



**PRINCE IVAN**  
and the  
**FROG PRINCESS**

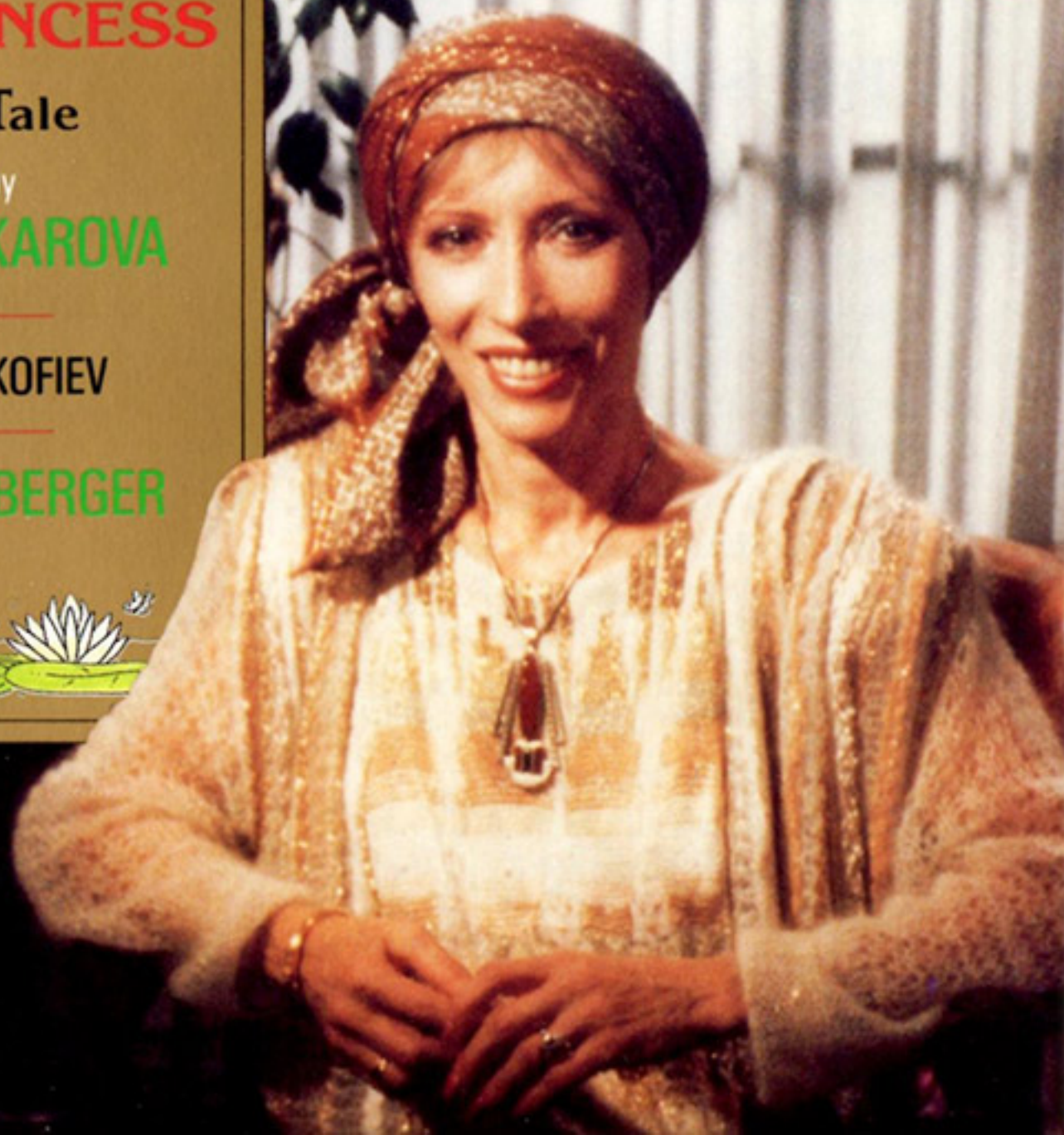
**A Fairy Tale**

narrated by

**NATALIA MAKAROVA**

Music of PROKOFIEV

**CAROL ROSENBERGER**  
piano



DE 6003

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# PRINCE IVAN AND THE FROG PRINCESS

RUSSIAN FAIRY TALE

DE 6003

NARRATED BY NATALIA MAKAROVA

PROKOFIEV: MUSIC FOR CHILDREN, OP. 65

PLAYED BY CAROL ROSENBERGER, piano

## 1. THE STORY

### MUSIC REPRISE

2. PRINCESS VASILISA
3. SHOOTING THE ARROWS
4. LOOKING FOR THE ARROW
5. PRINCE IVAN MEETS THE FROG
6. THE WEDDING DAY
7. THE FROG HELPS PRINCE IVAN
8. TRANSFORMATION IN THE MOONLIGHT
9. THE SPY IN THE KITCHEN & THE FROG'S JOKE
10. THE FROG RIDING IN HER BOX
11. WALTZ OF THE PRINCE AND THE PRINCESS
12. REGRETS
13. PRINCE IVAN'S JOURNEY
14. THE TREE AND THE STONE CHEST
15. PRINCE IVAN'S FRIENDS REPAY HIS KINDNESS
16. HAPPILY EVER AFTER

TOTAL PLAYING TIME: 57:50



nce upon a time there was a Princess called Vasilisa the Wise and Clever. She was wiser and cleverer than anyone else in the kingdom, including the King. Vasilisa was so wise and clever that Koshchei the Evil Spirit was very jealous of her. She was also very beautiful, especially when she wore her dress of sky-blue silk studded with stars, and the crescent moon in her hair.

