnest of his desire to be initiated.
As you see, he is young; as you shall discover,
he is rich.
My master, and, if he will pardon the liberty,
my friend, Mister Tom Rakewell.

Cavatina

TOM coming forward to sing

8 Love, too frequently betrayed
For some plausible desire
Or the world's enchanted fire,
Still thy traitor in his sleep
Renews the vow he did not keep,
Weeping, weeping,
He kneels before thy wounded shade.

Love, my sorrow and my shame,
Though thou daily be forgot,
Goddess, O forget me not.
Lest I perish, O be nigh,
In my darkest hour that I,
Dying, dying,
May call upon thy sacred name.

Chorus
WHORES

How sad a song.
But sadness charms.
How handsomely he cries.
Come, drown your sorrows in these arms.
Forget it in these eyes.
Upon these lips.

MOTHER GOOSE

pushing them aside and taking Tom's hand

Away. Tonight

I exercise my elder right
And claim him for my prize.

*The Whores and Roaring Boys form a lane with the men
on one side and the women on the other, as in a children's
game. Mother Goose and Tom walk slowly between them
to a door at the back. Nick stands watching.*

WHORES, ROARING BOYS

9 The sun is bright, the grass is green.

Lanterloo, lanterloo!

The King is courting his young Queen.
Lanterloo, lanterloo, lanterloo, my lady.

MEN

They go a-walking. What do they see?

WOMEN

An almanack in a walnut tree.
They go a-riding. Whom do they meet?

MEN

Three scarecrows and a pair of feet.
What will she do when they sit at table?

WOMEN

Eat as much as she is able.
What will he do when they lie in bed?
Lanterloo, lanterloo!

MEN

Draw his sword and chop off her head.

ALL

Lanterloo, lanterloo, lanterloo, my lady.

NICK raising his glass

Sweet dreams, my master.

WHORES, ROARING BOYS

Lanterloo, lanterloo.

NICK

Dreams may lie,
But dream. For when you wake, you die.

Third Scene

The same as the First Scene. Autumn night, full moon.

Recitative

ANNE coming from the house in travelling clothes

10

No word from Tom.
Has love no voice? Can love not keep
A Maytime vow in cities?
Fades it as the rose,
Cut for a rich display? Forgot! But no, to weep
Is not enough. He needs my help.
Love hears, Love knows,
Love answers him across the silent miles and goes.

Aria

Quietly, night, O find him and caress,
And may thou quiet find
His heart, although it be unkind,
Nor may its beat confess,
Although I weep, it knows of loneliness, etc.
Guide me, O moon, chastely when I depart,
And warmly be the same
He watches without grief or shame;
It cannot, cannot be thou art
A colder moon upon a colder heart.

TRULOVE calling from the house

Anne, Anne.

Recitative

ANNE

My father! Can I desert him
and his devotion for a love who has
deserted me?

She starts walking back to the house, then stops suddenly.

No, my Father has strength of purpose,
while Tom is weak, and needs the comfort
of a helping hand.

She kneels.

O God, protect dear Tom,
support my father, and strengthen my resolve.
She bows her head, then rises and walks forward with great decision.

Cabaletta

I go, I go to him.
Love can not falter,

Cannot desert;

Though it be shunned

Or be forgotten,

Though it be hurt,

If Love be Love

It will not alter.

O should I see

My love in need,

It shall not matter, etc.

What he may be.

I go, I go to him, etc.

Time cannot alter, etc.

A loving heart, an ever loving heart.

She turns and starts toward the garden gate.

Act II**First Scene**

The morning room of Tom's house in a London square. A bright morning sun pours in through the window, also noises from the street. Tom is seated at the breakfast table. At a particularly loud noise he rises, walks quickly to the window and slams it shut.

Aria

TOM

11 Vary the song, O London, change!
Disband your notes and let them range;
Let rumour scream, let folly purr,
Let Tone desert the flatterer.
Let Harmony no more obey
The strident choristers of prey;
Yet all your music cannot fill
The gap that in my heart – is still.

Recitative

O Nature, green unnatural mother,
how I have followed where you led.
Is it for this I left the country?
No ploughman is more a slave to sun,
moon and season
than a gentleman to the clock of fashion.
City! City!

What Caesar could have imagined

the curious viands I have tasted?

They choke me.

And let Oporto and Provence keep all their
precious wines.

I would as soon be dry and wrinkled as a raisin
as ever taste another.

Cards! Living pictures!

And, dear God, the matrons with their
marriageable girls!

Cover their charms a little, you well-bred
bawds, or your goods will catch their death
of the rheum long before they learn of the
green sickness.

The others, too, with their more candid charms,
Pah!

Who's honest, chaste, or kind?

One, only one, and of her I dare not think.

He rises.

Up, Nature, up, the hunt is on;
thy pack is in full cry.

They smell the blood upon the bracing air.
On, on, on, through every street and mansion,
for every candle in this capital of light
attends thy appetising progress
and burns in honour at thy shrine.

Aria

Always the quarry that I stalk
Fades, or evades me, and I walk
An endless hall of chandeliers
In light that blinds, in light that sears
Reflected from a million smiles
All empty as the country miles
Of silly wood and senseless park;
And only in my heart – the dark!
He sits down.

12 I wish I were happy.

Enter Nick. He has a broadsheet in his hand.

Recitative

NICK
Master, are you alone?

TOM
And sick at heart.
What is it?

NICK handing Tom the broadsheet

Do you know this lady?

NICK

Baba the Turk!

I have not visited Saint Giles Fair as yet.
They say brave warriors
who never flinched at the sound of musketry
have swooned after a mere glimpse of her.
Is such a thing possible in Nature?

NICK

Two noted physicians have sworn
that she is no impostor.
Would you go see her?

TOM

Nick, I know that manner of yours.
You have some scheme afoot.
Come, sir, out with it.

NICK

Consider her picture.

TOM

Would you see me turned to stone?

NICK

Do you desire her?

