

The Nightingale

a Story from Hans Christian Andersen

Score

Alyssa Reit

Storyteller:

The story we are about to share with you is called The Nightingale. It was written by Hans Christian Andersen, a great storyteller from Denmark. Mr. Andersen tells us that it was many years since this story happened--all the more reason for telling it, so that it should not be forgotten!

#1 The Nightingale

Flute: *Freely* $\text{♩} = 96$ *mf*

Harp: *mf*

Flute: *mf*

Harp: *mf*

Flute: *rit.*

Harp: *mf*

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Flute: *mf*

Harp: *mf*

If one went walking in the garden, one would eventually come to a beautiful woods, which stretched all the way to the deep blue sea. In the pine trees that stood by the shore, there lived a nightingale.

#4 The Nightingale

Flute: *piccolo*

Harp: *mf*

This little bird sang so beautifully that even the poor fishermen drawing in their nets were compelled to stop what they were doing to listen.

Flute: *mf*

Harp: *mf*

"Ah, so beautiful!" they would say. It didn't matter how many times they had heard the bird's song. It was "So beautiful!" each time.

Travelers came from far and wide to see the amazing palace and garden, but if they also visited the sea, and if they also had the good fortune to hear the nightingale, they all said, "This is the best of all." Many of these travelers were poets and learned men who wrote about their travels, and if they had heard the Nightingale, they always put it above all the rest..

Now it happened that one of these books reached the Emperor. He enjoyed reading all the praises of his palace and garden, but when he came to the description of the nightingale... "What is this?! I have never heard of this! How can it be--a great treasure in my kingdom, and I am unaware!"

Long ago in China there lived an Emperor. This Emperor had a magnificent palace--they say it was the most beautiful thing in the world.

#2 The Palace

Flute: *finger cymbals*

Harp: *mf*

Right by the palace was an extraordinary garden, full of exquisite flowers. It was so large that even that gardener himself did not know where it ended.

#3 The Garden

Flute: *mf*

Harp: *mf*

Flute: *mf*

Harp: *mf*

He called his gentleman-in-waiting.

#5 The Gentleman-in-Waiting Sequence

Flute: *flute*

Harp: *mf*

"I read in these books that we have here a very wonderful bird called a Nightingale. They say it is the most wonderful thing in my entire kingdom. Why have you never told me anything about it? Imagine, that I only find out from reading a book!"

The gentleman answered,* "I have not heard a sin-gle word, with-in the court a-bout this bird."

The gentleman said, "I will seek and find it. Sire, to sat-isfy your great desire."

Flute: *tap on music stand with pencil*

Harp: *mf*

"I wish to have it here this evening to sing for me," said the Emperor. "Imagine, the whole world knows of this and I have never heard it!"

But where? Where was he to look? The gentleman ran throughout the palace,

#5B

Flute: *mf*

Harp: *mf*

upstairs ... and down stairs....

* The Gentleman-in-Waiting speaks in rhythm, with the half note beats on the underlined words. The accompanying percussion should be in time to his beat. It starts when he starts and ends when he stops. Speeches without designated accompaniment still have strong rhythm; in these cases the percussion accompaniment is optional.

asking all the courtiers, and ladies-in-waiting:
"Can you give me infor-ma-tion re-gard-ing the lo-ca-tion of the fa-mous singing bird? It's called the Nightingale, I've heard."

54 #5C
Fl. tap on music stand
Hp. repeat as needed
No luck. So he ran downstairs and upstairs ...

58
Fl. tap on music stand
Hp. repeat as needed
**asking the all the servants "Can you give me infor-ma-tion re-gard-ing the lo-ca-tion of the fa-mous..."
Again no luck. Finally he ran outside and inside.

62
Fl. tap on music stand
Hp. repeat as needed
asking even the guards and warriors "Can you give me in-formation..."
No. So he went back to the Emperor.

"Your Highness, I have made extensive inquiries and found that no one knows anything about this bird or how his singing goes. I must advise you, therefore, that this Nightingale is not. I fault the writer's pens for making up such silly rot. Your Highness must take greater care to question what you read. Such books can bend the finest minds towards foolishness, indeed."

** Same rhythm in this & following segment as previous. The speech is intended to cut off as indicated.

So they all went out and started walking (music starts), Gentleman-in-Waiting, courtiers, ladies in waiting, servants-most of the court, really--following the Kitchen Maid into the woods.

70 #6 The Walk Underscore Sequence
vamp until "...into the woods"
Fl.
Hp.