In another kingdom not far away there lived a Tsar (in Russia that's the name for "King") who had three sons. One morning, the Tsar called his three sons to him.

"My dear sons," said the Tsar, "the time has come for you to marry. "Where will we find our brides?" they asked.

"You must each take an arrow and go out into the open field," said the Tsar. "You must shoot the arrows, and wherever they fall, you will find your destined brides."

Promising their father to do this, each of the three sons took an arrow and went out into the open field. They drew their bows and let their arrows fly. The arrows flew high into the sky until they disappeared.

When they had each shot their arrows, the three brothers set off on foot, each in search of his own arrow. The oldest son's arrow fell in a nobleman's courtyard and was picked up by the nobleman's daughter. The middle son's arrow fell in a rich merchant's yard and was picked up by the merchant's daughter. As for the youngest son, the Prince Ivan (in Russia, it's called Tsarevich Ivan), his arrow shot up and flew so far he couldn't seem to find it. He walked on and on, looking for his arrow and thinking about his bride-to-be.

Finally he reached a marsh. And what should he see sitting there with the arrow in its mouth but a small, green Frog!

"Frog, Frog," said Tsarevich Ivan, "give me back my arrow."

"I will if you marry me!" replied the Frog.

"What do you mean? How can I marry a frog!"

"You must, for I am your destined bride."

Tsarevich Ivan felt sad and confused and bewildered. But there was nothing to be done, since he had promised his father, he picked up the Frog and carried it home. The church bells rang, the weddings were celebrated just as the Tsar had wished: the oldest son was married to

the nobleman's daughter, the middle son to the merchant's daughter, and Tsarevich Ivan, to the Frog.

Soon the Tsar called his sons to his side once again.

"I want to see which of your wives is the best needle-woman," he said. "Let them each make me a shirt by tomorrow morning."

Tsarevich Ivan came home, sat down and put his head between his hands. And the Frog hopped over to him and asked:

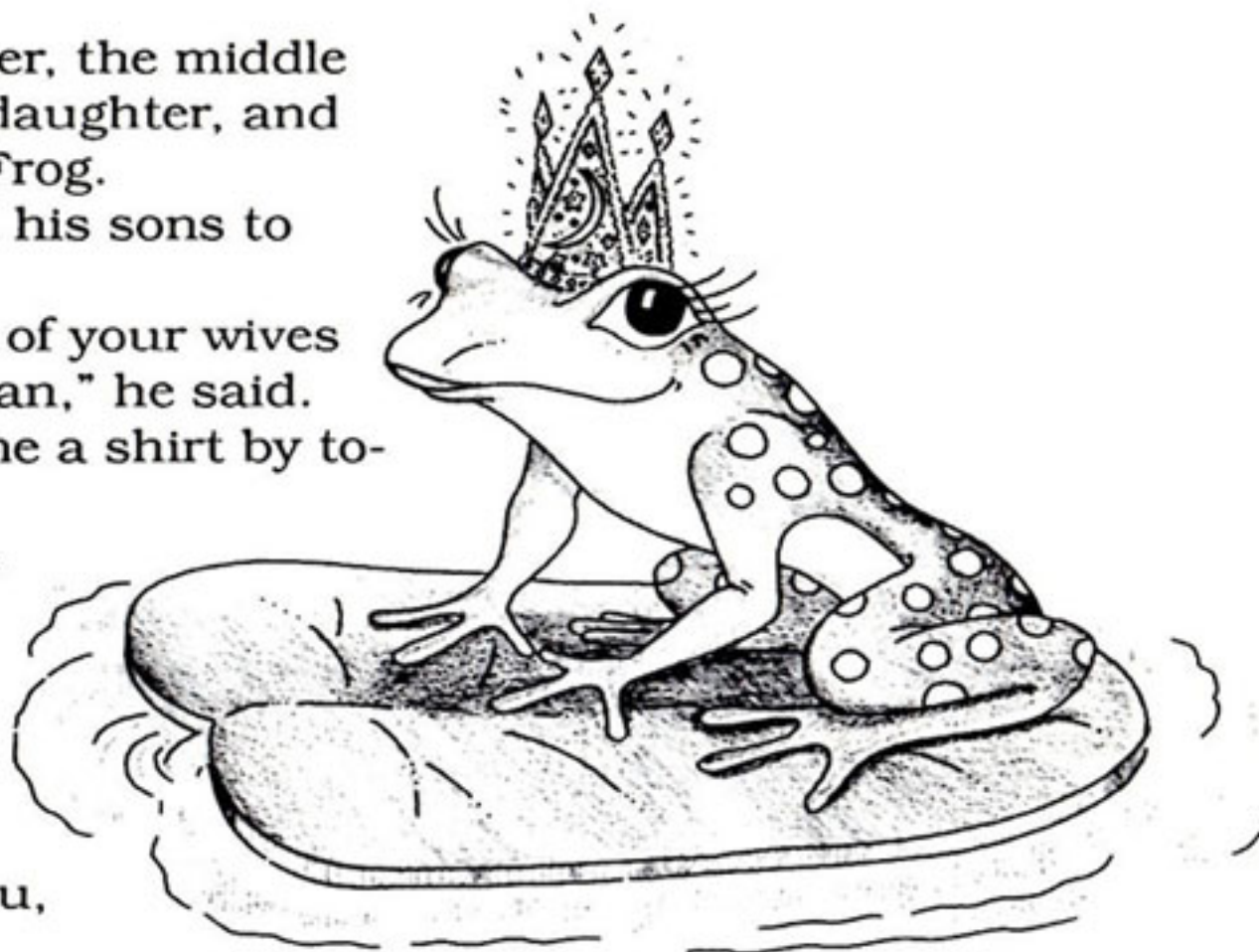
"What's troubling you, Tsarevich Ivan? "

