

For Cathy Plog

Anthony Plog

(*1947)

AESOP FABLES II

2013

CHAMBER OPERA

for solo treble and bass voices and string quartet

Full Score

1. The Mule (c. 3'30)
2. The Hare and the Tortoise (c. 5'30)
3. The Fox and the Billy Goat (c. 6'30)
4. The Wind and the Sun (c. 5'30)
5. The Mouse and the Lion (c. 5'30)

Durée/ Dauer/ Duration: ca. 25'

This work is in all its parts protected by copyright. Any utilisation without permission given by the publisher is illegal. This includes in particular copying, translations, microfilming, storage in and processing with electronic systems.

Cet ouvrage est intégralement protégé par les droits d'auteur. Toute utilisation sans autorisation de l'éditeur est interdite, ceci en particulier en ce qui concerne la photocopie, les traductions, le microfichage et l'enregistrement dans et le traitement des systèmes électroniques.

Das Werk ist in allen seinen Teilen urheberrechtlich geschützt. Jede Verwertung ist ohne Zustimmung des Verlages unzulässig. Das gilt insbesondere für Vervielfältigung, Übersetzung, Mikroverfilmung, Einspeicherung in und Verarbeitung durch elektronische Systeme.

String parts available: / Parties de cordes obtainable: / Streicherstimmen erhältlich: Ref. OPER4c

Vocal score with piano reduction available / Voix avec réduction de piano obtainable: / Soli mit Klavierauszug erhältlich: Ref. OPER4c

Cover / couverture / Umschlag:

Conception: Atelier IDC (illustration: Adobe Stock)

Editions Bim

P.O. BOX - CH-1674 VUARMARENS / SWITZERLAND

© +41- (0)21 909 10 00 — FAX: +41- (0)21 909 10 09

email: order@editions-bim.com - <http://www.editions-bim.com>

L'oeuvre

Avant Aristote (384-322 av. J.C.) et Platon (c.428-c.348 av. J.C.), avant Bouddha (VI ou V s. av. J.C.) ou Confucius (551-479 av. J.C.), à une époque où le calendrier comptait dix mois, l'année 354 jours et où les gens mesuraient le temps d'après le soleil, l'écrivain grec Ésope (fin VII et début VIe s. av. J.C.) racontait ses fables. Il est né esclave dans l'ancien pays de Phrygie (aujourd'hui Turquie) et en fut libéré grâce à ses fameuses fables racontant les faiblesses et défaillances du genre humain en camouflant ses personnages en animaux.

En l'an 560 av. J.C., âgé de 60 ans et en mission à l'Oracle de Delphes ses récits lui valurent également la mort. Les Delphiens, profondément offensés par les sarcasmes mordants qu'il leur adressa dans l'une de ses fables, le jetèrent d'une falaise à proximité de la cité. Inspiré par le fond de cinq de ces fables, Anthony Plog a conçu ses propres textes, adaptés à sa musique.

The work

Before Aristotle (384-322 B.C.) and Plato (c.428-c.348 B.C.), before Buddha (VI or V c. B.C.) and Confucius (551-479 B.C.), in an age when the calendar had ten months, the year had 354 days, and people told time with a sun dial, Aesop (end of VII, beginning VI c. B.C.) told his fables. He was born into slavery in the ancient country of Phrygia (now Turkey) and earned freedom by exposing the foibles and failings of human character through the telling of "beast tales".

In the year 560 B.C., when Aesop was 60 years old, the telling also earned him his death while on a mission to the Oracle at Delphi. The Delphians, deeply offended by the critical sarcasm directed at them in one of his fables, hurled him to his death from a cliff outside the city.

Inspired by five of these fables, Anthony Plog has written a text based on these fables that he has then set to music.

Das Werk

Vor Aristoteles (384-322 v. Chr.) und Plato (c. 428-c. 348 v. Chr.), vor Buddha (VI oder V s. v.Chr.) und Konfuzius (551-479 v. Chr.), in einer Zeit wo der Kalender zehn Monate zählte, das Jahr 354 Tage und die Zeit nach der Sonne ermisst wurde, erzählte der griechische Dichter Aesop (Ende VII. u. VI. Jh. v. Chr.) seine Fabeln als Sklave im alten Larissa (heute Türkei) geboren und befreit Dank seiner Fabeln die die Schwächen und Irrsinnigkeit der Menschheit darstellten.