77
Fl.
Hp.

83 (lead audience moos)
Fl. As they went along, suddenly a cow started to moo out in the fields by the garden. "Moo, moo, moo!" They walked more.
Hp. music vamps until end of "moos"

One of the young courtiers said, "There it is! How amazing! What a great, powerful sound for such a small creature!" "No, no, no," laughed the Kitchen Maid, "Those are cows bellowing."

"Ah!" the Emperor cried, "but the latest book came from the esteemed and powerful Emperor of Japan! He is an honorable leader! His words cannot be untrue! Now go! Bring me this bird tonight or everyone in the whole court will have their toes tweaked after supper!"

The Gentleman said, "Your Highness, I will go right now, and find it (though I'm not sure how!)"

So he ran everywhere again, and this time half the court ran with him, as no one especially liked having their toes tweaked. They ran

64 #5D
Fl. upstairs and downstairs inside
Hp.

67
Fl. and outside forwards and backwards
Hp.

and finally! A little kitchen maid who none of them thought would know anything about anything so they never bothered to even ask her--she knew about the Nightingale!

"Oh, the Nightingale!" So beautiful! I have heard him sing so many times! When I go to see my poor sick mother who lives by the shore, I stop in the woods to listen. His song brings tears into my eyes."

"Little Kitchen Maid," said the Gentleman-in-Waiting, "Please lead us over hill and dale to see this famous Night-ingle. Our Emp'r/or wants to hear his songs; to-night the bird at court belongs. If you assist this in-quisition, I'll el-evate your job position!"

"Oh, of course! I will be happy to bring you to see him," she said.

88 (lead audience ribbits)
Fl. Then they heard a new sound: "ribbit, croak, ribbit!" Play frog guiro ad lib
Hp. music vamps until end of "ribbits"

"How extraordinary," said the Court Chaplain "It sounds like church bells!" "No, no, no!" laughed the Kitchen Maid, "Those are Frogs! But we are getting close." They came to the sea, where the fishermen were out in their boats, and the tall pine trees stood along the shore. And then! The Nightingale began to sing.

93 #7A The Nightingale in the Woods I
piccolo
Fl.
Hp.

"There it is!" said the Kitchen Maid. She pointed to a small grey bird sitting up in the branches.

The Gentleman-in-Waiting exclaimed, "That is it? How plain it looks! That wasn't mentioned in those books!"

"Dear Little Nightingale," called out the Kitchen Maid, "our great Emperor wishes for you to sing to him." "Of course, with pleasure!" answered the bird.

96 #7B The Nightingale in the Woods II
Fl.
Hp.

"I mean tonight at the palace," the maiden said. "Certainly," said the bird.

So back they all went to the palace. It was decorated specially for the occasion, with bright lights and beautiful flowers.

#8 Festive Palace

Fl. *flute*

Hp.

Fl.

Hp.

All the court was gathered in the Emperor's reception room. Right in front of the Emperor's throne was fixed a little golden rod, where the Nightingale could perch as he sang. Everyone's gaze was turned towards the little, plain looking grey bird.

And he began to sing.

One day a package was brought to the Emperor as he was holding court. On it was written the word "Nightingale."

"This must be another book about our famous bird," said the Emperor. But it was not a book. Inside there was a box, and in that box was a little mechanical bird, looking much like the real Nightingale, except that it was set with diamonds, rubies, and sapphires. There was a note tied to its beak, which read, "The Emperor of Japan's nightingale is very poor compared to the Emperor of China's."

The Emperor wound up the bird. Its little gold tail started to wag, it began to sing a melody, one very much like one of the melodies that the real bird sang!

#10 The Mechanical Bird

Fl. *piccolo*

Hp.

Fl.

Hp.

The Emperor was impressed. "Very good," he said. The nobles were really impressed, especially at the jewels which flashed as the bird's tail wagged.

"Oh, how lovely! Charming! Fabulous!" exclaimed all the courtiers. And one of them said, "The two birds must sing with each other! How grand that will be!" "Yes, yes!" they all cried, "Let's hear a duet!" So the Nightingale was brought out from his cage, and the two birds had to sing together.

#11 The Two Birds

Fl. *flute improvise freely based on Nightingale melody*

Hp.

#9 Nightingale Sings for the Emperor

Fl.

Hp.

Fl.

Hp.

It was so beautiful that tears streamed out of the Emperor's eyes, rolled down his cheeks, and dripped on his robe.

"This is so wonderful," said the Emperor. "You shall have one of my royal gold slippers to hang about your neck as a reward!"

"I am honored, Your Highness," said the bird, "but to see tears in your eyes is a rich reward and more than enough."

