

DELIUS IN AMERICA

The Visual Impact of "A Village Romeo and Juliet" in Washington, D.C.

"Poetry without rhetoric; sound without uproar; reticence instead of exaggeration" is the way Sir Thomas Beecham described the music of Frederick Delius' "A Village Romeo and Juliet" in his biography of the composer. Sir Hugh Allen, principal of the Royal College of Music in 1934 said, "This is the most heartbreaking music in the world."

Most Delians agree that this work, composed in 1900-01, and "A Mass of Life" share honors as Delius' ultimate masterpieces. It had its world premiere at the Berlin Komische Oper on February 21, 1907 under the direction of Fritz Cassirer but has had few staged presentations since. The London premiere took place at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on February 23, 1910, under Beecham, followed by a revival ten years later in March 1920. Another production was presented in Wiesbaden, October 1927, and in 1934 the students of London's Royal College of Music impressed their audiences with a performance of scrupulous preparation, intimacy, and delicate beauty. During March 1962 in Bradford, Delius' birthplace in Yorkshire, there was a week's musical celebration on the centenary of his birth. It included a new staged production of the work under Meredith Davies, which was subsequently also presented in London as part of the fall repertoire of Sadler's Wells.

However, one feels quite secure in asserting that none of these productions realized the special, sustained atmosphere evoked by the score as successfully as did the one presented by the Washington Opera Society at the American premiere (71 years after its composition!) on April 26th, 1972 and repeated on the 28th and 30th. It was the final presentation of the Society's first season in its new home, the handsome red, white and gold, ideally proportioned 2,166-seat opera house in Kennedy Center, and was the combined inspiration of seven people: Hobart Spalding, President of the Society, Frank Corsaro, the famous opera director, Ronald Chase, the San Francisco artist and sculptor, Skip Palmer, Director of the Stage Techniques Corporation of New York, Nananne Porcher, resident Lighting Director of the American Ballet Theater, Theoni V. Aldredge, the New York costume designer, and Paul Callaway, Organist and Choirmaster of the Washington Cathedral, and conductor of those performances.

What we were treated to was something that could be paradoxically described as beautiful in an unearthly sort of way but at the same time totally real. The spell of the Delius music was heightened to an extraordinary degree by the warm, glowing colors in the changing imagery of the projections used in this multimedia system developed and perfected by Palmer and his associates. Gone were the canvas trees, one-dimensional forests, painted skies, flat vistas, tons of lumber and hardware. In their place were shown a production that could be transported altogether in a space about one five hundredth of that needed for conventional productions. Practically all of the attendant paraphernalia above and below the stage was eliminated. All the projections were simply pictures of actual landscapes or components of them. At no time were any geometric or free-form designs or symbols superimposed for didactic purpose, and at all times the combination of scenic elements was such that an enveloping effect, every bit as three-dimensional and natural as the appearance of the singers themselves, was accomplished.

In essence, the production consisted of 402 color slides and 4,000 feet of 16mm motion picture film, four projectors for the latter, and sixteen for the former. Approximately fifty percent of the evening was involved with effects created by slides,

and the remaining half by motion film or by a combination of the slides and motion film. Stage props were at an irreducible minimum.

Two stationery scrims were used. One just inside the proscenium, measured 44 x 22 feet and one somewhat smaller in the rear of the stage, approximately 40 x 20 feet. Between these was a performing space 34 feet deep. This space was occasionally intersected by a third, intermediate scrim to create the illusion of greater depth and density (e.g. the opening scene, a copse bordering the rival farmers' fields, when the stage appeared to be thick with trees and underbrush). Four slide projectors with powerful Xenon lamps were positioned in front of the house, along with one 16mm motion picture projector. Eight slide and four 16mm projectors were positioned behind the rear scrim, all with wide angle lenses because of their closeness to it. Except for the fair scene, only one of the rear 16mm projectors was used. For the middle scrim four slide projectors were positioned in front of it and overhead (since it was impossible to place them any lower without disturbing the audience's view). They, too, were equipped with wide-angle lenses focusing downwards and producing images of spreading triangular outline.

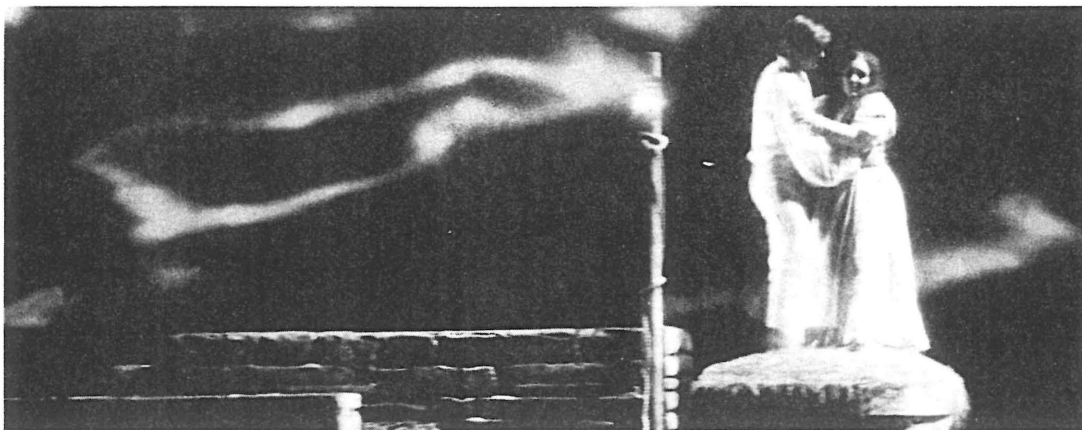
All sixteen slide projectors were connected in pairs to a master console. Every slide change, was pre-programmed on tape so that while Palmer and his operating crew of four followed the score, each predetermined combination of slides and projectors could be activated instantly on exact musical cue by the mere pressing of just one button. The 16mm projectors were operated manually. Pictures might be shown anywhere from a few seconds to a few minutes, and one scrim might retain its projections while the others went through several changes. At all times, however, two projections had to be made side by side to insure the proper breadth for the 42-foot wide image required to cover the front scrim completely. Because of the drastically shorter distance from the rear projectors to the rear scrim, four slides had to be shown simultaneously through their wide-angle lenses. The contiguous edges of the separate images were

DELIUS: A Village Romeo and Juliet

Sali ROBERT TEAR, tenor
Vrenchen (Vreli) ELIZABETH HARWOOD, soprano
The Dark Fiddler JOHN SHIRLEY-QUIRK, baritone

THE JOHN ALLDIS CHOIR
(Chorus Master: John Alldis)

& ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA
conducted by
MEREDITH DAVIES



The last scene from the American premiere of "A Village Romeo and Juliet," with John Stewart as Sali and Patricia Wells as Vreli (Vrenchen), presented by the Washington Opera Society at the Opera House, Kennedy Center, April 1972.

purposely somewhat blurred to effect a seamless appearance. With the succession of each pair of images (on the front and intermediate scrims) or quartet of images (on the rear) the previous ones in the same space faded out at the same time as the new ones faded in.

Each still projector had a carousel tray with slides ready to fall into place, and the lamps were regulated by an automatic control for the dissolving out-and-in effect. This meant that at the initial moments of change we saw, without actually realizing, sets of double images superimposed on one another. Singers wandered among lush beauties of nature, subtly complimented by Miss Porcher's lighting which never "bounced" off the floor or any other place to mar what was projected on the scrims. To protect the front scrim from any intrusion of light reflected from the musician's stands, a black scrim was stretched taut over the orchestra pit with only a small semi-circular cutout for Mr.

Callaway so that he could be seen by the singers as well as his players. The material was woven in such a way that although sound could easily pass through, light could not. The complete obscuration of the orchestra in the Bayreuth manner left us totally absorbed in the music and stage.

In the initial planning a year before the premiere, Corsaro voted the pictures for the slides and films be shot in the Appalachian Country of the U.S.A. Chase objected on the grounds that the scenery did not evoke the particular quality found in the music. So, he set off for Switzerland, the original locale of the 1856 Gottfried Keller novel from which Delius derived his libretto. He found the landscapes "too specific" but finally discovered just the right impreciseness he believes Delius had in mind in the Moselle Valley of Germany. He felt the mixture of German and French cultural elements conveyed a general "European" vagueness which he imagined Delius wanted, and proceeded to take several thousand pictures over a two-month period.