Anno 560 v. Chr., als der alte Aesop beim Orakel von Delphi sprach, wurden ihm seine Fabeln zum tödlichen Verurteilnis. Die Anwesenden, gekränkt vom bissigen Sarkasmus seiner Fabeln, stiessen ihn von der Stadt von einem Felsen. Anthony Plog hat sich von diesen Fabeln inspiriert, seine Texte gestaltet und sie in Musik angepasst.

AESOP FABLES II

Chamber opera for solo treble and bass voices and string quartet
(2013 – ca. 25 minutes)

Music and text**: **Anthony Plog** (*1947)
**freely inspired by Aesop (620-560 BCE)

I. The Mule

It's me. It's me, the mule.

[Spoken] **But before you laugh, you should know this: I'm royalty I'm not just a mule - can't you see?**

I hate to gloat, but when I run I float. I am a thing of beauty, can't you see? It's me, the mule, and I'm so cool. Perhaps you'd like to know how I became so vain. Just ask and I will tell you how I turned out. My destiny comes from the family tree, so can't you see I'm born of royalty, because my mother is a horse and she loves to race, and that explains my style and grace. She was the best and better than the rest, she was a champion and not an ordinary mule, and so I like to dance and prance. I'll demonstrate why I'm so great right now. Don't I just glide when I hit my stride?

Nobility, it is the key that let's me be what I can be, of course my mother was a horse, and that explains my source that let's me be so free, now can't you see my pride is in my stride. See how I dance, see how I am so very beautiful, I am so capable. Now see me run, isn't this fun, I'll show you why I'm second to none. I have such style and grace. No one can run at my pace. And when I run it is like I have wind in my sail. In no way I can fail, but I'm feeling so beat. It must be just the heat that makes me slow. Where's the flog? I can't move. Lost the groove. What is wrong?

I should have remembered that even though my mother was a race horse, my father was a donkey. I guess there are two sides to every truth.

II. The Hare and the Tortoise

Hare: Such a lovely day, if I have my way I'll stay in town, find a place safe and sound where I will relax. And I'll have a jolly time, it will be fine, but what is this I see that plods ... in ... front of me?

Tortoise: I am the tortoise.

Hare: You are so ugly. And so slow.

Tortoise: I may be slow, but I can beat you in a race.

Hare: Beat me in a race? Have you lost your mind? Look me in the face because I'm one of a kind.

Tortoise: Kindly Sir, I think you might have guessed I may not be the best, I may be small, not tall. I can't win this race.

Hare: Have you gone crazy or is your mind a little hazy? I'm so much better, I'm so great from head to tail. I can't win from paw to paw.

Tortoise: I'm sort of slow, but as you know I will not quit.

Hare: So let's begin the race, pick up the pace, can you get moving? Now could you do your part, I'll start, 'cause I am grooving, and they say that haste makes waste, but that's a lie, I'll show you why, I'll show you a show and you're so slow, I am the best, you're such a pest, get ready, steady, one, two, three, let's go. I'm so fast, see me run and I'm having so much fun, what a joke, what a foe, my opponent is so slow. So you can't win. I'm the winner, me who will win the race, not he.

Tortoise: I may be slow, I'm the Tortoise but I'll win this race.

Hare: [spoken:] *Whew, I'm fast! I can't even see the tortoise now, so ... why not take a break? I thi*

some grass ... And why not drink some water? I still don't see him. Boy, is he slow! No rush now, so I think I'll stretch out a little. [*lies down falls asleep*]

Tortoise: I know I'm slow, he's fast, so my task is just to be consistent and always be persistent, don't stop.

Hare: [*begins to wake up*] What happened? I fell asleep so deep, what do I see? Can it be he? [*spoken:*] *The tortoise has passed me!*

Hare: I'm slow but steady.

