Vasilissa the Fair
or
The Prince and the Maiden
(Musical Fairy Tale)

A Garland of Ukrainian Folk-Melodies
transcribed for
Eight-Part Chorus of Mixed Voices
a cappella
With Soprano Solo

By
KURT SCHINDLER
Op. 16, No. 1

Price, 25 cents net

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

I

Lo! afar a distant host
Near 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!
Valiant boyars, go forth through the city;
Summon ye here all the maidens!"

VASILISSA, 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.
VASILISSA! hide not thy pretty face;
Come and greet the prince in the market-place!
Hurry, hurry, pretty maiden,
Hurry, hurry, VASILISSA,
Hasten now to greet the prince!"

II

Now upon the market-place
Stands the prince, in splendor clad.
See his crown that glistens!
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,
Sterlynk the king's son proclaimeth:

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

VASILISSA, 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.
Fairiest one! To thee do I give my troth."

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

III

No 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 "Vasilissa Prekrásnaja." To explain how the idea of this application of folk-song 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-tunes, which I had brought back from my trip to Russia. One of them, a mimic roundelay called the Tvojok 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, so 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 daily: "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 VASILISSA, 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 VASILISSA appearing to be mirrored in the folk-melody. It was a comparatively easy task to join to those same other Ukrainian folk-songs 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

Ballad for Unaccompanied Mixed Chorus
With a Solo Soprano

Poem by Kurt Schindler and Deems Taylor
Founded upon a Russian legend

Musical setting with free use of four Ukrainian folk-melodies by Kurt Schindler, Op.37, No.1

Allegro moderato (well accentuated)

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Piano
(Only for rehearsal)

Near-eth now the city walls.

Near-eth now the city walls.

Lo! a-far a distant host

Lo! a-far a distant host

Lo! a-far a distant host Near-eth now the city walls.

Lo!

Copyright, 1917, by G. Schirmer
See the gleam of lances! Hark the neigh of horses!

Folk and gent - ry, hith - er has - ten, O - pen wide the gates! All

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

O - pen the gates! All
Tempo di Marcia

Hail! the prince, in youthful splendor, Enters the portals hallowed of old.

Seeking the princess that dreams foretold.

Far hath he journeyed, hither he cometh, Seeking the princess that dreams foretold.

p dolce
Più agitato

Now in the market-place Gather'd the mighty train.
Now in the market-place is gather'd the mighty train.
Now upon the market-place is gather'd all the mighty train.

Più agitato

"Hi! my bo-yars, go

Proudly the king's son pro-claim-eth:
"Hi! my bo-yars, go

Proudly then the king's son pro-claim-eth:
"Hi! my bo-yars, go

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

forth thro' the cit - y, Sum-mon ye here all the maid - ens!

forth thro' the cit - y, Sum-mon ye here all the maid - ens!

forth thro' the cit - y, Sum-mon ye here all the maid - ens!

Val-i-ant bo-yars, go forth thro' the cit - y; Sum-mon ye here all the maid - ens!

Val-i-ant bo-yars, go forth thro' the cit - y; Sum-mon ye here all the maid - ens!

Val-i-ant bo-yars, go forth thro' the cit - y; Sum-mon ye here all the maid - ens!
Andantino dolcissimo
Soprano Solo

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!

*The soloist should have a light, ringing, bell-like voice, enabling her to sing her two passages softly, yet very distinctly.*
Vivo (a tre battute)

Maidens, hear the prince's call! Hither hasten, one and all! Vassilissa!

Maidens, hear princes call! Hither haste! one and all! Vassilissa!

Maidens, hear princes call! Hither haste! one and all! Vassilissa!

Maidens, hear princes call! Hither haste! one and all! Vassilissa!

hide not thy pretty face! Come and greet the prince in the marketplace!

hide not thy pretty face! Come and greet the prince in the marketplace!

hide not thy pretty face! Come and greet the prince in the marketplace!

hide not thy pretty face! Come and greet the prince in the marketplace!

27880
Più presto a 2 battute

Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry, Vasilissa,
Hurry, pretty maiden, hurry, Vasilissa,
Hurry, hurry, hurry, Vasilissa,
Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry, Vasilissa,
Hurry, pretty maiden, hurry, Vasilissa,
Hurry, hurry, hurry, Vasilissa,
Hurry, hurry, hurry, Vasilissa,
Hurry, hurry, hurry, Vasilissa,

Allegro moderato (Tempo I°)

Hasten now to greet the prince!
Now up on the market-place.
Hasten now to greet the prince!
Now up on the market-place.
Hasten now to greet the prince!
Now up on the market-place.
Hasten now to greet the prince!
Now up on the market-place.

market-place. Stands the prince in

market-place. Stands the prince in

Stands the prince in splendor clad. Now upon the market-place.

Lo!

Lo!

See his crown that glitters!

See his crown that glitters!

See his crown that glitters!

Stands the prince in splendor clad.

Lo!

See!
Mark his robe of purple! Folk and gentry, bow before him,

Mark his robe of purple! Folk and gentry, bow before him,

Mark his robe of purple! Folk and gentry, bow before him,

Mark! Chant in his

Tempo di Marcia

Chanting in his praise! Behold, a train of maidens cometh;

Chanting in his praise! Behold, a train of maidens cometh;

Chanting in his praise! Behold, a train of maidens cometh;

Chant in his praise! Be hold, a train of maidens cometh;

Tempo di Marcia
Rich their at-tire, and heavy with gold.