Those showing man-made aspects of the scenery, barns, haystacks, houses, etc., were made in five different small towns in the region. In each case, the avoidance of nearby contemporary structures, TV aerials, telephone wires, road signs, etc., was a paramount consideration. By extreme good fortune, a festival was in progress in one of the towns, centered around an old-fashioned country fair complete with garlands, dancers, and peddlers of all sorts of wares. We saw all of these elements brilliantly fused in the penultimate scene of the opera.

The musical interlude joining the fair to the final scene of the opera, The Paradise Garden, is one of the world's most beautiful *andantes* and was written for the world premiere to enable the stage hands to make the required changes properly. This ten-minute interlude is the most well known passage from the score and is performed in symphony programs under the title, "The Walk to the Paradise Garden." In opera performances it is intended to be played with a darkened stage and lowered curtain, but in Washington we saw the walk to the Paradise Garden. As

the lovers, John Stewart and Patricia Wells, looking their parts with an uncanny perfection, left the fair the stage darkened and for the next eight minutes we saw them as shadowy figures walking through a sylvan landscape of trees, flowers, streams, and wooded paths. Sometimes they would be lost to view and sometimes we saw them embrace, always surrounded with nature's magnificence. During the last two minutes of the interlude, the stage brightened again, and the real singers themselves were revealed approaching the Paradise Garden, the final scene of the tragic opera. This "Walk" was photographed in the parklands of Marin County, in northern California, and the filmed Sali and Vreli were, of course, models in the same Aldredge costumes worn by the singers.

The very last effect in the presentation was perhaps the most memorable, and the most moving. After Sali and Vreli left the Dark Fiddler (John Reardon) and his revellers, they went to the little hay barge moored to the river landing. They lay down on the straw and the stage darkened while we saw them drift downstream. The stage darkened more and through the alchemy of the Porcher lighting and the Palmer projections we believed we saw the barge actually sink, and finally there was nothing. This last, consummative moment was accomplished without benefit of sliding floors, trap doors, elevators or the like.

One left thinking how enhanced performances of "Pelleas" and the "Ring," for example, would be if presented with this technique, and how many converts would be won to opera with the improvement of its least likely-to-be-believed aspect, the visual. Although particularly adaptable to stories requiring out-door action, it could also benefit many of opera's more grandiose interiors such as Baronial halls, enormous council chambers, churches, cathedrals, throne rooms, heaven itself, and hell. "Mefistofele" begs for it, "Boris" would be a joy, and the second act of "Aida" would really be a triumph.

But so far, only Washington, D. C. and Seattle have seen what can be accomplished by this most radical and revolutionary approach. A year previous to "A Village Romeo," the Society gave a similarly brilliant production of Delius' "Koanga" but unfortunately before its occupancy of Kennedy Center with its technically superior resources and elegant ambience. (It is hoped an early revival is planned.) Ginastera's "Beatrice Cenci" which inaugurated the house was also presented in the same manner. In prior years, Britten's "Turn of the Screw" was the first opera staged by the Society with this technique and was somewhat experimental compared to the Delius and Ginastera productions. The Seattle venture involved the first staged performance of the rock opera, "Tommy." Although as this is written only 6,500 people have experienced the intense pleasure of this "Village Romeo" at three sold-out presentations, the future is bright for many more opera goers. In the fall of '73 Julius Rudel will present the same production by his New York City Opera Company, and within two years San Diego, Seattle, and Saint Paul will also have the pleasure.

—John Coveney

Mr. Coveney is Director, Artist Relations, Angel Records. He is perhaps best known to music lovers as a participant in the Opera Quiz, a continuing feature of the Texaco Metropolitan Opera Saturday broadcasts. The combination of his extensive knowledge of opera and his special affinity for the music of Delius brings a quality of uniqueness to his essay *The Visual Impact of "A Village Romeo and Juliet" in Washington, D.C.*

Recorded under the auspices of The Delius Trust ©1973 The Gramophone Company Limited Art Direction & Design: Marvin Schwartz Photo: Fletcher Drake U.S. Editorial Coordinator: Janice May Library of Congress Catalog Card Number 72-751131 applies to this recording.

- Side One
(29:40)
Scene 1
(band 1, 16:40)
Scenes 2 & 3
(beginning—band 2, 13:00)
- Side Two
(27:05)
Scene 3
(conclusion—band 1, 11:48)
Scene 4
(beginning—band 2, 15:17)
- Side Three
(29:14)
Scene 4
(conclusion—band 1, 11:24)
Scene 5
(17:50)
- Side Four
(23:18)
Scene 6
(23:18)

Total timings: 1 hr., 49:17

Complete on Two Records
Enclosed libretto includes English text,
complete recording cast, biographies of the
principals, and a foreword by Eric Fenby.

Recorded under the auspices of the Delius Trust

DELIUS

(1862-1934)

A VILLAGE ROMEO AND JULIET

Opera in Six Scenes



Conducted by
MEREDITH DAVIES

CAST

Manz, <i>a rich farmer</i>	BENJAMIN LUXON, <i>baritone</i>
Marti, <i>a rich farmer</i> NOEL MANGIN, <i>baritone</i>
Sali, <i>Manz's son</i> (as a child) CORIN MANLEY, <i>treble</i>
Vrenchen, Marti's daughter (as a child) WENDY EATHORNE, <i>soprano</i>
Sali ROBERT TEAR, <i>tenor</i>
Vrenchen	ELIZABETH HARWOOD, <i>soprano</i>
The Dark Fiddler	JOHN SHIRLEY-QUIRK, <i>baritone</i>
First Peasant	STEPHEN VARCOE, <i>baritone</i>
Second Peasant BRYN EVANS, <i>baritone</i>
First Woman	FELICITY PALMER, <i>soprano</i>
Second Woman	MAVIS BEATTIE, <i>soprano</i>
Gingerbread Woman DOREEN PRICE, <i>soprano</i>
Wheel-of-fortune Woman	ELAINE BARRY, <i>soprano</i>
Cheap-jewellery Woman	PAULINE STEVENS, <i>contralto</i>
Showman MARTYN HILL, <i>tenor</i>
Merry-go-round Man	JOHN HUW DAVIES, <i>baritone</i>
Shooting-gallery Man	STEPHEN VARCOE, <i>bass</i>
The Slim Girl	FELICITY PALMER, <i>soprano</i>
The Wild Girl	SARAH WALKER, <i>contralto</i>
The poor Horn-player PAUL TAYLOR, <i>tenor</i>
The hunchbacked Bass-player	FRANKLYN WHITELEY, <i>bass</i>
First Bargee	ROBERT BATEMAN, <i>baritone</i>
Second Bargee JOHN NOBLE, <i>baritone</i>
Third Bargee IAN PARTRIDGE, <i>tenor</i>

THE JOHN ALLDIS CHOIR (Chorus Master: John Alldis)

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

conducted by
MEREDITH DAVIES

Place of action: Seldwyla, Switzerland.

Time: Middle of the nineteenth century.

Six years elapse between the first and second scenes.

Recording Producer:
CHRISTOPHER BISHOP

Balance Engineer:
CHRISTOPHER PARKER

© 1973

Libretto engravings from: "Romeo et Juliette au Village," Publisher: Librairie L. Borel, Paris 1893
Illustrated by Luigi Rossi et Mittis "Collection Chardon Bleu"

DELIUS'S A VILLAGE ROMEO AND JULIET

A Foreword by ERIC FENBY

Composed in 1900-1 at Grez-sur-Loing, *A Village Romeo and Juliet*, Delius's fourth opera, was first produced at the Komischen Oper in Berlin in 1907, under the direction of Fritz Cassirer. It was given its first London performance in 1910 under Sir Thomas Beecham, and for a long while it was he alone who directed subsequent performances in England, notably the second Covent Garden production in 1920, that given by the students at the Royal College of Music in 1935, and several broadcast performances. More recently there was the successful revival by Sadler's Wells Opera Trust Ltd., conducted by Meredith Davies, at the Delius Centenary Festival in Bradford in 1962. The musical kernel of the opera, the poignant interlude known as *The Walk to the Paradise Garden*, has been heard frequently in concert programmes during the past forty years. Delius, acting on Beecham's suggestion, prolonged the original interlude to its present form prior to the last scene for the London production of 1910.