"Father asks that you make him a shirt by tomorrow morning."

"Don't worry, Tsarevich Ivan," said the Frog, "just go to bed, for morning is wiser than evening (Utro vechera mudrenneye)."

"(Utro vechera mudrenneye) Morning is wiser than evening," repeated Ivan, feeling comforted, and went to bed.

When Tsarevich Ivan was asleep the Frog hopped out onto the terrace and there, under the shimmering light of the moon, cast off her frog skin and transformed herself into none other than Princess Vasilisa the Wise and Clever! How had Vasilisa come to be a frog? You can be sure the evil spirit Koshchei had something to do with it! But



here in the shimmering moonlight she appeared as beautiful as ever. And then and there, in a magical way, she made a beautiful embroidered shirt, just like the ones her father the King used to wear.

When Tsarevich Ivan awoke in the morning, there was the Frog hopping around on the floor again, but the shirt was all ready and lying on the table.

Tsarevich Ivan was overjoyed. He took the shirt to his father. The Tsar was busy receiving the shirts from his other sons. He looked very disappointed with the shirts. But, when Tsarevich Ivan laid out his shirt, all beautifully embroidered in gold and silver, the Tsar said:

"Now that is a shirt to wear on holidays!"

The older two brothers went home and said to their wives:

"It seems we were wrong to laugh at Tsarevich Ivan's wife. She's not just a frog! She must be a witch."

Soon the Tsar again called his sons to him.

"Let your wives bake me some bread by tomorrow morning," he said. "I want to know which of them is the best cook."

Tsarevich Ivan returned home even more unhappy than before. And the Frog asked him:

"Why are you so sad, Tsarevich Ivan?"

"You are to bake some bread for my father by tomorrow morning."

"Don't worry, Tsarevich Ivan; just go to bed, for morning is wiser than evening (Utro vechera mudrenneye)."

"(Utro vechera mudrenneye) Morning is wiser than evening," repeated Ivan, feeling comforted, and went to bed.

Her two sisters-in-law, who had laughed at the Frog at first, now sent an old woman who worked in the kitchen to see how the Frog

baked her bread.

But the Frog was clever and guessed what they were up to. She prepared some dough, broke off the top of the stovepipe, and threw the dough down the hole into the ashes. The old woman scampered off to the two sisters-in-law and told them all about it, and they did as the Frog had done.

Once again, the Frog hopped out onto the terrace, shed its skin and turned into Vasilisa the Wise and Clever. In the shimmering moonlight she made a fine loaf of soft white bread, the kind her father used to like.

And when Tsarevich Ivan awoke in the morning, there was the bread all ready, laid out on the table. It was beautifully decorated on top.

Once again the Tsar was disappointed in the offerings of his two older sons. Their wives had dropped the dough into the stovepipe as the old woman had told them to do, and the loaves had come out charred and lumpy. But he praised the fine loaf brought by his youngest son, Tsarevich Ivan, using the same words as before: "Now that is bread to be eaten only on holidays!"

Soon the Tsar called his sons to him again, proclaimed a feast for the next day, and told them to bring their wives. Once again Tsarevich Ivan came home sad and discouraged. And the Frog hopped over to him and said: "Why are you so sad, Tsarevich Ivan? Has your father hurt you? Did he say something unkind?"

"Oh, Frog, Frog!" cried Tsarevich Ivan. "How can I help being sad? The Tsar has ordered me to bring you to his feast, and how can I show you to people!"

The Frog said in reply:

"Don't worry, Tsarevich Ivan; just go to the feast alone, and I will follow later. When you hear a great clattering, don't be afraid. If they ask you what it is, say: 'That is my Frog riding in her box.'"

So Tsarevich Ivan went to the feast alone, and his older brothers came with their wives who were all dressed up in their finest clothes. They made fun of Tsarevich Ivan.

"Why have you come without your wife?" they asked. "You could have brought her in a handkerchief. Where did you find such a beauty? You must have searched all the swamps for her."

Now the Tsar with his sons and his daughters-in-law and all the guests sat down to feast at the wooden tables covered with embroidered cloths. Suddenly there was a great clattering, and the whole palace shook. The guests were frightened and jumped up from their seats. But Tsarevich Ivan said, as his wife had instructed him to: "Don't be afraid. That's only my Frog riding in her box."

