

Prelude to a Fable

Piano

from Four Fables after stories of Hans Christian Andersen

Words and Music by
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Allegretto

energetic

Adagio

f *mp*

6 **STORYTELLER** *lyrical*

Sto-ry -tell -ers, the wis -est spi -rits of each age, teach us tales. _____

11

Sto-ries filled with en ter-tain -ments.

14

Strange ex -o -tic tales. Won -drous tales. _____

18

Spec -ta -cles of words and worlds, and vi -sions' sharp de -tails.

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21

Poco più mosso

We are com - pelled to see our - selves in them.

mf *3* simile

24

A tempo

A mir - ror of our se - cret heart. Our fool - ish flights of fan - cy.

rit.

f

27

A tempo

Our foi - bles' face. The farce and fol - ly in our lives.

rit.

30

rit. Adagio

Sto - ries for the small - est, the young - est child - ren. Fa - bles for the tall - est who no

mp *3*

34 *rit.* *A tempo*

long - er are child - ren, — that we may find our - selves in them. As, for ex - am - ple:

Allegro *joyous*

38 *mf*

44 **STORYTELLER**

There once were two cas - tles on two loft - y hills. One dog was in be - tween. —

49

DOG A mea - ger ta - ble scrap or two ful - fill its choice cui - sine. —

Woof!

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54 DOG

Ah - oo! Ta - ble - scraps? Did I hear ta - ble - scraps! Woof!

59 STORYTELLER

When fan fares flou - rish from one loft - y height, then din - ner there is served. ___

63

Those fan - fares nou - rish our dog's ap - pe - tite, as Pav - lov once ob - served. ___

68

STORYTELLER

Our dog a-waits the
Ta - ble - scraps? Did I hear ta - ble - scraps? Did he say "ta - ble - scraps?" Please! Please? Please!

73

Meno mosso

trum - pet call. It's food is soon — for - seen. — One hun - gry dog ex -

DOG

Ah - oo!

77

molto rit.

pect - ing ta - ble - scraps, that's how we set this scene. —

p.

83

Adagio
DOG

Presto
aggressively

If dogs could speak, I'd sure ly say: — I'd ra ther have ta - ble - scraps a - ny old day.

f

87

molto rit.

ten.

A tempo

rit.

That's what I'd say, if I had my way. I'd ra - ther eat ta - ble - scraps a - ny old way. Cold ca - na - pe?

3

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92 **A tempo** **molto rit.** *ten.*

May -be souf - flè? I'd — ra -ther taste ta -ble -scraps. Slice of fi - let? Pi -quant pu - rée? Con - som - mè? —

col canto

97 **A tempo** **molto rit.** **Presto**

Give me my ta -ble -scraps! What's the de - lay? It's not so nice to munch on mice.

p with an easy lilt

102

Fur and claws and tail. ——— To dine on bird is most ab - surd. Fea - thers taste so

107 **molto rit.** **Presto** **rit.**

espressivo

stale. I'd ra -ther eat ta -ble -scraps a -ny old day. That's what I'd say, if I had my way. I'd

f *col canto* *mf*

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112 **A tempo**

molto rit.

ra-ther eat ta-ble -scraps a - ny old way. For fab - u - lous, fra - grant, fla - vor - ful, first - class food, I

117 **Andante**

Presto

glad -ly would stray quite far a - way, quite far a - way, but _ dogs can't speak! So? [Dogs sounds *ad libitum*...]

123

What's the de - lay? Ah - ooo!

128 **Allegretto**
as before

STORYTELLER

A fes - tive feast is sal - lied forth in - to one ban -quet hall. ____ And

133

from that cas -tle in _the north, there comes the din -ner call. _

Allegretto

139

DOG

Ta - ble - scraps? Wow! Bow - wow -wow -wow -wow! I

143

rit.

feel my ta - ble -scraps com - ing on! Ah - ooo! _

Andante con moto

147

STORYTELLER

While on his way to the north, _ the south -ern cas -tle's fan -fare cries a-loud.

152

Its ban - quet feast is set be - fore the south - ern crowd.

157

DOG
Tas - ty mor - sels to the north! Sav' ry vic - tuals in ___ the south.

mp

163

Now I must choose which one to lose? I'll scratch the north, and

168

Allegro

thus catch the south - ern ban - quet's crumbs. ___ Oh, Bow - wow wow! Wow - wow - wow!

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molto rit. **Allegretto**

STORYTELLER

172

Then from the north is heard yet once a-gain the
Bow -wow -wow! Wow! Oh, wow! _____

mp

176

call un-to their ta - ble. 'Tis thus our fu-ry co - me -di -an is

f *mp*

182

caught up in this fa - ble. **DOG**

Then a-gain, the north -ern folks do

mp

rit.

Allegretto

188

serve quite well, 'tis there I'll heed their din - ner bell. Oh, bow -wow -wow! Wow -wow -wow!

mp

Andante

STORYTELLER

192

And, yet once more, the south-ern call to
Bow -wow -wow! Wow! Oh, wow!

196

sup-per-time in blared. Our fam-ished cur is all a-stir and in its thrall en-

202

Allegretto

snared. DOG
I do be-lieve the south-ern folk serve bet-ter, fresh-er fare.

207

My chance, per-haps to snap ta-ble-scraps is bet-ter o-ver there! Bow -wow -wow -wow! Wow -wow -wow!

212 rit. . . .

Andante con moto
STORYTELLER

These bright fan-fares al-ter-nate from ram-part walls in the

Wow!

216

north and the south. Our se-cond-guess-ing dog

220

is all caught up with mere op-tions to fill its mouth. —

224

And so it goes. —

229

235 *rit.* ----- **Adagio**

STORYTELLER

DOG The fan-fares end, as all things must,

Woof?

mp

8^{vb}-----

239

and thus a-mend our he-ro's lust. For op-tions lost, like ri-vers ne-ver crossed,

243 **Allegretto**

in-sist up-on some cer-tain cost. DOG

Ta-ble - scraps? Bow - wow - wow - wow. Some -

mp

247

how, no chow. Woof? Ooo... _____

Adagietto

251

STORYTELLER

We are com-pelled to see our selves in him. One mir-ror of our se-cret

254

rit.

A tempo

heart. His fool-ish flight of fan-cy

f

VALLIN

256

rit.

might be our own. The farce and foll-y in our

258 **A tempo** rit. **Meno mosso**

lives. _____ Might we learn a les-son through such a mo-ral?

262 In such sim-ple sto-ries with which we can-not quar-rel? _____ That we might

265 find our-selves in them? **DOG**

Gr - r - r... Gr - r - r... Gr - r - r... _____

circa 11' 00"

Calliope