The libretto which Delius set, often concurrently in English and German, is based on a simple tale from Gottfried Keller's *People of Seldwyla*. It was prepared by Jelka Delius in the original German and lost something of its quality in her English translation. Several attempts have been made to improve upon this: the present recording uses that made by Tom Hammond for Sadler's Wells. As the title suggests, the story has features common to Shakespeare's play, but instead of a feud between aristocratic families, there is ruinous strife between neighbouring farmers over an unclaimed strip of land separating their farms. The rightful heir is a nameless vagabond, The Dark Fiddler, who, for his own reasons, haunts his land but never demands it. The real drama bears upon the frustrated love of Sali and Vrenchen, the boy and girl of the rival farmers, a tragedy of the spirit rather than incident.

The gigantic score reads: 3 flutes (the 3rd interchanging to piccolo), 3 oboes, English horn, 3 clarinets and bass clarinet, 3 bassoons and double bassoon; 6 horns, 3 trumpets, 3 trombones and bass tuba; percussion including 2 harps, xylophone, bells and gong; and the usual strings. In the stage production a solo violin, 6 horns, 2 cornets, 2 alto trombones, tenor drum, bells and organ are required on or behind the stage.

The instrumental counterpoint in *A Village Romeo and Juliet* reveals greater freedom of melodic flight in longer curves of cantilena, and finer shades of blend in the use of timbre, pure or mixed, than any work he had written before. There are combinations of woodwind and horns which in beauty and range of suggestion he rarely surpassed, save in such moments as the opening bars of the slow movement of the Double Concerto which are



FREDERICK DELIUS

clumsy on paper, ravishing in sound. And yet the progressions in Act III of *Koanga* (1895-7) which contributed most strongly to his development in the imaginative use of these sections of the orchestra are not to be found in the excerpts from the opera which were played at the Delius concert in London in 1899, one of the few occasions on which he had been able to hear his music. Another feature of the orchestration in *A Village Romeo and Juliet*, considering the size of the forces and the age in which it was written, is the sparing use of instruments, particularly the heavy brass. From first to last Delius's touch is assured and imaginative, with some inclination to paint rather than draw, as when, to take the simplest example, one woodwind timbre reinforces a vital note in a chord in the course of a progression played by strings, and then is silent. This was but another means of evoking the spirit of things, not depicting them. All this he did in his personal way, careless of rule or procedure, and prompted alone by his feelings. This absence of manner in applying his colours to a texture never predictable, enchants in its freshness. Nor did he ever descend to the level of "professional orchestration". He was an artist in sound always.

The intensity of Delius's expression warmed to the subject in *A Village Romeo and Juliet* in a contemplative attitude which no composer, past or present, could have equalled, and he had the power to communicate his vision. This contemplative attitude goes far beyond the reach of time, and far beyond the personal tragedy of Sali Manz and Vrenchen Marti of Seldwyla. The Dark Fiddler still hangs about his land, and his playing bodes no good. Our Paradise Garden is overgrown, and we too are children of strife. Delius was often criticized for his detachment and a self-absorption which lured him into musical bypaths which few can follow. The new kind of beauty he discovered may not please all, but in *A Village Romeo and Juliet* it ranges over experiences familiar to all.

Side 1

FIRST SCENE

It is a calm day in September. Manz and Marti are out with their ploughs. Marti, eyeing the disused land dividing their farms, takes in another furrow for himself as he turns, wagering that Manz on his side will be doing the same. Presently Sali and Vrenchen bring their fathers' mid-day meal, spread it out in the shade and run off to play in the wood. The ploughmen pass the time of day and take their lunch. Their children soon return, attracted by a man's voice singing in the distance. The singing ceases and in a while a fiddler hobbles into sight. Marti recognises him as the trumpeter's grandson and heir to the waste land. Being of doubtful parentage he has no rightful claim, so his land is to be sold. Sali and Vrenchen are alarmed, but the stranger bids them play on his land and leaves assuring them that no harm will come until the plough has levelled his plot. The farmers begin to accuse each other of filching strips of land. With tempers rising, Manz and Marti each take their child roughly by the hand and forbid them to play together.

SECOND SCENE

Side 2 THIRD SCENE

Six years have passed. The quarrels of the two farmers have led to lawsuits leaving both families ruined. Sali, longing to see Vrenchen again, returns to Marti's derelict farm, and the two catch sight of each other. They regard one another in silence, then clasping hands impulsively they recall their happy childhood and bemoan the feud that has wrecked their lives. Vrenchen is in despair, but Sali is hopeful and begs to stay awhile and say what is nearest his heart. She pleads with him to go lest her father return from Seldwyla and find them together.

Both realise they are children no more, and

their feelings for each other are plain. Sali tries to embrace her but she resists, bidding him go and meet her towards evening in the wildland between the farms.

Later the Dark Fiddler comes upon the lovers and quickly reveals his part in their lives, and the curse his land has brought. He bears them no ill-will now they are all beggars. They may come, if they care, and share his wanderings.

He goes and Vrenchen is afraid. She remembers full well what followed their last meeting. Sali, however, assures her that the man means no harm. Their idyll is short-lived for Marti, spying on his daughter, confronts them in anger. He attempts to drag Vrenchen away, but Sali opposes him. Marti sneers and the youth fells him to the ground. Vrenchen rushes to her father's side, believing him dead.

FOURTH SCENE

Vrenchen, sitting alone by a dying fire, prepares to spend the last night in her old home. She has just returned from taking her father to Seldwyla. The blow from Sali has crippled his mind. Shortly afterwards Sali appears, looking pale and dejected. The painful sequel to their last meeting has deepened their love, their sense of reliance on each other, and they decide to face the world together. It is now dark and their elation subsides. Vrenchen draws Sali to the bench by the fire and they fall asleep in each other's arms.

Side 3

They dream they are being married in the old church of Seldwyla. The bells peal and the choir and organ join in a chorale in blessing on the pair. Dawn breaks and the lovers wake to realise their joy was but an illusion.

Presently peasants are heard yodelling in the distance. Sali remembers that it is the day of the great fair at Berghald, and begs Vrenchen to forget all cares and share in the fun.

FIFTH SCENE

The fair is in full swing and a side-show is about to begin. Dancers appear on a platform outside the tent, the circus band strikes up and the crowd takes up the refrain. Sali and Vrenchen arrive on the scene and are soon recognised by a couple coming out of the inn as they stroll arm in arm round the booths. Sali buys Vrenchen his token, a cheap little ring. The lovers are now conscious of staring eyes, and the enticements of the showpeople add to their embarrassment. People begin to stream out of the tent as the show ends, and Sali and Vrenchen elbow their way through the throng out of the fairground. Hand in hand and lingering to kiss, they walk to the spot where Sali imagines they will be unknown—the Paradise Garden.

Side 4

SIXTH SCENE

We enter the Paradise Garden. Everything has run wild. A dilapidated little country house overlooking the winding river in the valley is now an inn, and lighted lanterns hang from the verandah in the soft summer twilight. A barge full of hay is moored at the water's edge. The poor horn-player, hunchbacked contrabass player and other vagabonds sit drinking with their women at a table in the garden, and standing in silence away from the rest, the Dark Fiddler watches the last glow of evening on the high snow mountains. In a while he joins the others who have been enquiring about his land. He tells them why it was judged to be heirless

and put to sale; of the hatred it has caused.

During his tale Sali and Vrenchen saunter into sight. The fiddler hails them and bids them join him and his friends. They all drink to the health of the lovers and Sali and Vrenchen are tempted to think that life might be kinder with these wanderers. The Dark Fiddler continues to press them and is joined by a female companion who, with an eye on Sali, jeers at Vrenchen and advises them to get married. They are much too respectable for the likes of her. Her sort of life would never do for them.

Sali and Vrenchen realise that what the woman says is true. Vrenchen kisses him tenderly and with the rising moon flooding the valley in soft and mellow light, the Paradise Garden is touched as if by a mysterious enchantment. A bargeman is heard approaching from a distance and his song finds responsive echoes in the lovers' hearts—

"Passing strangers drifting by,

Ho, passing strangers drifting by!"

They choose to be happy one fleeting moment and then to die. The Dark Fiddler appears upon the verandah playing wildly on his violin, and sounds of singing and laughter come from within. Sali beckons Vrenchen to their marriage-bed of hay, assists her into the barge, and withdraws the plug from the bottom. He throws it away, and the barge drifts slowly down the river.

The Dark Fiddler, now joined by his friends, points meaningfully in its direction. If ever there were moments when music expresses the inexpressible in words they are these, as the orchestra rises to a climatic chord, the boat sinks, and all is calm.