And there, dashing up to the terrace of the Tsar's palace was a gilded carriage drawn by six white horses, and out of it stepped none other than Princess Vasilisa the Wise and Clever.

She was more beautiful than ever. She wore her sky-blue silk gown studded with stars, and on her head she wore the bright crescent moon. She took Ivan by the hand and led him to the wooden tables covered with embroidered cloths.

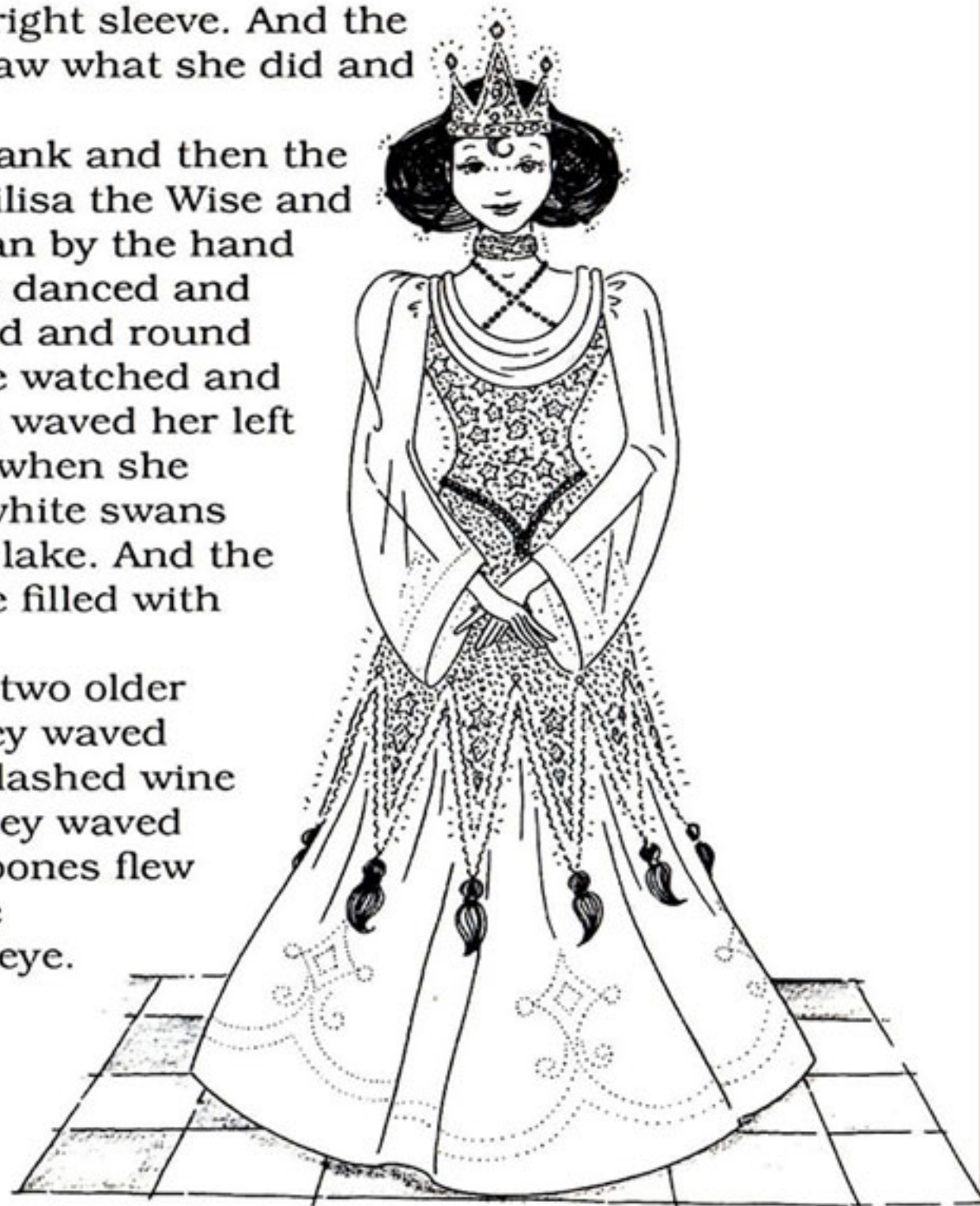
The guests began eating and drinking and having a good time. Vasilisa the Wise and Clever drank from her glass and poured the last few drops into her wide left sleeve. She ate some swan meat and threw

the bones into her wide right sleeve. And the wives of the elder sons saw what she did and they did the same.

The guests ate and drank and then the time came to dance. Vasilisa the Wise and Clever took Tsarevich Ivan by the hand and began to dance. She danced and whirled and circled round and round and round, and everyone watched and marveled. And when she waved her left sleeve, a lake appeared; when she waved her right sleeve, white swans began to swim upon the lake. And the Tsar and his guests were filled with wonder...

Then the wives of the two older sons began dancing. They waved their left sleeves, and splashed wine over the other guests; they waved their right sleeves, and bones flew out on all sides, and one bone hit the Tsar in the eye. The Tsar was not very happy about that!

In the meantime, Tsarevich Ivan was so enchanted with his



wife's true form that he slipped out of the dining hall and ran home to find the frog skin. When he found it he threw the frog skin into the stove and burned it, thinking that now his wife could never return to being a frog.