TOM

Like the gout or the falling sickness.

NICK

Are you obliged to her?

TOM

Heaven forbid.

NICK

Then marry her.

TOM

Have you taken leave of your senses?

NICK

I was never saner.
Come, master, observe the host of mankind.
How are they? Wretched.
Why? Because they are not free.
Why? Because the giddy multitude are driven
by the unpredictable. Must of their pleasures
and the sober few are bound by the inflexible
Ought of their duty, between which slaveries
there is nothing to choose.
Would you be happy? Then learn to act freely.
Would you act freely? Then learn to ignore
those twin tyrants of appetite and conscience.
Therefore I counsel you, master,
take Baba the Turk to wife.
Consider her picture once more,
and as you do so reflect upon my words.

Aria

In youth the panting slave pursues
The fair evasive dame;
Then, caught in colder fetters, woos
Wealth, Office or a name;
Till, old, dishonoured, sick, downcast
And failing in his wits,
In virtue's narrow cell at last
The withered bondsman sits.
That man alone his fate fulfills,
For he alone is free
Who chooses what to will, and wills
His choice as destiny.
No eye his future can foretell,
No law his past explain
Whom neither Passion may compel
Nor Reason can restrain.
Well?

Tom looks up from the broadsheet. He and Nick look at each other. Pause. Then suddenly Tom begins to laugh. His laughter grows louder and louder. Nick joins in. They shake hands. Nick starts to help Tom get dressed to go out.

Duet—Finale

TOM

My tale shall be told
Both by young and by old.

NICK

Come, master, prepare
Your fate to dare.

TOM

A favourite narration
Throughout the nation
Remembered by all
In cottage and hall
With song and laughter
For ever after.

NICK

Perfumed, well-dressed,
And looking your best,
A bachelor of fashion,
Eyes hinting passion,
Your carriage young
And upon your tongue
The gallant speeches
That Cupid teaches.

TOM

For tongues will not tire
Around the fire.
Or sitting at meat...

NICK

With Shadow to guide...

TOM

...The tale to repeat...

NICK

...Come, seek your bride...

TOM

...Of the wooing and wedding...

NICK

...Be up...

TOM

...Likewise the bedding...

NICK

...And doing...

TOM

...Of Baba the Turk
That masterwork
Whom Nature created
To be celebrated, *etc.*
For her features dire,
To Tom Rakewell Esquire.

NICK

...Attend to your wooing,
On Baba the Turk,
Your charms to work,
What deed could be as great
As with this gorgon to mate?
All the world shall admire
Tom Rakewell Esquire.

TOM

My heart beats faster.
Come, Shadow.

NICK

Come, master, *etc.*
And do not falter, *etc.*

BOTH

To Hymen's altar, to Hymen's altar.
Ye powers, inspire
Tom Rakewell Esquire.
They leave.

Second Scene

Street in front of Tom's house. Autumn. Dusk. A flight of semi-circular steps leads up to the front door, which is in the middle. A servant's entrance to the left, a tree on the right. Anne enters. She looks anxiously at the entrance for a moment, walks slowly up to the steps and hesitatingly lifts the knocker. Then she glances to the left and, seeing a servant beginning to come out of the servants' entrance, she hurries down to the right and flattens herself against the wall under the tree, her hand held against her breast, until he passes and disappears to the right. Then she steps forward.

Recitative

ANNE

13 How strange!

Although the heart for love dare everything,
The hand draws back and finds

No spring of courage.

London! Alone! seems all that it can say.

Oh heart, be stronger, that which this coward hand
Wishes beyond all bravery, the touch of his,
May bring its daring to a close, unneeded:
And love be all your bounty.

Arioso

No step in fear shall wander

nor in weakness delay, etc.

Hear thou or not, merciful Heaven,
ease thou or not my way;

A love that is sworn before Thee
can plunder Hell of its prey, etc.

No step in fear shall wander
nor in weakness delay.

As she turns again towards the entrance, a noise from the right causes her to turn in that direction and come forward, as a procession of servants carrying wrapped yet strangely shaped packages arrives and then disappears through the servants' entrance. While this is going on, night begins to fall until finally the darkness is complete.

Recitative

ANNE watching the servants

What can this mean? A ball? A journey?

A dream?

How evil in the purple dark they seem.

Loot from dead fingers. Living mockery.

I tremble. I tremble with no reason.

As the procession is completed, a sedan chair is carried in from the left, preceded by two servants carrying torches. Anne turns suddenly towards it.

ANNE surprised

Lights!...

The chair is set down before the steps. Tom steps from it into the light.

... 'Tis he!

Anne hurries to him, and he takes a few steps forward to meet her and holds her gently away from himself.

Duet

TOM confused and agitated

14 Anne! here!

ANNE

And, Tom, such splendour.

TOM

Leave pretences, Anne, ask me,

Accuse me –

ANNE

Tom, no.

TOM

Denounce me to the world, and go.

ANNE

Tom, no.

TOM

Return to your home, forget in your senses
What, senseless, you pursue.

ANNE

Do you return?

TOM

!

ANNE

Then how shall I go?

TOM

You must!

aside

Oh wilful powers...

ANNE *aside*

Assist me, Heaven, since love I must
To calm his raging heart, his eyes that burn.

TOM

...Pummel to dust

And drive into the void, one thought, one thought – return!

Listen, listen to me, for I know London well!

Here Virtue is a day coquette,

For what night hides, it can forget,

And Virtue is, till gallants talk and tell.

O Anne, that is the air we breathe; go home, go home,

'Tis wisdom here to be afraid.

ANNE

How should I fear, who have your aid

And all my love for you beside, dear Tom?

TOM

My aid? my aid?

London has done all, all that it can

With me.

Unworthy am I, less

Than weak.

Go back, go back.

ANNE

Let worthiness,

| So you still love, reside, reside in that!

| **TOM** touched, stepping towards her with emotion
| O Anne!

