No. 6692
VASILISSA THE FAIR
or
The Prince and the Maiden
(Musical Fairy Tale)
For Chorus of Female Voices
and Soprano Solo
With Piano Accompaniment
Price, 25 cents net

No. 6693
THE THREE CAVALIERS
A Humorous Part-Song
For a Chorus of Female Voices
and Soprano Solo
With Piano Accompaniment
Price, 15 cents net

NEW YORK · G. SCHIRMER · BOSTON
VASILISSA THE FAIR or THE PRINCE AND THE MAIDEN
Poem by Karl Schindler and Deems Taylor, founded upon a Russian legend.

I

Lo! afar a distant host
Near the walls of the city walls,
See the gleam of lances!
Hark the neigh of horses!
Folk and gentry, hither hasten,
Open wide the gates!

All hail! the prince in youthful splendor
Enters the portals hallowed of old.
Far hath he journeyed, hither he cometh
Seeking the princess that dreams foretold.
Now in the market-place
Gathers the mighty train.
Proudly the king's son proclaimeth:

"Hi! my boyars! go forth through the city;
Summon ye here all the maidens!
Vashant boyars, go forth through the city;
Summon ye here all the maidens!"

Vasillisa, young and fair,
Crowned with braids of golden hair,
By her window, unaware,
Weaves from early dawn till night;
Ne'er was cloth so fine and white!

"Maidens, hear the prince's call!
Hither hasten, one and all.
Vasillisa! hide not thy pretty face;
Come and greet the prince in the market-place!

Hurry, hurry, pretty maiden,
Hurry, hurry, Vasillisa,
Hasten now to greet the prince!"

II

Now upon the market-place
Stands the prince, in splendor clad.
See his crown that glitters!
Mark his robe of purple!
Folk and gentry bow before him,
Chanting in his praise!

Behold, a train of maidens cometh;
Rich their attire, and heavy with gold.
Vain are their glances, vain is their beauty:
None is the bride that the dream foretold.

Gazing at every maid,
Seeking the promised bride,
Sternly the king's son proclaimeth:

"Go, ye boyars! Now search ye the city;
Find me the fairest of maidens!
Vashant boyars, go forth in the by-ways;
Seek ye the fairest of maidens!"

Vasillisa, young and fair,
Entered then the market square,
Saw the prince who waited there,
Laid her cloth, so white and neat,
Shyly, at the prince's feet.

"Raise thee, maid with hair of gold.
Hail thee, princess dream-foretold!
Thank thee for the gift of thy wondrous cloth.
Fairest one! To thee do I give my troth."

Vasillisa, happy maiden,
Vasillisa, little princess,
Hail thee, Vasillisa fair!

III

Now words may describe, no songs may recount
The splendor, the mirth, and the laughter.
Loud rang the town with songs and rejoicings;
Happy they lived, ever after!

Four Ukrainian (or Little-Russian) Melodies are united in this choral ballad, which describes one of the most beautiful Russian fairy tales, the story of "Vasillisa Prêkrânsâja." To explain how the idea of this application of folksong to tell a coherent ballad, was conceived, the arranger thus briefly tells the story of its origin:

"In July, 1916, I spent my days looking over the vast collections of Ukrainian folk-songs, which I had brought back from my trip to Russia. One of them, a mimic roundelay called the Tânoch Korolya (the King's Dance), appealed to me very strongly for its majestic beginning and its dainty, plaintive middle section. It belonged to the type of songs that are sung by the peasants (or by children) with accompanying dance and pantomime. The story tells of a king who approaches a city, who calls all the maidens of the town before him and desires to kiss the prettiest one. Then one of the little girls says timidly: "I walk alone, to the well I go, but I am afraid," and the chorus asks: "Of whom are you so afraid?" She, again: "Of the King, of the King!" And the chorus tells her gaily: "The King is not at home, only the Queen is there, so open the doors quickly!" As it happened, I read just during those days the fairy tale of the prince who went out to seek the girl of his dreams and found her in little modest Vasillisa, who spun the finest yarn and wove the whitest linen ever seen. There seemed to be a secret relation between the song and the story,—both the pompous arrival of the prince and the timid and coy-portrayal of Vasillisa appearing to be mirrored in the folk-melody. It was a comparatively easy task to join to these some other Ukrainian folksongs in order to fill in the missing links in the story—the martial melody for the sending out of the Boyars (noble guard), the short invocations of the chorus—and to compose a brief Finale, describing the pomp and circumstance of the betrothal. Only the poem was as yet missing, but with the collaboration of my literary friend Deems Taylor, the verses were quickly supplied, and the result of it is now humbly offered to the critical public of America."
Dedicated to my wife