When Vasilisa the Wise and Clever came home, she saw at once that her frog skin was gone. She sat down on a bench, very sad, and said to Tsarevich Ivan:

"Oh, Tsarevich Ivan, what have you done! If you had waited just three more days, we could have been together forever. But now farewell. Look for me beyond the most distant kingdom of Koschei the Evil Spirit."

With that, Vasilisa the Wise and Clever turned into a grey cuckoo-bird and flew out of the window. Tsarevich Ivan cried and cried and wept for a long time.

Tsarevich Ivan dried his tears and set off. He didn't know where to look for his wife, Vasilisa the Wise and Clever. He searched here and there, far and wide. His boots were worn and his cap battered by the rain. After a time he met a little old man who was as old as old can be.

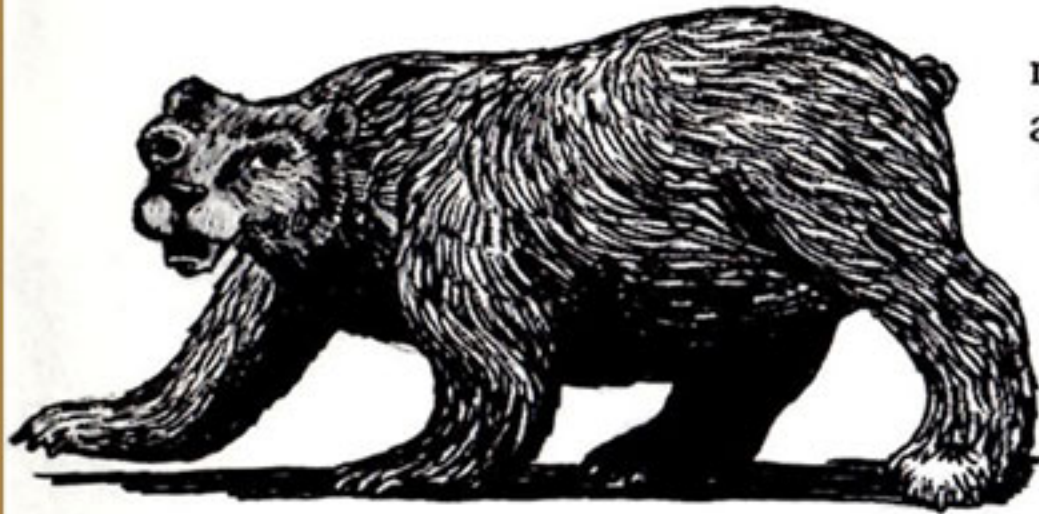
"Good day, young man," he said. "what are you looking for and where are you going?"

Tsarevich Ivan told him about his trouble, and the little old man, who was as old as old can be, said:

"Ah, Tsarevich Ivan, why did you burn the frog skin? It was not yours to wear or to do away with. Vasilisa the Wise and Clever was born wiser and cleverer than her father, and Koschei the Evil Spirit made him so jealous that he allowed Koschei to turn his daughter

into a frog for three years. Ah, well, it can't be helped now. Here is a ball of thread for you. Follow it without fear wherever it rolls."

Tsarevich Ivan thanked the little old man who was as old as old can be and set off once again, following the little ball wherever it rolled.



In an open field Tsarevich Ivan met a bear. He took aim and was about to kill it, but the bear spoke up in a human voice and said:

"Do not kill me, Tsarevich Ivan; you may need me some day."

Tsarevich Ivan took pity on the bear and let him go. Soon

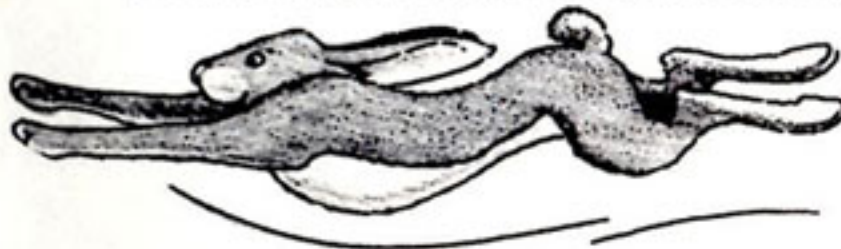
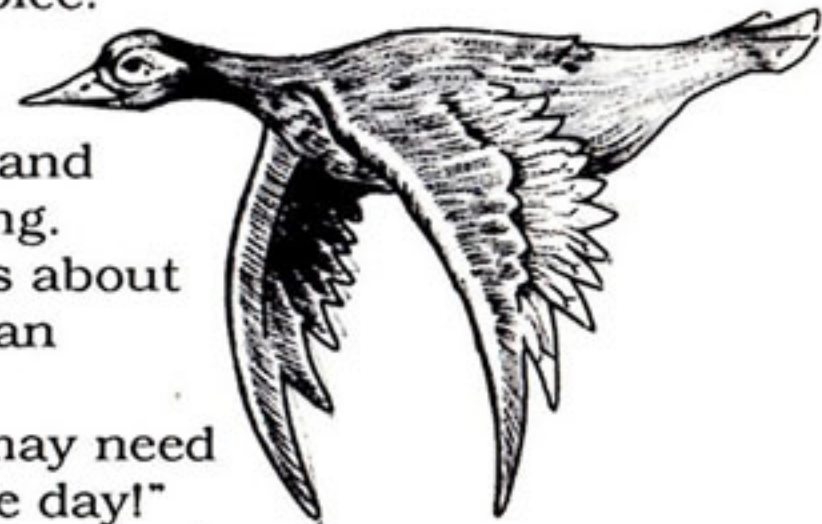
he saw a drake flying overhead. Tsarevich Ivan once again took aim, but the drake said to him in a human voice:

"Do not kill me, Tsarevich Ivan; you may need me some day!"