Baba the Turk suddenly puts her head out through the curtains of the sedan-chair window. She is very elaborately coiffed, and her face is, below the eyes, heavily veiled in the eastern fashion.

Recitative

BABA interrupting with vexation

15 My love, am I to remain in here forever?

You know that I am not in the habit
of stepping from my sedan unaided.

Nor shall I wait, unmoved, much longer!

Finish, if you please, whatever business
is detaining you with this person.
She withdraws her head.

ANNE surprised

Tom, what...?

TOM

My wife, Anne.

ANNE

Your wife!

I see, then, it is I who was unworthy.

*She turns away. Tom again steps towards her,
then checks himself.*

Trio**ANNE aside**

Could it then, could it then have been known...

TOM aside

It is done, it is done.

ANNE

...When spring was love, and love took all our ken,
That I and I alone
Upon that forsown ground,
Should see, should see, should see love dead?

TOM aside

I turn away, yet should I turn again,
The arbour would be gone
And on the frozen ground
The birds lie dead.

BABA poking her head out of the curtains for each remark
Why this delay? Away!...

seeing Anne

...Oh! Who is it, pray,
He prefers to his Baba on their wedding-day?

TOM

O bury, o bury the heart there...

ANNE

Oh promise the heart to winter, swear it bound
To nothing live, and you shall wed...

TOM

...Deeper than it sound,
Upon its only bridal bed...

BABA

A family friend? An ancient flame?

TOM

...And should it, dreaming love, ask when
Shall I awaken once again...

ANNE

...But should you, should you vow to love, o then
See that you shall not feel again...

BABA

I'm quite perplexed...

...And, more, I confess, than a little vexed.

ANNE

...O never, etc.

TOM

...Say never, etc.

ANNE

Lest you, you alone your promise keep,
Walk the long aisle, and walking, and walking weep...

TOM

We shall this wint'ry promise keep,
Obey thy exile, honour sleep...

BABA

Enough is enough! Baba is not used
to be so abused; she is not amused.
Come here, my love, I hate waiting.
I'm suffocating. I'm suffocating...

...Heavens above! Will you permit me
to sit in this conveyance for ever...

ANNE, TOM

...For ever.

BABA

...for ever and ever?

Anne leaves hurriedly.

Finale**BABA from the carriage**

I have not run away, dear heart.
Baba is still waiting patiently
for her gallant.

*Tom, squaring his shoulders, helps her from the chair
with a gallant bow.*

TOM

I am with you, dear wife.

BABA patting him affectionately on the cheek
Who was that girl, my life?

TOM

Only a milk-maid, pet,
To whom I was in debt.

*As Tom takes his wife's hand and begins to conduct
her up the steps, the entrance doors are thrown open,
servants carrying torches line the sides of the steps
and others carry off the sedan chair.*

VOICES offstage

Baba the Turk is here! Baba the Turk is here!

*At this, Baba draws herself up with obvious pride as
she begins her ascent. Townspeople come running.
When Baba and Tom reach the top of the steps, Tom
enters the house.*

TOWN PEOPLE

Baba the Turk, Baba the Turk, before you retire,
Show thyself once, O grant us our desire.

*Baba, with an eloquent gesture, sweeps around to face the
townspeople, removes her veil and reveals a full and flowing
black beard.*

TOWN PEOPLE entreated

Ah! Ah! Ah! Baba! Baba! Ah!

*Baba blows them a kiss and keeps her arms outstretched
with the practised manner of a great artiste.*

Third Scene

The same room as Act Two, First Scene, except that now it is cluttered up with every conceivable kind of object: stuffed animals and birds, cases of minerals, china, glass, etc. Tom and Baba are sitting at breakfast, the former sulking, the latter breathlessly chattering.

Aria**BABA**

1 As I was saying, both brothers wore moustaches,
But Sir John was taller; they gave me the musical glasses.
That was in Vienna, no, it must have been Milan
Because of the donkeys. Vienna was the Chinese fan – or was
it the bottle of water from the River Jordan?
I'm certain at least it was Vienna and Lord Gordon.
I get so confused about all my travels.

The snuff boxes came from Paris, and the fulminous gravels
From a cardinal who admired me vastly in Rome.
You're not eating, my love. Count Moldau gave me the gnome,
And Prince Obolowsky the little statues of the Twelve Apostles,
Which I like best of all my treasures except my fossils.

Which reminds me I must tell Bridget never to touch
the mummies.

I'll dust them myself. She can do the waxwork dummies.
Of course, I like my birds, too, especially my Great Auk;
But the moths will get in them.

My love, what's the matter, why don't you talk?
What's the matter?

TOM

Nothing.

BABA

Speak to me!

TOM

Why?

Baba rises and puts her arm lovingly around Tom's neck.

Baba's Song

BABA

Come, sweet, come.
Why so glum?
Smile at Baba who
Loving smiles at you.
Do not frown, Husband dear,—

TOM pushing her away violently
Sit down.

Baba bursts into tears and rage. She strides about the room, picking up objects and smashing them.

Aria

BABA

Scorned! Abused! Neglected! Baited!

Wretched me!

Why is this? Why is this?

I can see.

I know, I know, I know who is
Your bliss, your love, your life,
While I, your loving wife —
Lie not! am hated, am hated.
Young, demure, delightful, clever,
Is she not?

shoving her face into Tom's
Not as I.
That is what

I know you sigh.

Then sigh! Then cry! For she
Your wife shall never, never be.
Oh, no! no, never, ne—

Tom rises suddenly, seizes his wig and plumps it down over her head, back to front, cutting her off in mid-flight. Baba remains silent and motionless in her place for the rest of the scene.

Recitative

TOM

My heart is cold, I can not weep;
One remedy is left me: sleep.
He throws himself down on a sofa and falls asleep.

