

NAXOS

STRAVINSKY

Oedipus Rex

Les Noces

Edward Fox • Soloists • Simon Joly Chorale
Tristan Fry Percussion Ensemble • Philharmonia Orchestra
Robert Craft



Igor Stravinsky (1882-1971)

Oedipus Rex • Les Noces

Stravinsky conducted the first performance of *Oedipus Rex* (1925-1927) in the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, Paris, on 30th May, 1927, in a double bill with *Firebird*, in which George Balanchine danced the rôle of Kastchei. Composers—Ravel, Poulenc, and Roger Sessions among them—were the first to recognize it as Stravinsky's most powerful dramatic work and one of his greatest creations. After hearing Ernest Ansermet conduct it in London, February 12, 1936, the young Benjamin Britten noted in his diary:

'One of the peaks of Stravinsky's output, this work shows his wonderful sense of style and power of drawing inspiration from every age of music, and leaving the whole a perfect shape, satisfying every aesthetic demand ... the established idea of originality dies so hard.'

Leonard Bernstein may have been the first to identify the principal influence on the music:

'I remembered where those four opening notes of *Oedipus* come from... And the whole metaphor of pity and power became clear; the pitiful Thebans supplicating before their powerful king, imploring deliverance from the plague ... an Ethiopian slave girl at the feet of her mistress, Princess of Egypt ... Amneris has just wored out of Aida her dread secret ... Verdi, who was so unfashionable at the time *Oedipus* was written, someone for musical intellectuals of the mid-'20s to sneer at; and *Aida*, of all things, that cheap, low, sentimental melodrama. [At the climax of *Oedipus*' "*Invidia*" aria] the orchestra plays a diminished-seventh chord ... that favorite ambiguous tool [*i.e.*, tool for suggesting ambiguity] of surprise and despair in every romantic opera ... *Aida!* ... Was Stravinsky having a secret romance with Verdi's music in

those super-sophisticated mid-'20s? It seems he was.' [*Charles Eliot Norton Lectures*, 1973]

Bernstein might also have mentioned the debt to Verdi in Jocasta's aria and her duet with Oedipus. A photograph of Verdi occupied a prominent position on the wall of Stravinsky's Paris studio in the 1920s, and on his concert tours he would go out of his way to hear Verdi operas, to the extent of changing the dates of his own concerts, as he did in Hanover in December 1931 for a performance of *Macbeth*. In the early 1930s he wrote to one of his biographers: "If I had been in Nietzsche's place, I would have said Verdi instead of Bizet and held up *The Masked Ball* against Wagner". In Buenos Aires, in 1936, Stravinsky shocked a journalist by saying: "Never in my life would I be capable of composing anything to equal the delicious waltz in *La Traviata*".

Other influences besides Verdi's are apparent. The "Gloria" chorus at the end of Act One, the Messenger's music, and the *a cappella* choral music in the Messenger scene are distinctly Russian, but the genius of the piece is in the unity that Stravinsky achieves with his seemingly disparate materials.

Les Noces (*Svadebka*) ranks high in the by no means crowded company of indisputable twentieth-century masterpieces. That it does not immediately come to mind as such may be attributable to cultural and linguistic barriers, and to the ineptitude, partly from the same causes, of most performances, for the piece can only be sung in Russian, both because the sounds of the words are part of the music, and because their rhythms are inseparable from the musical design. A translation that satisfied the quantitative and accentual formulas of the original could retain no approximation of its literal sense. For this reason Stravinsky, never rigidly averse to sacrificing the clarity of sense for sound's sake, abandoned an English version on which he had laboured in the fall of 1959 and again in December 1965. It is also the reason, bizarre as it may seem, that his own first

recording of *Noces* was made in English (1934). No Russian chorus was available in Paris at the time, but in any case he abominated the French version by C. F. Ramuz, which requires numerous changes and adjustments in the musical rhythms.

Performances are infrequent as well as inadequate. The four pianos and seventeen percussion instruments that comprise the ensemble are not included in the standard instrumentation of symphony orchestras. Then, too, the piece by itself is long enough for only a short half-programme, while the few possible companion works, using many of the same instruments—Varèse's *Ionisation*, Bartók's *Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion*, Antheil's *Ballet mécanique* (an arrant plagiarism)—derive from it too obviously as instrumental example.

As a result of the obstacles of language and culture, audiences do not share in the full meaning of the work, hearing it as a piece of "pure" music; which, of course, and as Stravinsky would say, *is* its ultimate meaning. But Stravinsky notwithstanding, *Svadebka* is a dramatic work, composed for the stage, and informed with more meanings on the way to that ultimate one than any other opus by the composer. The drama is his own, moreover, and he is responsible for the choice of the subject, the form of the stage spectacle, the ordonnance of the texts. *Svadebka* is in fact the only theatrical work by him,

apart from the much slighter *Renard*, that combines music with a text in his mother tongue, the only work in which ritual, symbol, meaning on every level are part of his direct cultural heredity.

It is also the one Stravinsky work that underwent extensive metamorphoses. *Svadebka* occupied his imagination throughout a decade and, in aggregate, took more of his time than any other work of the same length. The sketches, in consequence, offer a unique study of his processes of growth and refinement. The reasons for the long gestation are, first, that Stravinsky several times suspended work to compose other music, which, in each case, left his creative mind with altered perspectives. Second, he was creating something so new, both musically, in its heterophonic vocal-instrumental style, and in theatrical combination and genre, an amalgam of ballet and dramatic cantata, that he was himself unable to describe it. "Russian Choreographic Scenes," his subtitle on the final score, neglects to mention that the subject is a village wedding and that the four scenes depict the ritual braiding of the Bride's tresses, the ritual curling of the Groom's locks, the departure of the Bride for the church, and the wedding feast.

Robert Craft

Edward Fox

Edward Fox has appeared in countless acclaimed productions for stage, screen and television throughout his varied career. His theatre credits include the acclaimed national touring productions of Terrence Rattigan's *The Winslow Boy* and *The Browning Version*, a highly praised portrayal of Harold MacMillan in *A Letter of Resignation* in the West End and national tour, Henry Higgins in the national tour of *My Fair Lady*; Crichton in *The Admirable Crichton* in the West End, *The Philanthropist* at the Chichester Festival Theatre followed by the West End, and *The Interpreters* in the West End.

Most famous for his rôle of the assassin on the trail of President De Gaulle in *The Day of the Jackal*, his many film credits include *The Go-between*, *A Bridge Too Far*, *Force 10 From Navarone*, *The Duellists*, *Gandhi*, *The Bounty*, *A Passage To India*, *The Shooting Party*, *A Month by the Lake*, *Never Say Never Again*, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, and *Nicholas Nickleby*. Edward Fox's numerous television appearances include the series *Foyle's War* and *Daniel Deronda*, his portrayal of King Edward VIII in *Edward & Mrs Simpson*, *Cinderella & Me*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Robin Hood*, and *Quartermaine's Terms*. His distinguished career brought him an OBE in 2003 for his services to the Arts and the Film Industry.

Alison Wells

Alison Wells was born in Yorkshire and originally trained as a pianist. She read Mathematics and Music at London University and then spent a year at the Royal Academy of Music, after which she began her vocal studies. She made her South Bank début in the Park Lane Group's January Series, and in the same year sang the Governess in *The Turn of the Screw* and took part in Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's master-classes at the Wigmore Hall. Since then she has appeared in all the major London concert halls and in many festivals both at home and abroad. A large part of Alison Wells's work is in the field of contemporary music, and she has sung with the London Sinfonietta, Matrix, Lontano, Music Projects/London, Composers' Ensemble, Psappha, Gemini, Ensemble Corrente, Apartment House, the French ensemble 2e2m, the Schoenberg Ensemble and ASKO in Amsterdam, and Champ d'Action in Antwerp. She broadcasts regularly for Radio 3 as soloist and formerly as a recitalist with her late husband Martyn Parry. In addition to her performing activities, Alison Wells is a professor at Trinity College of Music and teaches singing to choral exhibitors in Cambridge. She was Visiting Contemporary Artist at the Royal Northern College of Music 2003-4.

Jennifer Lane

The mezzo-soprano Jennifer Lane is well known in the United States and abroad in performances of repertoire ranging from the early baroque to that of today's composers. She has appeared at many of the most distinguished festivals and concert series worldwide in programmes ranging from recitals and chamber music to oratorio and opera, with conductors Michael Tilson-Thomas, Mstislav Rostropovich, William Christie, Nicholas McGegan, Andrew Parrott, Marc Minkowski, Helmut Rilling and Robert Shaw among others. Her recordings include collaboration with the conductor Robert Craft, and with the lutenist David Taylor.

Susan Bickley

The mezzo-soprano Susan Bickley was born in Liverpool, studied music at the City University, London, and at the Guildhall School, where she won the Gold Medal for singers. She made her operatic début in Monteverdi's *Orfeo* at the Maggio Musicale in Florence, singing the rôle of Proserpina. Her operatic rôles range from Handel to the contemporary, with appearances in Britain at Glyndebourne, the Royal Opera House and English National Opera. Engagements abroad have ranged from Monteverdi in Lisbon and in Japan to Richard Strauss in Hong Kong and Alban Berg for Flanders Opera. She has a busy concert schedule with major orchestras in Britain and abroad and frequently records for BBC radio. Her numerous commercial recordings include works by Handel, Purcell, Vivaldi, Reynaldo Hahn, Granville Bantock, George Benjamin, and Simon Bainbridge.

Joseph Cornwell

Joseph Cornwell studied at York University and the Guildhall School of Music and Drama. Singing under conductors such as William Christie, Harry Christophers, Eric Ericson, Sir John Eliot Gardiner, Robert King, Hervé Niquet and Andrew Parrott, his career has taken him throughout Europe and also to the USA and the Far East. Operatic rôles have included Snout in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Teatro di San Carlo, Naples, Mitridate in *Il Pompeo Magno* at the Varazdin Festival, Croatia, Polimone in *Il Tito* in Strasbourg, Achille in *Iphigénie en Aulide* for Opera Factory, Pilade in *Oreste* for the English Bach Festival, Monteverdi's *Orfeo* for the Boston Early Music Festival and Oslo Summer Opera, Eumete in *Il ritorno d'Ulisse* at the Aix-en-Provence Festival, Agenore in *Il re pastore* for Radio Television Luxembourg, Thespis/Mercure in *Platée* for TCC Productions, Lisbon, and Tamese in *Arsilda Regina di Ponto* at the Barga Festival. Recordings include Bach's *St Matthew Passion*, Boyce's *Peleus and Thetis*, Campra's *Requiem*, Handel's *Acis and Galatea* (Gramophone Baroque Vocal CD of 2000), *Carmelite Vespers* and *Messiah*, Monteverdi's *Vespers 1610*, Mozart's *Mass in C minor* and *Requiem*, Rossini's *Petite Messe Solennelle* (BBC Radio 3 Record Review Choice) and *Awake Sweet Love* (17th Century Lute Songs) and *Fairest Isle*.

