CARNIVAL OF THE ANIMALS

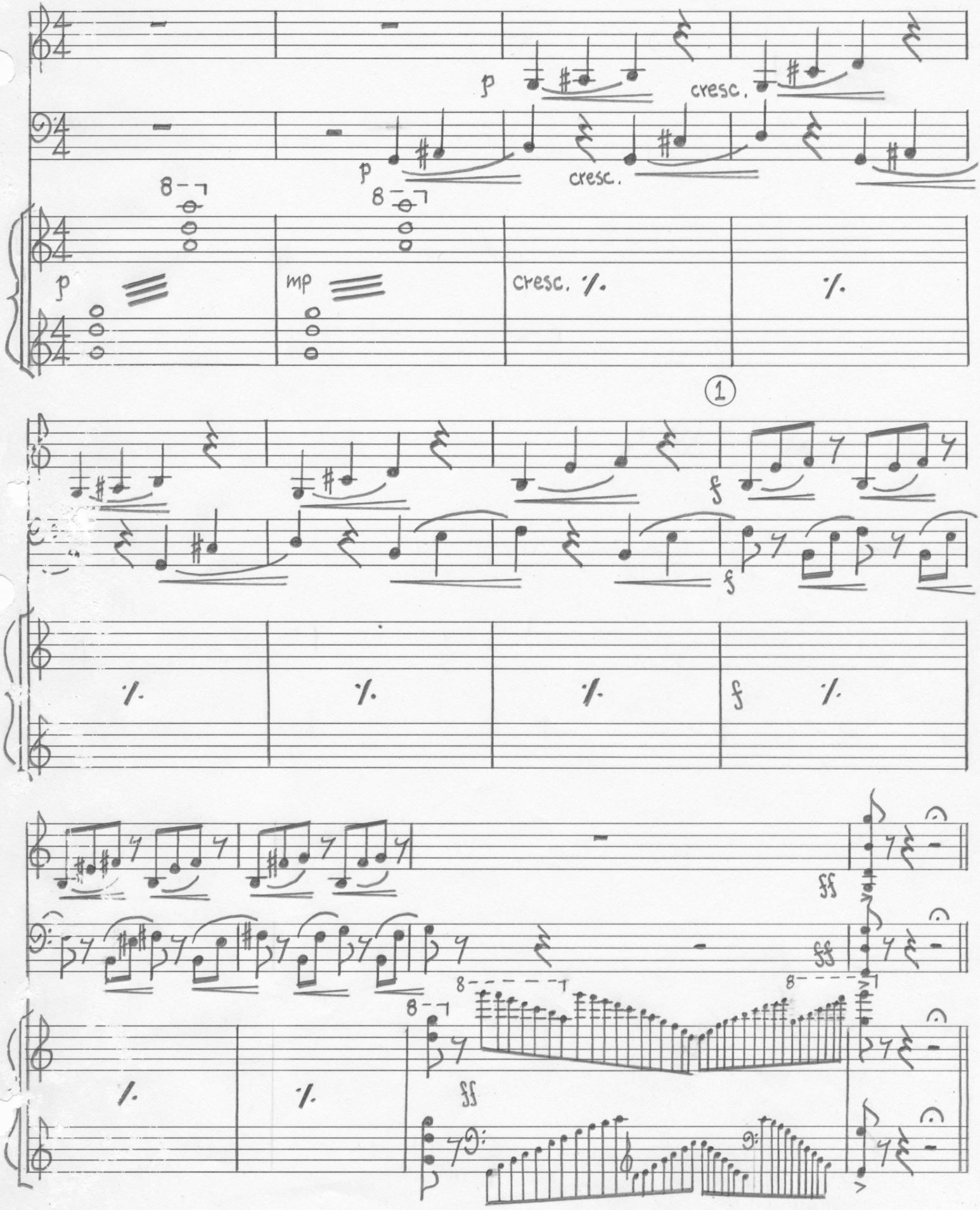
Charles Camille Saint-Saëns

arranged for piano trio by
Walter Ross
1989

1) INTRODUCTION AND ROYAL MARCH OF THE LION
2) HENS AND COCKS
3) WILD ASSES
4) TORTOISES
5) THE ELEPHANT
6) KANGAROOS
7) AQUARIUM
8) PERSONAGES WITH LONG EARS
9) THE COOKOO DEEP IN THE FOREST
10) AVIARY
11) PIANISTS
12) FOSSILS
13) THE SWAN
14) FINALE

I

Andante maestoso



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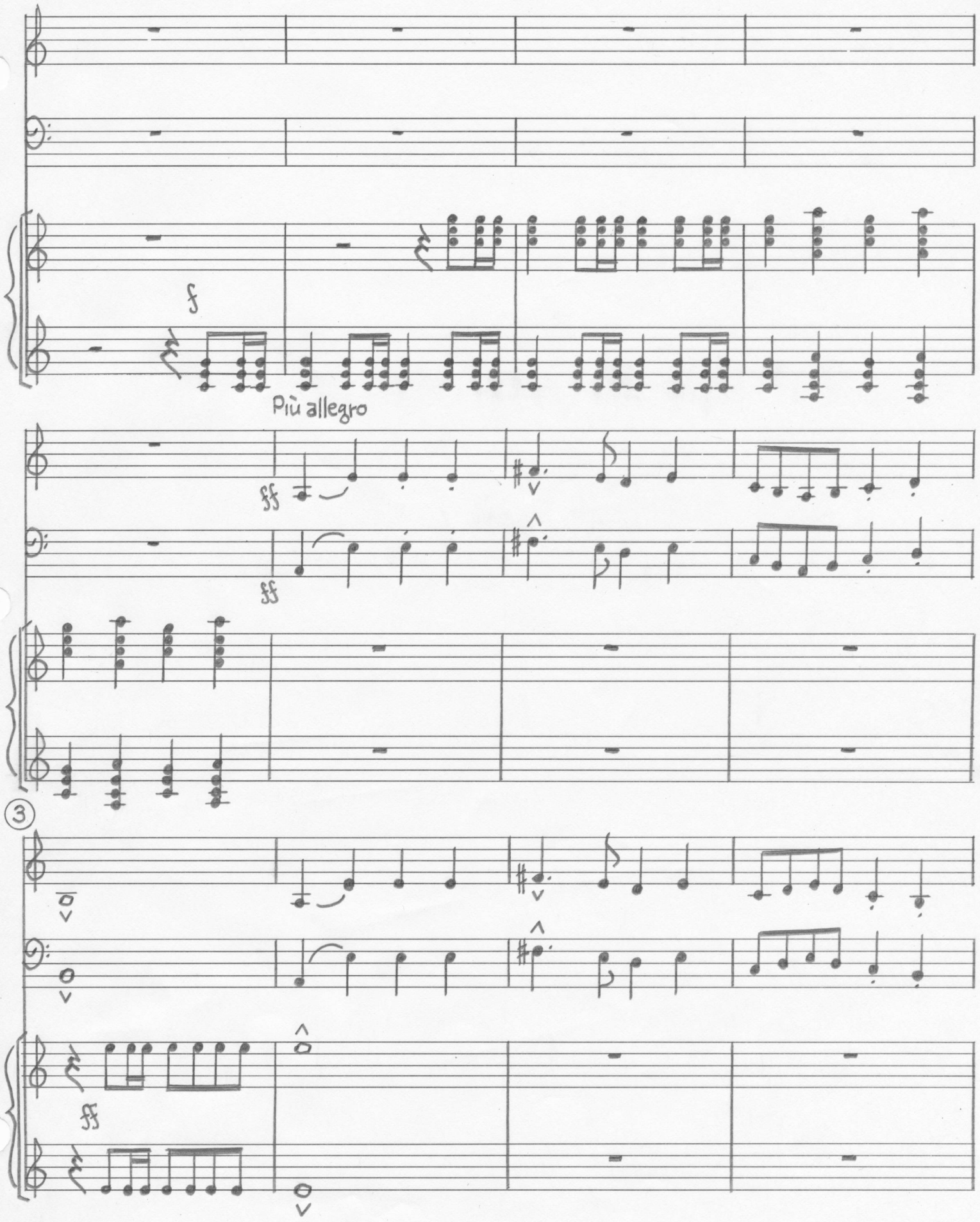
2. ② Allegro non troppo



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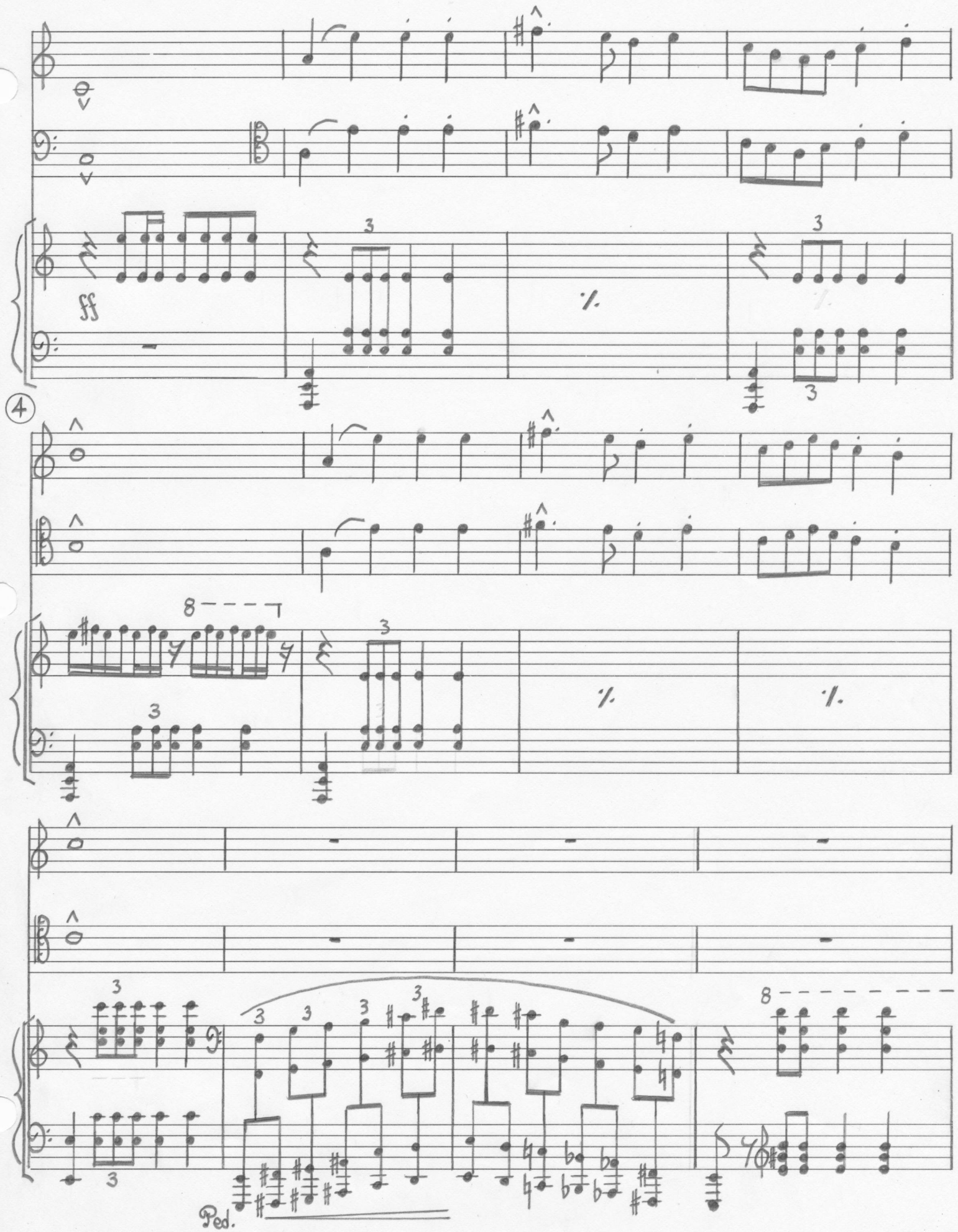