And Tsarevich Ivan spared the drake and went on. Just then a rabbit came running. Tsarevich Ivan took aim quickly and was about to shoot it, but the rabbit said in a human voice:

"Do not kill me, Tsarevich Ivan; you may need me some day!"

And Tsarevich Ivan spared the rabbit and went far-



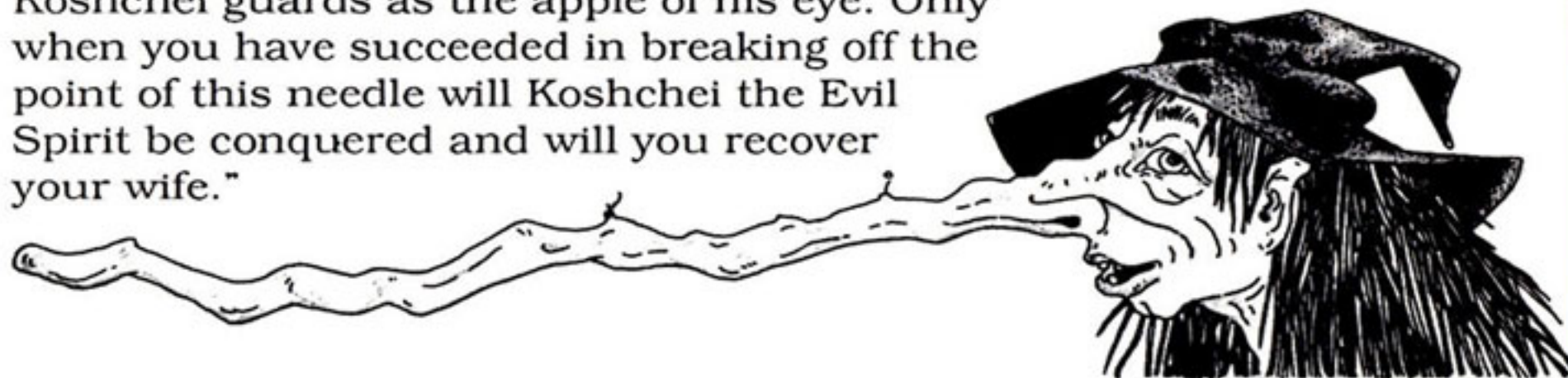
ther. He came to the blue sea and saw a pike lying on the sandy shore gasping for breath.

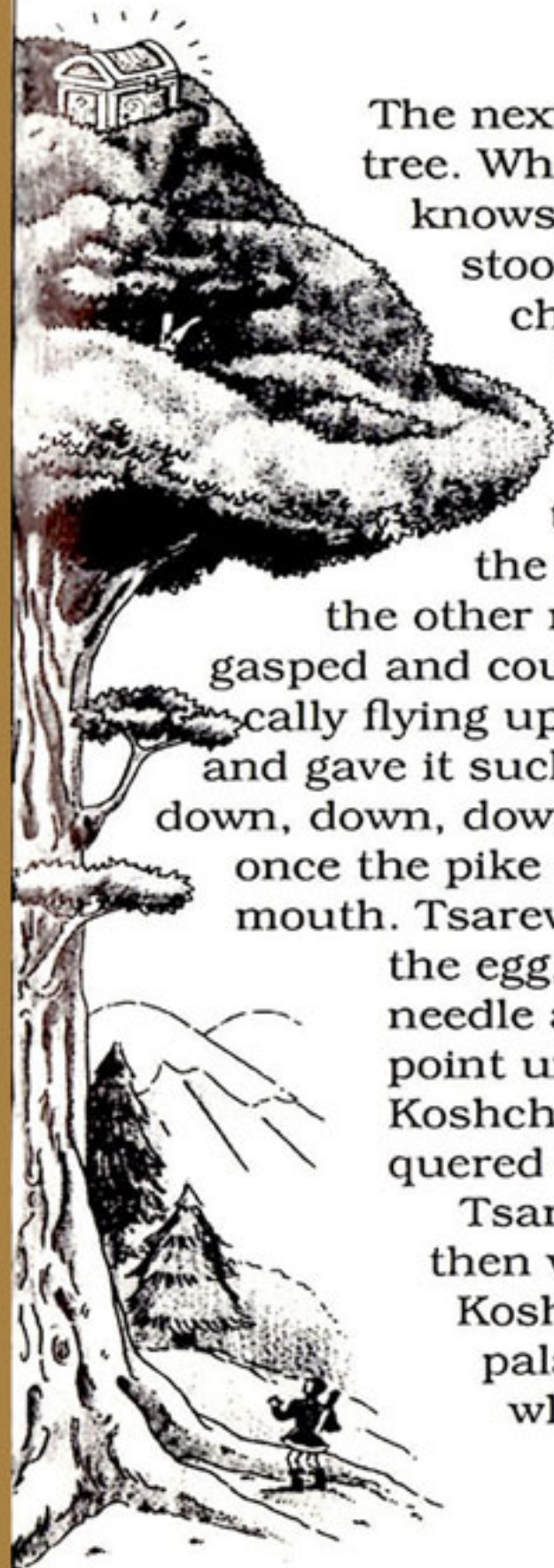
"Take pity on me, Tsarevich Ivan," said the pike. "Throw me back into the blue sea!"

