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IGOR STRAVINSKY

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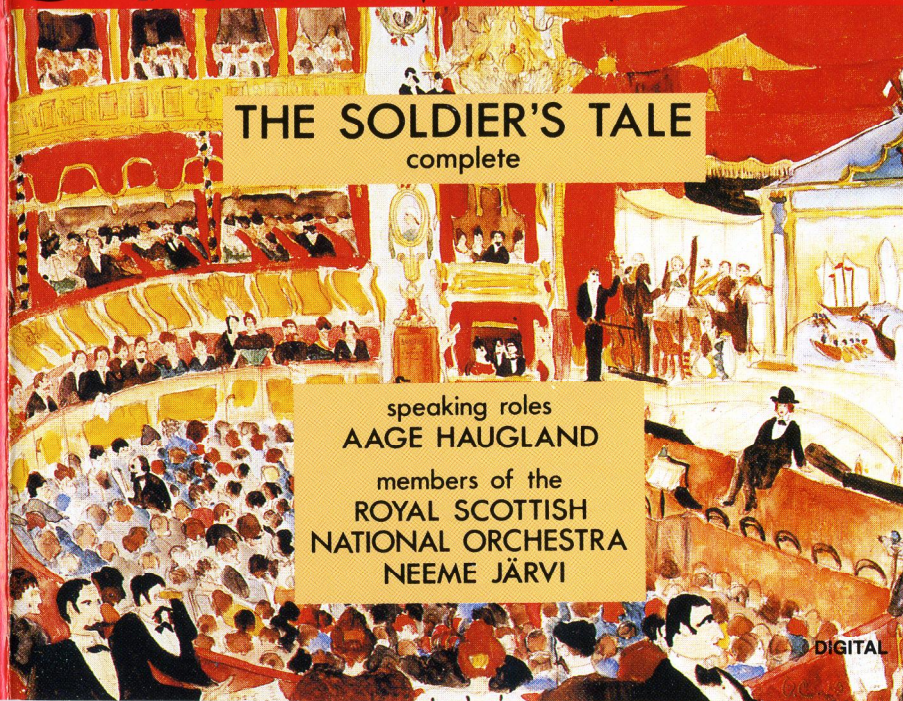
CHANDOS

STRAVINSKY

THE SOLDIER'S TALE complete

speaking roles
AAGE HAUGLAND

members of the
**ROYAL SCOTTISH
NATIONAL ORCHESTRA**
NEEME JÄRVI



DIGITAL

IGOR STRAVINSKY (1882-1971)

THE SOLDIER'S TALE *Geschichte vom Soldaten; Histoire du Soldat*

PART I *Teil 1; Première Partie* 28:39

1	Introduction: The Soldier's March <i>Marsch des Soldaten; Marche du Soldat</i>	1:44
2	NARRATOR: Phew... this isn't a bad sort of spot	1:03
3	Scene 1 <i>Airs by a Stream Kleine Stücke am Bachufer; Petits airs au bord du ruisseau</i>	2:25
4	DEVIL: Give me your fiddle	3:12
5	NARRATOR: Well, there you are then, that's the way	2:10
6	The Soldier's March <i>Marsch des Soldaten; Marche du Soldat</i>	1:46
7	NARRATOR: Hurray, here we are!	3:19
8	Scene 2 <i>Pastorale</i>	2:13
9	SOLDIER: Ah! You dirty cheat, it's you!	2:11
10	<i>Pastorale</i>	3:33
11	<i>Airs by a Stream Kleine Stücke am Bachufer; Petits airs au bord du ruisseau</i>	0:43
12	NARRATOR: They have nothing — and yet, they have it all	0:56
13	SOLDIER: I have been proud and envied	2:33
14	Scene 3 <i>Airs by a Stream Kleine Stücke am Bachufer; Petits airs au bord du ruisseau</i>	0:46

PART 2 *Teil 2; Deuxième Partie* 33:09

15	The Soldier's March <i>Marsch des Soldaten; Marche du Soldat</i>	1:38
16	NARRATOR: Now he comes to another land	3:07
17	The Royal March <i>Des Königsmarsch; Marche Royale</i>	2:31
18	NARRATOR: They gave the word for the band to play	5:40
19	The Little Concert <i>Kleines Konzert; Petit Concert</i>	2:52
20	Tango	2:30

AAGE HAUGLAND



21	Valse	1:50
22	Ragtime	2:19
23	The Devil's Dance <i>Tanz des Teufels; Danse du Diable</i>	1:42
24	Little Chorale <i>Kleiner Choral; Petit Choral</i>	0:48
25	The Devil's Song <i>Couplet des Teufels; Couplets du Diable</i>	0:43
26	Great Chorale <i>Grosser Choral; Grand Choral</i>	3:47
27	NARRATOR: "Suppose, suppose we went there"	1:30
28	Triumphal March of the Devil <i>Triumphsmarsch des Teufels; Marche Triomphale du Diable</i>	2:07

DDD TT = 61:52

AAGE HAUGLAND *the storyteller*
members of the
ROYAL SCOTTISH NATIONAL ORCHESTRA
NEEME JÄRVI *conductor*

The Soldier's Tale came about through necessity. It was 1917 and the war that had ravaged much of Western Europe was raging still. Igor Stravinsky and the novelist Charles-Ferdinand Ramuz were both isolated in the neutral enclave of Switzerland, cut off from publishers, severed from their public, deprived of royalties. The notion that their coffers could be restocked by touring a modest theatre-piece in small Swiss theatres could be said, perhaps, to have taken little heed of realities. But as the history of such events has often demonstrated, limiting circumstances stimulated the production of a masterpiece.

Ramuz' tale reaffirms the notion that if you sell your immortal soul to the Devil you will, inevitably, get a bad deal. This familiar thought, which goes back to the sixteenth-century *Faustbücher*, is given flesh in *The Soldier's Tale* by a modest Russian folk story, drawn by Ramuz from the vast collection made by Alexander Afanasiev some sixty years before. As adapted by Ramuz and Stravinsky this makes a two-part dramatic structure, each of three scenes, intended in production to be divided by a 20-minute interval. A narrator sits on a stool at one side of the stage, with the seven musicians on the opposite side.

* * *

The *Soldier* is on the road, tramping home for a fortnight's leave. The cocky little tune

given out by cornet and trombone suggests a simple man's lightness of heart and eagerness to press on. The fanfares that interrupt recall that he is indeed a soldier, while the unvarying 2/4 beat of the double bass, underpinning some typically Stravinskian metrical disruption in the other parts, notes the fact that soldiers, even when in high spirits on leave, march rather than walk.

As the music ends bass drum and side drum pick up the bass's regular beat and the curtain rises to show the banks of a stream. The *Soldier* enters and sits. He searches in his pack and brings out his fiddle. He tunes it and starts to play (*Airs by a Stream*). It is a tentative little phrase at first but it develops as the playing gains confidence. After 28 bars the curtain falls again, to rise six bars later on the same scene. The *Devil* appears, as an old man carrying a butterfly net, but the *Soldier*, absorbed in his music making, plays on. The *Devil* comes up behind and surprises him; the music stops abruptly. The *Devil*, it seems, wants the violin.

His blandishments prevail, and the *Soldier's* hesitant exchange of his fiddle for a magic book sets the seal on his ultimate plunge down the primrose hill and quick transition through the gates of Hell. But he is a cut-price Faust, lured by the promise of three days of luxury at the *Devil's* place, with meat three times a

day, wine (in bottles!) and gold-banded Havana cigars. But on the third day, while he is on his way home in the *Devil's* coach, the whole equipage takes to the air: "...and up they soar / Till time stands still..."

* * *

Once again the *Soldier* is tramping home; once again we have the cocky little tune from cornet and trombone. But three years have gone, not three days. His fiancée is married with children; the villages see him as a revenant and turn their faces. He knows the *Devil* now: "The dirty cheat! The dirty, rotten cheat!"

Outside the village the *Soldier* grieves. The *Devil*, unnoticed, leans on his cane. Clarinet and bassoon murmur little fanfares, suggesting distant, melancholy bugles (*Pastorale*). As the curtain rises the cornet extends these into a lugubrious solo. The *Devil* calms the *Soldier's* cursing and tempts him with the magic book: "That book's worth a fortune..."