Pantomime

A door opens, and Nick peeps in. Seeing all clear, he withdraws his head and then enters, wheeling in front of him some large object covered by a dust sheet. When he has brought it to the middle of the room he removes the dust sheet, disclosing a fantastic baroque machine. He looks about, picks up a loaf of bread from the table, opens a door in the front of the machine, puts in the loaf and closes the door. Then he looks round again and picks off the floor a piece of a broken vase. This he drops into a hopper on the machine. He turns a wheel and the loaf of bread falls out of a chute. He opens the door, takes out the piece of china, replaces it by the loaf and repeats the performance so that the audience see that the mechanism is the crudest kind of false bottom. The second time he ends with the loaf in the machine and the piece of china in his hand. Then he puts back the dust sheet and wheels the machine close to Tom's sofa and takes up a position near Tom's head.

NICK singing to himself

Fa, la, la, etc.

Recitative

TOM stirring in his sleep

O, I wish it were true.

NICK

Awake?

TOM starting up

Who's there?

NICK

Your shadow, master.

Arioso

TOM

You!

Oh Nick, I've had the strangest dream.

I thought —

How could I know what I was never taught,
Or fancy objects I have never seen? —
I had devised a marvellous machine.
An engine that converted stones to bread
Whereby all peoples were for nothing fed.
I saw all want abolished by my skill,
And earth become an Eden of goodwill.

Recitative

NICK with a conjuror's gesture whipping the dust sheet off the machine

Did your machine look anything like this?

TOM

I must be still asleep.

That is my dream.

NICK

How does it work?

TOM very excited

I need a stone.

NICK handing him a piece of china

Try this.

TOM

I place it here. I turn the wheel — and then —
The loaf falls out.

The bread!

NICK

Be certain. Taste!

Tom does so, then falls to his knees.

TOM eating the bread

Oh miracle!

Oh may I not, forgiven all my past

For one good deed deserve dear Anne at last?

Duet

TOM beside his machine, "très exalté" and oblivious to his surroundings

Thanks to this excellent device,
Man shall re-enter Paradise

From which he was once driven.

Secure from need, the cause of crime,
The world shall for the second time

Be similar to heaven.

NICK in worldly-wise manner and taking the audience into his confidence

A word to all my friends, where'er you sit,
The men of sense in boxes or the pit.

My master is a fool as you can see,
But you may do good business with me.

TOM

When to his infinite relief,
Toil, hunger, poverty and grief
Have vanished like a dream,
This engine Adam shall excite
To hallelujahs of delight
And ecstasy extreme.

NICK

The idle drone and the deserving poor
Will give good money for this toy, be sure.
For, so it please, there's no fantastic lie
You cannot make men swallow if you try.

TOM

Omnipotent when armed with this,
in secular abundant bliss...

NICK looking to the audience

So you who know your proper interest,
Here is your golden chance. Invest. Invest.
Come, take your chance immediately, my friends,
And praise the folly that pays dividends.

TOM

...He shall ascend the Chain of Being to its top to win
The throne of Nature and begin
His everlasting reign, etc.

Recitative

NICK to Tom
Forgive me, master, for intruding
upon your transports; but your dream
is still a long way from fulfilment.
Here is the machine, it is true.
But it must be manufactured in great quantities.
It must be advertised, it must be sold.
We shall need money and advice.
We shall need partners, merchants
of probity and reputation in the City.

TOM

Alas, good Shadow, your admonitions are
only too just; and they chill my spirit.
For who am I, who am become a byword of
extravagance and folly, to approach such men?
Is this dream, too, this noble vision,
to prove as empty as the rest?
What shall I do?

NICK

Have no fear, master.
Leave such matters to me.
Indeed, I have already spoken with several
notable citizens concerning your invention;
and they are as eager to see it as you to show.

TOM

Ingenious Shadow!
How could I live without you?
I cannot wait. Let's visit them immediately.

Tom and Nick begin wheeling the machine out. Just as they reach the door, Nick turns.

NICK

Should you not tell the good news to your wife?

TOM

My wife? I have no wife.
I've buried her.

Act III**First Scene**

The same as Act Two, Third Scene. Everything is covered with cobwebs and dust. Afternoon, spring. Baba is still seated motionless at the table, the wig over her head, also covered with cobwebs and dust. Two groups of the Crowd of Respectable Citizens are examining the objects.

Chorus

VOICES offstage

3 Ruin, Disaster, Shame.

RESPECTABLE CITIZENS**(FIRST GROUP)**

What curious phenomena are up today for sale.

(SECOND GROUP)

What manner of remarkable.

(THIRD GROUP) entering; horrified

What squalor!

(FIRST GROUP) crowded round some object, admiringly
What detail!

(FOURTH GROUP) entering

I am so glad I did not miss the auction.

(SECOND GROUP)

So am I.

(THIRD GROUP)

I can't begin admiring.

(FOURTH GROUP)

Oh, fantastic!

ALL

Let us buy!

VOICES offstage

Ruin, Disaster, Shame.

The Crowd pauses in its examination, exchanges glances, then comes forward and addresses the audience with hushed voices that barely conceal a touch of complacency.

CROWD

Blasted! Blasted! so many hopes of gain:
Hundreds of sober merchants are insane;
Widows have sold their mourning-clothes to eat;
Herds of pale orphans forage in the street;
Many a Duchess divested of gems,
Has crossed the dread Styx by way of the Thames.
O stricken, take heart in placing the blame.
Dispersing again into groups; examining the objects.
Rakewell! Rakewell! Ruin, Disaster, Shame.

Anne enters. She looks about quickly and then approaches the Crowd, group by group.

ANNE

Do you know where Tom Rakewell is?

RESPECTABLE CITIZENS**(FIRST GROUP)**

America. He fled.

(SECOND GROUP)

Spontaneous combustion caught him hurrying.
He's dead.

ANNE

Do you know what's become of him?

(THIRD GROUP)

Tom Rakewell? How should we?

(FOURTH GROUP)

He's Methodist.

(THIRD GROUP)

He's Papist.

(FOURTH GROUP)

He's converting Jewry.

ANNE

Can no one tell me where he is?