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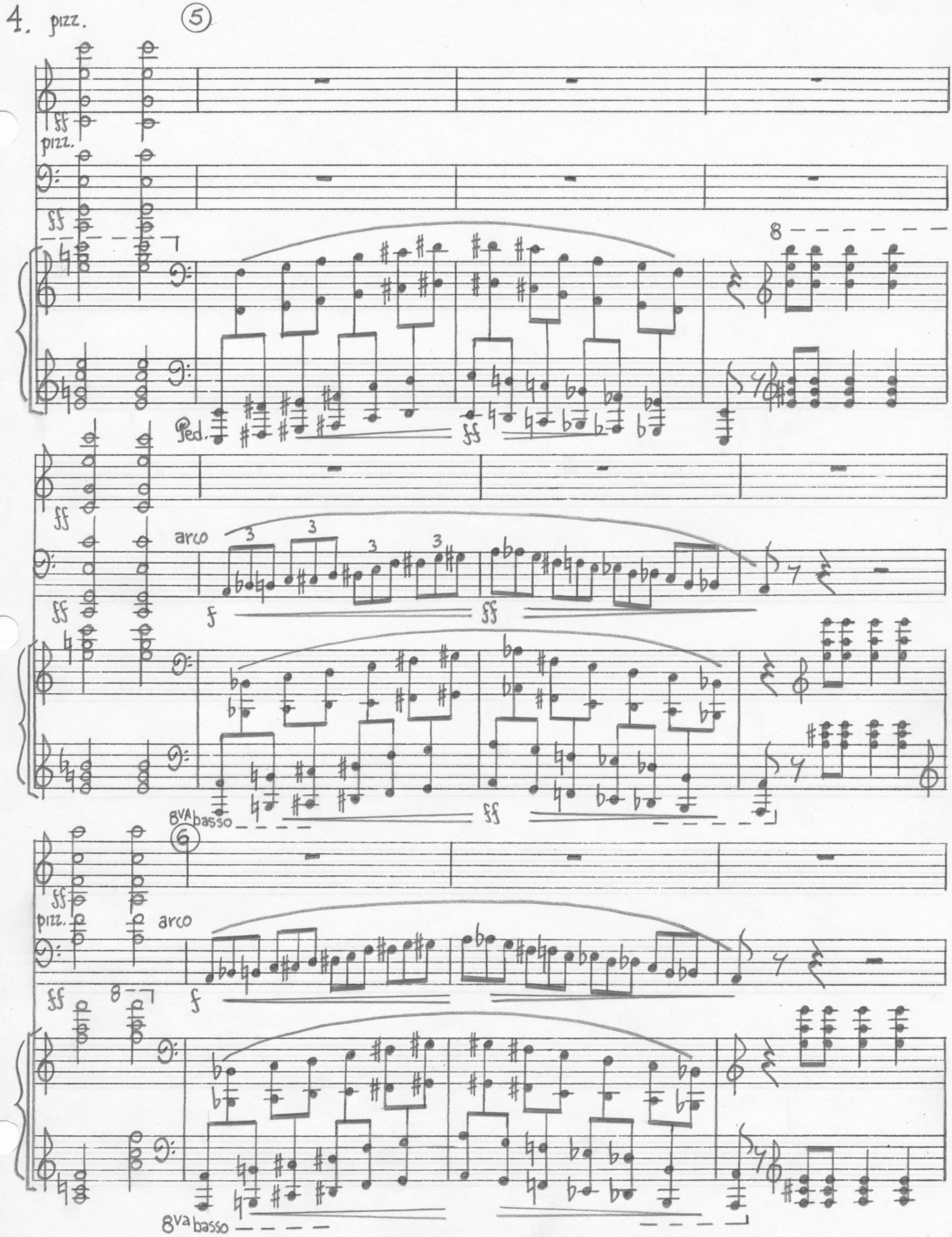

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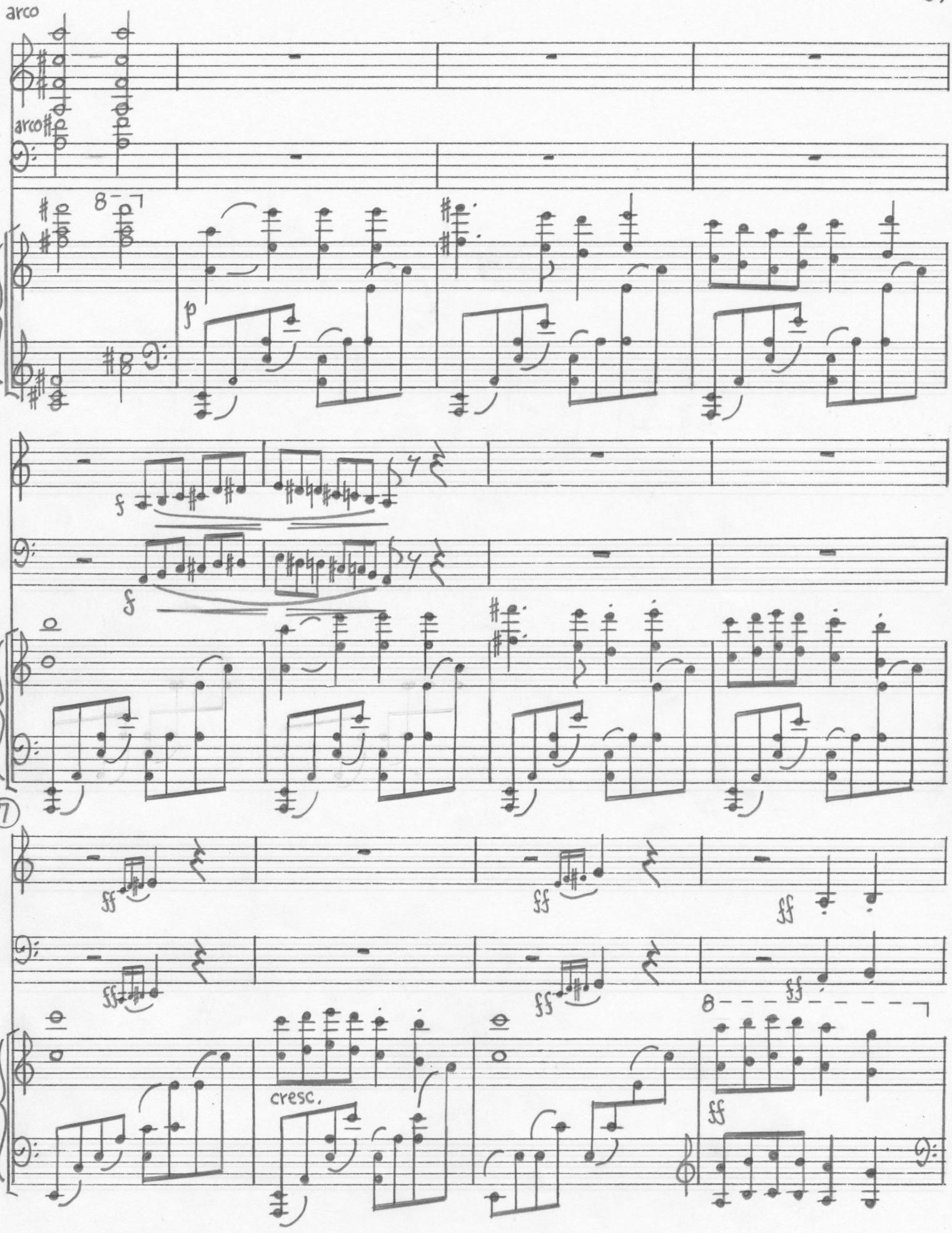

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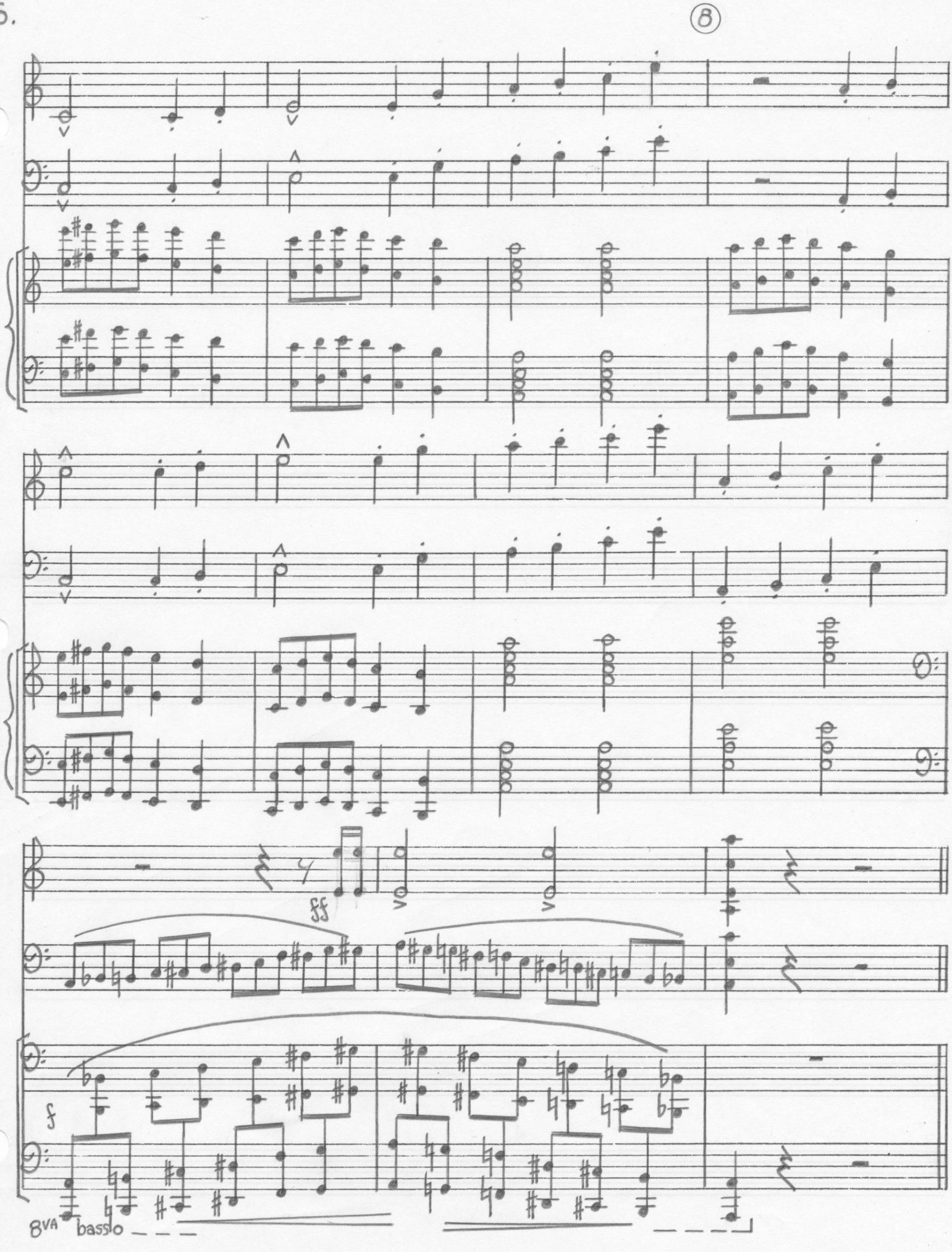