So Tsarevich Ivan threw the pike into the sea and walked on along the shore. Whether a long time passed or a little time no one knows, but after a while the ball of thread rolled into a forest, and in the forest stood a little hut. Tsarevich Ivan entered, and there, on the edge of the stove ledge, lay Baba-Yaga the Witch (Russians call her Baba-Yaga Vedyma). Her crooked nose was pressed to the ceiling. Tsarevich Ivan told her that he was looking for his wife, Vasilisa the Wise and Clever.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Witch. "I know where she is. Koshchei the Evil Spirit has her in his power. It will be hard getting her back, for it is not easy to get the better of Koshchei." And then she sat him down and told him a very strange tale, indeed.

"Koshchei's ruin," said the Witch, "is at the point of a needle, the needle is in an egg, the egg in a duck, the duck in a rabbit, the rabbit in a stone chest and the chest at the top of a tall oak tree which Koshchei guards as the apple of his eye. Only when you have succeeded in breaking off the point of this needle will Koshchei the Evil Spirit be conquered and will you recover your wife."



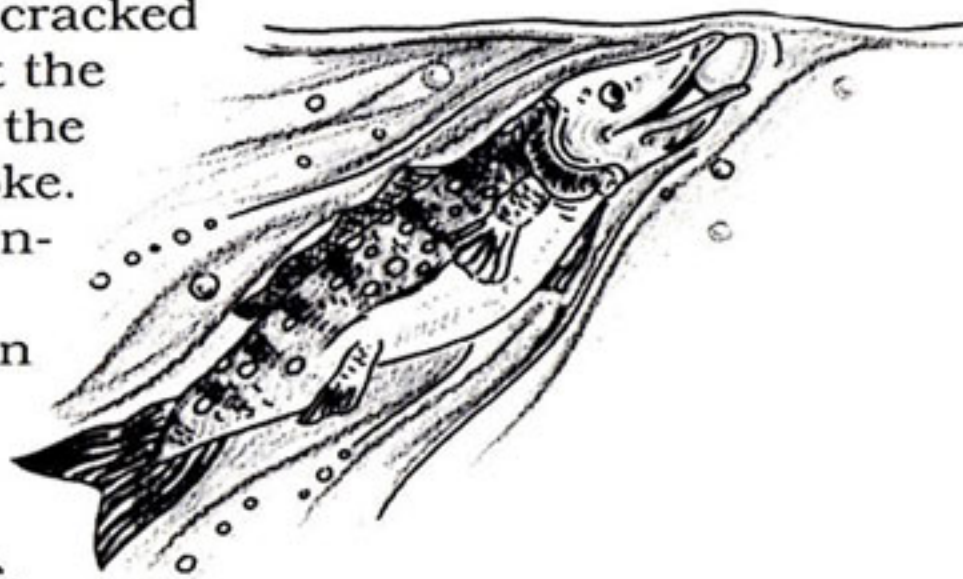


The next day, Tsarevich Ivan set off in search of the oak tree. Whether he was long on the way or not no one knows, but after a while he came to the tall oak tree. It stood there, rustling and swaying, and the stone chest was at the very top of it and very hard to reach.

All of a sudden the bear came running and pulled out the oak tree, roots and all! Down fell the chest, breaking open as it went, and out shot the rabbit and ran away as fast as it could. But then the other rabbit appeared and gave it such a start that it gasped and coughed and out of its mouth flew a duck, frantically flying up to the sky. But right away the drake was upon it and gave it such a fright that it dropped the egg, which fell down, down, down into the deep blue sea and out of sight. All at once the pike came swimming to the shore with the egg in its mouth. Tsarevich Ivan cracked

the egg, took out the needle and bent the point until it broke. Koshchei was conquered at last.

Tsarevich Ivan then went to Koshchei's palace of white stone.





And Vasilisa the Wise and Clever ran out to Ivan and hugged and kissed him. And Tsarevich Ivan and Vasilisa the Wise and Clever set off hand in hand, back to their home, where they lived together a long and happy life till they were both very, very old.

# The End

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NOTE: The story doesn't tell you that Prince Ivan's friend, the bear, did another very good thing. After he had helped Prince Ivan shake the stone chest out of the oak tree, the bear re-planted the tree. The oak tree continued to grow; and it stood in that same spot for a very long time.

In the **Music for Young People** series, our plan is to present some of the world's best and most accessible music together with stories which will inform while they entertain. We intend to tell stories of young people who are kind and brave, who make the most of their individuality, and who persist in the face of difficulties in order to reach goals larger than themselves.