CROWD

We're certain he's in debt;
They're after him, they're after him, and they
Will catch him yet.

ANNE aside

I'll seek him in the house myself.
She leaves.

RESPECTABLE CITIZENS**(FIRST AND SECOND GROUPS)**

I wonder at her quest.

(THIRD AND FOURTH GROUPS)

She's probably some silly girl he ruined
Like the rest.

They return to their examination unconcernedly.
The door is flung open and Sellem enters with a great
flurry followed by a few servants who begin clearing
a space and setting up a dais.

SELLEM

4 Aha!

CROWD

He's here!
The auctioneer.

SELLEM to the servants

No! over there!

They begin nervously setting up again in another spot.
Be quick. Take care.

CROWD to each other

Your bids prepare.
Be quick. Take care.

Sellem mounts the dais and bows.

Recitative**SELLEM**

Ladies, both fair and gracious: gentlemen:
Be all welcome to this miracle of, this most
widely heralded of, this – I am sure you
follow me – *ne plus ultra* of auctions.

Truly there is a divine balance in Nature:
a thousand lose that a thousand may gain;
and you who are the fortunate are not so
only in yourselves, but also in being Nature's
missionaries. You are her instruments for the
restoration of that order we all so worship,
and it is granted to, ah! so few of us to serve.
He bows again. Applause.

Let us proceed at once.

Lots one and two: which cover all objects
subsumed under the categories – animal,
vegetable and mineral.

*During the following, Sellem is continuously on
the move, indulging in elaborate by-play, holding up
objects; servants are running on and off the dais with
objects; the Crowd is eager and attentive.*

Aria

Who hears me, knows me; knows me
A man with value; look at this –
holding up the stuffed auk

What is it? Wit
And Profit: no one, no one
Could fail to conquer, fail to charm,
Who had it by

To watch. And who could not be
A nimble planner, having this...
holding up a mounted fish

...Before him? Bid

To get them, get them, hurry!

*Various individuals in the Crowd begin to bid excitedly.
"one, two, three, five", etc.*

La! come bid.

Hmm! come buy!

Aha! the auk.

Witty, lovely, wealthy.

Poof! go high!

La! some more!

Hmm! come on!

Aha! the pike!

Bidding Scene**SELLEM**

Seven – eleven – fourteen –
nineteen – twenty – twenty-three –
going – at twenty-three – going –
going –

He raps with his mallet. – gone!

CROWD

Hurrah!

Aria

SELLEM holding up a marble bust
Behold it, Roman, moral,
The man who has it, has it
Forever – yes!

holding up a palm branch

And holy, holy, curing
The body, soul and spirit;
A gift of – God's!

holding up various objects

And not to mention this or
The other, more and more and –
So help me – more!

Then bid, oh get them, hurry!

Members of the Crowd bid as before.

La! Come bid.

Hmm! Come buy.
Aha! The bust.

Feel them, life eternal:

Poof! go high!

La! some more!

Hmm! come on!

Aha! the palm! – Fifteen – and a half –
three-quarters – sixteen – seventeen –
going at seventeen –
going – going –
He raps with his mallet. – gone!

CROWD

Hurrah!

Recitative**SELLEM**

Wonderful, Yes, yes.
And now, for the truly adventurous –
walking over slowly to the covered Baba

Aria

An unknown object draws us, draws us near.
A cake? An organ? Golden apple tree?
A block of copal? Mint of alchemy?
Oracle? Pillar? Octopus? Who'll see?
Be brave! Perhaps an angel will appear.

*The Crowd bids as before, but this time they get so excited
that they almost drown out Sellem, and they begin fighting
among themselves.*

La! come bid!
Hmm! come buy!
Aha! The it.
This may be salvation.

Poof! go high!

Lat! be calm.

Hmm! come on!

Aha! the what! – Fifty – fifty-five – sixty –
sixty-one – sixty-two – seventy –
ninety – going at ninety – going at a hundred –
going – going –
gone!

In order to quieten the Crowd, Sellem, as he shouts his last "gone", snatches the wig off Baba's head. The effect quiets them immediately and she, for the moment completely impervious to her surroundings, finishes the word she began in her last scene:

BABA

5 —ever.

Then she looks quickly around, snatches up a veil that is lying on the table, stands up indignantly and brushes herself off.

Aria

BABA

Sold! Annoyed!

I've caught you thieving!

If you dare, if you dare

...Touch a thing

Then beware, then beware

My reckoning;

Be off, be gone, be gone, desist...

CROWD murmuring in the background

It's Baba. Baba, his wife.

It's Baba. It's Baba.

It passes believing, it's Baba!

BABA

...I, Baba, must insist

Upon your leaving.

The voices of Tom and Nick are heard giving a street-cry from outside.

TOM, NICK

Old wives for sale, old wives for sale!
Stale wives, prim wives, silly and grim wives!
Old wives for sale!

Recitative

SELLEM, CROWD

Now, what was that!

BABA aside

The pigs of plunder!

ANNE entering hurriedly; rushing to the window

Was that his voice?

SELLEM, CROWD

What next, I wonder?

BABA

The milk-maid haunts me.

ANNE at the window

Gone.

BABA after glancing about

All I possessed

seems gone.

shrugging her shoulders

Well, well.

to Anne

My dear!

ANNE turning

His wife!

BABA

His jest –

No matter now. Come here, my child, to Baba.

Anne goes over to her.

SELLEM obviously under a strain

Ladies – the sale – if you could go out.

BABA impatiently

Robber! Don't interrupt.

RESPECTABLE CITIZENS to Sellem

Don't interrupt or rail.

VOICE

A scene like this is better than a sale.

Duet

BABA to Anne

You love him, seek to set him right:

He's but a shuttle-headed lad:

Not quite a gentleman, nor quite

Completely vanquished by the bad:

Who knows what care and love might do?

But good or bad, I know he still loves you...

ANNE

He loves me still! Then I alone

In weeping doubt have been untrue.