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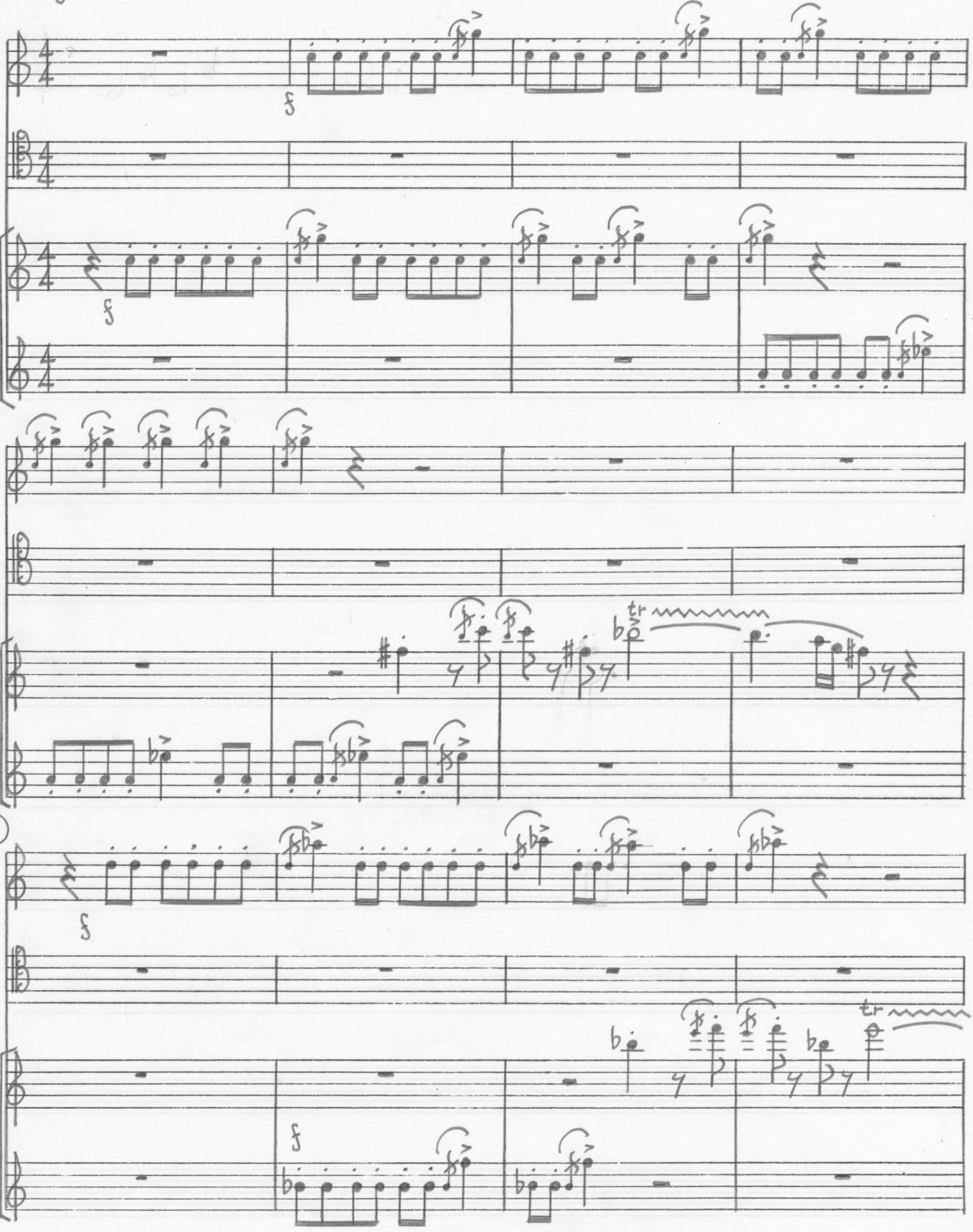

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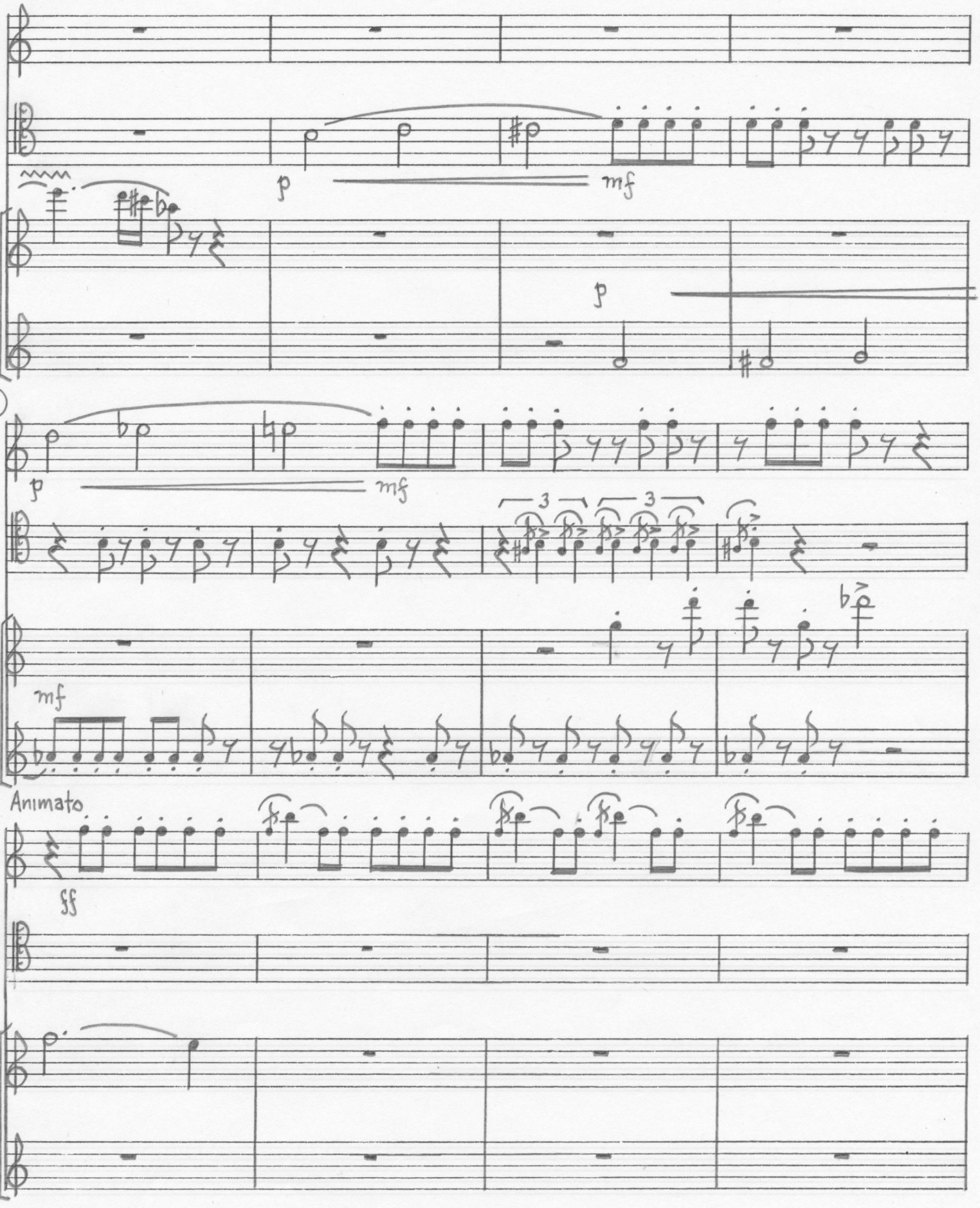

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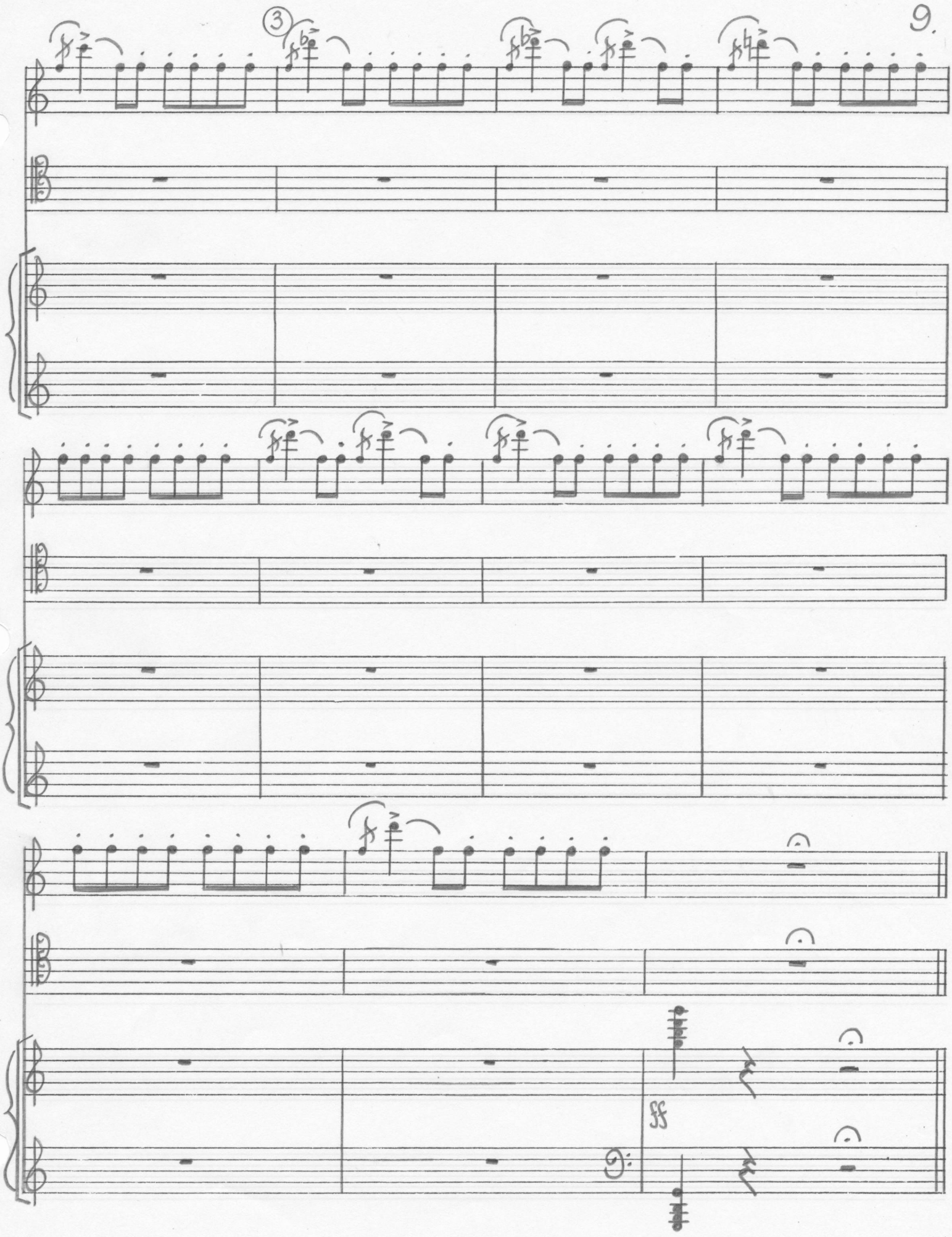