Martyn Hill

Martyn Hill has a distinguished international career as opera singer, concert and oratorio soloist and recitalist. His wide concert repertoire ranges from *Messiah* and the Evangelist in Bach's *Passions*, to Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, Elgar's *The Dream of Gerontius*, Berlioz's *La damnation de Faust*, and the works of Benjamin Britten. Operatic rôles include Idomeneo, Alessandro in *Il re pastore*, Oedipus, Peter Grimes, and Achilles in *King Priam*. Sought after as an interpreter of contemporary music his repertoire includes works by Lutoslawski, Holliger, Nono, Birtwistle and Henze. He created the title rôle in Sandeep Bhagwati's *Ramanujan* in Munich and gave the world première of Elliott Carter's *In sleep, in thunder*. He has made over a hundred recordings for EMI, Hyperion, Chandos, Harmonia Mundi, Erato Disques, Naxos, Vanguard and Virgin Classics.

Alan Ewing

Alan Ewing has made over forty recordings, ranging from a complete Monteverdi Madrigal Cycle to *Les Troyens* for Sir Colin Davis, and including, most notably Polyphemus in *Acis and Galatea*, Osmin in *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, and Achilla in *Giulio Cesare*, rôles which have taken him to Munich, Paris, Berlin, Madrid and Vienna with William Christie and Marc Minkowski. His wide repertoire now also includes Baron Ochs in *Der Rosenkavalier*, King Henry in *Lohengrin*, Rocco in *Fidelio*, Kutuzov in *War and Peace*, Sarastro in *Die Zauberflöte*, Monterone in *Rigoletto*, and a highly acclaimed performance of the title-rôle in *Sweeney Todd* for Opera Colorado.

Andrew Greenan

Andrew Greenan read Modern Languages at Cambridge and studied with John Cameron at the Royal Northern College of Music. He made his professional operatic début in Schoenberg's *Die glückliche Hand* at La Scala, Milan, and then sang at Bayreuth for three consecutive summers. Formerly a Company Principal at English National Opera, his many rôles at the Coliseum ranged from the Commendatore in *Don Giovanni* to Swallow in *Peter Grimes* and the Parson in *The Cunning Little Vixen*. For the Royal Opera, Covent Garden he has sung Swallow, and rôles in operas by Verdi, Wagner and Richard Strauss. Abroad, performances include Bottom in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in Turin, Abimelech in *Samson et Dalila* for New Israeli Opera, and Sarastro at the Vienna Volksoper, with an increasing number of major operatic and concert engagements. He has a wide concert repertoire, sacred and secular, and recitals have included several performances of *Winterreise*. He has a number of recordings to his credit.

David Wilson-Johnson

David Wilson-Johnson read Modern Languages at Cambridge University and studied singing at the Royal Academy of Music. He sang many rôles at Covent Garden over 21 years, and in Brussels, Geneva, Madrid, Turin, Paris, Rome and Salzburg. He now enjoys a particularly happy relationship with Netherlands Opera. Recordings include *Winterreise* with David Owen Norris and over a hundred CDs of music of all periods and styles. His happiest concerts have been with the world's finest orchestras and conductors, Atherton, Boulez, Bruggen, Colin Davis, Dutoit, Giulini, Jansons, Järvi, Mackerras, Masur, Montgomery, Previn, Rattle and Rozhdestvensky. His recent rôles have included those of King Priam in Tippett's opera, *Merlin* in the opera by Albéniz, *The Nose* by Shostakovich and *Saint François d'Assise* by Messiaen.

IPQ - International Piano Quartet

Elizabeth Bergmann • Marcel Bergmann • Jeroen van Veen • Maarten van Veen

The International Piano Quartet was founded in 1998 by two prize-winning piano teams of the Murray Dranoff International Two Piano Competition, the Bergmann Piano Duo (Canada/Germany) and the Piano Duo Van Veen (Holland). The four pianists began their work together in preparation for a Stravinsky Festival held at Florida International University in Miami. This exciting musical collaboration culminated with an acclaimed performance of *Les Noces* under the direction of Robert Craft. The success of the teams joining forces prompted them to pursue this unusual ensemble further, which has since led to performances both in North America and Europe. In addition to exploring the great wealth of works written for one piano eight hands, two pianos eight hands, and four pianos, IPQ also incorporates its own arrangements and transcriptions into its performing repertoire.

Tristan Fry Percussion Ensemble

Tristan Fry
Nigel Bates
Charles Fullbrook
Graham King
Glyn Matthews
Julian Poole

Simon Joly Chorale

Handpicked by Simon Joly from the finest professional singers in London, the Simon Joly Chorale is one of three select choral groups formed by him for the specific purpose needed by each event. Simon Joly has used each group to provide the choral element in many of Robert Craft's recordings, from the chamber forces of Schoenberg's *Die glückliche Hand*, through Stravinsky's *Symphony of Psalms*, to the huge chorus for Schoenberg's *Gurre-Lieder*. He has also trained choruses for several other eminent musicians who have included Pierre Boulez, for his recordings of Webern's *Cantatas* and a cappella music of Schoenberg, Leonard Bernstein's prize-winning recording of *Candide* and for many of Claudio Abbado's recordings and concerts.

Philharmonia Orchestra

The Philharmonia Orchestra, continuing under the renowned German maestro Christoph von Dohnanyi as Principal Conductor, has consolidated its central position in British musical life, not only in London, where it is Resident Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall, but also through regional residencies in Bedford, Leicester and Basingstoke, and more recently Bristol. In recent seasons the orchestra has not only won several major awards but also received unanimous critical acclaim for its innovative programming policy and commitment to new music. Established in 1945 primarily for recordings, the Philharmonia Orchestra went on to attract some of this century's greatest conductors, such as Furtwängler, Richard Strauss, Toscanini, Cantelli and von Karajan. Otto Klemperer was the first of many outstanding Principal Conductors throughout the orchestra's history, including Maazel, Muti, Sinopoli, Giulini, Davis, Ashkenazy and Salonen. As the world's most recorded symphony orchestra with well over a thousand releases to its credit, the Philharmonia Orchestra also plays a prominent rôle as one of the United Kingdom's most energetic musical ambassadors, touring extensively in addition to prestigious residencies in Paris, Athens and New York. The Philharmonia Orchestra's unparalleled international reputation continues to attract the cream of Europe's talented young players to its ranks. This, combined with its brilliant roster of conductors and soloists, and the unique warmth of sound and vitality it brings to a vast range of repertoire, ensure performances of outstanding calibre greeted by the highest critical praise.

Robert Craft

Robert Craft, the noted conductor and widely respected writer and critic on music, literature, and culture, holds a unique place in world music of today. He is in the process of recording the complete works of Stravinsky, Schoenberg, and Webern for Naxos. He has twice won the Grand Prix du Disque as well as the Edison Prize for his landmark recordings of Schoenberg, Webern, and Varèse. He has also received a special award from the American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters in recognition of his "creative work" in literature. In 2002 he was awarded the International Prix du Disque Lifetime Achievement Award, Cannes Music Festival.

Robert Craft has conducted and recorded with most of the world's major orchestras in the United States, Europe, Russia, Japan, Korea, Mexico, South America, Australia, and New Zealand. He is the first American to have conducted Berg's *Wozzeck* and *Lulu*, and his original Webern album enabled music lovers to become acquainted with this composer's then little-known music. He led the world premières of Stravinsky's later masterpieces: *In Memoriam: Dylan Thomas*, *Vom Himmel hoch*, *Agon*, *The Flood*, *Abraham and Isaac*, *Variations*, *Introsuits*, and *Requiem Canticles*. Craft's historic association with Igor Stravinsky, as his constant companion, co-conductor, and musical confidant, over a period of more than twenty years, contributed to his understanding of the composer's intentions in the performance of his music. He remains the primary source for our perspectives on Stravinsky's life and work.

In addition to his special command of Stravinsky's and Schoenberg's music, Robert Craft is well known for his recordings of works by Monteverdi, Gesualdo, Schütz, Bach, and Mozart. He is also the author of more than two dozen books on music and the arts, including the highly acclaimed *Stravinsky: Chronicle of a Friendship*; *The Moment of Existence: Music, Literature and the Arts, 1990–1995*; *Places: A Travel Companion for Music and Art Lovers*; *And Improbable Life: Memoirs; Memories and Commentaries*; and the forthcoming "Down a Path of Wonder": *On Schoenberg, Webern, Stravinsky, Eliot, Auden, and Some Others (2005)*. He lives in Florida and New York.

Igor Strawinsky (1882-1971)

Oedipus Rex • Les Noces

Igor Strawinsky selbst dirigierte am 30. Mai 1927 im Pariser Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt die Uraufführung des *Oedipus Rex* (1925-1927). Auf dem Programm stand ferner *Der Feuervogel* mit George Balanchine als Kastschei. Komponisten wie Ravel, Poulenc und Roger Sessions waren die ersten, die den *Oedipus* als Strawinskys stärkstes dramatisches Werk und eine seiner größten Schöpfungen überhaupt erkannten. Der junge Benjamin Britten hörte das Werk am 12. Februar 1936 unter der Leitung von Ernest Ansermet in London. Danach schrieb er in sein Tagebuch:

Das ist ein Höhepunkt in Strawinskys Schaffen, ein Werk, das sowohl sein wunderbares stilistisches Gespür verrät als auch seine Fähigkeit, sich von jedem musikalischen Zeitalter inspirieren zu lassen und das in eine perfekte Form zu gießen, die jede ästhetische Forderung erfüllt ... die etablierten Vorstellungen von Originalität sterben nur langsam aus.

Leonard Bernstein dürfte der erste gewesen sein, der den für diese Musik wichtigsten Einfluss entdeckte:

Ich erinnere mich, wo diese vier ersten Töne des *Oedipus* herkommen ... Und die ganze Metapher von Mitleid und Macht wurde klar: die bedauernswerten Thebaner, die vor ihrem mächtigen König flehen, um Erlösung von der Pest bitten ... eine äthiopische Sklavin zu Füßen ihrer Herrin, der ägyptischen Prinzessin ... Amneris hat Aida gerade ihr schreckliches Geheimnis entlockt ... Verdi, der zur Entstehungszeit des *Oedipus* so unmodern war, einer, den die intellektuellen Musiker Mitte der zwanziger Jahre verhöhnten; ausgerechnet *Aida*, dieses billige, mindere, sentimentale Melodram. [Auf dem Höhepunkt der *Indivina*-Arie des *Oedipus*] spielt das Orchester einen verminderten Septakkord ... dieses beliebte Werkzeug, mit der sich in jeder romantischen Oper eine Mehrdeutigkeit von Überraschung und Verzweiflung erzeugen ließ ... *Aida!* ...