Well, everyone at court was so impressed with the Nightingale! He became the darling of all the nobles, as well as the talk of the town. So now the Nightingale had to stay at court. He was kept in a royal cage, and taken outside twice a day, and once at night. And on these outings he was attended by twelve servants, each one holding a ribbon which was tied to his leg.

Fl.

Hp.

It didn't sound very well—the real Nightingale always did things new each time, and the artificial bird could only repeat and repeat. But the royal music master said, "The new Nightingale is doing everything perfectly, every time."

So all the courtiers said, "Let's hear the new Nightingale again-it's better without the other one." And so they wound it up and played it again.

#12A The Mechanical Bird Sequence

Fl. *piccolo*

Hp.

Fl.

Hp.

They had the mechanical bird sing its song over...

#12B

...and over...

...and over...

Musical score for Flute and Harp, measures 153-162.

...dozens of times! They couldn't take their eyes off the new bird, the way its gems glittered and sparkled as it sang. They would have heard it even more, but the Emperor finally said, "Let's give the first Nightingale a turn now."

They looked around. Where was he? While they had been busy watching the artificial bird, the real Nightingale had flown off! Back to its own green woods, with no ties to its legs, and no cage!

#13 Freedom

flute

Musical score for Flute and Harp, measures 159-165.

Musical score for Flute and Harp, measures 166-172.

#14B Presentation

cymbals

Musical score for Flute and Harp, measures 180-189.

Everyone said, "Oh," and "Ah!" "How beautiful it looks! What amazing jewels!" -- and of course they applauded after its song. But the little cooking maid and all the fishermen who knew the real one well said, "It's quite nice, but there is something missing, somehow. I can't say exactly what."

The Emperor announced that the real bird would never be allowed back in court-- it was banished from the kingdom.

#15 Banished

flute

Musical score for Flute and Harp, measures 184-189.

Musical score for Flute and Harp, measures 190-195.

Musical score for Flute and Harp, measures 168-172.

Musical score for Flute and Harp, measures 173-178.

The courtiers were in an uproar! "What an ungrateful creature!" "How could it do such a thing!" "Imagine! To fly away from the Emperor so rudely!" "How shocking!" They all clucked their tongues and shook their heads. "Well, anyway, we have the best bird!" they said. And they wound up the bird again, and listened once more.

#14A The Mechanical Bird Again

piccolo

Musical score for Flute and Harp, measures 176-181.

Now the new bird was the great sensation. Most of the courtiers even preferred it to the real one, as it was so much prettier to look at. Besides, It could sing and sing without getting tired, and it didn't need to be taken out or fed. Even the music master said, "Oh, this bird is much better! With the other, you never know what you will hear. With this bird, you know just what you will get! Perfect every time!"

So the next week the artificial Nightingale was presented to the public with much ceremony.

Musical score for Flute and Harp, measures 196-201.

One evening, the Emperor was lying in bed, listening to the mechanical bird sing. Suddenly, he heard "Whrr, whrr" and the singing stopped!

"What! Can this be? No more music?!" He picked up the bird, shook it and tapped it, but the bird wouldn't sing. "Courtier! Send for my special physicians!"

The courtier sent for the physicians, and they all rushed over right away. They looked at the bird, and shook it, and tapped it, but they had no idea what to do to get it to sing again. "Send for the royal watchmaker!" they said. So the royal watchmaker was sent for.

#16 Watchmaker

woodblock

continue ad lib

Musical score for Flute and Harp, measures 202-207.

Musical score for Flute and Harp, measures 208-213.

After much examining and poking and fussing, the royal watchmaker was able to get the bird to sing again.

"But Your Highness, must be very careful from now on," the watchmaker warned, "to only play the music when it is absolutely necessary, as the mechanism is quite worn out. If the bird stops again, I do not think it will ever be able to start again."

So now the mechanical bird was only brought out to sing once a year. Everyone felt this was a great loss!

Time passed, many years. And it happened that the Emperor became ill. So ill, in fact, that everyone was sure he could not live. So sure, in fact, that a new Emperor had already been chosen. They were all sure the Emperor was very close to Death. So close, in fact, most of the court thought he was already dead.

#17 Almost Dead

Fl.

Hp. *Drum*

Fl.

Hp.

The Emperor lay pale and weak in his big bed, not moving, his eyes closed. The moon shone in through the window. The artificial bird sat on its fancy cushion beside him.

He could hardly breathe; he felt such a weight on him. He opened his eyes a little, and what did he see? Why, Death was sitting right there on his chest, holding the Emperor's Golden Sword, and the Emperor's Imperial Banner, and the Emperor's Great Crown!