Down the ensuing years the *Soldier* reaps the harvest that the book promised but becomes sated with riches and longs for the old, simple life; his little fiddle tune from the opening scene is heard again. At the lowest depths of his self-pity the *Devil* puts his head in. He has items for sale, including a violin. The *Soldier* snatches it but it will not play. The *Devil* vanishes; the *Soldier* destroys the magic book.

* * *

Before the curtain rises at the start of Part 2 the *Soldier's March* sounds again. But this time the *Soldier's* journey is aimless. He has no home and no destination. At an inn he hears of the King's ailing daughter and is persuaded to try to cure her. He sets off to the music of *The Royal March*. This is the most extended number in the work and perfectly demonstrates the jewel-like precision of Stravinsky's scoring, his intransigent tonality (here B flat, spattered with chromatic deviations) and the exquisite balance of his rhythmic counterpoint, with a swaying cornet on a somewhat askew 7/8 foundation. The disruptive entry of the snared field drum with brass fanfares signals the curtain's rise and the discovery, in a room at the Palace, of the *Devil*, now in the role of virtuoso fiddler.

In the card game that follows, contrived by the *Narrator*, the *Devil* wins all the *Soldier's* cash, gets filled up with wine and collapses. The *Soldier* is himself again; he takes his fiddle and plays (*The Little Concert*). When he enters the *Princess's* chamber his music works its magic instantly. The *Princess* rises from her sickbed and performs three delectable dances, *Tango*, *Waltz* and *Ragtime*. The *Devil* here appears as Himself, complete with forked tail, but is routed by the *Soldier's* fiddle, twitching in his agony through *The Devil's Dance*. The happy couple embrace through the eight

fortissimo bars of the *Little Chorale*, but the *Devil* sticks his head in yet again to remind them, in *The Devil's Song*, that beyond the frontier he takes over.

* * *

The *Soldier* and the *Princess* are married. Some time afterwards, to the almost Gabrieli-like strains of the *Great Chorale* the *Narrator* rather heavily points the moral and the *Princess* decides that she would like to know more about the *Soldier's* background, something she should, perhaps, have enquired into earlier. Despite misgivings he agrees to take her to his village. As he crosses the frontier the *Devil*, resplendent in scarlet, violin to the fore, seizes his moment. The little band strike up, *fortissimo*, with the *Triumphal March of the Devil* and the *Soldier*, ignoring the frightened voice of the *Princess* from beyond the frontier, walks meekly off to his perdition. The curtain falls to *piano* drums as the tale is done.

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Aage Haugland has become the most important Danish bass of his generation and is very active both at home and abroad. As just one of two, Ib Hansen being the other, Mr Haugland has been appointed court singer to the Danish Royal Family.

After early engagements in Oslo and Bremen, he joined the Royal Danish Opera in 1973, where he has sung many roles in both the old and the very latest repertoire. Aage Haugland's meeting in 1974 with the Polish conductor Jerzy Semkov, guest conductor at the Royal Opera, resulted in his breakthrough into the international opera world. During the last few years he has worked mainly at the Vienna Opera and at the Metropolitan Opera in New York, where he celebrated his 100th performance in March 1988. He has appeared at the Bayreuth Festival in 1983, 1984 and 1986. As a concert artist, Aage Haugland has performed with major international orchestras, working with conductors including Ozawa, Previn, Abbado, Solti, Muti, Rostropovich and Levine. He also gives recitals, lectures, and masterclasses and has appeared in several films.

Born in Tallinn, Estonia **Neeme Järvi** graduated from the Tallinn Music School with degrees in percussion and choral conducting, and later completed his studies in opera and symphonic conducting at the Leningrad State Conservatory. In 1963 he became director of the Estonian Radio and Television Orchestra, and began a thirteen-year tenure as chief conductor at the Tallinn Opera.

International acclaim came in 1971 when Mr Järvi won first prize in the Conductor's Competition at the Academia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia in Rome. Invitations followed to conduct major orchestras

throughout Eastern Europe, Great Britain, Germany, Sweden, Japan, Mexico, and Canada.

In 1980 Mr Järvi immigrated to the United States and made his American orchestral debut with the New York Philharmonic. Since then he has conducted the major orchestras of North America and Europe and has held the posts of principal guest conductor with the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, music director of the Royal Scottish National Orchestra, and principal conductor of the Gothenburg Orchestra of Sweden. Equally renowned for his opera conducting, he made his Metropolitan Opera debut with *Eugene Onegin* during the 1978-79 season. Neeme Järvi became music director of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra in 1990. Internationally acclaimed for his performances with orchestras and opera houses worldwide, he is also one of today's most recorded conductors.

Awards received by Mr Järvi include honorary doctorates from the University of Aberdeen, Scotland and the Music Conservatory of Tallinn, Estonia. An honorary member of the Swedish Academy of Music, in 1991 he was dubbed a Knight Commander of the North Star Order by the King of Sweden.

Die *Geschichte vom Soldaten* entstand aus einer Notwendigkeit heraus. Es war 1917 und der Krieg, der in West-Europa viel Unheil angerichtet hatte, wütete immer noch. Igor Strawinsky und der Romancier Charles-Ferdinand Ramuz waren beide in der Enklave der neutralen Schweiz isoliert, ohne Verbindungen zu ihren Verlegern, ohne Kontakte zu ihrem Publikum und ohne jegliche Privilegien. Die Idee, vielleicht ihre Geldbeutel mit einer Tour eines bescheidenen Stückes in kleinen schweizerische Theatern wieder zu füllen, kann wohl als etwas realitätsfremd bezeichnet werden. Aber wie die Geschichte solcher Ereignisse schon häufig gezeigt hat, trugen die ungünstigen Umstände zu der Entstehung eines Meisterwerkes bei.

Die Geschichte von Ramuz greift die Vorstellung auf, daß wer seine unsterbliche Seele an den Teufel verkauft, zweifelsohne ein schlechtes Geschäft macht. Dieser bekannte Gedanke, der auf die *Faustbücher* des sechzehnten Jahrhunderts zurückgeht, wird in der *Geschichte vom Soldaten* mit einem gewöhnlichen russischen Volksmärchen verbunden, das Ramuz der von Alexander Afanasiev etwa sechzig Jahre früher angelegten Sammlung entnahm. In der Adaptation von Strawinsky und Ramuz entstand so eine zweiteilige Dramenstruktur, mit drei Szenen in jedem Teil, die in der Produktion durch eine Pause von 20 Minuten unterbrochen wird. Ein Erzähler

sitzt auf einem Hocker auf einer Seite der Bühne, und die sieben Musiker auf der anderen Seite.

* * *

Der *Soldat* ist unterwegs. Er wandert auf zweiwöchigen Urlaub nach Hause. Die vergnügten kleinen Laute von Kornett und Posaune suggerieren wie leicht es dem Mann ums Herz ist, und wie sehr es ihn drängt vorwärts zu kommen. Die unterbrechenden Fanfaren erinnern daran, daß er tatsächlich Soldat ist, während der unveränderliche 2/4 Takt vom Kontrabaß andeutet — in anderen Passagen untermauert es die für Strawinsky typischen metrischen Verschiebungen — daß Soldaten eher marschieren als gehen, auch wenn sie gut gelaunt auf Urlaub sind.

Nachdem die Musik verklungen ist, nehmen Baßtrommel und Wirbeltrommel den vom Kontrabaß vorgegebenen regelmäßigen Rhythmus auf, der Vorhang geht auf und zeigt die Ufer eines Flußes. Der *Soldat* erscheint und setzt sich. Er durchsucht sein Gepäck und zieht eine Fiedel hervor. Er stimmt sie und fängt an zu spielen (Kleine Stücke am Bachufer). Erst ist es eine etwas unbeholfene kleine Melodie, die aber mit zunehmendem Vertrauen gewichtiger wird. Nach 28 Takten fällt der Vorhang wieder, um sechs Taktespäter vor derselben Szene erneut aufzugehen. Der *Teufel* tritt als alter Mann mit Schmetter-

lingsnetz auf, aber der *Soldat*, ganz in sein Spiel versunken, spielt weiter. Der *Teufel* tritt hinter ihn und erschreckt ihn. Die Musik verstummt plötzlich. Es scheint, als habe der *Teufel* es auf die Geige abgesehen.