Hatte Strawinsky etwa in jenen geistig überspannten Mittzwanzigern eine heimliche Romanze mit Verdis Musik? Es scheint ganz so. [Charles Eliot Norton Lectures, 1973]

Bernstein hätte die Abhängigkeit von Verdi auch unter Hinweis auf die Arie der Jocaste und ihr Duett mit Oedipus darstellen können. Während der zwanziger Jahre hing in Strawinskys Pariser Studio an prominenter Stelle eine Verdi-Photographie, und während seiner Konzertreisen scheute er keine Mühe, um Opern von Verdi zu hören. Das ging so weit, dass er gelegentlich sogar seine eigenen Konzerte verschob – wie etwa im Dezember 1931 in Hannover, wo er eine Aufführung des *Macbeth* besuchen wollte. Zu Beginn der dreißiger Jahre schrieb er einem seiner Biographen: „Ich hätte an Nietzsches Stelle Verdi und nicht Bizet gesagt und den *Maskenball* gegen Wagner ins Feld geführt.“ 1936 schockierte er einen Journalisten in Buenos Aires mit den Worten: „Niemand in meinem Leben könnte ich etwas komponieren, das sich mit dem köstlichen Walzer aus *La Traviata* vergleichen ließe.“

Offensichtlich gibt es neben Verdi auch andere Einflüsse. Der *Gloria*-Chor vom Ende des ersten Aktes, die Musik des Boten und der *cappella*-Chor in der Boten-Szene sind entschieden russisch. Doch die Genialität des Werkes zeigt sich in der Einheit, die Strawinsky aus seinen scheinbar disparaten Materialien gewinnt.

Les Noces (*Svadebka*) verdienen einen Platz unter den größten Meisterwerken des 20. Jahrhunderts, von denen es nicht eben übermäßig viele gibt. Dass uns das Werk nicht immer gleich als ein solches in den Sinn kommt, liegt womöglich an den kulturellen und sprachlichen Barrieren sowie wohl auch daran, dass es sich aus eben diesen Gründen schwer aufführen lässt: Da nämlich der *Klang* der Worte selbst Teil der Musik ist und der sprachliche Rhythmus untrennbar mit der musikalischen Gestaltung verbunden ist, kann das Werk eigentlich nur in russischer Sprache gesungen werden.

Wollte man eine Übersetzung herstellen, die die quantitativen und qualitativen Formeln des Originals (= rhythmische Längen und Akzente) einfinge, so wäre der Wortsinn auch nicht annähernd einzufangen. Deswegen verwarf Strawinsky – der eigentlich nie etwas dagegen einzuwenden hatte, wenn die klare Aussage dem Klang geopfert wurde – seine eigene englische Fassung, an der er im Herbst 1959 und dann noch einmal im Dezember 1965 gearbeitet hatte. Das ist bizarrerweise auch der Grund dafür, dass bei seiner ersten eigenen Aufnahme der *Noces* im Jahre 1934 auf Englisch gesungen wurde – denn es gab damals keinen russischen Chor in Paris. Was er aber gar nicht mochte, war die französische Fassung von C. F. Ramuz, die unzählige Veränderungen und Anpassungen der musikalischen Rhythmen erfordert hätte.

Die Aufführungen der *Noces* sind selten und meistens auch dem Werk nicht angemessen. Die vier Klaviere und siebzehn Schlaginstrumente des Ensembles gehören nicht zur Standardausrüstung normaler Symphonieorchester. Ferner ist das Stück gerade genug für ein halbes (und nicht eben langes) Programm. Und die wenigen Werke, die sich aufgrund ihrer jeweiligen Instrumentation mit *Les Noces* koppeln ließen – Varèses *Ionisation*, Bartóks Sonate für zwei Klaviere und Schlagzeug oder Antheils raffiniertes Plagiat des *Ballet mécanique* – sind zu deutliche Abkömmlinge des instrumentalen Vorbilds.

Infolge der kulturellen und sprachlichen Hindernisse entgeht den Zuhörern einiges an Bedeutungen. Was man zumeist hört, ist ein Stück „purer“ Musik, und das, so hätte Strawinsky gesagt, ist schließlich auch der ultimative Sinn der Komposition. Ungeachtet dessen ist *Svadebka* auch ein dramatisches Bühnenwerk, dessen Weg zu dem ultimativen Ziel mit mehr Bedeutungen gepflastert ist als jede andere Kreation des Komponisten. Überdies stammt das Drama von Strawinsky selbst, der auch für die Wahl des Sujets, die Form des Schauspiels und die Zusammenstellung

der Texte verantwortlich zeichnet. Von dem wesentlich leichteren *Renard* abgesehen ist *Svadebka* sein einziges Theaterwerk, in dem er Texte seiner Muttersprache in Musik setzte – und das einzige, in dem jeder Ritus, jedes Symbol und jede Bedeutungsebene ganz direkt seinem kulturellen Erbe entstammen.

Les Noces ist von allen Schöpfungen Strawinskys auch diejenige, die die umfänglichsten Metamorphosen erlebte. Ein ganzes Jahrzehnt befasste sich der Komponist mit *Svadebka*, womit das Werk insgesamt mehr Zeit in Anspruch nahm als jede andere seiner Kompositionen von vergleichbarer Länge. Infolge dieser Entstehungsgeschichte gewähren die Skizzen einen einzigartigen Einblick in die Entwicklungs- und Gestaltungsprozesse seines Schaffens. Einer der Gründe für die lange Entstehungsphase ist, dass Strawinsky die Arbeit mehrfach unterbrach, um andere Werke zu schreiben, die jedes Mal seinen schöpferischen Blickwinkel veränderten. Des weiteren war er im Begriff, sowohl in musikalischer Hinsicht (durch den heterophon vokal-instrumentalen Stil) als auch hinsichtlich der theatralischen Gattung (eine Verschmelzung aus Ballett und dramatischer Kantate) etwas so völlig neues zu schaffen, dass er es selbst nicht in Worte zu kleiden wusste. „Choreographische Szenen aus Russland“ lautete schließlich der Untertitel der definitiven Partitur, doch damit ist längst nicht alles gesagt. Die Bezeichnung unterschlägt die Tatsache, dass es darin um eine ländliche Hochzeit geht und sagt auch nichts über den Inhalt der vier rituellen Szenen: Zunächst werden der Braut die langen Haare in Flechten um den Kopf gewunden, dann salben die Freunde das Lockenhaar des Bräutigams; im Anschluss wird die Braut zur Kirche geleitet, und am Ende steht das ausgelassene Hochzeitsfest.

Robert Craft

Deutsche Fassung: Cris Posslac

Oedipus Rex

Speaker Edward Fox
King Oedipus Martyn Hill, tenor
Jocasta Jennifer Lane, mezzo-soprano
Creon and Messenger David Wilson-Johnson, bass-baritone
Tiresius Andrew Greenan, bass
Shepherd Joseph Cornwell, tenor

Simon Joly Chorale
Philharmonia Orchestra
Robert Craft

Narrator

[1] Ladies and Gentlemen. You are about to hear a version in Latin of *King Oedipus*, based on the dramatic tragedy by Sophocles. I will recount the story as it proceeds. Oedipus unwittingly contends with supernatural powers, those unsleeping deities who watch us from a world beyond death. At his birth a snare was laid for him and you will hear how the snare closes in.

The drama now begins. The city of Thebes is prostrate. A plague has broken out. The chorus implores Oedipus to save his city, as once before he did by solving the riddle of the Sphinx. Oedipus vows to deliver his people again.

Chorus

Caedit nos pestis
Theba peste moritur.
A peste serva nos, serva,
A peste qua Theba moritur.
Oydipus, Oydipus, adest pestis,
Oydipus, e peste serva nos,
A peste libera urbem.

Oedipus

Liberi, vos liberabo,
Liberabo vos a peste.
Ego, clarissimus Oydipus,
Ego Oydipus vos diligo
Ego Oydipus vos servabo.

Chorus

Serva nos adhuc, serva urbem,
Quid faciendum Oydipus, ut liberamur?

Chorus

The plague slayeth us,
By the plague Thebes is dying.
From the plague save us, Oydipus,
From the plague wherewith Thebes is dying,
Oydipus, the plague is upon us.

Oedipus

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

Chorus

Save us, save the city,
What can be done that we may be delivered?

Oedipus

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

Chorus

Vale, Creo, cito, cito.
 Audituri te salutant.
 Audimus, audimus, Vale Creo! Audimus!

Narrator

☞ Creon, brother-in-law to Oedipus, has returned from Delphi, where he consulted the oracle. The oracle demands that the murder of Laius be punished. The assassin is hiding in Thebes. Oedipus will discover and will drive out the assassin.

Creon

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

Oedipus

Non reperias vetus scelus,
 Thebas, Thebas eruam,
 Thebis incolit scelestus.
 Deus dixit, tibi dixit
 Mihi, debet se dedere.
 Opus vos istum deferre.
 Sphyngis solvi carmen, ego divinabo.
 Iterum divinabo, clarissimus Oydipus,

Oedipus

The brother of the Queen is sent, he consulteth the oracle,
 To the God Creon is sent,
 He, he is asking what is to do.
 May Creon make haste.

Chorus

Good befall Creon—
 We give thee greeting,
 We hearken.

Creon

The God answereth:
 Avenge Laius, avenge the guilt:
 In Thebes the slayer lurketh;
 The slayer of the king lurketh;
 There is need to find him, to find him,
 To purge Thebes from the stain,
 To avenge the slaying of the king.
 Laius the King is slain,
 In Thebes the slayer lurketh,
 The God biddeth that the slayer be driven from among us.
 With the plague he infecteth Thebes.
 Apollo the God has spoken.

Oedipus

Nay, if ye find not out the ancient guilt,
 Thebes will I destroy.
 My friends, he must give himself up,
 He must give himself up.
 You must denounce him.
 I read the riddle of the Sphinx,
 Once again will I prophesy, I, Oydipus, the far-famed,
 Once again will I save Thebes,

Thebas iterum servabo.
Polliceor divinabo.

Chorus

Solve! solve! solve! Solve, Oydipus, solve!