The world of the 90s is glutted with activities which stifle the development of imagination. Fortunate is the child who has access to a storyteller, enabling that young person to create his own worlds far beyond the limits of a cinematographer's camera. We hope that this series will help to stimulate a lifetime participation in the world beyond the everyday—the world to be found in literature and the arts.

*Amelia S. Haygood, President, Delos International*

This project is the expression of a longtime dream—that of acquainting more young people with the delights of the great piano music written especially for them. The music on this disc is playable by people in the early stages of piano study, and yet holds its interest for more advanced musicians as well.

The music woven through Natalia Makarova's enchanting narration has been renamed to fit the story. We have also identified the individual pieces by their original names and catalog numbers.

The **Music Reprise** presents the complete versions of the individual pieces, in story order. We hope that this section will be of interest to young musicians, to young people who might want to create a dance or mime sequence to it, and to those who simply want to hear all of the music. The connection with the story can open the door to the imagination, and the music will do the rest.

*Carol Rosenberger*

Natalia Makarova's many achievements in the theatre are known throughout the world, but until recently her talent for dramatic interpretation was revealed almost exclusively through the medium of dance. She has long been acknowledged as one of the greatest ballerinas of the century, and one whose performances have always been distinguished by her intense commitment to the dramatic content of a role. Moving into the theatre of the spoken word is thus a natural progression for this extraordinary artist.

Born in Leningrad, Makarova became a ballerina with the Kirov Ballet Company very early in her career, and was celebrated for her leading roles in such ballets as *Swan Lake*, *Giselle*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. In these and other roles, both during her years with the Kirov and after her defection in 1970, she has been famous for exploring the psychological and mythical depths of personality rather than portraying the characters merely as exquisite moving objects.

In 1983 Natalia Makarova played the lead in a revival of the musical *On Your Toes*, winning universal acclaim for her first speaking role. In this huge success she revealed an unexpected and bewitching talent for comedy, which brought her not only the coveted Tony Award in New York for Best Actress in a Musical, but seven further awards. The following year, when the musical went to London, Makarova won the Laurence Olivier Award for best Actress in a Musical.

Makarova's work on television includes a four-part series originally for the BBC entitled *Ballerina*, which Makarova conceived, wrote and narrated; filmed versions of *Swan Lake*, *Romeo and Juliet* and *Giselle*; and a deeply moving special for the BBC entitled *Makarova Returns*. The latter documents the great ballerina's visit to Leningrad in 1989, when she became the first defector ever to be invited home and was overwhelmed by the welcome her country accorded her.

Carol Rosenberger, "a thoughtful, really important pianist" (The Boston Globe) is known for her superb musicianship and perceptive interpretations of traditional as well as contemporary repertoire. Born in Detroit, Michigan, of German and Polish heritage, Rosenberger made her debut tour in 1970, to raves in New York, Boston, London, Paris, Amsterdam, Vienna, Berlin, Frankfurt, Zürich, and other capitals. Her distinguished recital programs and guest appearances with orchestras have since carried her to most major European and American cities. "Eloquent and sensitive playing" wrote *The Times of London* of a recent Rosenberger performance of the Beethoven Concerto No. 4 with Gerard Schwarz and the London Symphony Orchestra summing up a frequent response to her artistry.

An impressive range of recordings has brought Rosenberger's artistry to record listeners worldwide, from the celebrated *Water Music of the Impressionists* (DE 3006), selected by *Stereo Review* as one of the 25 Best Classical Compact Discs of all time, to her recordings of unusual repertoire, such as Howard Hanson's *Fantasy Variations on a Theme of Youth*, with Gerard Schwarz and the New York Chamber Symphony (DE 3092).

Rosenberger has been the subject of articles in many of the nation's leading newspapers and magazines, and in 1976 was chosen to represent America's women concert artists by the President's National Commission on the Observance of International Women's Year. She has been on the faculties of the University of Southern California, California State University Northridge and Immaculate Heart College, and has given workshops for young performers on campuses nationwide.

Her first recording for children, a lullaby album entitled *Perchance to Dream* (DE 3079)... struck a responsive chord with both children and adults. The *American Record Guide* called it "a splendid disc, to be treasured by young and old," and *Fanfare* commented that it is "the perfect gift among recordings for introducing a child to the intimacies and universality of music."

**Composer's original titles for the music heard in this recording:**

2. Evening, Op. 65 #11
3. Tag, Op. 65 # 9
4. Promenade, Op. 65 #
5. Vision Fugitif, Op. 22 #10
6. Morning, Op. 65 #1
7. Parade of the Grasshoppers, Op. 65 #7
8. Rain & the Rainbow, Op. 65 #8
9. Vision Fugitif, Op. 22 #11
10. March, Op. 65 #10
11. Waltz, Op. 65 #6
12. Regrets, Op. 65 #5
13. Fairy Tale, Op. 65 #3
14. Vision Fugitif, Op. 22 #1
15. Tarantella, Op. 65 #4
16. Moonlit Meadows, Op. 65 #12

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Co-Producer: *Rudi Simpson*  
Recording Engineer: *John Eargle*  
Assistant Engineer: *Li Teo*  
Bösendorfer Imperial Concert Grand Piano  
Piano Technicians: *Richard Davenport, Teri Powell, Greg Rorebaugh*  
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