Hare: Step on the gas, I'll make a dash. How can this be? What do I see? Can it be him? How did he win? [*Tortoise crosses the finish line.*]

Violin 1: [*spoken:*] *Slow but steady wins the race.*

III. The Fox and The (Billy) Goat

Violin 1 [*spoken:*] *One day a very thirsty fox came upon a well in the forest.*

Fox: [*smells the ground, searching*] Where can I find some water? I'm so thirsty, I can smell it near me. [*follows his nose into a well*]. Cool, cool water tastes so good, it's so fresh, it's the best in these woods. Now it's time to find myself some food [*climbs up, falls down*]. One foot above the other and here we go ... [*slips well out*] ... [*and falls into the well*] ... down. [*pause*] Oh, oh. [*he tries again.....slips again.....and is trapped, so what can I do?*] [*sits down to think - then he hears, from a distance, and getting closer.*]

Billy Goat: As I make my way along the forest path today I see it's time that I begin another rhyme.

Fox: [*spoken:*] What was that?

Billy Goat: What is that just here in front of me, which is beside that old oak tree? It is a well, I can hear water. What is that I hear from far below, and could it be a friend or foe, in any case I can't say no. [*stops, looks into the well in puzzlement and says:*] Hey, what are you doing down in that well, Mister Fox?

Violin 1 [*spoken:*] *Being a Billy Goat, that was the most intelligent thing he could think to say.*

Fox: Hey, join me for a drink. Climb on down, it's not as deep as you would really think. You'd be on top and on your way in just a wink.

Billy Goat: [*The Billy Goat can't resist, climbs into the well, and begins to drink*]. This is so good. I'm late. So where is the gate?

Fox: So where is the gate?

Billy Goat: Yes, where is the gate?

Fox: Gate? There is no gate.

Billy Goat: What? So we're stuck in here, that much is quite clear.

Fox: Clearly you have no imagination.

Billy Goat: What?

Fox: All you need is some determination.

Billy Goat: What?

Fox: [*thinks to himself, comes up with an idea*] First you put your feet up here. Put them up again. This will work, please have no fear, I promise that I will not fail. Then you point your head up and your horns I will then climb. To the top I then will try to go, so please give me a big heave-ho, now it's getting late, let's go, we shouldn't wait.

Billy Goat: [*the Billy Goat ponders this, then ...*] Do you think we really can escape?

Fox: Yes, I do because I know that freedom is our fate.

Billy Goat: It's our fate?

Fox: [*nods yes*]

Billy Goat: Then let's escape!

Fox: Step right here, up we go, have no fear, and we are going to find a way out. Up and up shows that we're stuck, this is tough, huff and puff, what a fight. We'll succeed in this deed, but I need your help, so please hold your hands just like a cup, and now lift me up, so don't you see you're the key, one more push and I am out!

Fox and Billy Goat: Whew!

Fox: [*pause, then:*] Hey!

Billy Goat: We made it, we made it, we made it! We did it, we did it, we did it!

Fox: I made it, I made it, I made it!

Billy Goat: What?

Fox: I made it, I made it, I made it! [*begins to walk away*]

Billy Goat: Wait! Wait! Mister Fox, please come back here to me, I beg that you will set me free.

Fox: [*the Fox comes back, looks down the well, and sings ...*] Ha! You old Billy Goat, you are such a joke because you cannot think ahead, and here you're stuck in all this muck, so now this well will be your bed.

Violin 1 [*spoken:*] *And after the Fox left, the Billy Goat finally realized his mistake ... Never begin anything without thinking of the end result.*

IV. The Wind and The Sun

Wind: I am the Wind.

Sun: I am the Sun and before we begin we should tell of our fight. I think that I am right, he/she is wrong. That is our plight.

Wind: And this much is true ... that my friend has no clue what to do with his/her strength. Here is what I suggest, that we have some sort of contest to see who's the best.

Sun: What is it we should do? Cause I haven't a clue. Could you please explain your little game?

Wind: See that man way down there?

Sun: Not a thought, not a care.

Wind: Who can remove his coat

Sun: surely should get the vote.

Wind: And when we're finally done

Sun: then we will know who's won.

Wind and Sun: This test will show who's the best.

Sun: Please be my guest.

Wind: I'm dying to show just how strong I can blow. [*spoken:*] I'll go first. [*blows:*] whoosh whoosh whoosh.