© Eric Fenby

Notes for the Bradford Centenary Festival, 1962.



Recording "A Village Romeo and Juliet" in Kingsway Hall, London

Libretto

after the story by GOTTFRIED KELLER
English Version by TOM HAMMOND

Side 1

SCENE I

Time. September. A piece of land luxuriously overgrown on a hill, the broad fields belonging to Manz and Marti lie on either side, though only a small piece of either field is visible. To the right, in the foreground, some shady bushes; to the left a brook with a bridge over it. Manz is cleaning his ploughshare.

MANZ (*somewhat in the distance and approaching nearer and nearer*)

Straight on, my plough, straight on!
The wind is fresh, the sun is shining!
Pull hard, old fellow, pull hard!
I'll plough the rich and rolling earth,
and make my furrows straight and splendid . . .
Pull hard, old fellow, pull hard!
Rich be the harvest summer brings us!
Hold on, good plough, hold on!
Your work is nearly done.
Now once again we'll cross the field,
Yahigh! see the clouds are flying fast!
Yahigh! Yahigh! Yahigh! Yahigh!

MARTI (*contemplating the wildland*)

'Tis such a shame to let good land lie waste.
By all the saints, I'll take another strip for myself.
Waste land belongs to no one.

MANZ (*yodelling in the field*)
Du-di-du-i, du-di di-i.

MARTI

There goes our friend Manz, a-singing as he ploughs,
I'll wager he has ploughed off another strip!

(MARTI goes off ploughing.)

(*Enter SALI and VRENCHEN drawing a little green cart containing the midday meal of their fathers. They spread it out in the shade of the bushes.*)

SALI

Come, Vrenchen, come!
Let's go into the wood and play.

VRENCHEN
Yes, let's!

SALI

I'll slay the giant King and set free the fair Princess!
Hark! I hear her calling.

(*Sali starts running off towards the wood.*)

VRENCHEN

Don't leave me here alone.
Give me your hand and guide me, I do not know the way;
and if the dragon comes and all the fearful demons,
I dare not be alone.
(*Sali returns and takes Vrenchen by the hand.*)

SALI

Don't be afraid, I'll slay them all!
(*They run off hand in hand into the wildland.*)
(*Enter MANZ*)

MANZ

Another little strip from off this wilderness and then it's
time to eat.
Haha! old fellow, hey!
Yahigh! Yahigh! Yahigh!

(*Exit MANZ ploughing. MARTI approaches, wiping his brow*)

MARTI

The children are nearby, they've brought our midday meal.

(*He goes towards the bushes and sits down in the shadow to rest before taking his meal.*)

Manz is still hard at work.
Here it is cool and shady!

(*Re-enter MANZ*)

MANZ

Good-day, Marti!

MARTI

Good-day, Manz!
A windy morning.
How clear and sunny!

MANZ

Yes, this is fine for working!

(*Manz sits down beside Marti*)

(*The children appear at the edge of the wood; they appear to be listening to something.*)

VRENCHEN

How strange the song of the wind among the tree-tops.
Hark, Sali! Perhaps the fairies sing there.

THE DARK FIDDLER (*in the distance*)
O wild lonely singer, thou fliest afar,
thro' the tangle of trees, thro' hedgerow and briar.
I follow thy song, I thy fiddler forsaken,
for are we not brothers, O vagabond wind.

SALI

A stranger comes along the path.

VRENCHEN

What a curious man, and how oddly he limps.
Come, we'll go there to meet him.

THE DARK FIDDLER (*now quite near*)

O vagabond sower, no farmer like thee.
'Tis mine, all this wildland, I gave it to thee.
Thou sowest the elder, thistle, and poppy.
Let this be thy Kingdom, thou wild, restless wind.

MARTI

How strange the wind sounds in the wildland.

MANZ

'Tis not the wind—no, no, a man is singing.

(*Enter THE DARK FIDDLER, playing his fiddle*)

MARTI

Don't you know him?
The trumpeter's grandson, the heir to all that land there.

MANZ

Soon 'twill all be up for sale, a bastard has no rights.

THE DARK FIDDLER (*to the children*)

Listen, my children, you need have no fear!
All this place shall be your own!
As long as the wind thro' the tangled thicket sings
no harm shall come to you.
Play all the day there, amidst my unploughed garden as you
will, you two,
but when the plough devours the last of all this land,
then you must beware!
My right is clear; but a vagabond and a bastard has no legal
claim.
The flowering thickets where warm nests are swaying
will fall to the plough.
The song of the birds will be silenced.
Those robbers will come here, both at once, to ravish my
kingdom, my home!
Who knows if the years will not have their revenge!

(*The Fiddler walks slowly away into the wildland and disappears; the awestruck children stand looking after him. MANZ and MARTI observe the retreating figure of the Fiddler and study each other with varied feelings and not knowing exactly what attitude to take towards each other.*)

MARTI

We two will be the only bidders for that land.

MANZ (*shrugging his shoulders*)

No-one buys a plot surrounded on all sides, by all your
land and mine.

MARTI (*with a certain irritation*)

You've not ploughed your furrow straight!
There by the boundary line!

MANZ

And here beside the stream, your own runs far too wide.

MARTI

Well, as for me, I would ne'er touch stranger's land.

MANZ

Each time you plough down there, you have taken more.

MARTI (*starting to his feet*)

So? You say that to me,
I know what you have filched!

Original Libretto © Copyright 1910 by Universal
Edition. Copyright assigned 1952 to Boosey & Hawkes
Music Publishers Ltd. for all countries of the world.
Reprinted by permission of Boosey & Hawkes Music Publishers
Ltd.



MANZ (*starting angrily to his feet*)
You lie, Marti, each single foot there is mine!

MARTI
I tell you, Manz, mark this.

MANZ
If the land falls to me, you'll have to pay me all.

MARTI
You thief! Just wait and see!
(*the children clasp each other in terror*)

MANZ
You scoundrel, hold your tongue!

MARTI
I'll have ev'ry foot returned!

MANZ
Ah! I will call for justice, you rogue!

MARTI (*striding towards VRENCHEN*)
Child, come with me. You'll play no more with him!

MANZ (*striding towards SALI*)
Sali, mark me well, never speak to her again!

(MANZ and MARTI each take their child roughly by the hand and depart in different directions. The children instinctively stretch out their arms towards each other and just before the curtain closes Manz and Marti stop and turn towards each other with a threatening gesture.)

SCENE II

SIX YEARS LATER

Outside MARTI's house; round about the house everything has run wild with neglect; several panes of glass are broken and the windows are pasted up with paper.

(SALI enters, looking longingly at the house. Presently VRENCHEN comes to the door and sees Sali. Their eyes meet and they gaze at each other in silence. Sali goes rapidly towards Vrenchen and clasps both her hands.)

SALI
Vrenchen!

VRENCHEN (*with downcast eyes*)
Sali!

Why did you come?
(*She bursts into tears*)

SALI
Only to see you again, for I could bear it no more!

VRENCHEN
Sali!

SALI
You gave your word to avoid me for ever.

VRENCHEN
Evermore!

SALI
My feelings have never changed towards you.
O Vrenchen, let us both be friends again!

VRENCHEN
Ah! friends again! and our fathers?

SALI
We're surely not to blame for what they've done in hate!
If only they'd not gone to court!
Of house and home, nothing is left us; we are beggars.

VRENCHEN
Yes, truly, we'll be beggars soon!
Our rolling meadows have all long since been sold,
the house decays, the roof is broken,
our herd of cattle is there no more!
It will never, never come right again.

SALI
If only we two always stand together, 'twill come right again!
Are you alone, Vrenchen?
My heart has so much to say.

Let me stay a moment longer to tell you all the longing
hidden in my soul.

VRENCHEN
Father's gone to Seldwyla,
I dare not let you stay here, for he will soon be back.
No, he must never find you here.
I daren't think what would happen, if he
should chance to see you.
(*thinking awhile*)
Each ev'ning I walk there beside the wood,
will you not meet me there?
(*They let go their hands*)

SALI
On the wildland?
(*With sudden impulse they clasp hands again*)

BOTH
You'll come then?
(*Sali tries to draw Vrenchen towards him*)

SALI
Will you? Yes?