Die Verbannung durch den *Teufel* gewinnt die Oberhand, und der zögernde Tausch des *Soldaten* von Fiedel gegen Zauberbuch besiegelt seinen raschen Absturz. Es geht den Berg mit Primeln hinab und schnell durch die Pforten in die Hölle. Aber er ist als Faust nicht ganz so edel und läßt sich durch die Versprechen des *Teufels* vom Luxus verführen, von Fleisch dreimal pro Tag, Flaschenwein und Havanna-Zigarren mit goldener Bauchbinde. Aber am dritten Tag, als er in der Kutsche des *Teufels* nach Hause fährt, stimmt die gesamte Belegschaft das Lied "... Sie fliegen: ein Blitz über Land und Meer. Wie lange Zeit? — Es gibt die Zeit nicht mehr" an.

* * *

Wieder wandert der *Soldat* nach Hause. Wieder erklingt die schelmische kleine Melodie von Horn und Posaune. Aber inzwischen sind drei Jahre und nicht nur drei Tage vergangen. Seine zukünftige Braut ist nun verheiratet und hat Kinder. Die Bewohner des Dorfes sehen ihn als einen nach langer Zeit Zurückgekehrten an und wenden ihren Blick von ihm ab. Er kennt nun den *Teufel*: "Räuber! Eléndér Halunke von einem Räuber!"

Draußen vor dem Dorfe trauert der *Soldat*. Der *Teufel*, unbemerkt, stützt sich auf seinen Spazierstock. Klarinetté und Fagott murmeln kleine Fanfaren, die auf entfernte, melancholisch klingende Jagdhörner hindeuten (*Pastorale*). Als der Vorhang aufgeht wird diese Melodie vom Horn in ein trauriges Solo verwandelt. Der *Teufel* beruhigt den fluchenden *Soldaten* und versucht ihn mit dem Zauberbuch zu verführen: "Dies Buch, das ist Millionen wert..."

Während der folgenden Jahre erntet der *Soldat* die in dem Buch versprochene Ernte, aber er hat bald allen Reichtum satt und sehnt sich nach seinem, alten, einfachen Leben. Die kleine Melodie der Geige der Eröffnungsszene erklingt wieder. Als der *Soldat* mit seinem Selbstmitleid am tiefsten Punkt ist, steckt der *Teufel* den Kopf herein. Er bietet Waren zum Verkauf an, darunter befindet sich auch eine Geige. Der *Soldat* zupft die Saiten, aber sie bleiben stumm. Der *Teufel* verschwindet und der *Soldat* zerstört das Zauberbuch.

* * *

Bevor der Vorhang zu Beginn des zweiten Teils aufgeht, erklingt wieder der *Soldatenmarsch*. Aber dieses Mal ist die Reise des *Soldaten* ziellos. Er hat weder Zuhause noch Ziel. In einem Gasthof hört er von der kranken Tochter des Königs und wird überzeugt, ihr zur Heilung zu verhelfen. Er beginnt seine

Aufgabe zu der Musik des *Königsmarsch*. Dieser Marsch ist das längste Stück in dem Werk und zeigt die außerordentliche Genauigkeit der Instrumentierung bei Strawinsky sowie seine kompromislose Wahl der Tonart, in diesem Fall ist es B-Dur mit chromatischen Ableitungen, und sein ausgezeichnetes Gleichgewicht beim rhythmischen Kontrapunkt, mit einem vibrierenden Hörnerklang auf einer eher rhythmisch schiefen 7/8 Grundlage. Der als Unterbrechung wirkende Einsatz der Schnarrtrommel mit Fanfare der Blechbläser gibt das Signal den Vorhang zu heben, und es erscheint nun der *Teufel*, in einem Zimmer des Palastes, und zwar jetzt in der Rolle eines virtuosen Geigers.

In dem darauffolgenden vom *Erzähler* organisierten Kartenspiel, gewinnt der *Teufel* das gesamte Bargeld des *Soldaten*, betrinkt sich mit Wein und fällt zusammen. Der *Soldat* ist wieder er selber. Er nimmt seine Geige und spielt (*Kleines Konzert*). Als er in das Zimmer der *Prinzessin* tritt beginnt der Zauber seiner Musik sofort zu wirken. Die *Prinzessin* erhebt sich von ihrem Krankenbett und führt drei fröhliche Tänze vor: *Tango*, *Walzer* und *Ragtime*. Der *Teufel* erscheint in seiner eigentlichen Rolle mit gabelförmigen Schwanz, wird aber durch die Geige des *Soldaten* vertrieben und zuckt vor Schmerz im *Tanz des Teufels*. Das glückliche Paar umarmt sich

während der acht *fortissimo* Takte im *Kleinen Choral*, aber der *Teufel* steckt wieder seinen Kopf herein und erinnert sie im *Couplet des Teufels* daran, daß er auf der anderen Seite der Grenze die Macht hat.

* * *

Der *Soldat* und die *Prinzessin* sind verheiratet. Nach einiger Zeit zu den Gabrieli ähnlichen Klängen des *Großen Chorals* betont der *Erzähler* den sittlichen Standpunkt, und die *Prinzessin* versucht mehr über den Hintergrund des *Soldaten* zu erfahren, wonach sie sich vielleicht eher hätte erkundigen sollen. Trotz böser Vorahnung willigt der *Soldat* ein, sie in sein Dorf mitzunehmen. Als sie die Grenze überqueren ist der Augenblick des *Teufels* gekommen, der mit der Geige in der Hand in Scharlachrot erglüht. Die kleine Kapelle spielt *fortissimo* den *Triumphsmarsch des Teufels* und der *Soldat*, der die ängstlichen Rufe der *Prinzessin* von der anderen Seite der Grenze nicht beachtet, geht seiner ewigen Verdammnis entgegen. Der Vorhang fällt zu leisem Getrommel und die Geschichte ist beendet.

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Übersetzung: Sabine Schildknecht

Aage Haugland ist der bedeutendste dänische Bassist seiner Generation und ist in seiner Heimat wie auch im Ausland vielgefragt. Er ist einer der zwei herausragenden dänischen Bassisten (Ib Hansen ist der andere), die zu Hofsängern der dänischen Königsfamilie ernannt wurden.

Nach ersten Engagements in Oslo und Bremen, schloß er sich 1973 der Königlich Dänischen Oper an, wo er viele Rollen im herkömmlichen und zeitgenössischen Repertoire sang. Aage Hauglands Begegnung im Jahre 1974 mit dem polnischen Dirigenten Jerzy Semkow, der als Gastdirigent an der Königlich Oper engagiert war, führte zu seinem Durchbruch in der internationalen Opernszene. Inzwischen singt er vorwiegend an der Wiener Staatsoper und an der Metropolitan Opera in New York, wo er im März 1988 seine 100. Vorstellung feierte. Außerdem trat er 1983, 1984 und 1986 bei den Bayreuther Festspielen auf. Als Konzertsänger trat er mit vielen großen internationalen Orchestern auf und arbeitete unter anderen mit Dirigenten wie Ozawa, Previn, Abbado, Solti, Muti, Rostropowitsch und Levine. Er gibt außerdem häufig Liederabende, Vorlesungen und Meisterkurse und ist in mehreren Filmen aufgetreten.

1937 in Tallin in Estland geboren, besuchte **Neeme Järvi** die dortige Musikhochschule und ging mit Diplomen in Schlagzeug und Chorleitung ab. Später studierte er am Leningrader Staatl. Konservatorium und vervollständigte seine Kenntnisse in Symphonie- und Opernorchesterleitung. 1963 wurde er als Direktor des Estländischen Radio- und Fernsehorchesters engagiert und begann gleichzeitig ein dreizehn Jahre dauerndes Engagement als Chefdirigent der Talliner Oper.

Neeme Järvi kam zu internationalem Ruhm als er 1971 den ersten Preis im Dirigentenwettbewerb der Academia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia in Rom gewann. Es folgten Einladungen von Orchestern aus allen Teilen Osteuropas, aus Großbritannien, Deutschland, Schweden, Japan, Mexiko und Kanada.