Sun: [*spoken:*] *But he shivers and he quivers.*

Wind: [*spoken:*] *Well, if he's colder, I must be bolder* [*blows:*] whoosh whoosh whoosh whoosh [*spoken:*] *he's pulling his coat tighter.*

Sun: [*spoken:*] *My turn!* [*sung:*] Dear mister cloud, I won't be loud, but you cannot stay. Please fly to the Sun and when I'm done you will see I've won, 'cause I don't use force, that is my source. So I'll go on him. I'll make him warm, I'll do no harm, so please take note, off goes his coat. [*spoken:*] *So now gentle persuasion is always better than force.*

V. The Mouse and The Lion

Lion: I am the King and when I sing the countryside tries to hide because I am a terrifying beast. I bring tales of woe, I'll say at least I know who is a friend and who is a foe. Now to sleep so deep I can hear a peep but what is that, I think I smell a rat. You're not a rat, you're just a little mouse.

Mouse: Please, Mister Lion, if you please, please don't eat me.

Lion: Why not?

Mouse: Because I might help you some day. I could surely find a way.

Lion: Do explain, if you please.

Mouse: Please, Mister Lion, I don't want to die, and I promise that I'll do my best to try. You have mercy on me.

Lion: But how can you know whom you're talking to? I am the King of everything, so I can sense you. It's so clear. But I know at least you're not my foe, so you can go.

Mouse: You mean I'm free - can that really be?

Lion: [*nods yes*]

Mouse: Please have no doubt I'll help you out, just call on me and you will see.

Lion: But I am tired and you are wired like a bunch of bees, so please not one more peep, because

go to sleep.

Viola [*spoken*]: *And with that, the Lion fell soundly asleep and slept through the night.*

Violin 1 [*spoken*]: *The next day came bright and clear, and the Lion decided to take his morning walk.*

Lion: Was that a dream? Why did it seem so real that I would give up a meal on a deal with a mouse? Was I too fair? What do I care, so now she's free and I'm so hungry. I'll just eat the food that's in that net. [*spoken*:] *Net? Net? What net? What is this? - I've just stepped into a hunter's net!* [*shouts*:] *Help, help, I'm caught, please help me!* [*etc., the Lion improvises*] ... [*sings*:] Who is this?

Mouse: Please, Mister Lion in your net, it is me and I will repay my debt, just for you I will bite, I will chew with all my might, you can count on me to set you free, you should know, I'll be fast, here I go with my task. I'll succeed, you'll be free in a minute.

Lion: You have set me free! Well, Mister Mouse, you sure kept your vow. Won't you please tell me how after you take a bow.

Mouse: As you know, I'm not so very tall, I'm small but I can fight and I can bite right through that net and so repay my debt to you.

Lion: It is a riddle how someone so little and so manic could save someone so gigantic, I don't see.

Mouse: See, it's me and it's a fact that any act of kindness is never mindless.

Mouse & Lion: Any act of kindness is never mindless.

*The work is in all its parts protected by copyright. Any utilisation without permission given by the publisher is illegal.
This includes in particular copying, translations, microfilming, storage in and processing with electronic systems.*

For Cathy Plog

Aesop Fables II

opera for treble solo and bass solo voices and string quartet (2013 — ca. 25 minutes)

Music: **Anthony PLOG** (*1947)

Text by Anthony Plog, freely inspired by Aesop (620-560 BCE)

I. The Mule (c. 3'30")

Allegro ♩. = 136

Mule *f*
It's me.

Violin 1 *p* *f* *p*

Violin 2 *p* *f* *p*

Viola *p* *f* *p*

Violoncello *p* *f* *p*

[spoken:] But before you laugh, you sh
I'm royalty... I'm not just a mule - can'

Mule *f*
It's me, the mule.

Vn. 1 *f*

Vn. 2 *f*

Va. *f*

Vc. *f*

Editions Bim, CH-1674 Vuarmarens, Switzerland
+41 (0)21 909 1000 (Phone) - +41 (0)21 909 1009 (Fax)
www.editions-bim.com

6

Mule
hate to gloat, but when I run I float. I am a thing of beau - ty, can't you

Vn. 1
f

Vn. 2
f

Va.
f

Vc.
f

9

Mule
see? It's me, the mule, and I'm so ve - ry cool. Per-haps y

Vn. 1

Vn. 2

Va.

Vc.

12

Mule
know how I be - came so vain. Just ask and I will tell you how I tu

Vn. 1

Vn. 2

Va.