VRENCHEN
Now go! I'll meet you soon.
(*Sali goes. Vrenchen beckons longingly after him, then turns and goes glowly into the house.*)



SCENE III

The wildland overgrown with red poppies in full bloom, surrounded by cornfields; in the background fields and small villages perched here and there in the hills. Snow-mountains in the distance.

Side 2

SALI lies on his back, waiting. Then VRENCHEN enters, unperceived by him. She looks at Sali for a moment, then calls to him and hides herself. Sali looks around him in astonishment, discovers Vrenchen and runs eagerly after her.

VRENCHEN
Sali!
(*They clasp each other's hands laughingly*)

SALI
Vrenchen!

VRENCHEN
Sali!

SALI
Vrenchen, all my secret sorrows vanish, like the snow before the sunshine.

VRENCHEN
The light of happiness has broken thro' the storm clouds and smiles on us with warming giance!

(THE DARK FIDDLER steps out from the wildland.)

THE DARK FIDDLER
You here? I'm not surprised.
I see you're still together, in spite of all that's passed.
You know me not, perhaps?—Tho' here you often played!
Behold the fiddler, the fiddler whose wild meadows your fathers stole.
I'm quite amused to see what all their greed has brought.
Now that we all are beggars. I don't hold you to blame.
If 'tis your choice, then come, see the whole wide world with me.
Thro' hill and dale we'll journey.
I'll show you both the way.
My guide the sun and moon, ever westward, o'er the sea.
The golden corn gives me my bread;
the rushing torrent sings me wild and stirring songs.
My bed the crimson poppies.

(He turns to go, but stops and turns once more towards Sali and Vrenchen.)

We'll meet again, that's certain, somewhere down Life's hill.
Farewell for now! Farewell!
(He goes off into the wildland.)

VRENCHEN
O Sali, I'm afraid!
What strange things he says!
Ah, well do I remember the day we saw him last,
for then the terrible strife was starting that ruined you and me!

SALI
Fear nothing, Vrenchen, the man intends no harm to us;
his wild and fallow land served for our hiding place in childhood's happy days,

BOTH
In childhood's happy days, before the strife began.
Say, shall we once more relive all those days upon the wildland?
Amongst the corn and poppy flow'rs, } I you { ran off to hide.

VRENCHEN
Remember? Then, you had to find me.

SALI
I had to find you.

(VRENCHEN weaves herself a wreath of red poppies)

SALI
I heaped the flowers on your head,
my own fairy queen you had to be!
Oh Vreli, how lovely you are!

VRENCHEN
You never looked at me before!
But I knew you so well!
Afair, unnoticed, I secretly marked and watched you, you rogue!
(*She dons the wreath and laughs merrily*)

SALI
Enchantress! You devil's daughter!
What game is this?
(*Vrenchen runs away into the cornfields*)
(*Sali follows her and brings her slowly back, grasping her hands; she resists faintly. Their lips meet in a long kiss.*)

(MARTI appears in the background, spying in search of Vrenchen.)
(MARTI now perceives Sali and Vrenchen in the cornfield.)



MARTI
Shameless hussy! What disgrace you bring on us!
That all his tribe should make us beggars too,
is't not enough?
(Beside himself with rage he rushes up to Vrenchen, seizes her,
and drags her away.)
Leave this place!
You come with me!

SALI
Let go! She belongs to me alone.

MARTI
Ha ha ha ha!
(SALI rushes after MARTI and fells him senseless to the
ground.)

SALI
Ha!
(Marti does not stir any more.)

VRENCHEN
Oh God! You've killed my father!
(Vrenchen rushes to her father's side and lifts his head into
her lap.)

SALI (imploringly and passionately)
Vrenchen!

VRENCHEN (in despair)
Sali, Sali, oh, what have you done?

SCENE IV

Interior of MARTI'S house. Everything is bare; only a bedstead
and a bench are left. VRENCHEN sits alone before a small fire.
It is almost dark. The door remains open throughout the whole
scene, so that one looks out into the twilight.)



VRENCHEN
Ah, the darkness has come,
ah, the last sad night in my old home.

Ah, quite soon the fire will be gone and I am left alone,
and I am left alone.
(Enter SALI, looking very disheartened and pale. He watches
Vrenchen silently, and unobserved.)

SALI
Vrenchen, my dear, my only love!

VRENCHEN (clasping him round the neck)
Sali!

SALI
Oh, how I have longed for you, my love!

VRENCHEN (passionately)
And I for you.
(They remain tightly clasped in each other's arms.)
O Sali, I should have died if you had not come to find me.
In spite of all, I love you evermore, my dearest, only
friend!
My love, my only friend!
For you are my life, you alone,
and friendless all would seem away from you.

SALI
O Vrenchen, I would rather die than stay away.
Oh let us forget the past and its sorrow,
this love we cherish shall reign triumphant, my dearest
heart!
Yes, all that now on earth for me remains, is you, my
love:
I live for you alone.

BOTH
Ah, how could I bear to live apart from you?
Death itself were welcome if I cannot be with you.
My dearest love!
My own dear treasure! { The only joy that here on
earth remains, dear { Sali,
Vrenchen, is you,
you alone, and all your tender smiling glances.

SALI
Vreli, I will leave you no more, so have no fear.
How pale you look!

VRENCHEN (disengaging herself)
I've come from Seldwyla.

SALI
I heard it in the village.
You took your father there today.

VRENCHEN
Yes, to the old men's home.
(She bursts into tears)
His mind has gone, poor man.
He laughed and sang the whole way there.
I never saw him so happy and so free from care.

SALI
Oh, Vrenchen, the fault was mine!

VRENCHEN
And now I am all alone!
I must leave at dawn.
This house, ev'rything has now been sold!

SALI
What will you do? Where will you go?

VRENCHEN
I'll go far away.

SALI
No, no, that cannot be! You cannot be parted from me!
For where you go, I follow, Vrenchen!
Vrenchen, my love!
(He takes Vrenchen in his arms)
Come, we'll journey together to the far-off countries,
none will know us there.
Oh Vrenchen, my own!

VRENCHEN
Oh, if fate would leave us free to wander like the gipsies,
carefree in the great wide world!
Onward, ever onward, Sali, Sali, my love, my dearest!

SALI

Yes, love, we'll wander together, far away!
Gay as larks we'll sing all day, as we take our way.
Like the larks in springtime, Vrenchen, my dearest!

(Vrenchen throws her arms tenderly about Sali and draws him
to the bench by the fire.)

VRENCHEN
Come, sit beside me here! Stay by me thro' the night,
we'll talk of our bygone days and so await the dawn,
for parting comes so soon.
(It is quite dark; the room is now lighted only by the flickering
fire.)

SALI
No-one can part us, we go forth together.
We'll wait for sunrise together, arm in arm entwined
throughout our lives,
throughout our lives.
VRENCHEN
Throughout our lives.
(Sali and Vrenchen sink into slumber. It grows dark.)



Side 3

The Dream of Sali and Vrenchen

(They dream that they are being married in the old church of
Seldwyla. The church bells are ringing in the distance.)

CHORUS (in the church: as though in the distance)
Lord God, before thy altar throne,
kneels, full of grace, this loving pair.
In mercy grant them joy yet unknown,
free be their hearts from sin and care!
Look down, O Lord, and guard them from all harm.
Amen.

Send thy blessing on this pair!

Praise ye the Lord evermore!
(The churchbells ring merrily)
(SALI and VRENCHEN are still asleep. Dawn begins to break.)
(Sali awakes and notices Vrenchen with astonishment. It grows
quite light and the sun shines into the room through the open
door. Vrenchen awakes.)

VRENCHEN
Ah, 'twas all a dream!
O Sali, what a glorious, happy dream!
Arm in arm, we walked down to the old church of Seldwyla,
it was our wedding day.
And all the people prayed there for us both and greeted us.
You were so grave, so handsome; I was so happy!
Yes, so happy!

SALI
I too have dreamt that dream of yours—how very strange!
O Vrenchen, this same dream will all come true!
Life's fairest gift of joy shall now be ours at last.
(They run to the door)

VRENCHEN
Oh, how I am longing for just one single day,
one single happy day to walk from dawn till dusk
through woods and fields beside you;
then to dance from night till morning,

PEASANTS (*in the distance*)
Hallo-i, hallo-i, hallo-ilo!

VRENCHEN
—dance at a fair where we are quite unknown.

PEASANTS (*in distance, yodelling*)
Dui di dui di di!

VRENCHEN
Oh, to be happy just for one day with you!