1980 wanderte Neeme Järvi in die USA aus, wo er sein Konzertdebüt mit dem New York Philharmonic gab. Seither hat er viele der prominenten Orchester Nordamerikas und Europas dirigiert. Er hat die Stelle des ersten Gastdirigenten des City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, des Musikdirektors des Royal Scottish National Orchestra und des Chefdirigenten des Orchesters von Göteborg in Schweden bekleidet. Auch als Operndirigent ist Neeme Järvi weltweit anerkannt; sein Debüt an der Metropolitan Opera gab er in der Spielsaison 1978-79 mit *Eugen Onegin*. Neeme Järvi wurde 1990 Musikdirektor des DSO. Seine Aufführungen in Konzertsälen und Opernhäusern in allen Teilen der Welt haben ihm einen internationalen Ruf verschafft, und er ist einer der am meisten auf Schallplatte aufgenommenen Dirigenten.

Neeme Järvi wurde unter anderen mit der Ehrendoktorwürde der Universität von Aberdeen in Schottland und des Konservatoriums von Tallin ausgezeichnet. Er ist außerdem Ehrenmitglied der Schwedischen Musikakademie und wurde 1991 vom schwedischen König zum Ritter des Polarstern-Ordens geschlagen.

C'est par nécessité que l'*Histoire du Soldat* vit le jour. C'était en 1917 et la guerre qui avait ravagé une grande partie de l'Europe occidentale sévissait encore. Igor Stravinski et le romancier Charles-Ferdinand Ramuz étaient tous deux isolés en Suisse, cette enclave neutre, coupés du monde de l'édition, privés de leur public, dépossédés de droits d'auteur. Espérer réapprovisionner leurs coffres en représentant une modeste pièce de théâtre sur des petites scènes suisses pouvait paraître utopique. Mais, comme en témoigne souvent l'histoire d'aventures aussi hasardeuses que celle-là, les circonstances, peu favorables certes, incitèrent à la création d'un chef-d'œuvre.

Le texte de Ramuz confirme la conception selon laquelle vendre son âme au Diable est inévitablement une mauvaise affaire. Cette notion familière dont l'origine remonte au *Faustbücher*, au 16^e siècle, est illustrée dans l'*Histoire du Soldat* par un modeste conte populaire russe, extrait par Ramuz de la riche collection réunie par Alexandre Afanasiev quelques soixante années auparavant. L'adaptation de Ramuz et de Stravinski se distingue par une structure dramatique comprenant deux parties, se divisant chacune en trois scènes. Un entracte de vingt minutes est prévu entre ces deux parties. Un lecteur est assis d'un côté de la scène et les sept musiciens, de l'autre.

* * *

Le *Soldat* martèle la route de ses pas: il rentre en permission au pays, pour quinze jours. Cette insolente petite mélodie jouée au cornet à pistons et au trombone évoque un homme simple, au cœur léger, impatient d'arriver chez lui. L'intervention des fanfares rappelle qu'il s'agit d'un militaire, tandis que le rythme binaire que l'on perçoit invariablement à la contrebasse, étayant des variations métriques typiques de Stravinski dans les autres parties, soulignent le fait que les soldats, même dans l'euphorie de leur permission, semblent marcher au pas.

La musique s'éteint tandis que la grosse caisse et le tambour reprennent le battement régulier de la contrebasse. Le rideau se lève découvrant les rives d'un cours d'eau. Le *Soldat* entre et s'assied. Il fouille dans son sac et en sort son petit violon. Il l'accorde et commence à jouer (*Petits airs au bord du ruisseau*). C'est une mélodie timide d'abord, qui s'amplifie tandis que le jeu prend de l'assurance. Après 28 mesures, le rideau retombe. Il se lève à nouveau, six mesures plus tard, sur la même scène. Le *Diable* se montre sous l'apparence d'un petit vieux qui tient à la main un filet à papillon, mais le *Soldat*, absorbé par sa musique, continue à jouer. Le *Diable* surgit derrière lui et le surprend; la musique s'arrête brusquement. Le *Diable* semble vouloir le violon.

Ses supplications portent leurs fruits. Le

Soldat, hésitant, échange le violon contre le livre magique. Ainsi est scellé le pacte qui entraînera le *Soldat* dans la voie de la facilité et sera à l'origine de son soudain et ultime passage en Enfer. Le *Soldat* est un Faust au rabais, leurré par la promesse de pouvoir vivre trois jours dans le luxe chez le Diable, dégustant, trois fois par jour, de la viande arrosée de vin bouché et fumant des havanes à bagues en papier doré. Mais le troisième jour, sur la route du retour, la calèche du *Diable* "... glisse en l'air au-dessus des champs, / combien de temps? il n'y a plus de temps..."

* * *

Une fois encore, les pas du *Soldat* résonnent sur la route. Une fois encore, on perçoit l'insolente petite mélodie jouée par le cornet à pistons et le trombone. Mais trois années — non plus trois jours cette fois — ont passé. Sa fiancée est mariée et mère de deux enfants. Les villageois le prennent pour un revenant et se détournent. Il a reconnu le *Diable* maintenant: "Ah! brigand! bourge de brigand!"

Le *Soldat* quitte le village, il est dévoré par le chagrin. Le *Diable*, passant inaperçu, s'appuie sur sa canne. Clarinette et basson murmurent de petites fanfares, évoquant de lointains et mélancoliques clairs (Pastorale). Comme se lève le rideau, le cornet à pistons les métamorphose en un solo lugubre. Le

Diable calme la fureur du *Soldat* et tente de l'enjôler en lui présentant le livre magique: "Un livre qui vaut des millions!"

Au cours des années qui suivent, le *Soldat* récolte la moisson promise par le livre, mais il en arrive à être saturé de richesses et aspire à la vie simple d'autrefois. On entend à nouveau la petite mélodie qu'il jouait au violon dans la scène introductive. Le *Soldat* atteint le tréfonds de la souffrance et s'apitoie sur son sort, et c'est à ce moment que surgit le *Diable*. Il a différents objets à vendre, dont un violon. Le *Soldat* s'en empare et essaie de jouer, mais le violon reste muet. Le *Diable* disparaît et le *Soldat* déchire le livre magique en mille morceaux.

* * *

Avant même que se lève le rideau sur la Deuxième partie, la *Marche du Soldat* se fait entendre. Mais cette fois, le *Soldat* erre. Il n'a ni but, ni logis. Dans une auberge, il entend parler de la fille du Roi, qui est malade, et il se laisse persuader de tenter de la guérir. Il part au son de la *Marche royale*. C'est le plus long morceau de l'œuvre. Il reflète parfaitement l'extraordinaire précision de l'instrumentation de Stravinski, l'intransigeance de la tonalité (ici, si bémol majeur, émaillée d'altérations chromatiques) et l'équilibre exquis de son contrepoint rythmique, les oscillations du cornet étant

étayées par une mesure 7/8 qui est quelque peu de guingois. L'entrée plutôt perturbatrice de la caisse claire, accompagnée de fanfares aux cuivres, marque la levée du rideau et la découverte, dans une chambre du palais, du *Diable*, devenu violoniste virtuose.

Au cours de la partie de cartes qui suit et qui a été arrangée par le lecteur, le *Diable* gagne tout l'argent dont dispose le *Soldat*; il s'enivre et s'écroule. Le *Soldat* est à nouveau lui-même. Il prend son violon et joue (*Petit concert*). Lorsqu'il entre dans la chambre de la Princesse, la musique exerce instantanément son pouvoir magique. La *Princesse* quitte son lit et exécute trois danses délicieuses: *Tango*, *Valse* et *Ragtime*. Le *Diable* apparaît ici "en diable", la queue fourchue. Il est entraîné par le violon du *Soldat*, et, mis au supplice, se contorsionne tout au long de la *Danse du Diable*. Le *Soldat* et la *Princesse*, au comble du bonheur, s'étreignent pendant les huit mesures *fortissimo* du *Petit choral*. Mais le *Diable* passe brusquement la tête par la porte pour leur rappeler dans les *Couplets du Diable*, que celui qui franchira la borne frontière du village retombera en son pouvoir.