And from amongst the folds of the velvet bed-curtains many little faces peered out, some lovely, some hideous, and all kinds in between. These were all the Emperor's deeds—the good, the not-so-good, and the ordinary—coming to remind him of how he had lived. "Remember this? Remember that?" they whispered to him.

#18 Terrified Underscore

Fl. *Sandblocks—slow ad lib, continuously with random changes of speed*

Hp.

It was unbearable—all the things they were showing him. He was very frightened. In fact, he was terrified!

Fl.

Hp.

The Emperor's blood coursed through his veins with new energy, and the color began to come back into his cheeks.

Fl.

Hp.

And then, an even greater miracle—Death began to listen!

"Sing more, little bird," said Death. "Only if you give back the Emperor's Golden Sword," said the bird. "It'd a deal!" said Death.

Fl.

Hp.

And when the bird stopped, Death said, "Sing more!"

"Only if you give me the Emperor's Imperial Banner," said the bird. "A worthy trade, a worthy trade," answered Death. So the bird sang again.

Fl.

Hp.

And when he stopped, Death pleaded, "Don't stop, don't stop!"

"Only if you give me the Emperor's Great Crown," replied the bird.

"Of course, of course, just keep on singing!" said Death. And now that they had the treasures back from Death, the bird kept on singing, but a different song. He sang about quiet churchyards, the bells ringing in the steeples, and the roses over the graves.

Fl.

Hp.

"Music! Sound the drums!" the Emperor croaked out as loudly as he could. "I don't want to hear all this! Music, I must have music!" But no one heard him. He turned to the artificial bird. "Sing, little bird, sing! Haven't I given you every honor? Sing, I say!" But there was no one there to wind it up, and the Emperor was too weak to do it himself. So Death kept looking at the Emperor in the face, nodding to everything the whispers we saying. All around it was terribly, shockingly quiet.

Suddenly! A burst of beautiful song!

#19 The Nightingale and Death Sequence

Fl. *piccolo*

Hp.

The living Nightingale! It had heard that the Emperor was ill, and had come to help comfort him and bring him hope.

Fl.

Hp.

And as he sang, a miraculous thing happened.

The whispering voices grew fainter and fainter. Finally they died away completely.

#20 The Churchyard

Fl. *flute*

Hp.

Fl.

Hp.

Fl.

Hp.

Death became so homesick for his own garden that he went up and out the window in a cold grey mist!

"Thank you, thank you!" said the Emperor. "You heavenly little bird! I treated you badly by banishing you! But now you have saved my life! How can I ever repay you?"

"You have already given me the greatest gift possible—the tears in your eyes when you heard my song the first time. These are like jewels for a singer. But now, rest. I will sing to help you regain your strength while you sleep."

The Emperor slept. And when he awoke, he was refreshed and well! The Nightingale still sat there, singing.

The Emperor got up out of bed and put on his imperial robes. "Dear Nightingale! You must stay here with me always!" he said. "You can sing whenever you like, and I will break the other bird into a thousand pieces!"

"Oh, no! Don't do that!" cried the bird, "That little bird did the best it could. Keep it. Your Highness, I cannot build my nest here and live in the palace—I must live free! But I will come in the evenings and sing to you. I will sing about everything in your kingdom—the good, the bad, the sad, the happy, the seen, and the unseen. However, you must promise me one thing."

"Anything!" said the Emperor. And he held his Golden Sword up over his heart.

"Do not let anyone know that you have a little bird who tells you everything. Our friendship needs to be private—away from all the glamour of the court. This will be for the best. Goodbye for now!" And the Nightingale flew off.

Meanwhile, the Gentleman-in-Waiting was speaking to the servants who had gathered to tend to the final needs of their poor Emperor, who they thought to be dead.

The Gentleman said,
"Now, treat the body with great care--
we mustn't leave him lying there.
It's time to say our last goodbye--
such a pity he had to die!"

But when they opened the door to the bedchamber,
there he stood, alive and healthy!

"Good morning!" the Emperor said.

#21 Finale

269

Fl.

Hp.

C Major Gliss. (F♭ & B♯)

ad lib continuous

275

Fl.

Hp.

C Major Gliss.

F Major Gliss (E♯ & B♯)

ad lib continuous

287

Fl.

Hp.

F Major Gliss.

C Major Gliss.

286

Fl.

Hp.

C Major Gliss.

290

Fl.

Hp.

C Major Gliss.

F Major Gliss.

293

Fl.

Hp.

C Major Gliss.

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