SALI (*enthusiastically*)
Come then, dearest Vrenchen, we'll go to Berghald today!
The famous fair will draw the people there this evening.
We'll make our way there gaily,
through fields and woods, beside the stream,
(and all our sorrows we will leave behind today!)

VRENCHEN
All our sorrows we will leave behind!

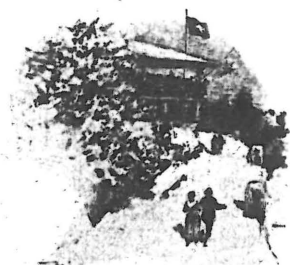
SALI
The folk are starting on their way.

PEASANTS (*yodelling, in the distance but now nearer*)
Dui-di dui-di dui-di dui-di . . . etc.

VRENCHEN, SALI
Hark how their merry song resounds!

Let us go!
Let us go! The sun is up on high!

(Sali clasps Vrenchen round the waist and they both run joyfully out into the sunshine.)



SCENE V THE FAIR

(To the left an inn, in front of which booths are erected. In the centre a raised dancing platform, to the right merry-go-rounds, shooting galleries and the entrance to a circus in front of which, on a platform, men, women and children in tights are playing antics to attract the crowd. The merry-go-rounds, shooting galleries etc. must be disposed so that many men appear to be behind. Peasants in holiday costume are circulating among the booths, and standing about before the attractions. Early in the evening the booths become gradually illuminated.)

GINGERBREAD WOMAN
Sugar candy! Sugar candy!
Come and buy my sugar candy!
Almond fancies, gingerbread!
Come and taste! Come and taste! Come and taste!
Come and buy! Come and buy! Come and taste!
Dainty cakes! Come and taste!
Come and buy! Come and taste! etc.
Nice and sweet! Come and taste! Come and taste!

WHEEL OF FORTUNE WOMAN
Try your luck! Try your luck!
There's a prize for ev'ry game!
Yes, there's a prize ev'ry time!
Take your chance! Win a prize! Fortune's wheel!
Try your luck! Win a prize! Take your chance! etc.

CHEAP JEWELLERY WOMAN
Come and buy! Come and buy! etc.
Golden rings for ladies, pearls and necklets,
coral bracelets, splendid and cheap!
Come and buy! Come and buy! Come and buy!
Rings for ladies! Very fine, only look!
Very fine! Rings for ladies!
You have never seen the like! Only look!

SHOWMAN
Step this way! Step this way!
Come inside! Step this way! etc.
Only fourpence! Come and see my show!
Come inside! Step this way! Step this way!
Hurry up! Starting now!
Step this way! Step this way! Hurry up!
Walk up! The curtain is rising!

MERRY-GO-ROUND MAN
Take a ride! Take a ride! etc.
Come and try my roundabout!
My horses are smart and fine! Take a ride!
Come along! Come along! Now's the time!
Starting now! Take a ride! etc.
only fourpence for a ride! Starting now!

SHOOTING GALLERY MAN
Hit the mark! Take a shot!
Try your luck! Come this way! Take a shot!
Good marksmen, come this way! Take a shot!
The bullseye wins a prize!
Take a shot! Hit the mark! etc.
Try your luck! Win a prize! Take a shot!
Take a shot! Take aim, hit the mark!

CHORUS
Ring, merry bells, gaily ring, merry bells!
Ding dong! Ding dong! Gaily ring! Gaily ring! etc.

(Girls)
All is so bright and gay!
First, let's go round the fair!
Then we can start to dance!
Come, boys, come along!

(Men)
Come girls, we'll take you round,
fine things are to be found!
Then we can start to dance!
Come girls, come along!

(The Showman disappears into the tent, followed by some of the players in tights, and some of the public.)
(Dancing now begins on the platform.)

CHORUS OF PEASANTS (*surrounding the dancers*)
La la la la la! etc. etc.

(From inside the circus handclapping and shouts of approbation are heard. Some of the dancers go into the show, others into the fair behind.)

(SALI and VRENCHEN enter, neatly but poorly dressed. Vrenchen leans on Sali's arm and they have the air of being a happy couple.)



VRENCHEN
Oh, Sali, look at those lovely, lovely things!

SALI
If I were still rich I'd buy you all those trinkets.

VRENCHEN
One little keepsake to recall this lovely day.
I am so happy, dear Sali!
Look, what merry people!
But first, I'll dance with you!

SALI
And I with you, but let us first go round and see the fair!
(The Showman appears again at the entrance to the circus.)

VRENCHEN
O happy day!

GINGERBREAD WOMAN
Sugar candies! Sugar candies!
I have lovely gingerbread fancies!
Yes! Come and taste!

WHEEL OF FORTUNE WOMAN
Try your luck, win a prize!
Win a prize, try your luck!
I can read the future that your stars foretell.

CHEAP JEWELLERY WOMAN
Come and buy! Come and buy!
Golden rings for pretty ladies!
Come and buy! Come and buy!

SHOWMAN
Step this way, the show is starting now!
Walk up, you're just in time!
Step this way! See the show!

MERRY-GO-ROUND MAN
Take a ride! Take a ride!
Choose your horse! Take a ride!
Take a ride! Now's the time! Now's the time!

SHOOTING GALLERY MAN
Take a shot! Hit the mark, win a prize!
Marksmen, come here!
Take a shot! Take a shot! Take a shot!

(SALI and VRENCHEN go off into the fair. The others ply their respective trades.)

(The showman disappears again.)

CHORUS OF PEASANTS (*girls*)
All is so bright and gay!
First, let's go round the fair!
Then we can start to dance!
Then we can start to dance! La la la la la!

CHORUS OF PEASANTS (*men*)
Come girls, we'll take you round!
Fine things are to be found.
Then we can start to dance!
Then we can start to dance!

(Some of the peasants go off into the fair; others join the dancers.)

CHORUS OF PEASANTS
La la la la, la la la la! etc. etc.

(A man and woman from Seldwyla come out of the inn: at the same time SALI and VRENCHEN approach the booths. The woman recognises them.)

FIRST WOMAN
Well well! What do I see?
Bless me! There is Vrenchen Marti and Sali Manz from Seldwyla.

FIRST MAN
Yes, good heavens, you are right!
They make a handsome pair!

VRENCHEN
Oh, what pretty ribbons!
Look, Sali, at all those lovely things.

SALI
If you like that so much . . . I'll buy it!

SECOND MAN
No wonder they're so poorly clad!

FIRST WOMAN
Yes, and I'll wager they're plighted, tho' they are beggars
now,
without a home.

SECOND WOMAN
But he is far too good for her!
That is not hard to see!
That couple ought to be ashamed!

SECOND MAN
I say the man's in luck, winning a wench like her.

PEASANTS (*inside the circus*)
Ha ha ha ha! *etc. etc.*
(*Boisterous applause issues from the show*)

VRENCHEN
Oh Sali, it fits me well.

SALI
And this fits me as though it had been made to measure.
(*Sali and Vrenchen now grow conscious of the notice they are attracting and become uneasy.*)

VRENCHEN
Why are they staring so?

SALI
Perhaps we both are far too poorly dressed for such a place!

VRENCHEN
Perhaps they know our story, and who we are.

WHEEL OF FORTUNE WOMAN
Come, my pretty lovers, turn the wheel of fate!

PEASANT WOMEN
La la la la la! *etc. etc.*
(*The peasants go towards the dancing platform, the women singing. As they pass Sali and Vrenchen they stare at them.*)

GINGERBREAD WOMAN (*to Sali*)
Come, buy some gingerbread just for your little bride!

PEASANT WOMEN
La la la la la! *etc. etc.*
(*Sali and Vrenchen become much embarrassed, at which the peasants laugh boisterously.*)

CHORUS OF PEASANTS
Ha ha ha ha! *etc. etc.*

MERRY-GO-ROUND MAN
Come on, try my horses!

WHEEL OF FORTUNE WOMAN
Come and learn what the stars foretell!
Within a year you'll be man and wife.
(*Bravos and loud handclapping issue from the show*)

CHORUS
Ah! —

SALI (*impatiently*)
Come, my Vrenchen!
We cannot stay here longer.

VRENCHEN
Yes, let us go! Look there! How all these people stare at us!
This is no place to dance!

SALI (*brightening*)
I know another spot not far away,
and not a soul will know us there.
'Tis the Paradise Garden, we can dance there the night
away.

VRENCHEN
In the Paradise Garden! How nice that sounds!