Rich their at-tire, and heavy with gold. Vain are their glances,

Rich their at-tire, and heavy with gold. Vain their glances,

None is the bride that the dream fore-told.

None is the bride that the dream fore-told.

None is the bride that the dream fore-told.
Più agitato

Gazing at ev'ry maid, Seeking the promised bride, Sternly the
Gazing at ev'ry maid-en Seeking the promised bride,

Gazing now at ev'ry maid-en Seeking for the promised bride, Sternly then the

Più agitato

*Go, ye Boyars! now search ye the cit-y!*

*Go, ye Boyars! now search ye the cit-y!*

king's son proclaim-eth. *Go, ye Boyars! now search ye the cit-y!*

king's son proclaim-eth. *Go, ye Boyars! now search ye the cit-y!*
Find me the fairest of maidens!

Find me the fairest of maidens!

Valiant Boyars, go

Find the fairest maiden!

Valiant Boyars, go

forth in the by-ways! Seek ye the fairest of maidens!

Seek ye the fairest of maidens!

forth in the by-ways! Seek the fairest maiden!
Andantino dolcissimo
Soprano Solo

Vasilissa, 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 tre battute)

Raise thee, maid with hair of gold! Hail thee, princess, dream foretold! Thank thee for the gift of thy wondrous cloth! Fair'est one, to thee do I plight my troth!

Raise thee, maid, hair of gold! Hail thee, maid, dream foretold! Thank thee for the gift of thy wondrous cloth! Fair'est one, to thee do I plight my troth!

Raise thee, maid, hair of gold! Hail thee, maid, dream foretold! Thank thee for the gift of thy wondrous cloth! Fair'est one, to thee do I plight my troth!

Raise thee, maid, hair of gold! Hail thee, maid, dream foretold! Thank thee for the gift of thy wondrous cloth! Fair'est one, to thee do I plight my troth!
Più presto (a 2 battute)

Vasi-llis-sa, Vasi-llis-sa, Vasi-llis-sa,
Hap-py, hap-py maid-en, Hap-py,

Vasi-llis-sa, Vasi-llis-sa, Vasi-llis-sa,
Hap-py, hap-py maid-en, Hap-py,

Vasi-llis-sa, Vasi-llis-sa, Vasi-llis-sa,
Hap-py, hap-py maid-en, Vasi-llis-sa,

Vasi-llis-sa, Vasi-llis-sa, Vasi-llis-sa,

Più presto (a 2 battute)

lit-tle prin-cess, Hail thee, Vasi-llis-sa fair!

lit-tle prin-cess, Hail thee, Vasi-llis-sa fair!

lit-tle prin-cess, Hail thee, Vasi-llis-sa fair!

lit-tle prin-cess, Hail thee, Vasi-llis-sa fair!
Allegro moderato (Tempo I°)

Now upon her snow-white hand

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

Lo!

Allegro moderato (Tempo I°)

Places he a ring of gold.

Places he a ring of gold.

Lo!

Lo!

27880
See her crown that glitters!
Mark her robe of purple!

See her crown that glitters!
Mark her robe of purple!

See her crown that glitters!
Mark her robe of purple!

See!
Mark!

All the bells are gayly ringing,
Chiming in her praise!

No

All the bells are gayly ringing,
Chiming in her praise!

No

All the bells are gayly ringing,
Chiming in her praise!

No

All bells are chiming!
No
Tempo di Marcia (Broadening)

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!
Gay-ly rang the bells, Ah!
Gay-ly rang the bells, Gay-ly rang the bells, Gay-ly rang the bells,
Gay-ly rang the bells, Gay-ly rang the bells, Gay-ly rang the bells,
Gay-ly rang the bells, Gay-ly rang the bells, Gay-ly rang the bells,
Gay-ly rang the bells, Gay-ly rang the bells, Gay-ly rang the bells,
Gay-ly rang the bells, Gay-ly rang the bells, Gay-ly rang the bells,
Gay-ly rang the bells, Gay-ly rang the bells, Gay-ly rang the bells,
Gay-ly rang the bells, Gay-ly rang the bells, Gay-ly rang the bells,
Gay-ly rang the bells, Gay-ly rang the bells, Gay-ly rang the bells,
Folk Songs of Russia in Choral Settings

By KURT SCHINDLER

Mixed Voices

THREE HUMOROUS PART-SONGS: Net

6688 The Three Cavaliers (Po. or harp ad lib.), with Sopr. solo 15
6669 Little Duck in the Meadow (a cappella) 8
6670 The Goldfinch's Wedding (Po. ad lib.) 15

THREE MELODIES FROM OPERAS BY RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF:

6666 Amongst the Berries (harp, clarinet and flute acc.) 12
6667 Farewell, Carnival! (Po. ad lib.) 20
6668 The Spell of the Forest (Po. or harp ad lib.) 10

TWO TRADITIONAL YIDDISH MELODIES (with English version):

6690 Eili, Eili (a cappella), with Mezzo-Sopr. solo 12
6689 Avraham, Avraham! (a cappella) 15
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

New York · G. SCHIRMER · Boston