Narrator

☞ Oedipus questions Tiresias the seer, who makes no reply. He realizes that Oedipus is simply a plaything of the 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 accusation, Tiresias decides to speak. This is his pronouncement: The assassin of the king is a king.

Chorus

Delie, expectamus, Minerva filia Iovis,
Diana in trono insidens.
Et tu, Phœbe 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, Bacche, cum taeda advola nobis urens infamem
inter deos deum.
Et tu, Bacche, cum taeda advola nobis urens infamem
inter deos deum.
Salve, Tiresia! Salve! Dic nobis quod monet deus, dic
cito sacrorum docte.
Salve Tiresia, homo clare, vates!

Tiresias

Dicere non possum, dicere non licet
Dicere nefastum,
Oydipus, non possum.
Dicere ne cogas! Cave ne dicam!
Clarissime Oydipus, tacere fas.

Oedipus

Taciturnitas te accusat,
Tu peremptor.

Tiresias

Miserande, dico, quod me accusas, dico.
Dicam quod dixit deus; nullum dictum celabo;

I pledge my word to read it.

Chorus

Read it, O Oydipus!

Chorus

God of Delos, we are waiting, Minerva, daughter of Jove,
Diana seated upon thy throne,
And thou, Phœbus, O splendid Archer, help us.
For headlong the winged evil rusheth upon us, death
followeth hard upon death, and the dead lie a-heap
without burial.
Drive forth and hurl into the sea the dread
Slaughter which burneth us helpless, madly howling.
O Bacchus, come swiftly with thy brand, burning the
god infamous among gods.
Hail, Tiresias, hail! Thou who knowest the mysteries of
the gods, speak quickly.
Hail, Tiresias, thou great one, thou prophet: tell to us
what the god biddeth.

Tiresias

I cannot speak, I may not speak,
Oydipus, it is not lawful that I should speak;
I cannot speak; compel me not; beware lest I should speak.
Most noble Oydipus, I must keep silence.

Oedipus

Thy silence accuseth thee;
Thou art the slayer.

Tiresias

Unhappy man, I speak, because thou accuseth me:
I will tell what the God hath told. No word will I conceal.

Inter vos peremptor est, apud vos peremptor est,
Vobiscum est. Regis est rex peremptor,
Rex cecidit Laium, rex cecidit regem,
Deus regem accusat; peremptor, peremptor rex!
Opus Thebis pelli, Thebis pelli regem.
Rex scelestus urbem foedat, rex, peremptor regis est.

Oedipus

Invidia fortunam odit, creavistis me regem.
Servavi vos carminibus et creavistis me regem.
Solvendum carmen cui erat?
Tibi homo clare, vates;
A me solutum est et creavistis me regem.
Invidia fortunam odit.
Nunc cult quidam munus meum,
Creo vult munus regis.
Stipendiarius es, Tiresia! Hoc facinus ego solvo!
Creo vult rex fieri.
Quis liberavit vos carminibus?
Amici, amici, ego Oydipus clarus.
Invidia fortunam odit.
Volunt regem perire,
Clarum Oydipodem, vestrum regem.

Chorus

Gloria, gloria, gloria!
Laudibus regina Jocasta in pestilentibus Thebis.
Laudibus regina nostra
Laudibus Oydipodis uxor, Gloria!

Narrator

4 The dispute of the princes summons Jocasta. You will hear her calm them, shame them for raising their voices in a stricken city.

She asserts that oracles can lie. 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. Oedipus is horrified. He remembers how he killed an old man where three roads meet. If Laius of Thebes were that man...? Oedipus, who believes himself to be the son of King Polybus of Corinth, cannot return there, having been forewarned by the oracle that he would commit a double crime: to kill his father and to marry his mother.

The slayer is amongst you, in your city is the slayer.
The King is the slayer of the king.
The God accuseth the king.
He must be driven from Thebes,
A guilty king polluteth the city.

Oedipus

Envy hateth fair fortune. You have made me king.
I saved you, I saved you from the riddle, and you made me king.
By whom should the riddle have been read?
By thee, thou famous man, thou prophet.
It was read by me, and ye made me king.
Now there is one that desireth my office,
Creon would be king.
Thou workest for pay, Tiresias! The riddle of this crime
I read,
Creon would be king.
Who freed you from the spells?
Friends, it was I, Oydipus the famed.
They wish the king to perish,
Famed Oydipus, your king.

Chorus

Glory, glory, glory!
Jocasta is queen in stricken Thebes,
Sing praises to our queen.
Sing praises to the wife of Oydipus.

Jocasta

Nonne erubescite, reges,
Clamare, ululare in aegra urbe domesticis
altercationibus,
Reges, nonne erubescite
In aegra urbe clamare, vestros domesticos clamores?
Ne probentur oracula quae semper mentiantur.
Mentita sunt oracula,
Cui rex, interficiendus est?
Interficiendus? Nato meo.
Age, rex peremptus est.
Laius in trivio mortuus.
Ne probentur oracula quae semper mentiantur.

Chorus

Trivium, trivium, trivium!

Oedipus and Jocasta

Pavesco subito, Jocasta,
Pavesco, maxime pavesco.
Jocasta, Jocasta, audi: locuta es de trivio?
Ego senem cecidi, cum Corintho excederem,
Cecidi in trivio,
Cecidi, Jocasta, senem.
Pavor magnus in me inest.
Oracula mentiantur, semper oracula mentiantur.
Cave oracula quae mentiantur,
Domum cito redeamus.
Pavesco, maxime, subito, Jocasta.
Pavor magnus, Jocasta, in me inest.
Non est consulendum.
Oydipus, domum cito redeamus.
Cave oracula quae semper mentiantur.
Volo, consulere, consulendum est,
Jocasta, volo videre pastorem.
Sceleris, superest spectator. Sciam!

Narrator

☐ Witnesses to the truth step from the shadows, the Shepherd, who saved the life of the infant Oedipus, and a Messenger, who knew the Shepherd and knew that Oedipus is the adopted son of King Polybus. The messenger announces that Polybus is dead.

Jocasta

Are you not ashamed, O princes,
To cry aloud, to howl in a city that is stricken with your
domestic broils?
Let, oh let not the oracles be proved true,
The oracles which ever lie.
The oracles, the oracles have lied.
By whom, by whom was the king to be slain?
By my son.
The King was slain. Laius at the crossroads was slain.
Let not the oracles be proved true, the oracles which
ever lie.

Chorus

The crossroads! The crossroads!

Oedipus and Jocasta

On a sudden I am afraid, Jocasta,
I am afraid with a great fear.
Jocasta, Jocasta, hearken; didst thou speak of the
crossroads?
I slew an old man, when I was coming from Corinth,
I slew him at the crossroads, I slew an old man, Jocasta.
Always the oracles lie;
Let us return to our house.
I am afraid with a great fear; on a sudden I am afraid,
Jocasta,
Jocasta, my wife, I am afraid.
For at the crossroads I slew an old man.
Consult not the oracle,
Oydipus, let us return with speed to our house.
Beware of the oracles which ever lie.
It is my will to consult the oracle; it must be done.
Jocasta, I would see the shepherd; he liveth yet, the
witness of the crime. Let me know!

Jocasta then understands. She tries to draw Oedipus back, but in vain. She flees. Actually, Oedipus supposes that she is ashamed of being the wife of a man of lowly birth.

Oh, this lofty all-knowing Oedipus. He is in the snare. He alone does not know it. And then the truth strikes him. He falls.

Chorus

Adest omniscius pastor,
omniscius pastor et nuntius horribilis.

The Messenger and Chorus

Mortuus est Polybus.
Senex mortuus Polybus.
Polybus non genitor Oydipodis:
A me ceperat Polybus, ego attuleram regi.
Verus non fuerat pater Oydipodis,
Falsus pater, per me!
Reppereram in monte puerum Oydipoda derelictum
Vulneratum pedes parvulum Oydipoda.
Attuleram pastori puerum Oydipoda.

Chorus

Resciturus sum monstrum, monstrum resciscam.
Deo claro Oydipus natus est; deo et nympa
Montium in quibus repertus est.

The Shepherd

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

Oedipus

Nonne monstrum rescituri, quis Oydipus, genus
Oydipus sciam?
Pudet Jocastam, fugit,
Pudet, pudet Oydipi exulis,
pudet Oydipus generis.

Chorus

The shepherd who knoweth all is here and a messenger
with dread tidings.

The Messenger and Chorus

Polybus is dead! Polybus was not the father of Oydipus.
From me Polybus took him; I brought him to the king.
A false father, through me he was his father.
I found Oydipus, a baby abandoned upon the mountain
His feet wounded with a thong.
I brought him to the shepherd.

Chorus

I am soon to discover a wonder;
Oydipus is born of a God, of a great God and of the
Nymph of the mountains whereon he was found.
Will you not find out the wonder, find it out?

The Shepherd

Silence was better, not speech.
Indeed, he found the child Oydipus
By his father and his mother abandoned on the hills, his
feet pierced with the thong.
Would though hadst not spoken, this should ever have
been hidden,
That the child was found left alone on the mountain.

Oedipus

Will you not find out the wonder; let me know the birth
of Oydipus, the birth of my exile?
I, an exile, rejoice.
Jocasta is ashamed, she fleeth away; she is ashamed of
Oydipus the exile,

Oydipodis genus, genus meum sciam.

The Shepherd and the Messenger

In monte repertus est, a matre derelictus;

In montibus reperimus.

Laio Jocasta que natus!

Peremptor Laii parentis!

Natus Laio et Jocasta!

Coniux Jocastae parentis!

Utinam ne diceres, oportebat tacere nunquam dicere istud:

a Jocasta derelictum in monte repertus est.

Oedipus

Natus sum quo nefastum est, concubui cui nefastum est,

cecididi quem nefastum est.

Lux facta est.

Narrator

☐ The Messenger describes Jocasta's doom. He can scarcely speak. The chorus takes his part and helps him to tell how the queen has hanged herself, and how Oedipus has gouged out his eyes with her golden pin.

Now follows the Epilogue. The King is caught. He must show himself to all: an incestuous monster, a parricide. Gently, gently, his people drive him away. Farewell, farewell Oedipus — we loved you.

The Messenger and the Chorus

Divum Jocastae caput mortuum!

Mulier in vestibulo comas lacerare.

Claustris occludere, fores exclamare.

Et Oydipus irumpere et pulsare

Pulsare, ululare.

Divum Jocastae caput mortuum!

Et ubi evellit claustra, suspensam mulierem omnes
conspexerunt

Et Oydipus praeceps ruens illam exsolvebat, illam
collacabat,

Et aurea avulsa fibula, oculos effodere;

Ater sanguis rigare.