* * *

Le *Soldat* et la *Princesse* sont mariés. Un peu plus tard, dans le *Grand choral*, dont le style rappelle Gabrieli, le *Lecteur* insiste un peu lourdement sur la morale de cette aventure

et la *Princesse* manifeste son souhait d'en savoir plus long sur le passé du *Soldat*. Elle aurait peut-être dû s'en soucier plus tôt. En dépit de son appréhension, il consent à la conduire dans son village. Comme il franchit la borne frontière, le *Diable*, habillé d'un superbe costume rouge et brandissant le violon, saute sur l'occasion. La musique reprend *fortissimo*, c'est la *Marche triomphale du Diable* et le *Soldat*, ignorant les appels effrayés de la *Princesse* restée en deçà de la borne, s'avance lentement vers la damnation. Le rideau tombe au son feutré des tambours: c'est la fin de l'histoire.

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Traduction: Marie-Françoise de Meeüs

Aage Haugland est la basse danoise la plus célèbre de sa génération, ce qui lui vaut de nombreux engagements, au Danemark comme dans d'autres pays. Il a aussi le privilège, qu'il partage seulement avec Ib Hansen, de chanter à la cour royale du Danemark.

Après ses premiers contrats à Oslo et à Bremen, Aage Haugland est entré, en 1973, à l'opéra royal danois, où il interprétait de nombreux rôles, du répertoire ancien, comme du répertoire le plus moderne. Sa rencontre, en 1974, avec Jerzy Semkov, chef d'orchestre polonais invité à l'opéra royal, a marqué le début d'une grande carrière internationale. Ces dernières années il chantait surtout à l'opéra de Vienne et au Metropolitan de New York, où il célébrait sa "centième" au mois de mars 1988. Il a participé aux Festivals de Beyreuth de 1983, 1984 et 1986. En tant qu'artiste de concert, M. Haugland s'est produit auprès des plus grands orchestres mondiaux, sous la direction de chefs tels: Ozawa, Prévin, Abbado, Solti, Muti, Rostropovitch et Levine. Aage Haugland donne aussi de nombreux récitals, et des conférences, il dirige des classes de maîtrise et a trouvé encore le temps de chanter dans plusieurs films.

Né à Tallinn, Estonie **Neeme Järvi** passa ses examens de percussionniste et de maître de chapelle à l'Ecole de Musique de Tallinn. Il poursuivit ses études dans la branche direction d'orchestre symphonique et d'opéra au Conservatoire d'état de Leningrad. En 1963 il était nommé directeur de l'orchestre de la radio-télévision estonienne, et signait un contrat de treize ans comme chef d'orchestre principal de l'Opéra de Tallinn.

En 1971 M. Järvi remportait le Premier Prix

international — Direction d'Orchestre — de la prestigieuse Académie nationale Sainte-Cécile de Rome. Ensuite les offres se multiplièrent, aussi bien en Europe — Europe de l'Est, Grande Bretagne, Allemagne, Suède — qu'au Japon, au Mexique et au Canada.

En 1980 Neeme Järvi émigrant aux Etats-Unis et faisait ses débuts américains à la tête du New York Philharmonic. Depuis il a dirigé de grands orchestres d'Amérique du Nord et d'Europe; il a occupé les postes de Chef auxiliaire principal du City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, de Directeur Musical du Royal Scottish National Orchestra, et de principal Chef de l'orchestre de Gothenbourg (Suède). Son expérience remarquable s'étend aussi à l'opéra; pendant la saison 1978-79 il a dirigé pour la première fois l'orchestre du Metropolitan Opera de New York dans *Eugène Onéguine*. Neeme Järvi directeur musical du Detroit Symphony Orchestra depuis 1990, poursuit une carrière qui lui a déjà valu une belle collection de compliments pour sa direction d'orchestres de concert et d'opéras internationaux.

M. Järvi s'est vu décerner plusieurs prix et grades honorifiques; il est Docteur *Honoris causa* de l'Université d'Aberdeen (Ecosse) et du Conservatoire de Musique de Tallinn (Estonie), Membre honoraire de l'Académie de Musique suédoise, et Chevalier Commandeur de l'Ordre de l'Etoile du Nord, dont la médaille lui a été remise par le roi de Suède en 1991.

PART I

- 1 INTRODUCTION. THE SOLDIER'S MARCH**
A small stage, mounted on a platform. A stool (or barrel) at either side. On one of the stools the Narrator sits in front of a small table on which is a jug of white wine. The orchestra is placed on the opposite side of the stage.

Narrator

(during the music)

Down a hot and dusty road
Tramps a soldier with his load.
Ten days' leave he has to spend,
Will his journey never end?
Marching home, marching on his way
Marching, marching all the day
Soon he will be home to stay.
The curtain rises. The music (percussion) continues. The scene shows the banks of a stream. The soldier enters, and stops.

Narrator

- 2** Phew... this isn't a bad sort of spot...
(The Soldier sits down on the bank)
Join the army...! I've had me lot...
(The Soldier opens his haversack)
Always on trek, not a penny to bless...
'Strewth, my kit's in a hell of a mess!
Where's my St. Joseph? He looks in his pack
For a lucky medallion he has with the face of
his namesake, St. Joseph, engraved on the back.
Good, there we are! He starts rummaging.
Brings up some packages tied up with string.
Brings up cartridges — rummages on —
Here's a mirror with most of the silvering gone,
Where's her picture? That musn't be missed —
The picture his girl-friend gave him the day he
went off to enlist.
Ah, here it is! And right in the middle —
He brings out — an old brown fiddle.

Soldier

(tuning the fiddle)

It didn't cost much, the tone's not rich,
You have to keep screwing it up to pitch...
The Soldier begins to play.

- 3 SCENE ONE. AIRS BY A STREAM**

The Devil appears. He is a little old man carrying a butterfly net. Suddenly he stops, listening. The Soldier has not seen him. The Devil hides himself. The Devil approaches the Soldier from behind, then steps up to the Soldier who springs up in alarm.

Devil

- 4** Give me your fiddle.

Soldier

No.

Devil

Sell it to me.

Soldier

No.

Devil

(laying down his butterfly net and holding out in his right hand a book he has been carrying under his left arm)
I'll give you this book for it then.

Soldier

Can't read.

Devil

Makes no difference, there's no need,
With this book you don't have to read —
It's more than a book... it's wealth untold!
You've only to open it, lo and behold...
Bank notes! Bearer bonds! And GOLD!

Soldier

Well, I should want to have a look.

Devil

Certainly, certainly — here's the book.
He holds the book out to the Soldier, who begins to read, moving his lips and following the words with one finger.

Narrator

On sight — Collateral — Note of Hand...
This book's not easy to understand.

Soldier

I can read it all right, but it's still Greek to me.

Devil

You'll get the hang of it, wait and see.

Soldier

But look if it's worth all that money, sir, this
little job,
That old fiddle of mine you want only cost a
few bob.

Devil

So you've a real bargain!

Soldier

Right then — it's a deal!
He gives the fiddle to the Devil and goes back to his reading.

Narrator

On Sight — Collateral — Note of Hand —
Market quotations for Friday the 31st...
What day's today? It's a Tuesday,
Why, it's Tuesday the 28th...
What's this, here's a book that's ahead of the date.
A strange sort of book, it tells you things
before they happen!

Devil

(suddenly, having vainly tried to play the fiddle)
Come home with me, now what do you say?

Soldier

Why, what's up?

Devil

This thing won't play.
You must teach me to make it go.

Soldier

I've only ten days' leave, you know.

Devil

I shall lend you my carriage and pair,
If you walk you'll be much more slow.

Soldier

Mother'll worry if I'm late.

Devil

It's not the first time she's had to wait.

Soldier

And my girl-friend expects me too —

Devil

You'll make it up to her soon;
She'll be all the more pleased when you do.

Soldier

This place of yours, is it abroad?

Devil

Wined, dined, all found, full bed and board,
Home in a carriage like a lord,
Two or three days, a step out of your way,
And then you'll be rich as the King of
Cathay..

Soldier

What sort of victuals down your way?

Devil

Steak, egg and chips, three times a day.