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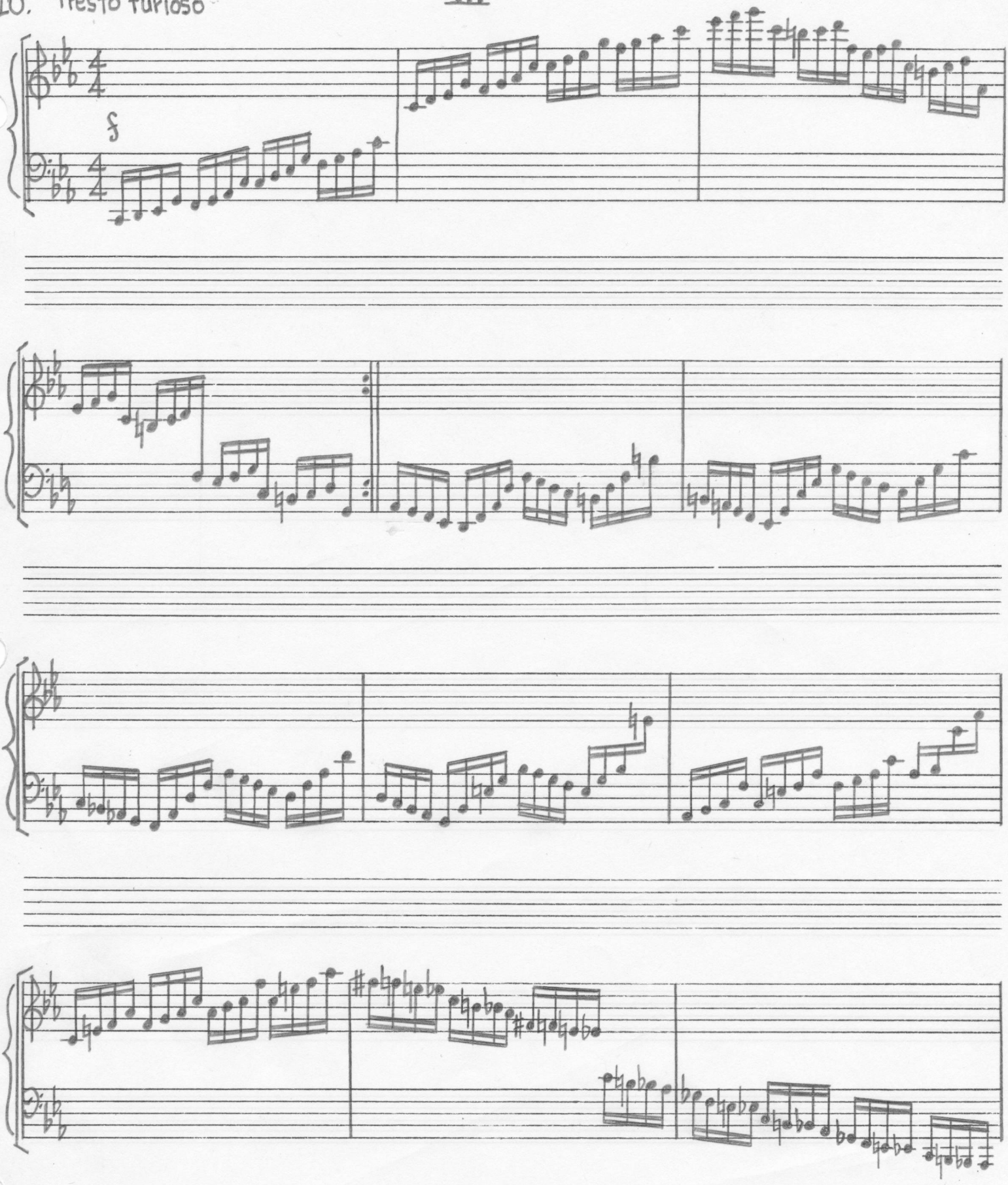
10. Presto furioso

III



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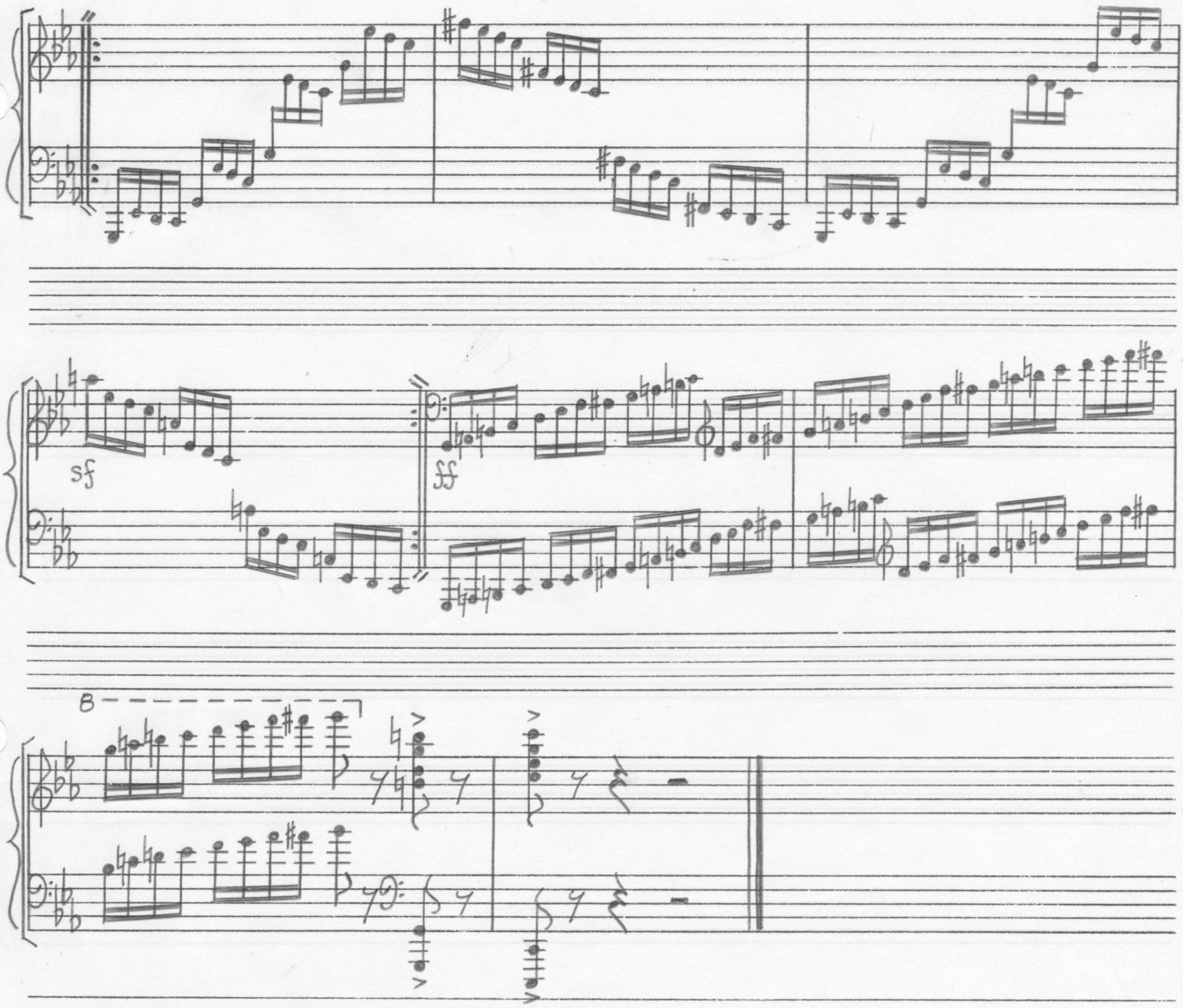