She is ashamed of the birth of Oydipus.

Let me know of the birth of Oydipus,

Let me know my birth.

The Shepherd and the Messenger

On the mountain he was found, left by his mother;

He is the son of Laius and Jocasta,

He is the slayer of Laius, his father!

The son of Laius and Jocasta;

Husband of Jocasta his mother.

Would that thou hadst not spoken. Silence had been
better, never

To speak, never to speak, never to speak that word.

Oedipus

Against my father I have sinned: in my marriage I have
sinned;

In my slaying I have sinned.

All now is made plain!

The Messenger and the Chorus

Jocasta the Queen is dead,

Women in the palace entrance tear their hair.

With bars they make fast the doors,

And Oydipus is bursting in, and beating on the doors
with bitter crying.

Jocasta the Queen is dead,

And when they plucked the bars away, hanging there
they saw the queen.

And Oydipus rushing headlong was loosing the chord,
and laying her down; her, the queen was he laying
on the ground,

And with a brooch plucked from her dress, he dug out
his eyes;

The black blood was flowing.

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

Divum Jocastae caput mortuum!
Ecce! Regem Oydipoda: foedissimum monstrum monstrat,
foedissimam beluam.
Ellum regem occaecatum!

Rex parricida miser Oydipus
Oydipus carminum coniecto.
Adest, adest! Ellum! Regem Oydipoda!

Vale Oydipus! Te amabam, te misereor
Te amabam, te misereor.
Miser Oydipus, oculos tuos deploro.
Vale, miser Oydipus noster.
Te amabam, Oydipus,
Tibi valedico.

Jocasta the Queen is dead.
The black blood was flowing
And Oydipus crying aloud and cursing himself.
To all he showed himself ... it is his will to show this
horror.
Behold the doors, see, they are opening, behold a sight
of all sights most horrible.

Jocasta the Queen is dead.
Lo, Oydipus the King; he showeth a monstrous thing
most foul, a portent horrible.
Behold the King with blinded eyes!

Oydipus the King,
ill-starred, the slayer of his father, Oydipus the
King, ill-starred, the reader of riddles.
Lo, he is here, Oydipus the King!

Lo, Oydipus the King; the King with blinded eyes,
The slayer of his father, Oydipus the King, ill-starred,
the reader of riddles.
Oydipus, farewell. Thou wast dear to me; I pity thee,
O unhappy one; Thou wast dear to me, I pity thee.
Hapless Oydipus, for thine eyes I weep,
Farewell, Oydipus;
Thou wast dear to me, Oydipus.
I bid thee farewell.

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1 CHAST' I: Kartina pervaya: Kosa

Nevesta

Kosa l' moya ko ...
Kosa l' moya kosin'ka rusaya!
Vecor tebya, kosin'ka, matushka plyala,
serebryanīm kolechkom matushka vila!
O-o-ho-ho! Yeshcho okhti mne!

Podruchki

Chesu, pochesu Nastasin'ku kosu,
chesu, pochesu Timofeevni rusu,
alu lentu plyatu
a yeshcho pochesu, a i kosu, zapletu.
Chesu, pochesu Nastasin'ku kosu,
chesu, pochesu Timofeevni rusu,
rusu kosu chesu, chastnīm
grebnem raschesu.

Nevesta

Priyekhala svashen'ka nemilostliva,
chto ne milostliva i ne zhalostliva!
Nachala kosin'ku rvat' i shchipat'.
I rvat' i shchipat' na dve zapletat'
na dve zapletat' ...
O-o-ho-ho! Yeshcho okhti mne!

Podruchki

Chesu, pochesu Nastasin'ku kosu,
chesu, pochesu Timofeevni rusu,
a yeshcho pochesu, a i kosu zaplyatu,
Alu lentu plyatu, goloboyu perev'yu!

Nevesta

Kosa l' moya kosinka rusaya ...

Podruchki

Ne klich', ne klich', lebedushka,
ne klich' v pole belaya.

FIRST SCENE: The Tresses: At the Bride's House

The Bride

Tress my tress, O thou fair tress of my hair,
O my little tress.
My mother brush'd thee, mother brush'd thee at evening,
Mother brush'd my tress.
O woe is me, O alas poor me.

The Bridesmaids

I comb her tresses her fair golden tresses,
Nastasia's bright hair Timofeyevna's fair tresses.
I comb and plait it, with ribbon red I twine it,
I will twine her golden hair.
I comb her fair tresses bright golden tresses,
I comb and I twine Timofeyevna's fair tresses,
I bind her tresses I comb them and plait them,
With a fine comb I dress them.

The Bride

Cruel, heartless, came the match-maker,
Pitiless, pitiless cruel one, pitiless cruel one.
She tore my tresses, tore my bright golden hair,
pull'd it tearing it.
She tore my hair that she might plait it in
Two plaits, plaiting it in two.
O woe is me, O alas, poor me.

The Bridesmaids

I comb her tresses, her fair golden tresses,
Nastasia's bright hair, Timofeyevna's fair tresses,
I comb and plait it, I comb it and bind up her hair,
With ribbon of bright red, twine it with a ribbon blue.

The Bride

Golden tresses bright, O my tresses fair.

The Bridesmaids

Weep not, O dear one, weep not,
Let no grief afflict thee, my dear one,

Ne plach', ne tuzhi,
Nastas'yushka, ne plach', ne grusti,
dusha Timofeevna!
Po batyushke, po matushke,
po gromkom solov'ye vo sadu.
Kak svekor li batyushka kak sverkrov' li matushka
k tebe budet milostivliva,
Khvetis', sudar' Pamfil'yevich
u tebya solovey vo sadu, na visokom teremu,
na visokom izukrashennom denyochek on svistit
i vsyu nochen'ku poyot,
tebya li, tebya li, Nastas'yushka,
tebya li, svet Timofeevna,
zabavlyayet-uteshaet,
spat' dolgo ne meshaet, k obedne razbuzhaet.
Ray, ray! Udaliy skomoroshkek s sela do sela.
Ray, ray! Chtob nasha Nastas'yushka, chtob bila vesela.
Uzh chtob bila zavsegda.
S-pod kamushka s-pod belova
rucheyok bezhit, rucheyok bezhit.
S-pod kamushka s-pod belova
tsimbalami b'yut i p'yut i l'yut, v tarelki b'yut.
Vot, znat' nashu Nastayushku,
znat' nashu Timofeevnu
k venchan'yu vedut.

Nevesta / Mat'

Za... zapletitko mne rusu kosu
uzh t' iz kornyu tugokhon'ko,
sredi kos' melyokhon'ko,
pod konets-to alu lentochku.

Podruzhenki / Nevesta

Chesu, pochesu Nastas'inku kosu,
chesu, pochesu Timofeevni rusu,
yeshcho pochesu Nastas'inku kosu
yeshcho pochesu Timofeevni rusu,
a yeshcho pochesu a i kosu zapletu,
alu lentu uplyatu.

Weep no more, Nastasia, O weep no longer, my heart,
my Timofeyevna.

Of your father think, your mother's care,

And of the nightingale in the trees.

Your father-in-law, he will welcome you,

You mother-in-law will bid you welcome

And tenderly will love you e'en as though you were
their own dear child.

Noble Fétis Pamfilievitch, in your garden a nightingale
is singing,

In the palace garden all day he whispers cooing notes,

'Tis for you, Nastasia, his singing, my dear one,

For you alone his singing, for your delight, your happiness,

For you alone his singing, for your delight, your happiness,
He shall not disturb you sleeping, in time for mass he'll
wake you.

Come, come let us make merry from one village to another.

Come, come, dear Nastasia shall be happy,

She must be gay and joyful.

Come!

She should always be of good cheer.

'Neath the little stones a brook flows.

Underneath the stones a little brook is flowing,

Underneath the stones, making loud and happy music.

Loud and gay it sounds like beating drums,

Like beating drums, gaily loudly making music.

So Nastasia Timofeyevna, so in marriage do we give thee,

So we give thee.

The Bride and the Mother

Plait, plait my little tresses,

Plait my hair and bind it with ribbon red,

In plaits bind it tightly.

The Bridesmaids and the Bride

I will comb Nastasia's fair tresses,

I bind the fair hair of my Timofeyevna,

Once more I comb it and bind it with ribbon,

A ribbon entwined about her hair,

Again I will comb Nastasia's fair tresses,

I comb them and twine them, my Timofeyevna,

Chesu, pochesu Nastas'inku kosu,
chesu, pochesu Timofeevni rusu,
chesu, pochesu rusu kosu chesu
chastnim grebnem raschesu.
Uzh ti lenta moya lentochka,
ala lenta buketova, buketova fioletova ...

2] KARTINA VTORAYA: U zhenikha

Druzko

Prechistaya mat', khodi, khodi k nam u khat'
svakhe pomogat' kudri raschesat,
Khvetis'ev'i kudri, Pamfil'icha rusi,
Khodi, khodi nam u khat', kudri raschesat.
Chem chesat', chem maslit da Khvetis'ev'i kudri?
Chem chesat', chem maslit da Pamfili'cha rusi?
Khodi, khodi k nam u khat'
svakhe pomogat' kudri raschesat,
Kinemsya, brosimsya vo tri torga goroda;
rascheshem, razmaslim Khvetisovi' kudri!
Kupim mi, kupim mi paravan'skago masla,
rascheshem, razmaslim Pamfil'icha rusi!
Prechistaya mat', khodi, khodi k nam u khat'
svakhe pomogat' kudri raschesat.
Khodi, khodi k nam u khat' kudri raschesat.
Vichor za vichoru
Khvetis sidel v tiryomu.

Otets

Sidel i Pamfil'ich, chesal rusi' kudri.

Roditeli po ocheredi

Vi komu-to kudri dostanetes'?'
Dostanetes, kudri, krasnoy devitse?
Oy, vi komu-to rusi' dostanetes'?'
Chto Nastas'ye Timofeevne.
Uzh ti, Nastyushka, poleley kudri!
Ti poleley rusi', Ti Timofeevna poleley rusi!
Kvas, chto malinoe desyat'yu nalivan!
Ti poleley rusi'! Uzh vilis', povilis' na Khvetisu kudri,
vilis', povilis' na Pamfil'ichu rusi.

I twine her fair hair, with a ribbon I bind it,
A ribbon of bright red.
Blue a ribbon blue, and ribbon red,
Bright red, as my own lips are red.
A ribbon blue, as blue as my eyes.