Vc.

15 *più lento* ♩ = 92 *mp*

Mule fast My des - ti-ny comes from the fami-ly tree, so can't you see I'm

Vn. 1

Vn. 2

Va. *pizz.* *mp*

Vc. *pizz.* *mp*

19

Mule born of roy - al - ty, be-cause my mo - ther is a horse that loves to race, and that ex-plains

Vn. 1 *mp*

Va.

Vc.

22 *mp*

Mule grace. She was the best and bet-ter than th

Vn. 1 *mp*

Vn. 2 *mp*

Va. *pizz.* *mp*

Vc. *pizz.* *mp*

Editions Bim, CH-1674 Vuarmarens, Switzerland
 +41 (0)21 909 1000 (Phone) - +41 (0)21 909 1009 (Fax)
 www.editions-bim.com

26

Mule jewel and not an or-di-nar-y mule, and so I like to dance and prance, I'll

Vn. 1

Vn. 2

Va.

f

29

Mule dem-on-strate why I'm so great right now.

Vn. 1

Vn. 2

Va.

Allegro ♩ = 136

mp *cresc. poco a poco*

arco

mp *cresc. poco a poco*

arco

mp *cresc. poco a poco*

32

Vn. 1

Vn. 2

Va.

Vc.

mf

mf

mf

arco

mf

II. The Hare and the Tortoise (c. 5'30)

Moderato ♩ = 92

Violin 1 *pizz.*
mf

Violin 2 *pizz.*
mf

Viola *pizz.*
mf

Violoncello *pizz.*
mf

Hare *mf*
Such a love-ly day

Vn. 1 *arco*

Vn. 2 *arco*

Va. *arco*

Vc.

Hare
have my way I'll stay in town, find a place safe and sound where I won't be fou

Vn. 1

Vn. 2

Va.

Vc.

10

Hare

have a jol - ly time, it will be fine, but what is this I see that plods in

Vn. 1

Vn. 2

Va.

Vc.

arco

13

Hare

front of me?

mf

Tort.

I am the tor-toise.

Vn. 1

Vn. 2

Va.

Vc.

mf

mf

Lento (ponderous) ♩ = 72

16

Hare

You are so ug - gly. And so slow.

mf

Vn. 1

Vn. 2

Va.

Vc.

mf

mf

19

Tort. I may be slow but I can beat you in a

Vn. 1

Vn. 2

Va.

Vc.

22 **f** Allegro ♩ = 156

Hare Beat me in a race? Have you lost your mind? Look me in the face

Tort. race.

Vn. 1 **f**

Vn. 2 **f**

Va. **f**

Vc. **f**

25 **Lento** (ponderous) ♩ = 72

Hare one of a kind.

Tort. Kind - ly Sir, I think you

Vn. 1

Vn. 2

Va.

Vc.

Editions Bim, CH-1674 Vuarnens, Switzerland
 +41 (0)21 909 1000 (Phone) - +41 (0)21 909 1009 (Fax)
 www.editions-bim.com

29

Tort.

gussed I may not be the best, I may be small, not tall, but

Vn. 2

Va.

Vc.

33

Allegro ♩ = 156

Hare

Have you gone cra - zy or is your mind a lit

Tort.

I can win this race.

Vn. 1

Vn. 2

Va.

Vc.

36

Hare

I'm so much bet - ter, I'm so great from head to toe and

Vn. 1

Vn. 2

Va.

Vc.

38 **Lento** (ponderous) ♩ = 72

accel.
pp *cresc. poco a poco*

Hare
paw. So let's be -

Tort.
I'm sort of slow, but as you know I will not quit.