Soldier

(putting things back into the haversack)
And to drink?

Devil

Champagne rosé.

Soldier

Smoking permitted?

Devil

What do you say

To Havana — Havana cigars, now what do you say?
The curtain falls.

Narrator

- [5] Well, there you are then, that's the way.
That's how you want it, that's the trick;
Joseph goes off home with old Nick.
And he finds that the old boy doesn't cheat,
New clothes, soft beds, and plenty to eat,
Yes, Joseph is properly done up a treat,
And each shows the other as they undertook
The way of the fiddle, and the way of the book.
Yes, the old fellow kept his word
Two days well spent — then came the third.
That morning the old man wakes Joseph as
soon as it's light,
And he says: "Are you ready?"
And Joseph says "Right."
"Did you have a good night?"
And Joseph says "Yes,"
And the Devil looks on as he gets up to dress.
"Have you any complaints?"
And Joseph says "No."
"Right you are," says old Nick, "Then off we go."
They get in the carriage waiting below,
And the Devil says "Hup!" and off they go!
Only Joseph watching the horses' flying feet
Finds himself holding on with both hands to his seat
With all his might
Till his knuckles are white,
"Hold tight!" cries the little old man, "Hold on
tight!"
Joseph would like to get up and jump out but
he hasn't a chance,
"Take care!" cries the Devil. "See how my
horses prance!"

18

They'll lead us a dance,

They're taking the air! Take care!"

And the carriage is suddenly travelling up in the air!
Hurling, rattling, rolling round the sky
And Joseph's hair stands on end, and he nearly faints,
"Have you any complaints?" "Have you any
complaints?"

Higher and higher over valley and hill
Faster and faster, up and up they soar
Till time stands still...
Then everything is as it was before.

[6] **THE SOLDIER'S MARCH**

Down a hot and dusty road
Tramps a soldier with his load.
Ten days' leave he has to spend,
Will his journey never end?
Marching home, marching on his way...
He's been marching all the day,
Happy now he's home to stay...

[7] Hurray, he we are! We're home at last. Good
morning, Mrs. Gray!

She's in her garden. Hello there! How's the
world with you?

She doesn't hear me, never mind — there's
Arthur. Hey!

Hey, Arthur! He's mowing the five-acre
meadow, a good old friend and true...

Eh? What's the matter, he doesn't reply!

Arthur, hi! Don't you know me, why

It's Joseph — Joseph the soldier — Jo!

You remember him! You *know*!...

The mower mows on, and on we go.

And there's the school, with the tower and the
bell,

Joseph, old Jo, you remember him well!

Here's the mill, the inn, now villagers everywhere,

Men, women and children stand and stare,

What's the matter? What's up with the lot of
you?

What's got into you all? Are you afraid of me,
or what?

You know me! All of you there!

Joseph! No one speaks

And then a door slams, and another slams, and
more and more,

And the rusty hinges shriek

As every door

Slams shut. "That's funny," he thinks, "but
mother will know.

I'd better go..."

She sees him coming, she screams, and runs
away.

So then he thinks, "There's my fiancée."

Married!

With two children!

(*Dead silence. Then, dully*)

Eh? Eh??

The dirty cheat! The dirty rotten cheat!

I know who you are at last.

I know what's happened, I know you!

I've taken my time about it too.

(*loudly*)

It wasn't three days, three years have passed!
(*softly*)

They all take me for a ghost,

I'm dead among the living.

(*Pause. Then loudly*)

Oh, the cheat! the dirty rotten... And like a
fool I went and listened to him. Yes, I know I

was tired and hungry, but that's no reason to
go listening to the likes of him! Do you take

any notice of what people you don't know tell
you? No, you say, "I don't

know you," but what do I do? I listen to
him...

(*The curtain rises. The scene shows the village
belfry in the distance. The Devil is disguised as a
cattle merchant. Leaning on his cane in the
middle of the stage, he waits*)

I should have had my suspicions, but no, I
listened to him, like a fool I had to go and
listen to him, and I gave him my fiddle! Of all
the luck! And now what am I going to do?
What am I going to do now? What am I going
to do now?

[8] **SCENE TWO. PASTORALE**

*The curtain falls. Music ends. Curtain rises.
Same scene. The Devil is still there, in the
same position.*

Soldier

(*off*)

[9] Ah! You dirty cheat, it's you!

*The Soldier appears, his drawn sabre in his
hand, and attacks the Devil.*

Devil

(*not moving*)

Now what are you going to do?

Soldier

(*falling back, but still threatening him*)

Ah! You dirty rotten cheat!

Devil

Please be a little more discreet,

Do try to behave. Do you hear me, you?

Good. Now what are you going to do?

(*The Soldier hangs his head. Silence*)

Have you forgotten all I said?

The book I gave you, bound in red?

Soldier

Oh! It's somewhere in my kit.

Devil

Then you've got all you need, if you've still
got it.

And aren't you a soldier? Be one then,
Show the ladies and gentlemen! (*shouting
orders*)

19

On guard! Atten...shun! That's it...
Put that up!
(*pointing to the sword. The Soldier sheathes it*)
Break ranks and stow your kit.
(*He points up stage. The Soldier obeys*)
There we are. Platoon, fall in!...at the run!
At ease. Stand easy! Atten...shun!
Platoon! Off...Caps! Here, take this one of mine.
(*He tosses the Soldier a cap*)
H'm, not bad — it suits you fine.
Now then, take off your tunic, unbutton the throat,
Don't fall out! We'll find you a coat...
(*The Soldier takes off his tunic*)
Don't fall out! We've hardly begun,
You're not finished yet! Atten...shun!
The book, the book! Now what have you done...
(*The Soldier points to the haversack*)
Oh yes, you told me, well — fetch it then.
(*The Soldier goes to his sack. The Devil watches him. The Soldier rummages in the sack and pulls out various objects, the mirror, the medallion*)
No, only the book! Now, back here again —
(*The Soldier returns holding the book*)
Oh, be careful! Don't let it come to harm.
You'll lose it like that — put it under your arm.
(*The Devil puts the book under the Soldier's arm*)
That book's worth a fortune, a fortune d'you see —
Hold on to it tight, and listen to me.
(*He takes the violin out of his pocket*)
This is mine, here. That's yours, there.
Each to his own — and so — all's square.
He leads the Soldier away. The stage is empty for a moment. The curtain falls.

20

10 PASTORALE

Narrator

He took the book and began to read,
And the words meant money, more money, and still more
Money, as much as a man could need.
He used it first to set right his affairs
And became a pedlar, a seller of wares...
(*Drum roll*)
Come along, ladies! Come buy, for there's all shades and sizes — black, navy, pale blue, prussian blue, pastel, sky-blue, beige, chocolate, fawn, dark grey, grey grey, pale grey, silver grey, russet, nigger, maroon, brown, khaki, unbleached linen by the yard, printed cottons, crêpe-de-chine, silks and satins, pre-war prices!
(*Drum roll*)
A pedlar first, a seller of wares for a start...
Then he needed no goods, he knew all the tricks by heart.
Things go the way I make them go,
For others only guess — I know!
It's more than a book, it's wealth untold,
You've only to open it, lo and behold!
You can have all you want, your heart's desire,
All the best things in life, anything you require.
While you have time, quick, grab all you can,
One day you'll be dead, you're only a man!
No, my old friend, you didn't lie,
Because in the end we've all got to die —
First one thing, another, I've only to say,
This — that — and the other! Because I can pay.
It's mine! All...
He stops. All...?
Nothing. All nothing. Nothing at all.
What have I said? What's the matter with me?
I have everything! Nothing. Now he can see.
All you want — all the time — all wealth can provide —

And they don't mean a thing. They are empty inside.
False things, dead, rotten, you buy and sell,
They are nothing. Just an empty shell.
Oh, to have still the things you had before,
The real, the true,
Good things! That everybody has but you,
That you have no more,
The only things worth having!