SECOND SCENE: At the Bridegroom's House

The Bridegroom's Friends

Virgin Mary, come, come and aid our wedding.
Come, Mary hear our pray'r, aid us as we comb the fair
curls of Fétis.
Virgin Mary come.
Wherewith shall we brush and comb and oil the fair
locks of Fétis?
Come, come to aid us, O come Virgin Mary,
O come, Mary aid us, uncurl his fair locks.
Quickly let us to the town and buy some pure, buy
some pure olive oil,
And curl his locks, his fair locks.
Come Virgin Mary, come to aid our wedding, aid us
now as we uncurl the bridegroom's locks.
Come, O come and aid us to uncurl his fair locks.
Last night, Fétis sat, sat within his house all the while.

The Father

Last night Pamfilievitch his fair locks sat brushing.

The Parents

Now to whom to whom will these curls belong?
Now, now, to whom, to whom will these curls belong?
Now they will belong to a rosy lipp'd maiden.
do they now, now, belong to her, to the tall one,
To Nastasia, to Timofeyevna.
Now Nastasia pour oil on them.
Do you pour oil on them;
You, Timofeyevna, you pour oil on them.
Oil the fair, the curly locks of Pamfilievitch,

Zavivala ikh matushka. Zavivala da prigovarivala:
“Bud’ ti moyo dityatko belo rumyano,
rumyano i neurochlivo!”
Belo i rumyano kalinoe parilo! Malinoe stirallo!
Na kom kudri, na kom rusiya?
Na Khvetisu kudri rusiya,
na Pamfil’ichya poraschosanniye,
poraschosanniya razbumazhenniya!
Spalat’, spalat’ otsu-materi,
khorosho ditya vosporodili, umnago i razumnago,
pokornago i poslovnago.

Zhenikh

Prilegayte, kudri rusiya k moemu litsu belomu,
k moemu umu-razumu,
da chto k obych’yu molodetskomu.
Privikay, dusha Nastyushka,
k moemu umu-razumu,
da chto k obich’yu molodetskomu.

Khor

A v Moskve, v Moskve-to tem kudryam vzdivovalisy.
Prechistaya Mat, khodi, khodi k nam u khat’,
svakhe pomogat’, kudri raschesat,
Khvetisevi kudri, Pamfil’icha rusi.
I ti Mater’ Bozh’ya, sama Bogorodicha,
pod’ na svadbu, pod’ na svad’bu
i so vsemi Poostolami!
Pod’ na svad’bu i so vsemi angelyami
pod’ na svadbu, pod’ na svad’bu.
Boslovi Bozha, boslovi Bozha, Bozhun’ka.
Pod’ na svadbu! Pod’ na svad’bu!

The fair and curly locks.
O the fair, the curly locks of Fétis, the fair and curly
locks of Pamfilievitch.
Thy mother curl’d them oft, saying then while she
was curling them,
Little son, be you white and rosy cheek’d little son,
My little child, my son.
And another one will curl your locks,
And another one will love you.
Shining locks and curly whose are thy?
O Pamfilievitch lovely locks curly, the locks of Fétis,
well oil’d and lovingly curl’d.
Glory to the father, glory to the mother,
Well have they brought up their wise one obedient,
obedient and wise one obedient.
A clever prudent child.

The Bridegroom

Let my fair curls be in order, upon my white face, in order.
And grow used to young man’s ways, my habits, my
dandy young habits are usual there.

Chorus

Ah in Moscow, in the city, dandy young habits are
usual there.
Virgin Mary, come, come and aid our wedding,
Aid us to brush the locks, aid us to uncurl the fair locks
of Fétis,
Aid us to uncurl the fair locks of Fétis.
Virgin Mary come and aid us to uncurl the fair
locks of Fétis.
Holy Mother, come to us, Thyself come we pray Thee.
Come to the wedding, to the wedding,
And with Thee, all the holy Apostles.
Come to the wedding, to the wedding,
Come to the wedding, to the wedding,
And with Thee come all the angels.
Come to the wedding, to the wedding.
Now may God bless us, God bless us all and His Son,

Zhenikh

Boslovit otech' s mater'yu, svavo tsadu,
ko stol' nu gradu pristupit'
kamennu stenu razbit';
svoyu suzhennuyu ponyat'
v sobor, cherkov' skhodit'
serebryan krest potselovat'.
Gde sidit tam Khvetis' gosudar'
tak svechey svetik naydyot.
Bozh'ya milost' Bogorodicha!

Perviy družko

Smotrel'shchiki, glyadel'shchiki,
zevaki i paloshni kolyubaki!
Boslovite-tko vse knyazyza novobrashnava!
V put dorozhen'ku yekhati,
suzhenno-ryazhenno vzyat'!
Pod zolotoy venets stoyat'

Khor

Oy! Lebedinoo pero upadalo!
Ivan palo!
Pered teremom upadalo.
Ivan palo!
Upadal Khvetis' pered rodnim batyushkoy,
upadal Pamfil'ich pered rodnoy matyushkoy:
prosit i mne i boslovi
ko Bozh'yu sudu yekhati
k svyatomu venchan'itsu.
Kak privyol Bog pod krestom i tak bi pod ventsom.
Baslavite vse at starava da malava,
Kuzmu Dem'yanu sigrat!
Baslavi Bozha do dvukh porozhden
da stol'ko zhe nam svad'bu sigrat. Oy!
Baslavi Bozha do dvukh porazhden,
baslavi Bozha do dvukh posazhen.
Baslavi Bozha Mikita poputchik,
Mikhala Arcangel, baslavi Bozha
Rozhdestvo Khristova, baslavi Bozha

Come to the wedding, to the wedding, to the wedding.

The Bridegroom

Bless me, my father, my mother, bless me,
Your child who proudly goes against the strong wall
of stone to break it.
See him, Fétis, the noble Fétis, there,
See him the noble Fétis, there to win his bride, his lady.
So the candles are lighted.
We go now to the church and we kiss there the silver cross,
To invoke our Lady's blessing.

First Bridesmaid

All you that come to see the bride passing by,
All you that come to see the bride passing by, did stay
to see her ta'en away.
Give your blessing, bless the prince upon his way,
The bridegroom who is gone away to meet his bride.
To wed her whose troth is pledged.
On his brow to set a golden crown.

Chorus

Ah, on his brow to set a golden crown.
See there fades the flow'r too.
Falls a white feather, now the flow'r fades,
Fades the flow'r too, now fades the flow'r,
The feather falleth,
So did Fétis kneel down before his own father,
So did Fétis kneel before his mother graciously,
Asking their blessing upon the son who goes to be married,
And may the saints go with him, guarding him,
May the saints go with him too, and keep him in their care.
Lord, O bless us all from oldest to the youngest children.
Saint Damian bless us also.
Bless us Lord, bless the bride and the bridegroom,
bless us also,
Virgin Mary comb the fair locks of Fétis,
While we comb and brush the curls of Pamfilievitch.
The oldest, the youngest, O bless us. Ah!
Bless us, O Lord, and bless now our wedding too,
Bless us, Lord, send Thy blessing upon us all.

khrestin baslaviyati,
k ventsu atpushchati.
Baslov' Bozha, Bozhun'ka.
Baslov', Bozhun'ka!
Pod' na svad'bu! Pod na svad'bu!
Pod' na svad'bu!
Svyatyi Luka, pod' na svad'bu,
Svyatyi Luka, Svyatyi Luka,
slutsi svad'bu dvukh molodyonikh,
slutsi svad'bu dvukh posazhenikh,
slutsi svad'bu dvukh suzhenikh
i perviy mladen!

☩ KARTINA TRET'YA: Provodi nevesti

Khor

Blagoslavyaysya svetyol mesyats okolo yasnago solnushka,
Blagoslavyalas' knyaginyushka
u gosudarya u batyushki,
u gosudarini matushki.

Nevesta

Blagoslovi menyа, batyushka, da na chuzhuyu
storonushku

Otets / Mat'

Pritapelas' svetsa vosku yarago
pered obrazom dolgo stoyutsi.
Pristoyala knaginya skorі nozhen'ki.

Druzhki

Uzh kak bosloveli oni devitsu
pered batsuskoy gor'ko platsutsi,
da chto na chetire storonushki
khlebom sol'yu, Spasom obrazom.
Svyatyi Kuz'ma, pod' na svadbu!
Svyatyi Kuz'ma Dem'yan pod na svadbu!

Bless us, O bless the father and mother, sister and brother.
Bless us, O bless the sister and the brother,
Bless us, we pray Thee, bless all who are faithful,
All who fear and love him.
God protect us, aid us now, God be with us now.
Bide with us, abide with us, abide with us now.
Saint Luke, do thou be with us, bless us, Saint Luke,
Saint Luke.
Bless our marriage rites we pray thee,
Bless the couple whom thou hast chosen,
Bless the pair Saint Luke bless them who thou,
thou has chosen.
Grant, O grant thy blessing for always,
And to their children.

THIRD SCENE: The Departure of the Bride

Chorus

Brightly shines the moon on high, beside the glowing sun,
Ev'n so the princess liv'd within the palace happily
beside her aged father and her mother,
Happily beside her father and her mother dear.

The Bride

O grant me your blessing, father, for now I go to a
foreign land.

The Father and the Mother

See how bright the candles burn before the ikon,
so I have stood before it long,
So the princess stood awhile and quickly then away
she went.

Chorus

So they gave their blessing to their daughter fair,
So she before her father stood weeping,
And to ev'ry quarter of the world I go.
Holding the ikon, holding bread and salt too,
Holding bread and holding salt too.
Thou Saint Cosmos come with us, Cosmos and Damian,

Vo gornitse vo svyatlitse
dva golubya na tyablitse.
Svyatiy Kuz'ma, pod' na svad'bu,
Svyatiy Kuz'ma, skuy nam svad'bu.
Svyatiy Kuz'ma, skuy nam krepku,
krepku-tverdu, dolgovechnu,
vekovechnu, s mladosti i do starosti
i do malikh detushek!
Matushka Kuz'ma Dem'yan
po senyam khodila, gvozdi sobirala.
Vo gornitse vo svyatlitse
dva golubya na tyablitse.
Oni p'yut i l'yut, v politri b'yut,
v tsembali podigrivayut.
Svyatiy Kuz'ma, pod' na svad'bu
Svyatiy Kuz'ma, slutsi svad'bu
s mladosti i do starosti
i do malikh detushek!
Kuz'ma Dem'yan po senyam khodila,
gvozdi sobirala, svadebku kovala.
I Ti, Mat' Bozh'ya, sama Mat' Bozh'ya Bogorodicha,
pod' na svad'bu, slutsi svadbu.
Slutsi svad'bu, slutsi krepku.
I so vsemi s Postolami,
i so vsemi s Angelyami.
I, kak v'yotsya khmel' po tits'yu,
tak bi nashi molodie vilis' drug ko drugu.