O hope, endear my love,...

...Atone,

Enlighten, grace, whatever may ensue.

SELLEM, (FIRST GROUP)

He loves her.

(SECOND GROUP)

| Who?

SELLEM, (FIRST GROUP)

| That isn't known.

(SECOND GROUP)

| He loves her still.

SELLEM, (FIRST GROUP)

| The tale is sad –

(SECOND GROUP)

| – if true.

BABA

| ...But good or bad, I know he still loves you...

So find him, and his man beware!

I may have made a bad mistake

Yet I can tell who in that pair

Is poisoned victim and who snake.

Then go –

ANNE

But where shall you –?

BABA lifting her hand to interrupt gently

My dear,

A gifted lady never need have fear.

I shall go back and grace the stage

Where manner rules and wealth attends.

with an all-inclusive gesture

Can I deny my time its rage?

My self-indulgent intermezzo ends.

ANNE

Can I for him?...

...All love engage, etc.

And yet believe her happy when love ends? etc.

BABA

Can I deny my time its rage?

My self-indulgent intermezzo ends.

CROWD

She will go back.

Her view is sage, etc.

That's life.

We came to buy.

See how it ends, etc.

SELLEM

Money farewell. Who'll buy?

The auction ends.

The voices of Tom and Nick are again heard from the street.
Everyone in the room pauses to listen.

Ballad Tune

TOM, NICK

If boys had wings and girls had stings
And gold fell from the sky,
If new-laid eggs wore wooden legs
I should not laugh or cry.

ANNE

It's Tom, I know, I know!

BABA

The two, then go!

SELLEM, CROWD

The thief, the thief below!

Stretto—Finale

ANNE

I go to him, I go, etc.

...O love, be brave,
Be swift, be true,
Be strong, be strong for him and save.
O love, be brave, etc.

BABA

Then go to him,
In love be brave,
Be swift, be true,
Be strong for him and save, etc.

SELLEM, CROWD

They're after him. His crime was grave.
Be swift if you want time enough to save.
Be swift, be swift, etc.

ANNE to Baba

May God bless you.

BABA, SELLEM, CROWD

Be swift if you want time enough to save.

Anne rushes out.

The voices of Tom and Nick are heard disappearing
into the distance.

Ballad Tune

TOM, NICK

Who cares a fig for Tory or Whig?
Not I.

BABA to Sellem, with lofty command
You! Summon my carriage!

*Sellem, impressed in spite of himself and certainly forgetting
that he came to auction off her carriage, bows, goes to the
door and opens it for her.*

BABA to the crowd

Out of my way!

*They fall back and she starts out. At the door she pauses
to remark:*
The next time you see Baba, you shall pay!

Grand exit of Baba.

CROWD murmuring

We've never been through such a hectic day.

Second Scene

*A starless night. A churchyard. Tombs. A newly dug grave,
behind which a sexton's spade is leaning against a flat raised
tomb. A yew-tree on the right.*

6 Prelude

*Tom and Nick enter, the former out of breath, the latter
carrying a little black bag.*

Duet

TOM

7 How dark, and dreadful is this place.
Why have you led me here?
There's something, Shadow, in your face
That fills my soul with fear.

NICK

A year and a day have passed away
Since first to you I came.
All things you bid, I duly did
And now my wages claim.

TOM

Shadow, good Shadow, be patient; I
Am beggared as you know,
But promise when I am rich again
To pay you all I owe.

NICK

'Tis not your money but your soul, etc.
Which I this night require.
Look in my eyes and recognise
Whom, Fool! you chose to hire.

pointing out the grave

Behold, behold your waiting grave, behold –
taking the objects mentioned out of his bag
Steel, halter, poison, gun.
Make no excuse, your exit choose:
Tom Rakewell's race is run.

TOM

Oh let the wild hills cover me...

NICK

...Or the abounding wave. Oh why...
The sins you did may not be hid.
Think not your soul to save.

TOM

...Did an uncle I never knew...

...Select me for his heir?

NICK

It pleases well the damned in Hell
To bring another there.

Midnight is come: by rope or gun
Or medicine or knife,
On the stroke of twelve you shall slay yourself,
For forfeit is your life.

A clock begins to strike.

Count one, count two, count three, count four,...

...Count five and six and seven...

TOM

Have mercy on me, Heaven.

NICK

...Count eight...

TOM

Too late.

NICK

No, wait.

*He holds up his hand and the clock stops after
the ninth stroke.*

Recitative

NICK

Very well, then, my dear and good Tom,
perhaps you impose a bit upon our friendship;
but Nick, as you know, is a gentleman
at heart, forgives your dilatoriness
and suggests a game.

TOM

A game?

NICK

A game of chance to finally decide your fate.
Have you a pack of cards?

TOM taking a pack from his pocket

All that remains me of this world
and for the next.

NICK

You jest. Fine, fine.
Good spirits make a game go well.
I shall explain. The rules are simple
and the outcome simpler still:
Nick will cut three cards.
If you can name them, you are free;
if not,
pointing to the instruments of death
you choose the path to follow me.
You understand?

Tom nods.

Let us begin.

He shuffles the cards, places the pack in the palm of his left hand and cuts with his right, holding then the portion with the exposed card toward the audience and away from Tom.

Duet

NICK

Well, then.

TOM

My heart is wild with fear, my throat is dry.

NICK

Come, try.

TOM

I cannot think, I dare not wish.

NICK

Let wish be thought and think on one to name,
You wish in all your fear could rule the game
Instead of Shadow.

TOM aside

Anne!

openly

My fear departs;
I name the Queen of Hearts.

NICK holding up the card towards Tom

The Queen of Hearts.

He tosses the card to one side.

The clock strikes once.

You see, it's quite a simple game.

to the audience

To win at once in love or cards is dull;
The gentleman loves sport, for sport is rare;
The positive appalls him;
He plays the pence of hope to yield the
Guineas of despair.
turning back to Tom
Again, good Tom.
You are my master yet.