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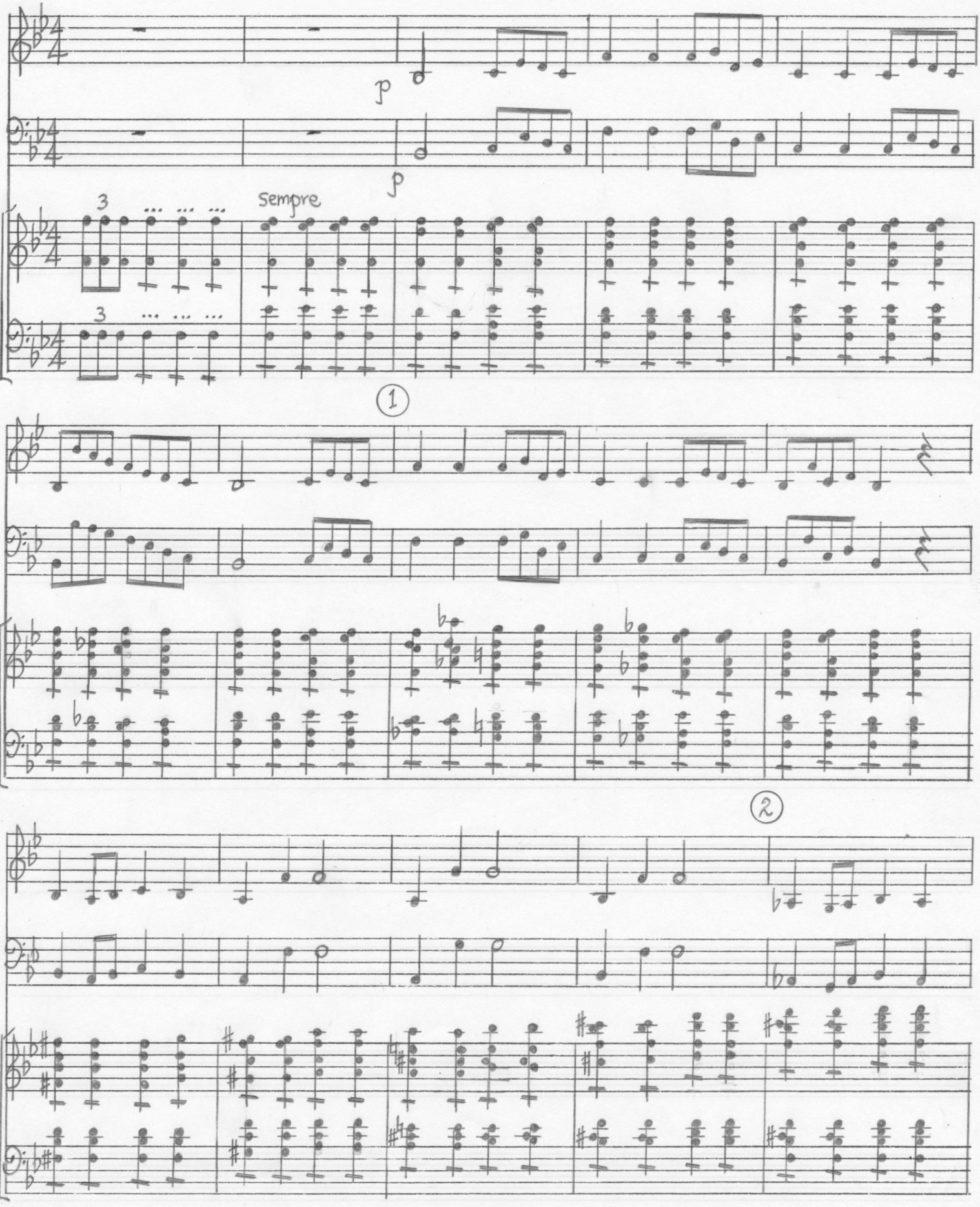
12. Andante maestoso

IV



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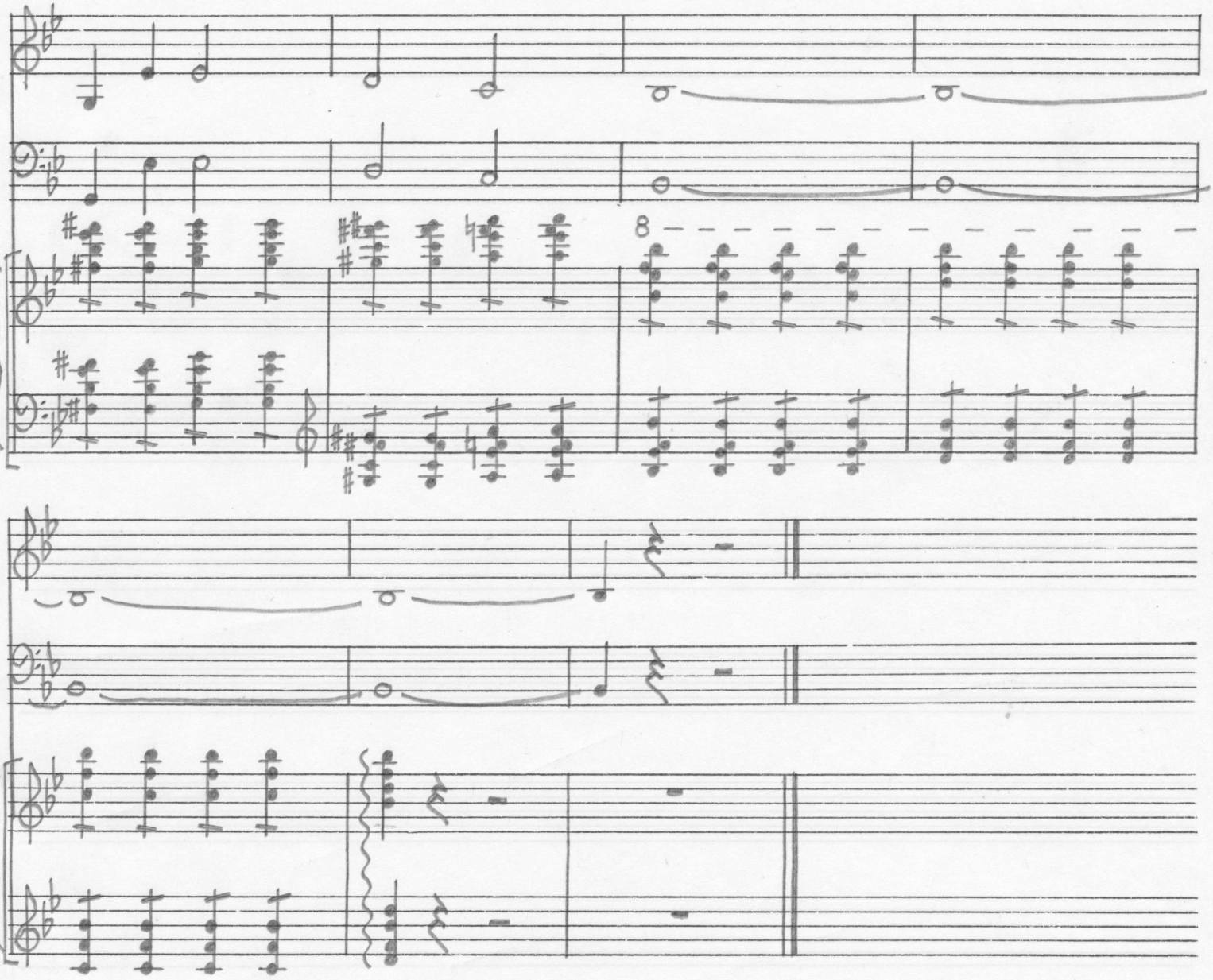

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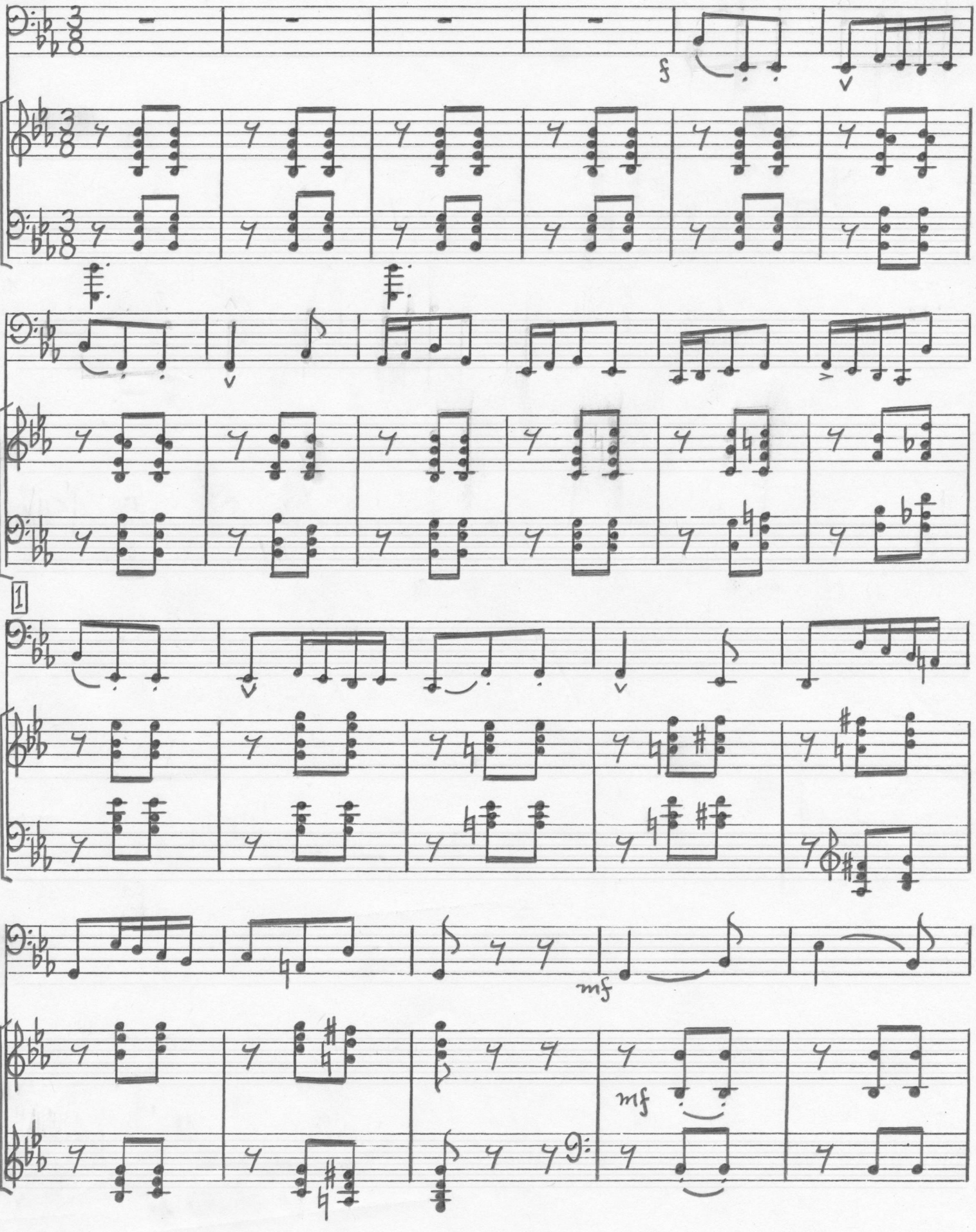
14. Allegretto pomposo