Vasilissa the Fair

or

The Prince and the Maiden

A Choral Ballad

For Four-part Chorus of Women's Voices

With a Solo Soprano

Poem by Kurt Schindler and Deems Taylor

Founded upon a Russian legend

Allegro moderato (well accentuated)

Musical setting with free use of four Ukrainian folk-melodies by Kurt Schindler, Op.16, No.2

Hark the neigh of horses!

See the gleam of lances!

City walls, see the gleam of lances! Hark the neigh!

See the gleam! Hark the neigh of horses!
Hith-er has-ten, O- pen wide the gates! All
Folk and gen-try, hiv!
Folk and gen-try, hith-er has-ten, O- pen wide the gates! All
Folk and gen-try, hith-er has-ten, O- pen wide the gates! All

Tempo di Marcia

hail! the prince in youth-ful splen-dor En- ters the por-tals hal-low-ed of old.
haill the prince in youth-ful splen-dor En- ters the por-tals hal-low-ed of old.
haill the prince in youth-ful splen-dor En- ters the por-tals hal-low-ed of old.
haill the prince in youth-ful splen-dor En- ters the por-tals hal-low-ed of old.

Tempo di Marcia
Seeking the princess that
Far hath he journeyed, hither he cometh, Seeking the princess that

melody
(marcato)

Far hath he journeyed, hither he cometh, Seeking the princess that

mf
p
dolce

Più agitato

dreams foretold.

Now in the marketplace Gatherers the mighty train.

Più agitato

27881
"Hail my Boyars, go proudly the king's son proclaims."

"Hail my Boyars, go proudly the king's son proclaims."

"Hail my Boyars, go proudly the king's son proclaims."

forth thro' the city! Summon ye here all the maidens!

forth thro' the city! Summon ye here all the maidens!

forth thro' the city! Summon ye here all the maidens!

forth thro' the city! Summon here all the maidens!

*) The Boyars are the courtiers or lords of medieval Russia
Valiant Boyars, go forth thro' the cit-y! Sum-mon ye here all the

Andantino dolcissimo

Andantino dolcissimo

27881
Solo

*Va-si-lis-sa, young and fair,
Crowned with braids of gold-en hair,
By her win-dow,

un-a-ware,
Weaves from ear-ly
dawn till night,
Ne'er was-cloth so fine and white!

*The soloist should have a light, ringing bell-like voice, enabling her to sing her two passages softly, yet very distinctly.
Maid'ens, hear the prince's call! Hith'er hasten,

Maid'ens, hear the prince's call! Hith'er hasten,

Maid'ens, hear prince's call! Hith'er haste,

Maid'ens, hear prince's call! Hith'er haste,

one and all! Vas-i-lis-sa! hide not thy pret' ty face!

one and all! Vas-i-lis-sa! hide not thy pret' ty face!

one and all! Vas-i-lis-sa! pret' ty face!

one and all! Vas-i-lis-sa! pret' ty face!

hide not thy pret' ty face!
Come and greet the prince in the market-place! Hurry, hurry,

Come and greet him in the place! Hurry, pretty maiden!

Come and greet the prince in the market-place! Hurry, pretty maiden!

Come to the market-place! Hurry, hurry, pretty maiden!

Hurry, hurry,

Has - ten now to greet the prince!

Hurry, Vasi - lis-sa! Haste to greet the prince!

Hurry, Vasi - lis-sa! Has - ten now to greet the prince!

Hurry, hurry, Vasi - lis-sa! Greet the prince!
Now up-on the market-place. Stands the prince in

Mark his robe of purple!

See his crown that glis- tens! 

splen- dor clad. See his crown that glis- tens! Mark his robe!

See his crown! Mark his robe of pur- ple!
All bow before him, Chanting in his praise.
Folk and gentry bow before him, Chanting in his praise.
Folk and gentry bow before him, Chanting in his praise.
Folk and gentry bow before him, Chanting in his praise.