Nick repeats the routine of shuffling and cutting the cards.

TOM

TOM

What shall I trust in now?

How throw the die,...

NICK

Come, try.

TOM

...How throw the die
To win my soul back for myself?

NICK

Was Fortune not your mistress once?
Be fair.
Give her at least the second chance to bare
The hand of Shadow.

The spade suddenly falls forward with a great crash.

TOM startled, cursing

The deuce!
He looks at what fell.
She lights the shades
And shows the two of spades.

Nick throws the card aside with scarcely controlled anger.

NICK

The two of spades.

The clock strikes once.

Congratulations.
The Goddess still is faithful.
But we have one more, you know,
the very last.
Think for a while, my Tom, where you have come to.
I would not want your last of chances thoughtless.
I am, you may often have oftentimes observed,
really compassionate.
Think on your hopes.

TOM

Oh God! What hopes have I?

He covers his face in his arm and leans against the tomb.

Nick reaches deftly down, picks up one of the discarded cards and holds it up while he addresses the audience.

NICK to the audience

The simpler the trick, the simpler the deceit.
That there is no return, I've taught him well,
And repetition palls him:
The Queen of Hearts again shall be for him
The Queen of Hell.
He slips the card into the pack and then turns to Tom.
Rouse yourself, Tom, your travail soon will end.
He follows the same routine as before.
Come, try.

TOM aside

Now in his words...

NICK aside

Now in my words...

TOM

...I find no aid.
Will Fortune give another sign, etc.
NICK

...He'll find no aid,
And Fortune gives no other sign, etc.

Tom looks nervously about him.

NICK to Tom

Afraid, Love-lucky Tom?
Come, try!

TOM looking up from the ground, frightened
Dear God, a track of cloven hooves!

NICK

The knavish goats are back
to crop the spring's return.

TOM stepping forward, agonised

Return! and Love! The banished words torment.

NICK

You cannot now repent.

TOM

Return, return!

O Love!

ANNE unseen

A love

That is sworn before Thee can plunder

Hell of its prey.

Nick stands as though frozen.

TOM

I wish for nothing else.

Love, first and last, assume eternal reign;

Renew my life, O Queen of Hearts, again!

He snatches the exposed half-pack from the still motionless Nick. The twelfth stroke strikes. With a cry of joy Tom sinks to the ground, senseless.

Aria**NICK**

9 I burn! I burn! I freeze! In shame I hear

My famished legions roar;

My own delay lost me my prey

And damns myself the more.

Defeated, mocked, again I sink

In ice and flame to lie,

But Heaven's will I'll hate and till

Eternity defy.

looking at Tom

Your sins, my foe, before I go,

Give me some power to pain.

with a magic gesture

To reason blind shall be your mind;

Henceforth be you insane!

He sinks slowly into the grave. Complete darkness. The dawn comes up. It is spring. The open grave is now covered with a green mound upon which Tom sits smiling, putting grass on his head and singing to himself in a child-like voice.

TOM

With roses crowned, I sit on ground;

Adonis is my name,

The only dear of Venus fair;

Methinks it is no shame.

Third Scene

Bedlam. Tom stands facing a group of madmen who include a blind man with a broken fiddle, a crippled soldier, a man with a telescope and three old hags. Behind him, on a raised eminence, a straw pallet.

Arios**TOM**

10 Prepare yourselves, heroic shades.

Wash you and make you clean.

Anoint your limbs with oil,

put on your wedding garments

and crown your heads with flowers.

Let music strike.

Venus, queen of love, will visit

her unworthy Adonis.

Dialogue**MADMEN**

Madmen's words are all untrue;

She will never come to you.

TOM

She gave me her promise.

Recitative**MADMEN**

Madness cancels every vow;

She will never keep it now.

TOM

Come quickly, Venus, or I die.

Tom sits down on the pallet and buries his face in his hands. The madmen dance before him with mocking gestures.

Chorus-Minuet**MADMEN** dancing

Leave all love and hope behind.

Out of sight is out of mind

In these caverns of the dead.

In the city overhead

Former lover, former foe

To their works and pleasures go,

Nor consider who beneath

Weep and howl and gnash their teeth.

Down in Hell as up in Heaven

No hands are in marriage given,

Nor is honour or degree

Known in our society.

Banker, beggar, whore and wit

In a common darkness sit.

Seasons, fashions, never change;

All is stale yet all is strange;

All are foes and none are friends

In a night that never ends.

The sound of a key being turned in a rusty lock is heard.

Hark! Minos comes who cruel is and strong:

Beware! Away! His whip is keen and long.

They scatter to their cells.

The Keeper and Anne enter. Tom does not raise his head.

Recitative

KEEPER pointing to Tom

11 There he is. Have no fear.
He is not dangerous.

ANNE

Tom!

Tom still does not stir.

KEEPER

He believes that he is Adonis
and will answer to no other name.
Humour him in that, and you will
find him easy to manage.
So, as you desire, I'll leave you.

ANNE giving him money

You are kind.

KEEPER

I thank you, lady.
He leaves.

Anne goes up and stands close to Tom who still has not moved.

ANNE to Tom

Adonis.

Aria**TOM** raising his head and springing to his feet

Venus, my queen, my bride.

At last.

I have waited, I have waited for thee
so long, till I almost believed those
madmen who blasphemed against thy honour.

They are rebuked.

Mount, Venus, mount thy throne.

He leads her to the pallet on which she sits. He kneels at her feet.

Oh merciful goddess,
hear the confession of my sins.

Duet

TOM

In a foolish dream, in a gloomy labyrinth
I hunted shadows, disdaining thy true love;
Forgive thy servant, who repents his madness,
Forgive Adonis and he shall faithful prove.

ANNE rising and raising him by the hand
What should I forgive? Thy ravishing penitence
Blesses me, dear heart, and brightens all the past.
Kiss me, kiss me, Adonis, the wild boar is vanquished.