V

pesante



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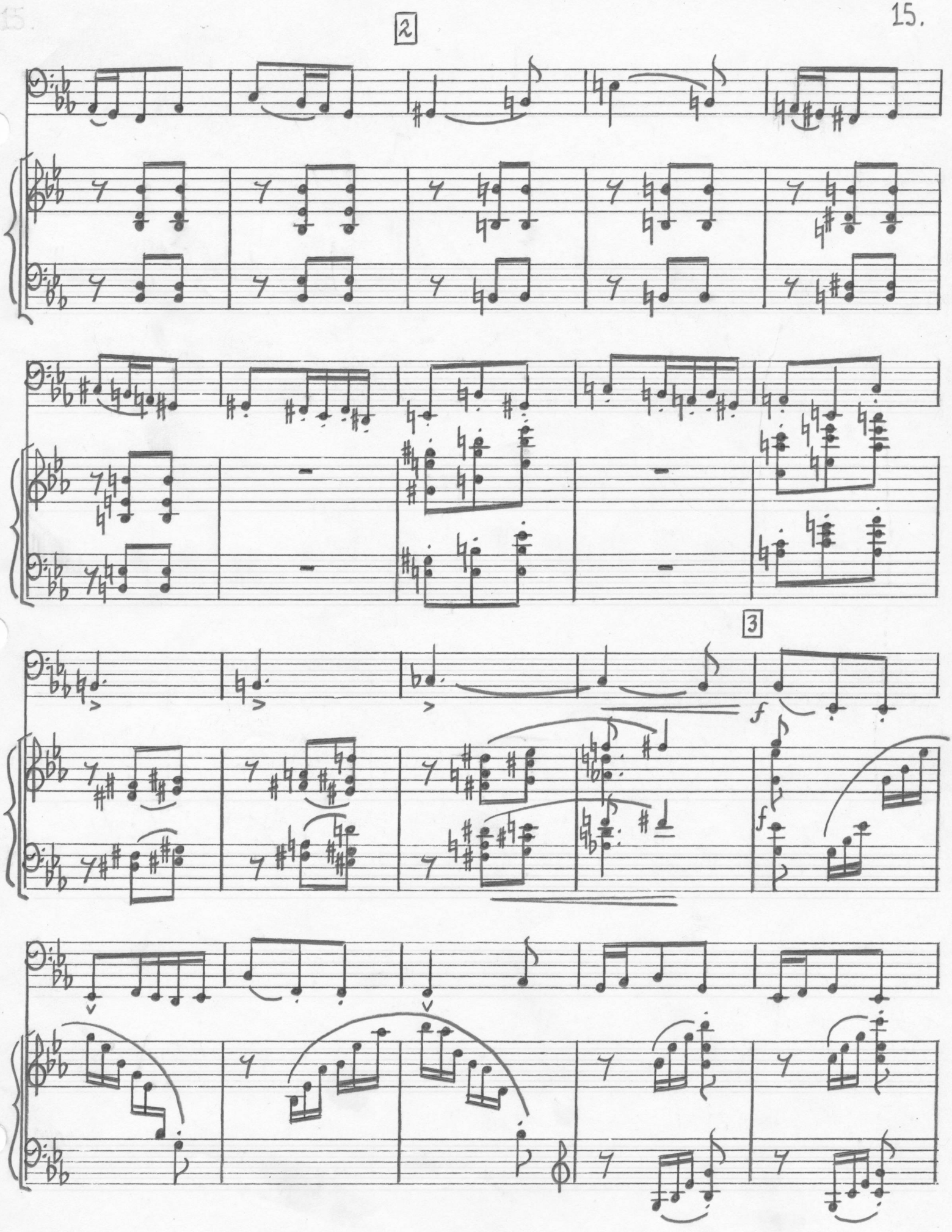

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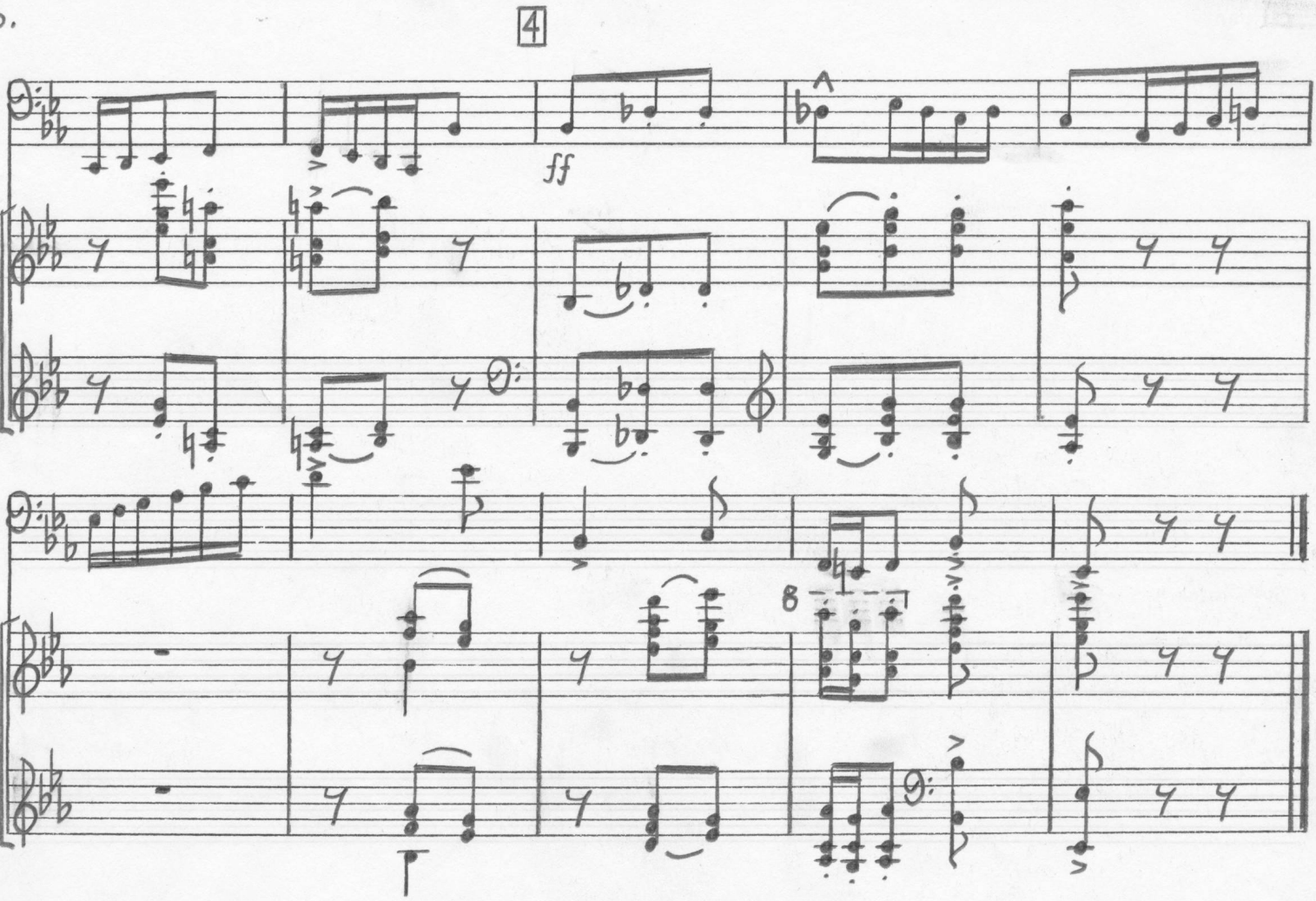

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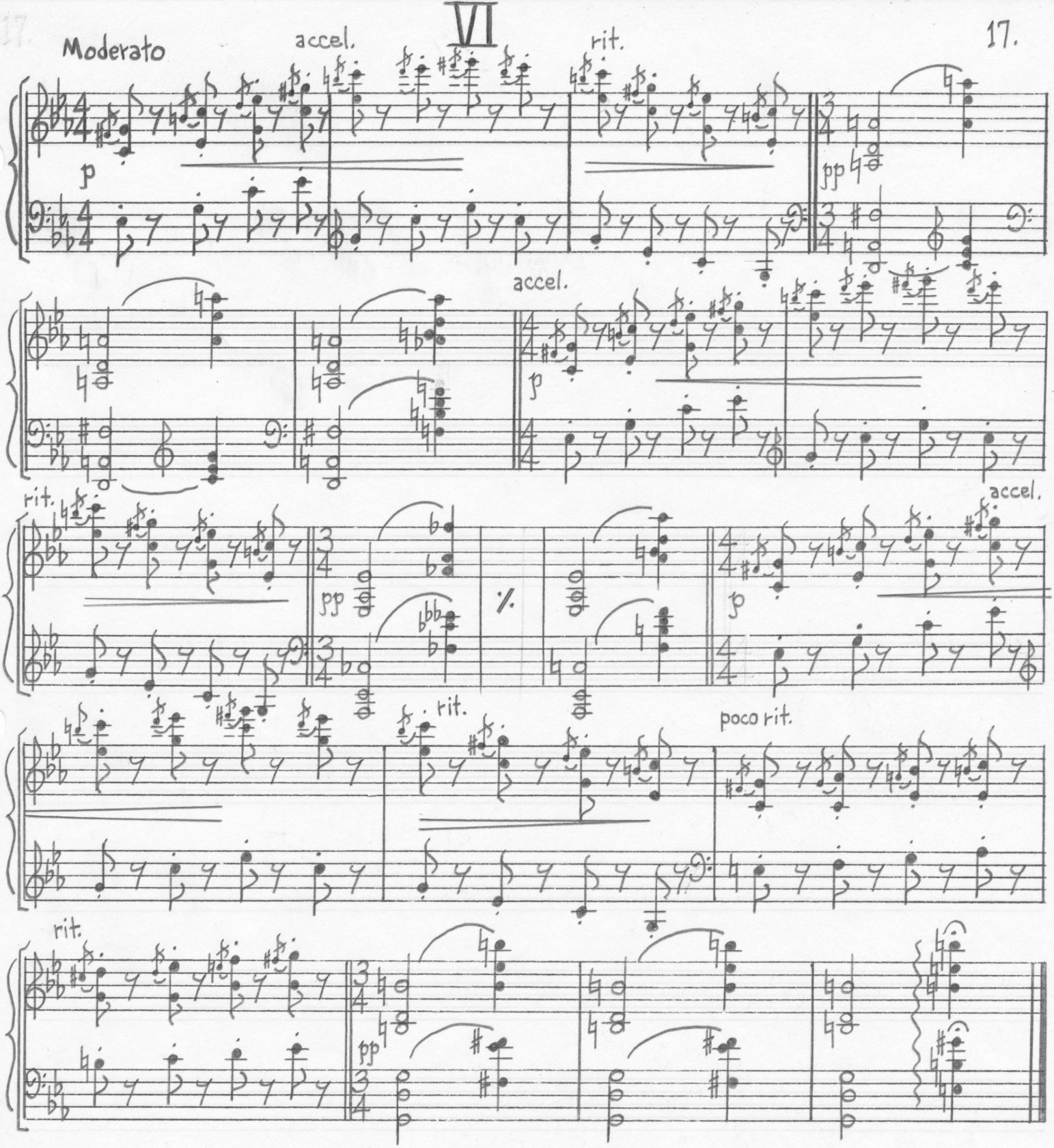
VI