CHORUS
La la la la, la la la! *etc. etc.*

SALI
Come, let us go!

CHORUS (*girls*)
La la la la la, *etc.*

(*men*)
Ding Dong! Ding dong! *etc.*

(*People begin to stream out of the show and the players in
tights make their appearance again.*)
(*Curtain*)

The Walk to the Paradise Garden (*After a while the curtain rises*)

(*SALI and VRENCHEN are seen hand in hand on their way to the
Paradise Garden.*)
(*They sit down a little while on the moss. He takes her in his
arms and kisses her long and tenderly. They rise and continue
on their way.*)

(*The curtain falls*)

Side 4

SCENE VI

THE VAGABONDS (*in the distance*)
Dance and song, all day long!
Free as roving wind—
Hei-ja-hey! Hei-ja-hey!
Care is left behind.
Dance and song, all day long!
Echo will make reply.
Roaming on, ever on,
Unto the setting sun.



(*The curtain rises*)

THE PARADISE GARDEN. *To the right a dilapidated little old country house with a rather high veranda, situated in a beautiful garden run wild. Everything shows traces of bygone beauty. The house is now used as an inn. In the background a river flows by, and a barge full of hay is moored to the bank. The garden overlooks a long valley through which the river winds its way. In the distance the snow-mountains. The Dark Fiddler and the Vagabonds (the slim girl, the wild girl, the poor horn-player, and the hunchbacked bass viol player) sit round a table in the garden and a servant-girl brings them some drinks. It is evening: the veranda is lighted by lanterns, in the soft summer twilight. The Dark Fiddler stands with his back towards the audience and his hands on his back, at the back of the stage, and looks at the high mountains with the last glow upon them.*
(*Distant horn calls. The Fiddler advances to join the group at the table.*)

THE DARK FIDDLER
So I must tell you, how the strife began?
The old trumpeter of Berghald once owned that piece of
land.
He died, leaving behind a bastard heir,
who could never assert his rights.
For years the land remained wild, and fair it was to see!
The summer flow'rs bedecked with dew,
the autumn leaves all turned to gold.
Ah, the glitt'ring frost on winter nights
when every branch was set with precious gems.
At last it was decreed the land belonged to no-one.
Two wealthy farmers fought for the land.
Their savage greed brought strife between them.
With costly lawsuits they fought in bitter hate.

The struggle ruined them both! ha ha ha ha!
Their two young children, boy and girl, they played together,
out on the wildland, weaving garlands of scarlet poppies.
And then, one day they fell in love.
For the parents, strife.
For the children, love, . . .
who knows how this will end!

(*Enter SALI and VRENCHEN, holding each other round the
waist. At first they do not see the vagabonds.*)

SALI
The twilight closes round the garden.
No-one will know us here.

VRENCHEN
'Tis far more lovely, so.
What matter where we go, if you are near?

THE DARK FIDDLER (*advancing towards Sali and Vrenchen*)
We meet again, then!
My friends, be welcome!
If you're to marry, then 'tis I who will play for you!
But take my advice, why wait any longer?
Follow me and my comrades, to the mountains.
The air is so fresh and fine!
And each man goes his own way.
And for your marriage bed, there's scented, purple heather.
(*The Fiddler fills himself a glass of wine*)
Be welcome, once again!
(*The Fiddler fills all the glasses on the table and they drink
Sali's and Vrenchen's health.*)

THE VAGABONDS
Vagabonds and comrades!
We are free as air,
owning nothing, living nowhere,
la la la la! ha ha ha ha ha ha!
Ever roving, onward roaming,
free from ev'ry law! *etc.*

VRENCHEN, SALI
Are we not also vagabonds?
Outlaws both, forsaken, rejected.
Wand'ers with no home!

THE VAGABONDS
In rain and sunshine,
in storm and tempest,
for ever onward we go our way!
Wand'ring onward, we take our way,
for ever wand'ring, we go our way.

(*During the following THE DARK FIDDLER gets up on the
table and the other vagabonds dance around the table.*)

VRENCHEN, SALI
Oh, to wander, free from sorrow,
far away from all who knew us,
trav'ling the winding road.
For with you by my side,
what matter where we go! *etc.*
Let us wander on the mountains,
hand in hand through the purple mist below us,
we shall see the shadow land,
we shall see the shadow land.
Let us wander, wander, wander far away!

THE VAGABONDS
Ever roving, onward roaming,
free from ev'ry law! *etc.*
La la la la la! *etc. etc.*
Ne'er thinking of the morrow
when fortune smiles today.
Thro' life we sing as we journey
the road to the setting sun,
the road to the setting sun.
Like far-off visions new lands are waiting!
That life is living! Living!

THE DARK FIDDLER
Come and live with us and taste the joys of life!
The ceaseless toil, the bitter struggle leave to cowards!

THE VAGABONDS
Ha ha ha ha ha!
Ha ha ha ha ha!

THE SLIM GIRL (*to Vrenchen*)

Come with us . . . live in freedom!
And when you tire of this one here, well then!
(*looking enticingly at Sali*)
you'll find another waiting near.

VRENCHEN (*proudly*)
That I will never do!

THE WILD GIRL
Ha ha ha ha ha!
Silly goose! our gay life would never do for you,
you're far too prudish!
All of us are vagabonds!
(*The Vagabonds begin to go into the inn; the Fiddler remains behind.*)

THE VAGABONDS
Vagabonds and comrades!
Ha ha ha ha ha!

THE WILD GIRL (*turning once more to Vrenchen*)
Take my advice, go! Marry him!

THE VAGABONDS
Ha ha ha ha ha!
Vagabonds and comrades!
Ha ha ha ha ha! *etc.*

THE DARK FIDDLER
Both think it over now,
and when your mind's made up
we shall welcome you in there!
(*The Fiddler goes slowly into the inn*)

THE VAGABONDS (*inside the inn: the clinking of glasses and laughter are heard*)
Ha ha ha ha ha! *etc.*

SALI
What say you, Vrenchen?
Shall we follow all these people to the mountains?

VRENCHEN
That young woman spoke the truth;
we could not live as they do,
their way of life could never be ours.

SALI
You are right, Vrenchen.
Such a life is not for us.

VRENCHEN
Dear Sali, I knew 'twas so.
(*She kisses Sali*)

(*Whilst Vrenchen kisses Sali, a beautiful change comes over the Paradise Garden; the rising moon floods the distant valley with a soft and mellow light. It seems as if something mysteriously beautiful had touched the garden by enchantment.*)

FIRST BARGEMAN (*in the distance, and gradually approaching*)
Halleo! Halleo! In the woods the breezes sigh.
Halleo! Halleo! Down the stream we drift along.
Heiho! wind, murmur low.
Murmur low, murmur low!

VRENCHEN
You hear!
Now I understand!
This is the garden of Paradise!

SECOND BARGEMAN (*in the still farther distance*)
Oh—Heiho! Ho heiho!

VRENCHEN
Listen! The angels are singing.

FIRST BARGEMAN (*nearer*)
On these banks farms lie dreaming,
there men live and die in peace.

SALI
They are boatmen on the river.

FIRST BARGEMAN
We live on the dark green water,
passing strangers, drifting by!



SECOND BARGEMAN (*in the far distance*)
Ho—passing strangers, drifting by.
Ho—passing strangers, drifting by!

SALI
Passing strangers, drifting by.
Shall we, like them, drift away down the river?

VRENCHEN (*instantly grasping his meaning*)
Yes, drift away there for ever!
Dear Sali, oh how I love you.
I long have wished to sail away
but never dared tell you my story.
(*with conviction*)
I can never be your wife now,
but without you I cannot live,
let us then die together.

SALI
Yes, let us die together!
Yes, one short hour of rapture and then to die.
Would that not be a wond'rous fate?

BOTH
See, the silver moonlight kisses the woods and flow'ry meadows.
How the dreaming, silent flood,
slowly gliding, seems to call us!
Listen! Distant music!
Distant music, magic voices
softly echo from afar,
trembling, fading, dying in the last faint glow of day!
Yonder, where the echo lingers,
let us journey on the tide.