Vn. 1

Vn. 2

Va.
pp cresc. poco a poco

Vc.
pp

Hare
gin the race, pick up the pace, can you get mov - ing? Now c

Va.
p

Vc.
p

Hare
do your part, I'd like to start, 'cause I am groov - ing, and the

Va.
mp

Vc.
mp

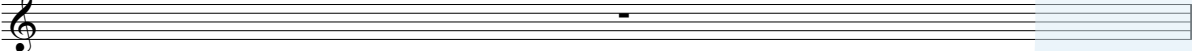
Hare
haste makes waste, but that's a lie, I'll show you why, I'm such a s

Va.
mf

Vc.
mf

III. The Fox and the Billy Goat (c. 6'30")

Violin I *[violin 1 spoken:] One day a very thirsty fox came upon a well in the forest.*



Moderato ♩ = 82
[smells the ground, searching]

Fox

Va. *mf*

Vc. *mf*

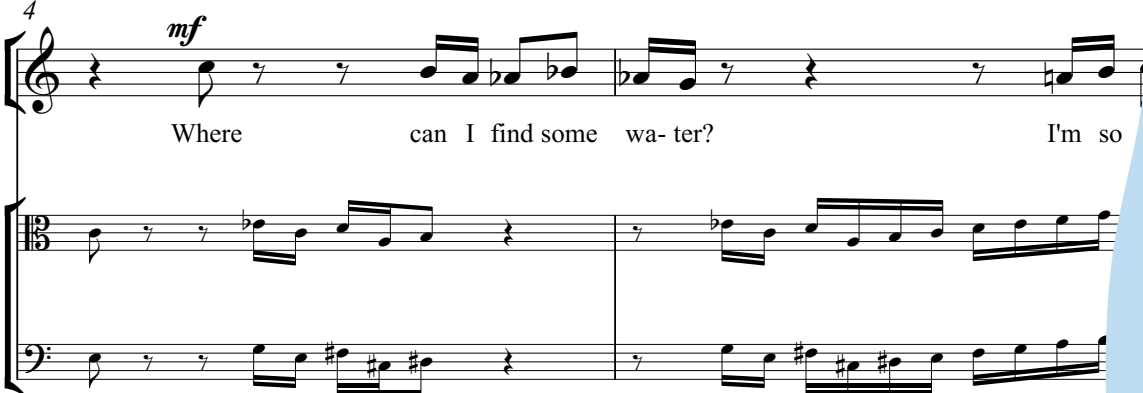


4 *mf*

Fox
Where can I find some wa-ter? I'm so

Va.

Vc.



6 *[follows his nose into a well]*

Fox
I can smell it near me.

Va.

Vc.



8

Vn. 1 *mf*

Vn. 2 *mf*

Va.

Vc.

10

Vn. 1

Vn. 2

Va.

Vc.

12 *mf*

Fox

Cool, cool wa - ter tastes so good, it's so fresh,

Vn. 1

Vn. 2

Va.

Vc.

Editions Bim, CH-1674 Vuarnarens, Switzerland
 +41 (0)21 909 1000 (Phone) - +41 (0)21 909 1009 (Fax)
 www.editions-bim.com

15

Fox

in these woods. Now it's time to find my-self some food.

Vn. 1

Vn. 2

Va.

Vc.

18 *[climbs up, falls down]*

Fox

Vn. 1

Vn. 2

Va.

Vc.

cresc.

20

Fox

One foot a - bove the o - ther

Va.

21 *[slips while climbing out]*

Fox

here we go...

Va.

22 *[and falls into the well]* **ff**

Fox *down*

Vn. 1 *f* **ff**

Vn. 2 *f* **ff**

Va. *f* **ff**

Vc. *f* **ff**

24 *[pause]* **p** *[he tries again...]*

Fox *Oh, oh.*

Va. *mf*

26 *[slips again...]* *[and again...]* **f**

Fox *I'm trapped,*

Va. *f*

29 *[sits down to think - then he hears, from a distance, and getting closer...]*

Fox *do?*

Editions Bim, CH-1674 Vuarnans, Switzerland
 +41 (0)21 909 1000 (Phone) - +41 (0)21 909 1009 (Fax)
 www.editions-bim.com

30 *pp cresc. poco a poco* *p* *mp*

Goat

As I make my way a-long the for-est path to-day I see it's time that I be-gin a - no-ther

Vn. 1 *pp cresc. poco a poco* *p* *mp*

Vn. 2 *pp cresc. poco a poco* *p* *mp*

Va. *pp cresc. poco a poco* *p* *mp*

33 [spoken:]
What was that?

Fox

Goat *mf*

rhyme. What is that just here in front of me, which is be-side the

Vn. 1 *mf*

Vn. 2 *mf*

Va. *mf*

36

Goat

tree? It is a well I clear - ly see.

Vn. 1

Vn. 2

Va.

Vc.