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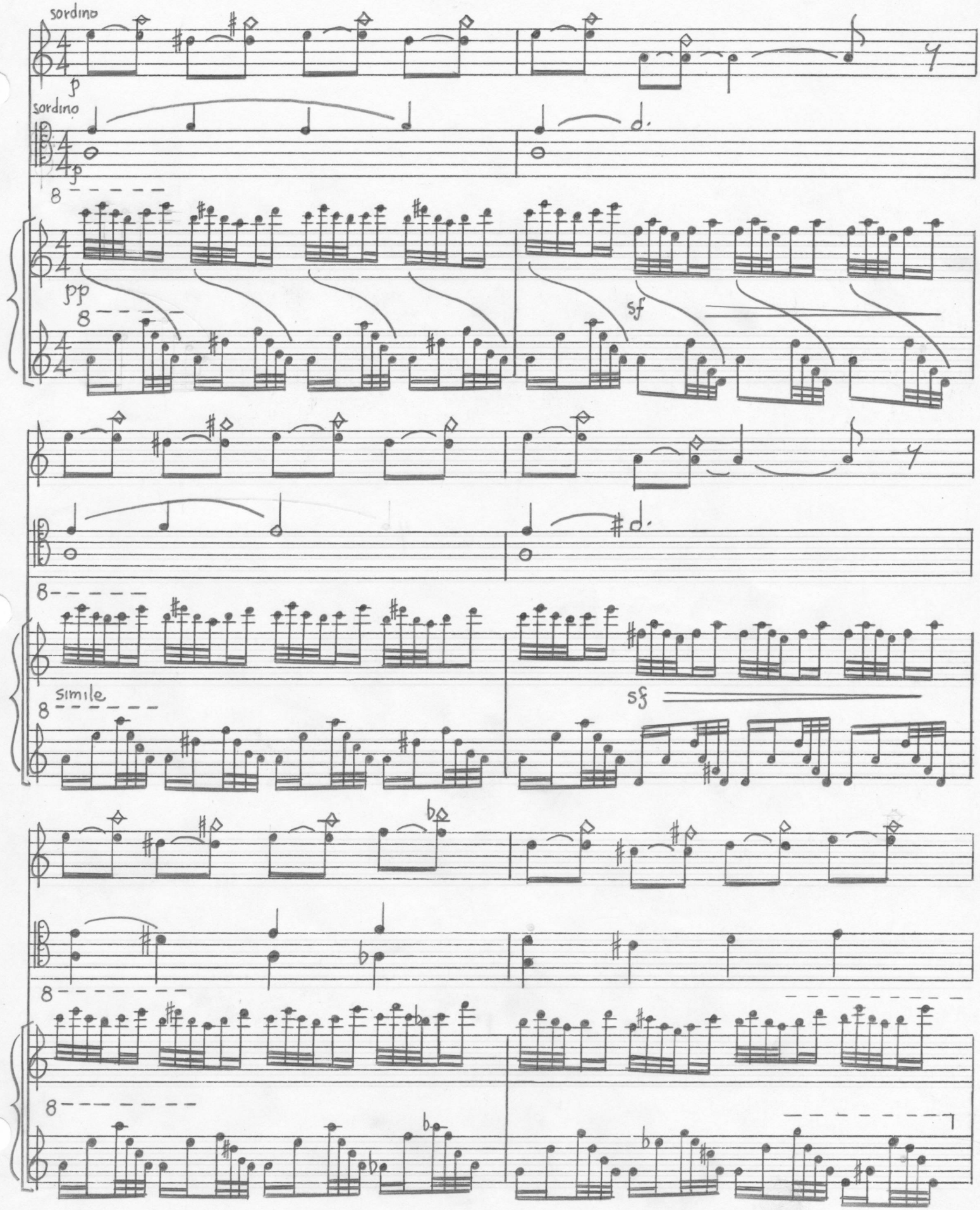
18. Andantino

VII



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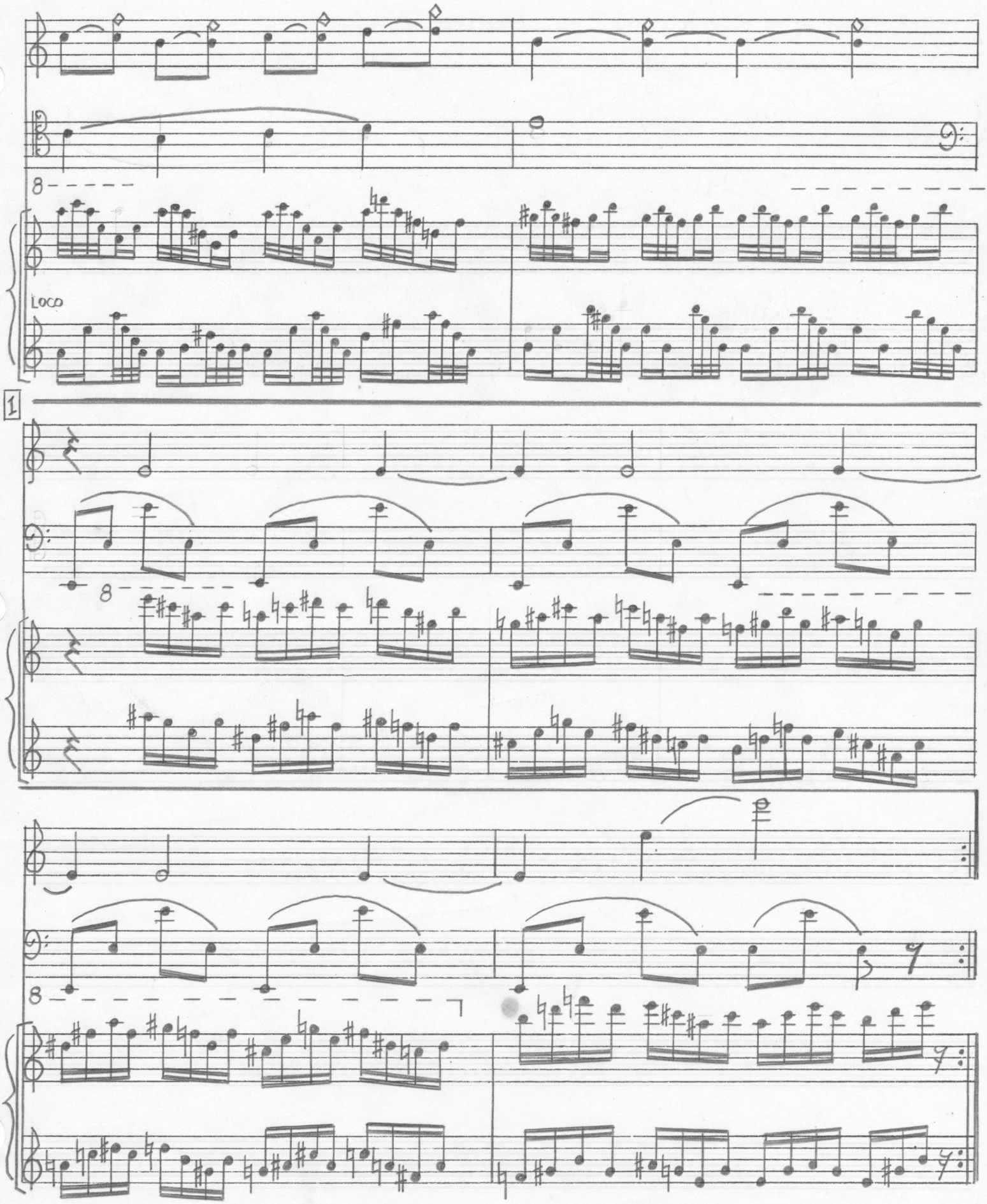

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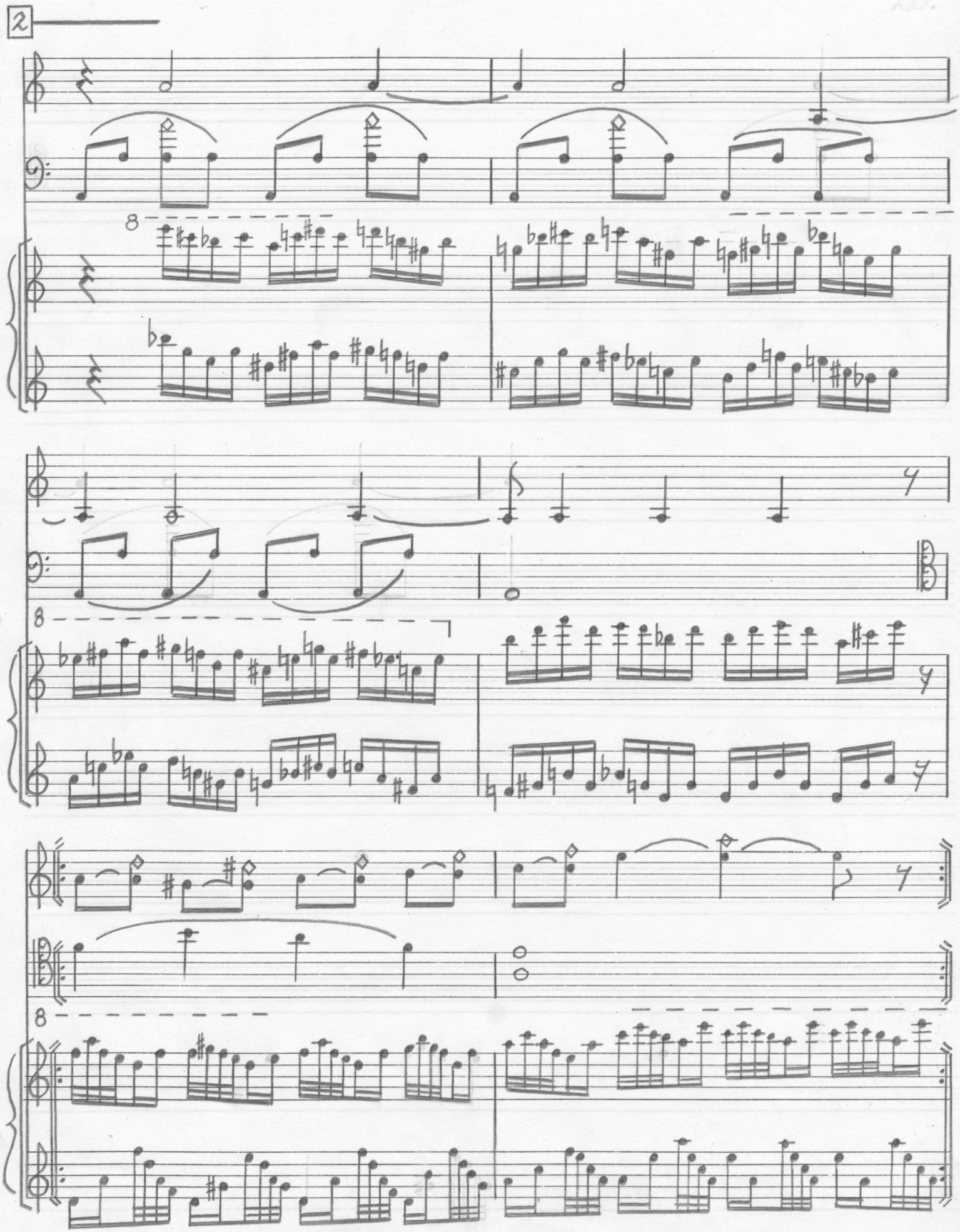
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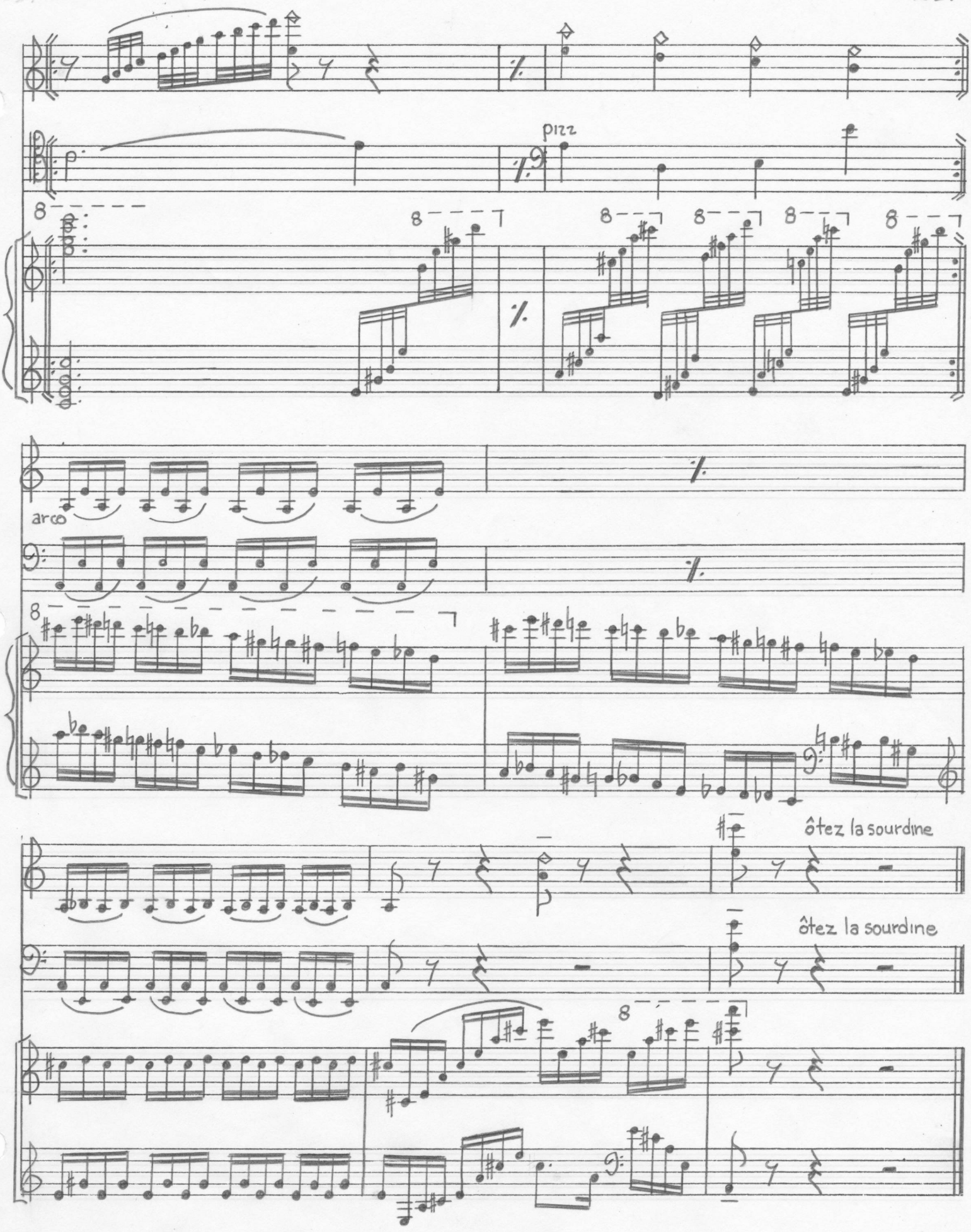