SALI (*pointing to the boat filled with hay*)
See, our marriage bed awaits us!
Come, Vrenchen, dearest!
(*Holding out his arms to Vrenchen, who rushes into them, they go towards the boat.*)

(*The DARK FIDDLER appears upon the veranda of the inn, playing wildly on his fiddle.*)

THE VAGABONDS
Lol lol lol lol lol! *etc. etc.*
ha ha ha ha ha!
(*Sali lifts Vrenchen into the boat*)

VRENCHEN
See, my flow'rs will show us the way!
(*She plucks the nosegay from her bosom and casts it into the river. Sali jumps into the boat and casts loose; then he stoops down and withdraws the plug from the bottom of the boat. The boat moves out into the stream, the inn and Paradise Garden disappear.*)

SALI
And our lives shall follow after!
(*Sali casts the plug of the boat into the river and then sinks down upon the hay in Vrenchen's arms.*)

VRENCHEN
Sali!
(*The boat drifts slowly downstream and reappears at a bend in the river, where it slowly sinks.*)

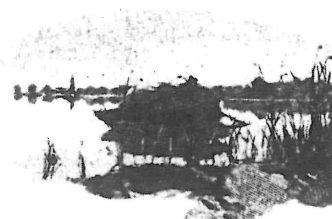
FIRST BARGEMAN (*in the far distance*)
Ho—passing strangers, drifting by.

THIRD BARGEMAN (*in the far distance*)
Ho—passing strangers, drifting by.
(*The Vagabonds join The Dark Fiddler on the veranda. He points significantly to the sinking boat.*)

FIRST BARGEMAN
Ho—heiho!

THIRD BARGEMAN
Ho—heiho!
(*The boat sinks.*)

END OF THE OPERA



English version © Tom Hammond, 1972

The Performers

ELIZABETH HARWOOD's first singing lessons came from her mother, a former R.A.M. student and professional soprano, until she went to the Royal Manchester College of Music, of which she is now a Fellow.

In 1960 she won the Kathleen Ferrier Memorial Prize and was engaged shortly afterwards by the Glyndebourne Opera Company. The following year she joined Sadler's Wells, singing the roles of Gilda, Zerbinetta (*Ariadne auf Naxos*), Mozart's Pamina and Constanze, and the Countess in *Count Ory*. Her Covent Garden debut was as Fiakermilli in Strauss's *Arabella*. There in 1968 she took part in the highly successful production

of Tippett's *Midsummer Marriage* and returned the year after to sing Gilda in *Rigoletto*. There followed a revival of *Midsummer Marriage* and a new production of *Fidelio*, both with Colin Davis. She is also closely identified with the Scottish Opera: her singing of Fiordiligi in *Così fan tutte*, with Janet Baker as Dora-bella, was widely acclaimed. This partnership was renewed in 1971 when she sang Sophie in a new Scottish Opera production of *Der Rosenkavalier*, with Janet Baker as Octavian.

Her first success outside England was as joint winner of the Verdi Competition in Busseto, Italy. Since then she has toured Australia with the Sutherland-Williamson International Opera Company, alternating with Joan Sutherland in performances of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *La Sonnambula* and *L'Elisir d'Amore*; travelled with the English Opera Group from the Aldeburgh Festival to Versailles and Stockholm, scoring a personal triumph in Handel's *Acis and Galatea*; and made frequent appearances in German opera houses including Hamburg, Cologne, Stuttgart, and during the Munich Opera Festival.

Further successes followed at the 1970 Salzburg Festival as Fiordiligi and Constanze, while in the spring of 1971 she sang Elvira in a new production of *Don Giovanni* for the Stuttgart Opera produced by Günther Rennert. Her performances at the Aix-en-Provence Summer Festival, where she sang Fiordiligi and Elvira in 1967, '68 and '69 won her wide acclaim. A more recent appearance was her début at La Scala, Milan, where she sang Constanze in four performances of *Die Entführung*.

Despite her busy operatic career she still finds time for an increasing number of important concert engagements in England, Europe and the United States. She has sung with all the major London and provincial orchestras and with several of the great European ones, including the Vienna Philharmonic and the Concertgebouw. Her frequent radio and television appearances have included a televised recording of *The Tales of Hoffmann* in which she sang all four soprano roles, with Charles Mackerras conducting.

ROBERT TEAR, born in Barry, South Wales, won a choral scholarship from the local grammar school to King's College, Cambridge, where three years in the choir gave him valuable experience in choral and solo singing. From there he went to St. Paul's Cathedral Choir as a lay chorister, and remained for eighteen months, subsequently embarking on a career as a soloist and soon establishing himself as one of Britain's leading tenors.

Apart from regular concert engagements at home and abroad, Tear has appeared regularly with the English Opera Group and is particularly admired for his interpretation of Britten roles for the company—Male Chorus in *The Rape of Lucretia*, Quint in *The Turn of the Screw* (which he also gave in Leningrad and Moscow during the company's successful Russian tour), the Novice in *Billy Budd*, the Madwoman in *Curlew River*, and Misaël in the first performance of *The Burning Fiery Furnace*.

Tear's travels abroad are becoming ever more frequent; he sings regularly in Germany, and in January and February of 1968 made his first tour of America and Canada, returning in December to sing in Berlioz's *L'Enfance du Christ* with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. In June he created the title role in the world première of *The Prodigal Son* at the Edinburgh Festival.

New roles in 1969 included an Aldeburgh performance of Gordon Crosse's new opera, *The Grace of Todd*.

In December 1970 Tear made his début at Covent Garden in the world première of Tippett's *The Knot Garden*. This was followed by a further appearance at the Garden in 1971 as Lensky in *Eugene Onegin*. Subsequent engagements have included a tour of Japan with the English Chamber Orchestra and appearances at Covent Garden in *King Priam*, *The Flying Dutchman*, *Khovantschina* and *Fidelio*.

BENJAMIN LUXON, a Cornishman, and as a young boy was well known in his home county. As a student he took both music and physical education, and gave singing lessons at the Guildhall School of Music in London with Professor Walther. In 1961, after a year at the Guildhall he was awarded a scholarship for singers.

His early successes came in Lieder; he was a prizewinner at the Munich International Song Competition, and this resulted in invitations to broadcast with several German radio stations. He was successful in this field in Britain and abroad, on London's South Bank and at the Aldeburgh Festival.

For the last nine years he has been a solo performer at the Aldeburgh Festival of music and opera. He has travelled abroad with the English Opera Group on several occasions (Aix-en-Provence Festival), Belgium, Canada and Australia. In 1971 he sang the title role in *The Dream of Gerontius* at the Festival. In March 1972 he sang for the Geneva Opera in Handel's *Berlioz's* *Ulysse* and made his Covent Garden début in the new opera *Taverner*.

Benjamin Luxon has a wide repertoire in five of Britten's operas; Ottone in *Poppea*, Amida in Cavalli's *L'Orfeo*, Guglielmo in *Così fan tutte*, Marc-André in *Eugene Onegin*, Rodrigue in *Wolfram in Tannhäuser*. His concert repertoire ranges from Bach to William Walton and includes German, French and English repertoire.

NOEL MANGIN, born in Wellingborough, made his first public appearance at St. Paul's Cathedral there, as a boy soloist, then until his voice broke he had a career as a soloist, broadcasting frequently for the Broadcasting Corporation. After studying with Drake, one of New Zealand's most famous teachers, he made his début as a tenor in a performance of *Messiah* in Australia. In 1958 he gave broadcasts and concerts in New Zealand, his voice deepened and he re-emerged as a baritone, singing Germont Père in *Traviata* and *Bohème*. A year later his voice finally broke.

After successes with the New Zealand Opera, he gave concerts, opera and broadcasts in Australia. In 1961 on a government scholarship he went to study with Dominique Modesti for one year, then undertaking a further year of study with Joseph Hislop. In 1963 he joined the English Opera where his many roles have included the title role in Verdi's *Attila*, the Hermit in *La Traviata*, Charon in Monteverdi's *Orfeo*. Tippett brought him successes in Prague, Brno, Zurich, and with the New York City Opera he appeared at the Bath Festival as Calisto under the baton of Yehudi Menuhin. He has since signed a contract with the Harrow Opera which has since been renewed and re-negotiated.

Mangin has appeared at Covent Garden in *Peter Grimes*, King Dodon in *The Marriage of Figaro*, Bartolo in *The Marriage of Figaro*, and in 1972 appeared again as King Henry VIII in Maxwell Davies' *repertoire*, in addition to roles as Pogner, Rocco, Kecal, F. Ludmilla), Colline, and Falstaff in *Wives of Windsor*.

JOHN SHIRLEY-QUIRK is a singer with an ever-broadening repertoire, and in the provinces he is in constant demand.