*(Provodit' nevesti. Vse udalyayutsya. Stsena pusta
Vkhodyat materi zhenikha I nevesti s kazhdoy
storoni stseni)*

Materi

Rodimoye moyo dityatko, moyo miloye,
ne pokin' menya goremichnuyu.
Vorotis', vorotis' moya dityatko,
vorotis', moya milaya.
Rodimoye moyo dityatko,
poila bilo ya kormila tebya.
Vorotis', moya milaya,
Zabila ti, dityatko,

O come with us,
Holy Saint Cosmos O grant that the wedding may prosper,
Enduring from youth unto age, do thou grant that
the wedding may prosper,
Enduring from youth unto age, enduring from youth
to old age, to old age.
To the room where the two little doves are sitting,
Two little doves in a small room,
Holy Cosmos and Damian walked about the hall
and came back.
Two our children even unto them.
In the little room, the happy room, the small room,
There are sitting two little doves.
There is singing, dancing, drinking too.
Tambourines sounding, clashing, cymbals are
being played.
Long and happy union grant thou them.
May the wedding endure from their youth, from their
youth unto old age and unto their children,
Holy Cosmos and Damian walked about the hall,
They walked about the hall and then they came back.
Virgin Mary, Mother of our blest Savior,
grant Thy blessing on this union.
The apostles and all angels, as the hops entwine together,
So our newly married couple cling together,
So our newly married couple cling together,
As one they cling together, as the hops entwine together,
So they cling together, as the hops entwine together.

*(Enter the mothers of the groom and bride from either
side of the stage.)*

The Mothers

My own dear one, child of mine, little one, my little one,
Do not leave me, my dear one, come again to me, my
little one.
My own my child, dear child of mine.
Ah, do not leave me lonely, come back, come back, my
dear one, my little one,
Child have you forgot, dear one, have forgot the golden
keys are hanging,

na stopke zolotí klyuchi
na sholkovom poyasye.
Rodimoe dityatko ...

(Materi ukhodyat. Stsena pusta)

4 CHAST' VTORAYA:

Kartina chetvyortaya: Krasniy stol

Khor

Yagoda s yagodoy sokatilasya,
yagoda yagode poklonilasya.
Yagodka krasna, krasna!
Zemlyanichka spela, spela!
Yagoda yagode slovo molvila,
yagoda ot yagodi ne vdali rosła.
Odná-to yagoda Khvetisushka sudar',
a drugaya yagoda, Nastas' yushka dusha.
Vesyol, vesyol khodit i Fyodor Tikhnavich.
Nashol, nashyol zolot perstin,
zolot s daragim sí kamenem.
Yuniv, yuniv khodit Palagey Stanovich,
poteryal zolot perstin,
Palagey Spanovich,
poteryal zolot perstin,
zolot s daragim sí kamenyam.
Yuniv, yuniv, yuniv
Palagey khodit Spanich.
Poteryal zolot perstin,
z daragim sí kamenyam.
Letala gusinya, letala!
Letala seraya, letala.
A yagoda yagode poklonilasya,
yagoda yagode slovo molvila.
Kril'ya primakhala, mazoli potirala.
Stolbi skolikhala, Boyar probuzhdala.

Otets zhenikha

Vot tebe, zhana, ot Boga sazhdana.

Hanging the golden keys hanging there,
My own little child, dear one.

(The mothers go out.)

FOURTH SCENE: The Wedding Feast

Chorus

Berries two there were on a branch, they fell to the ground,
One berry bows to another berry one.
Ai, louli, louli, louli! Loschenki, ai louli,
A red, a very red one, and a strawberry did ripen,
Ai Loschenki, louli.
And one berry to another spoke sweetly,
Close one berry grew to another, close to it,
And one berry represents the noble bridegroom, Fétis,
And the other, Nastasia, 'tis the white one.
So gaily gaily goes he, Fyodor Tichnovitch,
I found a ring, found a golden ring, ring of gold set
with precious stones.
Who comes here so gaily? Palagey Stanovitch,
Who isn't comes here so gaily? Palagey Stanovitch.
I have lost, lost the golden ring with jewels set,
with precious stones.
Oh, oh, poor me, oh, poor Palgy. Oh, poor Palagey no
more is gay,
Nor more is he gay, oh, poor Palgy.
Flying comes a gray, a little goose.
One red berry bows to another red berry,
One red berry spoke to another red berry.
Flying comes a gray, a little goose,
Flying comes a gray goose, little goose,
flying comes a gray goose.
Now its wings are beating, its tiny feet are scratching,
Making clouds of dust rise, making all the nobles.

The Bride's Father

Now behold your wife, whom God hath given you.

Khor

Sey lyon da kanapli.
Ay, mī tebe Nastyushka, govorili
Sprashivay s neyo rubashki da portki!

(Mat' nevesti podvodit' yeyo k svojemu zyatyu)

Mat' nevesti

Zyatik moy Iyubeznīy, vruchayu tebe docheryu
lyubeznyu.

Khor

Sey lyon da zamashki,
sprashivay s neyo rubashki,
poy, kormi da odevay,
da na rabotu otpravlay!

Otets

Rubi drova, spravshivay shchi.

Khor

Lyubi, kak, dushu, tryasi kak grushu!
Boyare vstavali v charki nalivali,
gostey obkhodili, Marye podnosili:
"Vipey, Matushka, skushay Kharitonovna!"
"Ne p'yu, ne kushayu, boyar ne slushayu."
"Kabi bil Simeon?"
"Ya bī spila, skushala,
boyar poslushala."
Oī tī, gusīnya zvonkaya, kitayskaya!
Uzh tī gustīnya zvonkaya,
gde pobīvala i chto videla?
"I ya bil na sinem na mori, na mori, na 'zere.
Na tom Ii na mori, na 'zere
lebyed' belaya kupalasya,
lyu-li, na belo palaskalasya."
Bil li beloy lebyad' na mori?
Videl li tī, beloy lebyodku?"
"Da i kak zhe mne da na mori, na mori ne bivat',
da i kak zhe mne lebyodushki ne vidat'?
U lebedya lebyodyushka pod krilom,

Chorus

And what did we tell you, dear Nastasia?
Your wife must sew and spin, she must keep the linen
and sew and spin the flax white and sew it too.

(The bride's mother leads her to her son-in-law.)

The Bride's Mother

To you I entrust her, my son-in-law, I entrust her
my daughter dear.

Chorus

Let her sew the linen, food you shall give her and
clothe her,
Give to eat and to drink,
And set her to work, you feed her and clothe her and
bid her work.

The Father

You saw the logs. Ask again. (clap)

Chorus

Love her and shake her like a pear tree and love her.
They are come our nobles, fill the flowing goblets,
Round the tables going fill the flowing goblets,
Going round among the guests and toasting Mary.
Drink thou little mother, eat thou Maritovna.
I do not drink, I do not eat, I listen here,
Listen to the nobles as they eat and drink their wine.
If our Simon were here,
O you gay, noisy chatt'ring goose, where have you been?
Noisy goose, where have you been and what did
you see there?
A Chinaman? Where have you been, what did you
see there?
I have been far away at sea, the blue sea and the lake
of blue,
Away upon the sea.
A swan-neck'd maiden in the sea was bathing,
washing there her Sunday dress.
A little white swan did you see there and did you see
a little white swan.

u lebedya kosataya pod krílom,
u Khvetisa-to Nastas'yushka pod bochkom,
u Khvetisa Timofeevna pod krílom."
Dva lebedya, dva belíkh plavali,
na mori plavali, beliye plavali

Odin iz družhek (neveste)

Ay, chem zhe tí, oy chem. Nastas'yushka udala?

Nevesta

Ya po poyas vo zolote obvilas',
zhemchuzhniĕ makhorchiki do zemli.

Khor

Okh, poynik, propoynik
Nastin batyushka propil svoyu chadu
za vinnuyu charu.
Svat'yushki, povorashivaytes',
podavayte nevestu, zhenikh skuchaet!
Na vinnoy charochke, Na medovoy stopochke!

Tot zhe družka

Krasní devitsí, pirozhniya masteritsí,
gorshechniya pagubnitsí,
zhonushki possivíya, zhení podkhiliya,
maliya rebyata, gorokhoví tati,
markovniĕ pagubniki! Poyte pesni!

*(Zhenikhov družka víbiraet iz poezžhan odnogo muzha
I zhenu I vedoyt ikh obospat' dlya molodikh postel')*

Khvetisushka skazhet: "Spat khochu."
Nastas'yushka molvit: "i ya s tobou."
Khvetisushka skazhet: "korovat' tesna."

And how should not I have seen the sea, not I have
seen the sea?
How should not I have seen the sea, seen the little swan.
Ay, beneath his wing the swan doth hide his mate.
Two swans, two white swans in the sea were
swimming in the sea, two swans.
Ay, and Fétis holds Nastasia right tenderly,
And Fétis holds his bride to him tenderly.

First Bridesmaid

And you Nastasia, what have you done?

The Bride

I have donn'd a golden belt,
It is plaited with pearls that trail and hang down to
the ground.

Chorus

Now all you who are come to the feast,
Lead the bride in, the bridegroom is waiting, lonely,
Holding a goblet of rare old wine, a rare goblet.
O you merry old rogue, Nastasia's father, you,
He has sold his child for wine, for flowing goblets.

Tenor

You fair maids, and you pastry-cooks, and you
plate-washers,
You good-for-nothings, good-for-nothings,
you chatterboxes,
All you lazy wives, you foolish ones,
And all you naughty ones who are among the
wedding guests,
Raise your voices. (spoken)

*(One of the friends chooses among the guests a man
and his wife, and sends them to warm the bed for the
bridal pair.)*

Hear the bridegroom saying "I would sleep now"
And the bride replying "Take me with you,"
Hear the bridegroom saying "Is the bed narrow?"

Natas'yushka molvit: "budet s nas."
Khvetisushka skazhet: "deyalo kholodno."
Nastasyushka molvit: "budet teplo."
To Khvetisu pesenka, da chto yasnomu sokolu
i so beloy lebyodushkoy, svet Nastas'ey Timofeevnoy.
Slīshish' tī Khvetis Gospodin?
Slīshish' tī Pamfil'evich mī vam pesnyu poyom,
mī vam chest' vozdayom.
Ne lezhi u krute berege.
Ne sidi, Savel'yushka, vo besedushke,
sryazhay svadebku Khvetisavu! Okh!