11 AIRS BY A STREAM

Narrator

(*during the music*)
Just to stretch out on the grass, as you used to do.
Good to touch, good to feel.
Things that cost nothing, that everyone has,
That mean so much; these things are real.
Things that belong to all the world but you,
Saturday evening, week-end plans —
Watching the village at work in its garden,
So many people with watering cans...
The little girls playing Tom Tiddler's Ground,
You smile as you pass along the sun-baked wall
You settle down on the grass,
And someone fills your glass...
Things that are warm inside,
The only ones worth having.
12 They have nothing — and yet, they have it all.
And I who have everything,
I have nothing!
Nothing! Nothing! How can that be?
Satan! Satan! You've cheated me!
What can I do? Does it say in the book...
He snatches it up and starts to look,
You must know, you must know, tell me how everyone —
How all the others are happy, how is it done?
You must know, you must know, you must tell me, explain
What I can do, to have nothing again!

21

The telephone rings.
"Hello." "Sir, with regard to your current account, sir..."
"Later!"
The telephone rings.
"Later, I tell you, later!"
The book must know the secret, then answer me!
What can I do to be as I used to be?
Curtain rises. We see the Soldier sitting at his desk, thumbing through the book. He looks round.

Soldier

13 I have been proud and envied, and in my pride I am dead inside to the world outside.
(*The Devil, dressed as an old clothes' woman, pops his head round the left wing without being seen by the Soldier*)
I am rich, unbelievably rich, but all I'd give To be alive again, as others live.
I am a ghost among the living.
The Devil pops his head round the right wing. The Soldier, still not seeing him, picks up the book and throws it to the ground.

Devil

(*knocking. Falsetto voice*)
Please, kind sir, can I come in? *He enters*

Soldier

What do you want?

Devil

Just a few words with you sir — but before I begin If you'll allow me, you seem to have dropped something, sir,
(*trips forward with mincing steps, and picks up the book which he holds out to the Soldier*)
You might miss...

Soldier

(*taking the book*)
Now, what do you want?

Devil

I'll explain, sir, it's this —
I have a little case outside
Full of rare, precious things, sir, I'd be glad...

Soldier

No, thank you.

Devil

Sir! For pity's sake...

Soldier

(pulling out his purse)
Here, take this...

Devil

Sir, we have our pride.
Nothing for nothing is the rule,
Each has his little job to do —
My case is just outside, sir, you'll
Please let me go and bring it in to you?
(He goes out abruptly. Returns with the
Soldier's knapsack, which he lays on the ground)
Now, look, sir! Look at these lovely things —
(Faster and faster)
Watches! Necklaces! And rings!
(The Soldier shakes his head)
Some lace, sir? No?
Don't be afraid, sir, to say so —
It's true, of course, you haven't a wife...
Each has his little job in life...
A lucky medallion, engraved on the back?
(The Soldier shakes his head. As if surprised)
No! No, every time. Now what do you lack —
A mirror, perhaps? No! Oh dear, what a shame,
A beautiful picture, complete with frame?
(The Soldier turns to him)
Ah! That seems to arouse your interest,
Is it no? Still no? The same as the rest...
(He brings out the Soldier's violin, and shows it
to the audience)
Or would — a little fiddle be best?

*The Soldier rises abruptly. The Devil is facing
the audience, and talks over his shoulder as he
walks away.*

Soldier

How much?
(He begins to follow the Devil)
How much, I say?
The Soldier rushes at the Devil. The Devil hides
the violin behind his back.

Devil

Well, as we're friends I won't stand in the way.
(He holds out the violin)
Try it first, see what you say,
We'll fix a price, let's hear you play!
The Soldier seizes the violin. He tries to play,
but the violin remains silent.

14 SCENE THREE. AIRS BY A STREAM

*The Soldier turns round. The Devil has
disappeared. The Soldier hurls the violin into
the wings with all his strength. He returns to
his desk. He picks up the book and tears it
into a thousand pieces. Curtain falls.*

PART II

15 THE SOLDIER'S MARCH

Narrator

(during the music)
Down a hot and dusty road,
Tramps a man without his load.
Someone trudging on and on,
Many, many miles he's gone.
Over hill and dale he goes,
Where's he heading? No one knows...
He doesn't know himself, he only knows he
must get out,
Go somewhere else, because

He can't go on the way he was.
Nothing remains of all his fine belongings,
He's thrown them out — without a word to say
To anyone, he's run away;
And things are just the way they were,
Except of course he has no pack to bear.
Is he taking the homeward road,
The road he took before?
Home? No! It's not his any more.
Now he goes the other way,
Cannot stay, on his way, on his way,
Marches on all day...

16 Now he comes to another land,
A village on the frontier and
An inn. He thinks: "Shall I cross over?"
He thinks: "Why not?"
He goes to the inn, orders a tot,
Drinks it down... Yes, and now what?
Then he begins to look around,
He gazes at the muslin curtains bound
With silk cord, fine white muslin,
Scarlet cord, such fine white muslin curtains
pinned
Around the leaded window panes
Where leaves stir in the wind.
But what's this? Suddenly the world outside
Comes crashing in again,
Somebody starts to beat a drum...
And someone beats a drum, because the
princess of the realm,
The only daughter of the King,
Lies ill in bed; she neither sleeps,
Nor speaks, nor eats, nor anything.
And the King proclaims to the sound of the drum:
"That whatsoever man shall come
And raise his daughter from her bed,
That man, the fair princess shall wed!"
Just at that moment a man comes up and says
to Joseph: "Hello, chum!
We've not been introduced, it's true,

But — well, I've been a soldier too.
Old comrades don't mind if you make yourself
known.
When I saw you come in, and you were alone,
I said to myself, have a word with him.
He looks a bit down, I said, you can see at a
glance —
Go on over; who knows, this may be his big
chance?
A lovely young girl, what about it! — a princess
too!
Think of that! I'd say it was made for you.
I'm married already, worse luck, it's no use to
me,
But you, my lad, you're young, you're free!
Doctoring? Well — that's whatever you choose,
Besides, you know, you've nothing to lose
By trying. You go, you say: I'm an M.O.
She's cured, she's not — it's worth a shot..."
(The Narrator bangs his fist on the table)
Why not?
(Another bang)
After all, why not!
Good-bye, old chap, many thanks for the tip!
He's up and he's out of it quick as a whip.
He's up, he's off and makes his way
To the palace gates. He gives a ring.
Where are you going, the sentries say:
Where am I going? To see the King!
The curtain rises to reveal a room in the
palace, with the Devil dressed as a virtuoso
violinist. Curtain falls. All the lights go out. The
Narrator has lit the two candles on his table.

17 THE ROYAL MARCH

Narrator

18 They gave the word for the band to play,
The King received me, the King no less!
He said to me: "You are a doctor!"
I said: "An army doctor, yes..."

"Many have come, you know, but none have stayed..."
 "Oh, I have my methods," I said, "I'm not dismayed..."
 "Very well. Tomorrow you see the princess..."
(The Narrator shuffles a pack of cards)
 It went off just as we thought it would,
 That fellow was right. So far so good!
 Just think... a girl to call your own
 After so many years alone!
The curtain rises. A room in the palace, dimly lit. The Soldier is sitting with a pack of cards at a table like the one used by the Narrator, and on which two candles are also burning. A jug of wine and a glass, like the Narrator.

Soldier
 Why not? Why shouldn't the luck be mine?
 Ask the cards. What do you say?
 Six of hearts — ten of hearts — queen of hearts —
 Nothing but hearts, trumps all the way!
(The Soldier drinks)
 It's true, why not, why shouldn't it be?
 I'll have a wife of my own, only for me,
 And what's more, a princess too...
The Devil appears at the Soldier's side, holding the violin over his heart.

Devil
 Someone's here ahead of you!
Silence. The Soldier bows his head and remains still.

Devil
(turning round the table)
 You were silly to be upset,
 You were rich and esteemed; you get
 A sudden whim, don't count the cost...
 And now, my poor young friend, you're lost.
(Silence. The Soldier doesn't move)
 Six of hearts — ten of hearts, hearts all the way,

You told yourself: It's my lucky day!
 Well? Do you still believe it's true?
(He holds out the violin)
 I have my methods! I, not you!
He begins to circle round the Soldier, making flourishes with the violin.