Tempo di Marcia
hold, a train of maid-ens com-eth; Rich their at-tire, and heav-y with gold.
hold, a train of maid-ens com-eth; Rich their at-tire, and heav-y with gold.
hold, a train of maid-ens com-eth; Rich their at-tire, and heav-y with gold.
hold, a train of maid-ens com-eth; Rich their at-tire, and heav-y with gold.

Tempo di Marcia

27881
None is the bride that the
dolce
Vain are their glances, vain is their beauty. None is the bride that the
marcato
Vain are their glances, vain is their beauty. None is the bride that the
dolce
Vain are their glances, vain is their beauty. None is the bride that the
dim.

Più agitato

dream foretold.

Gazing at ev'ry maid, Seeking the promised bride,
dream foretold.

Gazing at ev'ry maid, Seeking the promised bride,
dream foretold.

Gazing at ev'ry maid, Seeking the promised bride,

Più agitato
"Go, ye Boyârs! now Sternly the king's son proclaims..."

search ye the cit-y! Find me the fair-est of maid-ens!

27884
Valiant Boyars, go forth in the by-ways! Seek ye the fairest of

Andantino dolcissimo

maidens, maids, maidsens! maidsens! maidsens!
Solo

\( p \) (dolce)

Vasi-lla, young and fair, Entered then the market-square, Saw the prince who

waited there, Laid her cloth, so white and neat, Shyly at the prince's feet.
Vivo (a 3 battute)

"Raise thee, maid with hair of gold! Hail thee, princess"

dream-fore-told! Thank thee for the gift of thy wondrous cloth!

"Raise thee, maid with hair of gold! Hail thee, princess"

dream-fore-told! Thank thee for the gift of thy wondrous cloth!

"Raise thee, maid with hair of gold! Hail thee, princess"

dream-fore-told! Thank thee for the gift of thy wondrous cloth!

"Raise thee, maid with hair of gold! Hail thee, princess"

dream-fore-told! Thank thee for the gift of thy wondrous cloth!

Vivo (a 3 battute)
Più presto (a 2 battute)

Fair-est one, to thee do I plight my troth! Va-si-lis-sa!

Fair-est one, to thee do I plight my troth! Hap-py, hap-py maid-en!

Fair-est one, to thee do I plight my troth! Happy, hap-py maid-en!

Più presto (a 2 battute)

Va-si-lis-sa!

Hail thee, Va-si-lis-sa fair!

Hap-py lit-tle prin-cess! Hail! Va-si-lis-sa fair!

Va-si-lis-sa, lit-tle prin-cess! Hail, thee, Va-si-lis-sa fair!

Va-si-lis-sa, lit-tle prin-cess! Hail thee, Va-si-lis-sa fair!
Tempo 1° Allegro moderate

Now up-on her snow-white hand... Places he a ring of gold.

Tempo 1° Allegro moderate

Mark her robe of purple!

See her crown that glis-tens!

Mark her robe!

See her crown! Mark her robe of purple!

27884
All the bells are gayly ringing, Chiming in her praise! No

Tempo di Marcia

Broadening

words may describe, no songs may recount, The splendor, the mirth and the
Laughter. Loud rang the town with song and rejoicings.

Happy they lived ever after!

Gayly rang the bells,

accelerando

Happy they lived ever after! Gayly rang the bells,
Gayly rang the bells, Ah! Gayly rang the bells.

bells, gayly rang the bells, gayly rang the bells.

bells, gayly rang the bells, gayly rang all the

gayly rang the bells, gayly rang the bells and ever

Ah! Gayly rang the bells. Ah! Ah! Ah!

Hi! Gayly rang the bells. Hi! Hi! Hi!

bells, gayly rang all the bells. Hi! Hi!

gayly rang the bells. Hi! Ho! Ho! Ho!

Storybrook, L. I.
July 1817

27881
Folk-Songs of Russia in Choral Settings

By KURT SCHINDLDER

Mixed Voices

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6669 Little Duck in the Meadow (a cappella) 8
6670 The Goldfinch’s Wedding (Po. ad lib.) 15

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6689 Avraham, Avraham! (a cappella) 12
6694 Dunya, a Danube Song (a cappella), with Alto solo 12
6691 Vasilissa the Fair (a cappella), with Sopr. solo 25

Women’s Voices (4 parts)

6692 Vasilissa the Fair (Po. acc.), with Sopr. solo 25
6693 The Three Cavaliers (Po. acc.), with Sopr. solo 15

Men’s Voices (4 parts)

6665 The Prisoner in the Caucasus (a cappella) 12

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