TOM

Embrace me, Venus, I've come home at last.

ANNE, TOM

Rejoice, beloved: in these fields of Elysium
Space can not alter, nor time our love abate;
Here has no words for absence or estrangement
nor Now a notion of Almost or Too Late.

Tom suddenly staggers. Anne helps him gently to lie down on the pallet.

Recitative

TOM

I am exceeding weary.
Immortal queen,
permit thy mortal bridegroom
to lay his head upon thy breast.

He does so.

The Heavens are merciful, and all is well.
Sing, my beloved, sing me to sleep.

Cradle Song

ANNE

12 Gently, little boat,
Across the ocean float,
The crystal waves dividing;
The sun in the west
Is going to rest;
Glide, glide, glide
Toward the Islands of the Blest.

MADMEN in their cells

What voice is this? What heavenly strains
Bring solace to tormented brains?

ANNE

Orchards greenly grace
That undisturbèd place,
The weary soul recalling
To slumber and dream,
While many a stream
Falls, falls, falls,
Descanting on a child-like theme.

MADMEN

O sacred music of the spheres!
Where are our rages and our fears?

ANNE

Lion, lamb, and deer,
Untouched by greed or fear
About the woods are straying.
And quietly now
The blossoming bough
Sways, sways, sways
Above the fair unclouded brow.

MADMEN

Sing on! For ever sing! Release
Our frantic souls and bring us peace!

The Keeper enters with Trulove.

Recitative

TRULOVE

Anne, my dear, the tale is ended now.
Come home.

ANNE

Yes, Father.
to Tom
Tom, my vow
Holds ever, but it is no longer I
You need. Sleep well, my dearest dear.
Good-bye.
She leaves Tom and joins her father.

Duettino

ANNE

Every wearied body must
Late or soon return to dust,...

...Set the frantic spirit free.
In this earthly city we
Shall not meet again, love, yet
Never think that I forget.

TRULOVE

God is merciful and just.
God ordains what ought to be,
But a father's eyes are wet.

Anne, Trulove and the Keeper leave. Tom wakes, starts to his feet and looks wildly around.

Recitative

TOM

13 Where art thou, Venus?
Venus, where art thou?
The flowers open to the sun.
The birds renew their song.
It is spring.
The bridal couch is prepared.

Come quickly, beloved, and we
will celebrate the holy rites of love.

After a moment's silence, shouting:
Holla! Achilles, Helen, Eurydice,
Orpheus, Persephone, all my courters.
Holla!

The madmen enter from all sides.

Where is my Venus?

Why have you stolen her while I slept?
Madmen! Where have you hidden her?

MADMEN

Venus? Stolen? Hidden? Where?
Madman! No one has been here.

TOM

My heart breaks,
I feel the chill of death's approaching wing.
Orpheus, strike from thy lyre
a swanlike music,
and weep, ye nymphs and shepherds
of these Stygian fields,
weep for Adonis, the beautiful, the young;
weep for Adonis whom Venus loved.
He falls back on the pallet.

Mourning Chorus

CHORUS OF MOURNERS

Mourn for Adonis!
Mourn for Adonis, ever young.
Mourn for Adonis, Venus' dear, etc.
Weep, weep, weep, tread softly round his bier.
Weep, weep, for the dear of Venus, weep, weep.

Epilogue

Before the curtain. Enter Baba, Tom, Nick, Anne and Trulove, the men without wigs, Baba without her beard.

ALL

14 Good people, just a moment:
Though our story now is ended,
There's the moral to draw
From what you saw
Since the curtain first ascended.

ANNE

Not every rake is rescued
At the last by Love and Beauty;
Not every man
Is given an Anne
To take the place of Duty.

BABA

Let Baba warn the ladies:
You will find out sooner or later
That, good or bad,
All men are mad:
All they say or do is theatre.

TOM

Beware, young men who fancy
You are Virgil or Julius Caesar,
Lest when you wake
You be only a rake.

TRULOVE

I heartily agree, Sir!

NICK

Day in, day out, poor Shadow
Must do as he is bidden.
Many insist
I do not exist.
At times I wish I didn't.

ALL

So let us sing as one.
At all times, in all lands
Beneath the moon and sun,
This proverb has proved true,
Since Eve went out with Adam:
For idle hands
And hearts and minds
The Devil finds
A work to do,
A work, dear Sir, fair Madam,
For you and you.

They all bow and leave.

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Portrait of Igor Stravinsky by Steph Fonteyn
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A NOTE ON THE COVER ART

PORTRAIT OF IGOR STRAVINSKY by Steph Fonteyn

As we were about to celebrate the centenary of Igor Stravinsky's famous ballet *Petrushka*, I had the idea of asking Steph whether she would be interested in collaborating with the *Fondation Igor Stravinsky* on this occasion. We discussed the possibility of an artwork that could be printed and used for our communication (posters, postcards). We talked about the ballet, about the theme and the fate of *Petrushka*. While working on her painting, Steph told me she was listening to the ballet to better feel and absorb the atmosphere of the story and find inspiration. After two weeks of work, she was so inside the story that she confessed to me bearing a feeling of sadness. This frame of mind led her to produce an expressive *Petrushka* that reveals his struggle and insecurity, and we can feel the emotion of the ballet through this fantastic painting. Two years later, we collaborated once more with Steph on the occasion of the *Rite of Spring* centenary. She was inspired by the Spring Rounds, a dance known for its mysterious beauty. She painted another stunning artwork representing two young maidens ready to be selected as "the chosen one". The same year, Steph proposed to us that we take part in her huge challenge "the 100 faces project", offering to paint Igor Stravinsky's portrait as part of a giant mosaic that would be shown in a gallery in Geneva. I was more than interested and excited about this idea. I'm very impressed by the subtle light and the astonishing maturity demonstrated in this remarkable portrait that reflects the maestro's personality so well. I encourage anyone who doesn't know Steph Fonteyn yet to discover this highly versatile artist.

Marie Stravinsky