Narrator
(dully)
 It's true what he says, he's got me for sure,
 He'll do the trick, he's got the cure;
 I have nothing — nothing at all once more!
(He stops short. Then the narrator, turning round, suddenly speaks directly to the Soldier)
 Go for him just the same, knock him down,
 bang his head on the floor!

Soldier
(without moving)
 He isn't a man, I can do nothing more.

Narrator
 You can, I tell you, you can! Don't you see
 how it is?
 He's got you because of the money — you still
 have money of his.
(The Soldier raises his head and looks at the Narrator)
 Get rid of that and you're saved. Go on,
 begin...
 Offer to play him at cards: he's sure to win.

Soldier
(roughly, to the Devil)
 Will you play? I've money.

Devil
(stopping, surprised)
 What? I don't understand...

Soldier
 I said: would you like a game?

Devil
 My dear young friend...
(He takes a chair)
 I'm always ready for a hand.
He sits.

Narrator
(to the Soldier)
 He'll win, he always likes to win.
 You'll lose; and he'll be lost. Begin.

Soldier
(emptying his pockets)
 Notes, gold and silver; they're all in.

Devil
(laying the violin across his knees)
 Good.

Soldier
 How much a point?

Devil
 A farthing, yes?

Soldier
 Sixpence a point, not a penny less.

Devil
 Just as you wish, but best take care!
(The Soldier shuffles. The Devil cuts)
 No more fiddle, no more book,
 Only a few pennies left and look...
(They play. The Devil wins)
 The pennies are flying off into the air,
 You'll have nothing at all,
 Then where will you be?
(They play. The Devil wins)
 You'll starve, my friend, S.T.A.R.V.E!
(They play. The Devil wins)
 There do you see! Total defeat!
 You'll go around naked, no shoes to your feet!
They play. The Devil wins.

Narrator
(to the Soldier)
 Raise him a pound!

Soldier
 A pound!

Devil
(already with difficulty)
 You... you're mad! How can you beat...
They play. The Devil wins.

Narrator
(shouting)
 Ten pounds! Deal on!

Devil
(speaking with great difficulty, and putting the fiddle under his arm)
 Gen...tly...gen...tly...not...so...fast —
(They play. The Devil wins)
 Aaah...I've...won — same — as — last...

Narrator
(still speaking directly to the Soldier)
 Stake the lot!

Soldier
 I stake the lot!
He empties his pockets of his remaining money and tosses it on the table.

Devil
(getting up slowly)
 Ace — of — ace of Spades! You've got...

Soldier
 The Queen of Hearts!

Devil
 Again...it's...me!
 I've won...again...
He totters

Narrator

You see! You see!
(The Soldier pushes away his chair, puts his hands on his thighs, and bending forward, examines the Devil who is swaying more and more)
 He's going to fall, I said he would...
 Listen. Get up. Here's what you do.
 Give him a drink! It'll do him good!
 Say to him: "Here's a health to you!"

Soldier

(advancing on the Devil with the glass)
 Take this — it'll do you good!
(The Devil, swaying, tries to push it away)
 Go on, have a drink! Say when!
(He forces the Devil to drink. Refills the glass)
 Here's a health to you!
(refilling the glass)
 And again!

Devil

You're — very rude... that's not — at — all
 — the — w...

Narrator

Look out! He's going to fall.
And indeed, the Devil falls back in his chair, then his body sinks forward across the table.

Soldier

I'm free! I'm free!
(He leans over the Devil and tries to take the violin)
 Now — do I dare...
The Devil twitches.

Narrator

He's not quite out, be careful there!

Soldier

(emptying the glass several times down the Devil's throat)
 Oh, it's like that!
 All right then... eight... nine... ten!
He waits. The Devil is still.

Narrator

Now, take back your own again!
The Soldier takes the violin, and standing beside the Devil, begins to play.

19 THE LITTLE CONCERT

The Devil falls off his chair. The curtain falls. The lights all go up again.

Narrator

(shouting)
 Princess, now we can safely say
 He who will cure you is on his way.
 Soon now he's going to come to you
 Because there's nothing he can't do.
 Soon now he'll be outside your door
 Because he's found himself once more.
 Soon now he'll come to claim his wife;
 Because he has been brought back to life
 He's going to bring you back to life.
Curtain rises. Brilliant lighting. The Princess's room. She is lying on her bed and doesn't move. The Soldier enters and begins to play.

20 TANGO

She opens her eyes, turns her head towards the Soldier. She sits up in bed. The Princess gets up from her bed. She begins to dance. The curtain falls. Dances in front of the curtain.

21 VALSE**22 RAGTIME**

Curtain rises. Same scene. The Soldier and the Princess are in each other's arms. Horrible shrieks off. Enter the Devil dressed as a devil. He crawls on all fours. We should feel that the action started in front of the curtain has now been transferred to the stage. The dancers can join in. The Devil circles round the Soldier, sometimes imploring him to hand over the violin, sometimes trying to snatch it from him,

while the Soldier threatens him with the bow.

The Princess has taken refuge behind the Soldier, and as he moves, she moves, always keeping hidden behind him. The Devil, sometimes falling back, sometimes springing forward, accelerates his movements. The Soldier has an idea. He begins to play the violin.

23 THE DEVIL'S DANCE

Contortions. The Devil tries to hold his legs still, but is even more bewitched. He falls, exhausted.

The Soldier takes the Princess by the hand: she has lost her fear. The Princess dances round the Devil. Then, at a sign from the Soldier, she takes the Devil by one paw, and between them they drag him into the wings. They return to middle of the stage and fall into each other's arms.

24 LITTLE CHORALE

They embrace.

25 THE DEVIL'S SONG

The Devil suddenly pops his head round the door at the back.

Devil

All rrrright!
 I shall have to wait.
 But this realm of yours is not so great.
(The Soldier and the Princess turn to the Devil, then go back to their embrace)
 If once its frontiers should be passed
 Then you'll be in my power at last.
(Same business)
 So do not push your luck too far or then,
 Then, my lady you will find that you are back
 in bed again;
 As for her Prince, he can't pretend

He doesn't know my patience now is at an end.
(Same business)
 He who laughs the last, he laughs most
 As I shall do to watch him rrrroast!
The Devil disappears. The Soldier and the Princess are still embraced.

26 GREAT CHORALE

The Curtain falls.

Narrator

You must not seek to add
 To what you have, what you once had;
 You have no right to share
 What you are with what you were.
 No one can have it all,
 That is forbidden.
 You must learn to choose between.
 One happy thing is every happy thing:
 Two, is as if they had never been.
 "I have everything," he thinks. "I always will
 Have everything," he thinks. But one day she,
 She says: "I know so little about you still,
 Tell me about yourself, come on, tell me!"
 "Well, it all started a long, long time ago.
 There was a cottage I used to share
 With my mother — I was a soldier then, you
 know —
 Far, far away; I've almost forgotten where."
 "Suppose, suppose we went there!" "No,
 It is forbidden." "Suppose we go —
 We'd be back before we were missed,
 No one would ever know!"
 She looks at him and smiles and says:
 "You want to, I can see you do,
 It isn't much to ask of you,
 Say yes... say yes... say yes...
 Why not, you want to, I can see
 You do." He says: "Come over here to me."
 "Not until you say yes..."
 And so he thinks, "If we did go

Perhaps this time my mother will know me,
 Why not? Just to pay a call,
 And she could come and live with us —
 Then I should really have it all."
*(At this moment the Devil crosses in front of
 the curtain, wearing a magnificent scarlet
 costume)*

They're on their way, they're nearly there,
 A scent he knows hangs in the air
 He has gone on ahead to find
 The frontier. She is a little way behind.
(The Devil crosses again)
 He calls her, he turns back, then changes his
 mind...

*The curtain rises. The same scene as in Scene
 2, the village spire and the frontier post. The
 Soldier enters, making signs. He walks forward
 again, and reaches the frontier post: the Devil
 appears in front of him. He has the violin again
 and begins to play.*

28 TRIUMPHAL MARCH OF THE DEVIL
(during the music)

*The Soldier hangs his head. He begins to follow
 the Devil, very slowly, but without resisting. A
 voice calls from the wings. He stops for a
 moment. The Devil waves him on. Exeunt the
 Devil and the Soldier. The voice calls for the
 last time. The curtain falls slowly.*

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