Poezhanе

Okh, na izbe zel'ya, u v izbe vesel'ya.
Za stolom boyare, oni myod, vino pili, rechi govorili:
u menyа svadebka na divo suryazhena,
devyati varov pivo vareno,
a desyatiy var zelena vina.
Vedut Nastas'yushku na chuzhu storonu.
Na chuzhoj storone umeyuchi devke,
umeyuchi zhit'! Vse pokornoy devke, vsyo pokornoy bit'.
Pokornoy golovushke vezde Iyubo-khorosh.
I staromu i malomu vsyo nizkiy poklon.
Molodim molodushkam ponizhe etovo.
Po ulitse, yulitse da po shirokoy yulitse
kholdil, gulyal molodets molodoy.
Svyazal svoyu golovu
shlyapoy pukhovoyu lentoy lilovoyu
Po zelyonom sadu, po Nastinam sledam,
glyadel, smotrel Khvetisushka
na Nastyushku svoyu: u moyey, u Nastyushki
pokhodochka chastaya, shubochka novaya,
opushka bobrovaya.

Druzhki

Nasya chernobrovaya!

Odin iz družhek

Nu-ka rodimiy batyushka,
ryumochku vipivay!

And the bride replying, "Not too narrow."
Hear the bridegroom saying, "How cold are the blankets?"
And the bride replying "They shall warm them."
'Tis to thee Fētis sing we now this little song,
And to the little dove, the white one, to Nastasia,
to our Timofeyevna, too.
Dost hear us, hearest thou Fētis, dost hear us, Pamfilievitch.
We are honoring you, we sing our song to you.
Do not lie thus by the steep river bank,
Ay, sit down, Savelyoushka,
In a summer house, a wedding prepare now for Fētis.

The Guests

In the farm house see how jolly a feast is held,
Nobles sat at table drinking honey and wine,
And all the while made speeches,
Merrily, O merrily, our wedding went truly.
Nine kinds of beer, the good wife had prepared,
But the tenth is finest, the best of all.
Our Nastasia goes away, to dwell afar-off,
in a distant country.
Wise! shall she live there and in happiness let her be
submissive, let her be obedient.
She who knows how to be obedient, always is happy.
Bow then courteously, both to the old and the young ones.
To the very youngest maidens you must bow lower.
In the garden green there, Fētis stood and look'd
Upon the marks of his Nastasia's feet, his own Nastasia.
A smart young dandy, a dandy went a-walking
down the street,
Down the long wide street walking.
On his head he wore a fine furry cap for winter.
My Nastasia walks very quickly and her new little coat,
It is lined with the fur of martens cosily.

The Friends (speaking)

Black her brows and beautiful.

One of the Friends (speaking)

Now then, you old man, come and drink a little
glass of wine,
Drink a good glass of wine.

Ostal'niye družhki i zhenshchiny

Ryumochku vĭpivay! Molodĭkh odaryay!
Nashikh molodykh odaryay,
nashim molodim mnogo nado,
oni khotyat domishkom zhit', domishka pribavit',
na uglu banyu postavit'. Tĭ zaydyosh' da poparish'sya,
a posley tovo pokhvalish'sya: vot kak stali nashi
molodiye-to zhit'!
Gor'ko! Okh, nel'zya pit'!

(Zhenikh i nevesta tseluyutsya)

Khor

Nu-zhe, nu-zhe, nu ryumochku vĭpivay,
a nashikh molodĭkh daryay!
Eta, eta, eta, khot' kuda, eta i taper' stoit rublyya,
a kak, yey, yey boka nadut', za etaku i dva, dva dadut.
Khot' byi tak, khot' bi tak, khot' bi rublikov khot' by pyat.
A kogda budet tvoya chest', khot' bi rublikov, khot'
bi shest'.
Volga-reka razlivaetsya, zyatik i vorot ubivaetsya:
"Akh tyoshsha moya, tyoshsha laskovaya!"
Ay, vi družhki slepi
chto devka detinke boka protolkala...
... u kletochku zvala?

*(Obogrevayushchiye postel' vilezayut iz neyo. Fetisa I
Nastas'yu vedut k posteli, ukladivayut ikh, zapirayut
dver' I ostavlyayut odnikh.)*

Vse

Pastel' moya, karavatushka! Na karavatushke
perinushka,
na perinushke u 'zgolov'itsa,u 'zgolov'itsa odiyailsa,

*(Roditeli zhenikha I nevesti usazhivayutsya na skam'ye
pered dver'yu. Vse obrashcheni k nim litsom.)*

Bas

Pastel' moya, karavatushka! Na karavatushke
perinushka,

The Men, the Friends and the Women

Toast the happy married couple, for our married ones
need many things,
They want to have a little house, increasing their home,
A bath will they build for themselves there.
You come and have a bath, afterwards you will be heated.
So did our married pair begin their happy days together.
Now then! Now then!
Drink to their health, drink and toast our pair.

(The bride and bridegroom embrace each other.)

Chorus

Drink again, toast the pair, and embrace the two.
This one, this one, this one, this is good, this one even
now costs a rouble,
But if you squeeze it in your hand, squeeze it tightly,
it costs double that.
I don't care, I don't care at all though it costs as much.
Now the river Volga overflows,
And before the gate I hear one calling,
Oh mother dear, my mother dear who calls me.
All you silly maidens tell me who the maiden was
who ruled her true love.

*(Those who are warming the bed go out. Fĕtis and
Nastasia are conducted to the bed and laid in it, after
which they are left alone, and the door is shut.)*

All

Lovely little bed where I lay me down,
How soft the pillow where I lay my head.

*(The two fathers and mothers settle themselves on a
bench before the door, everybody facing them.)*

Basf Voice

Soft the pillow where I lay my head,
Folded in the soft blankets, folded in the blankets,

na perinushke u 'zgolov'itsa.u 'zgolov'itsa odiyalitsa,
pod 'dialitsom dobrïy molodets,dobrïy molodets

Khvetisushka,

Khvetis Pamfil'evich.

Vorobey vorobku paruēt posadivshi na karavat',

Khvetisushka Nastas'yushka tseluit',

yon tseluit-miluit, na ruchku kladyot,

na ruchku kladyo, ki serdechku zhmyo:

“Akh ti dushka, zhyonushka,

dannaya moya poglyaden'ya, nochnaya moya zabava,

pazhiviyom mī s toboy kharashenichka,

chtobī, Iyudi nam zavidiivali.

*(Zanaves opuskaetsya medlenno v prodolzhenie vsey
posleduyushchey muziki)*

the blankets warm,

See our Fétis there, Pamfilievitch.

The little sparrow first makes his nest, then takes

his mate to be with him.

Fétis holds Nastasia and kisses her, his bride,

Kisses her and holds in his hand her little hand.

Holds her hand and presses it upon his heart,

Holds her hand and lays it upon his heart.

Dear heart, little wife, my own dearest treasure,

My sweet, my honey.

Dearest flow'r and treasure of mine, fairest flow'r

sweetest wife,

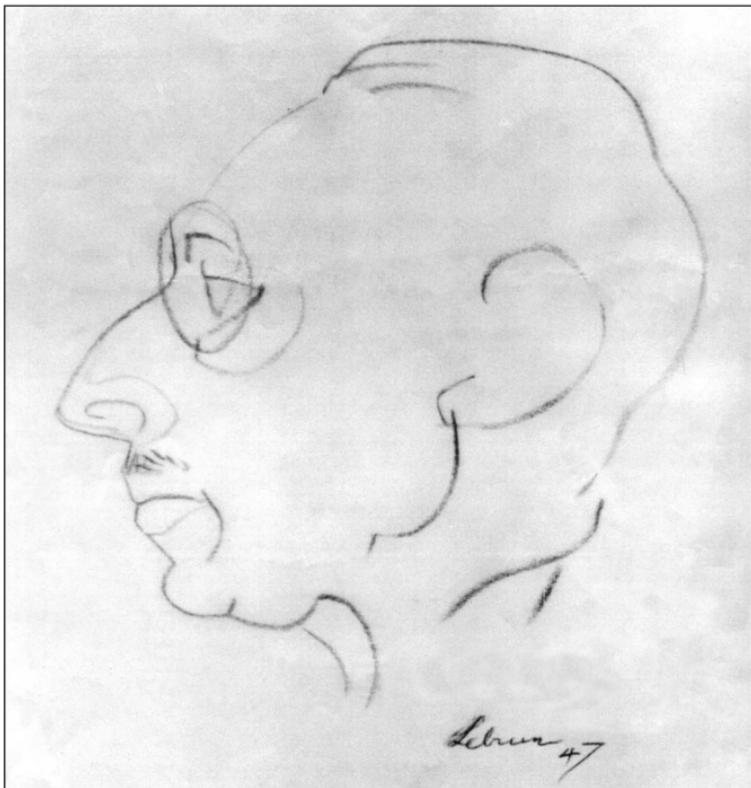
Let us live in happiness so that all men may envy us.

(The curtain falls slowly.)

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Oedipus Rex, based on Sophocles' tragedy, is an established twentieth-century classic. Employing a speaker, male chorus and orchestra, it represents Stravinsky's 1920s neo-classicism at its peak. *Les Noces*, an amalgam of ballet and dance cantata in four scenes for solo voices, chorus, four pianos and seventeen percussion instruments, depicts a Russian peasant wedding. One of two dance works that Stravinsky composed for Diaghilev that combine music with a text in his mother tongue, *Les Noces* is also his most Russian work, in which ritual, symbol and meaning on every level are part of his direct cultural heredity.

Igor
STRAVINSKY
(1882-1971)

Oedipus Rex*	52:21	Les Noces†	24:10
1 Prologue	7:51	7 Scene One	5:11
2 Introducing Creon	7:48	8 Scene Two	5:40
3 Introducing Tiresias	9:56	9 Scene Three	3:02
4 Introducing Jocasta	11:04	10 Scene Four	10:16
5 Introducing the Messenger	9:05		
6 Epilogue	6:38		

Edward Fox, Speaker* • Alison Wells, Soprano† • Susan Bickley, Mezzo-soprano†
Jennifer Lane, Mezzo-soprano* • Martyn Hill, Tenor*† • Joseph Cornwell, Tenor*
David Wilson-Johnson, Bass-baritone* • Andrew Greenan, Bass*
Alan Ewing, Basso-profundo† • Simon Joly Male Chorus* • Simon Joly Chorale†
International Piano Quartet† • Tristan Fry Percussion Ensemble†
Philharmonia Orchestra* • Robert Craft

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Russian Language Coach: Xenia de Berner • Pianos by Steinway & Sons, London

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