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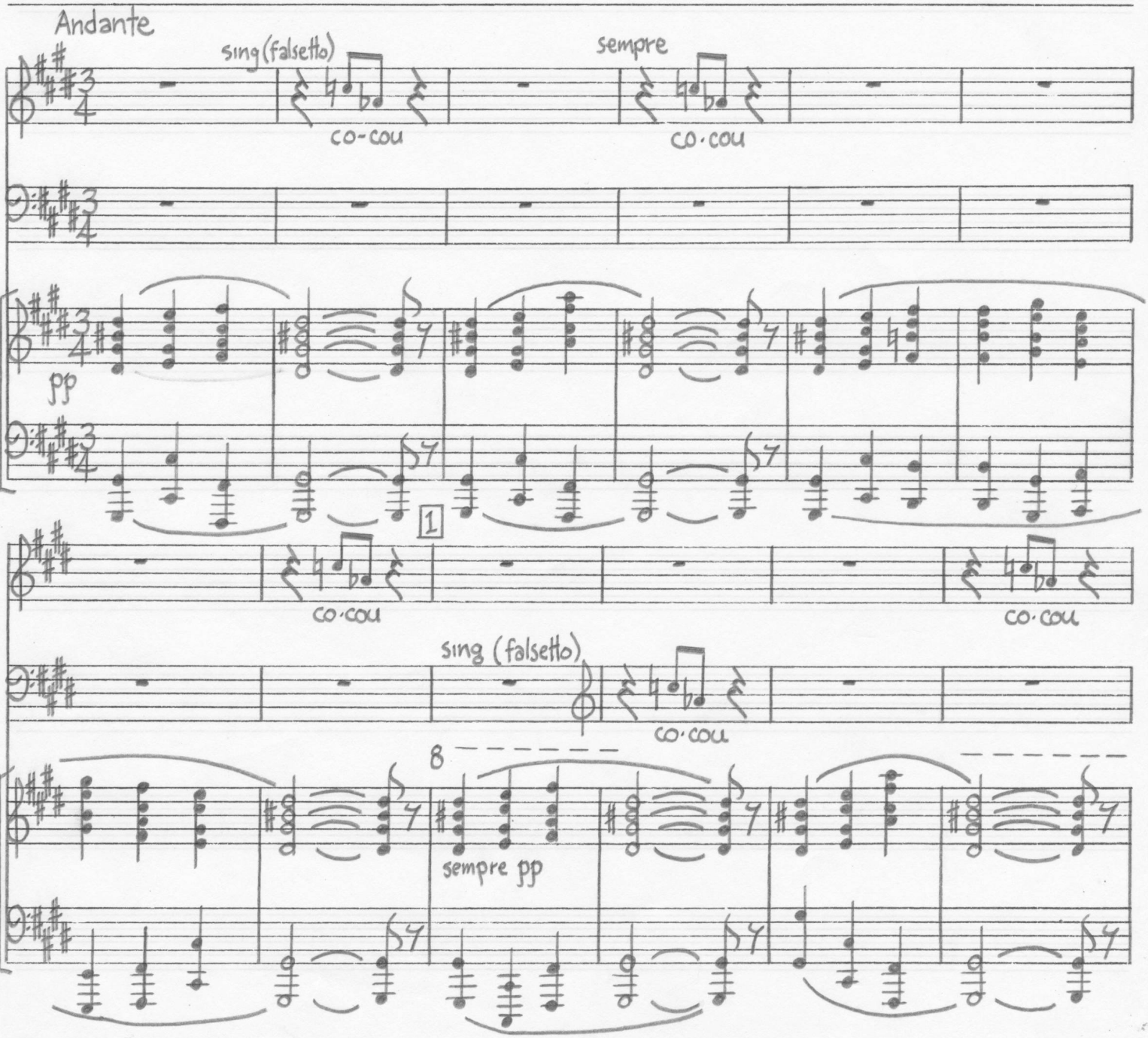
22. Tempo ad lib.

VIII

TACIT (violin solo)

IX



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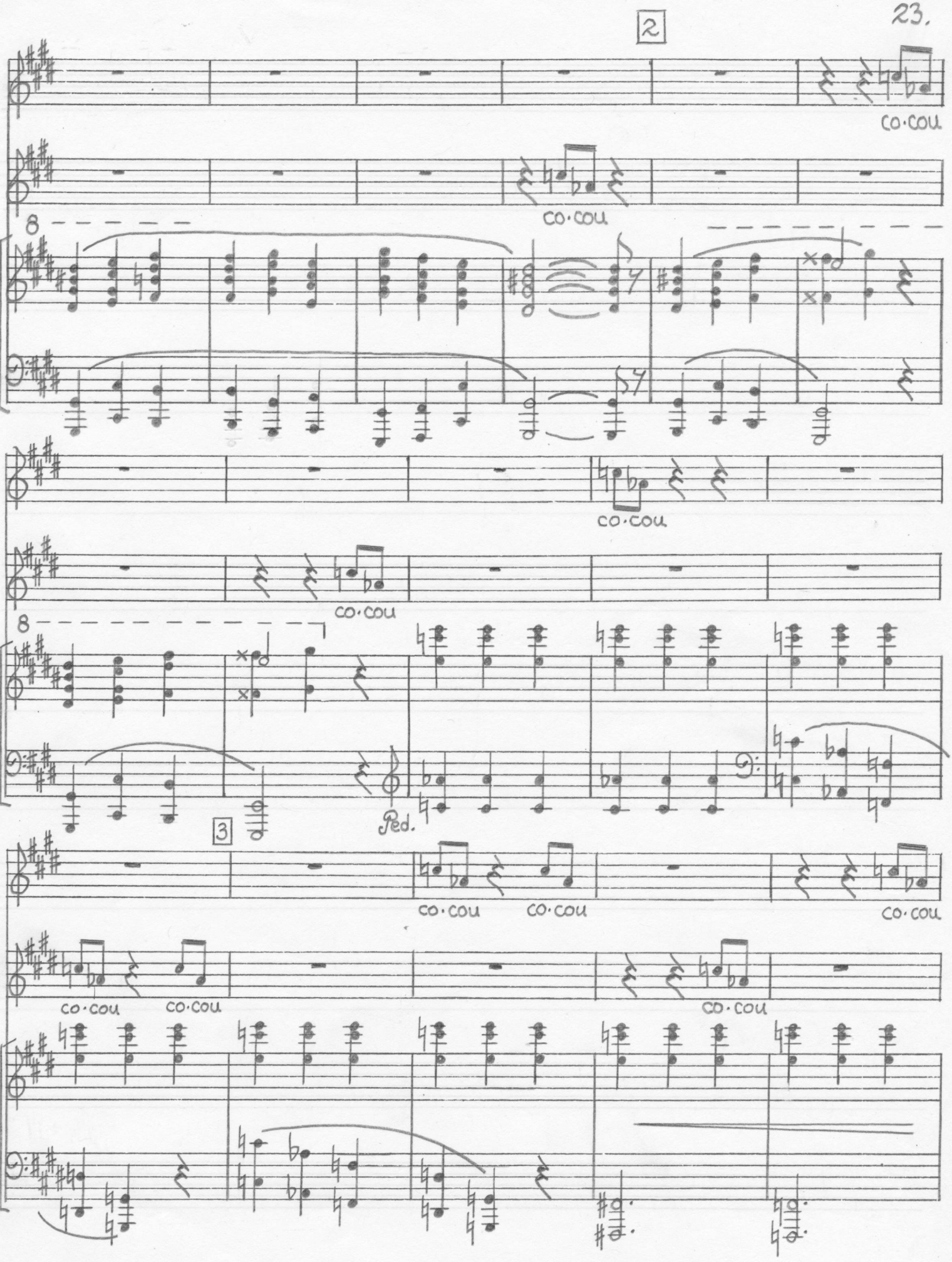
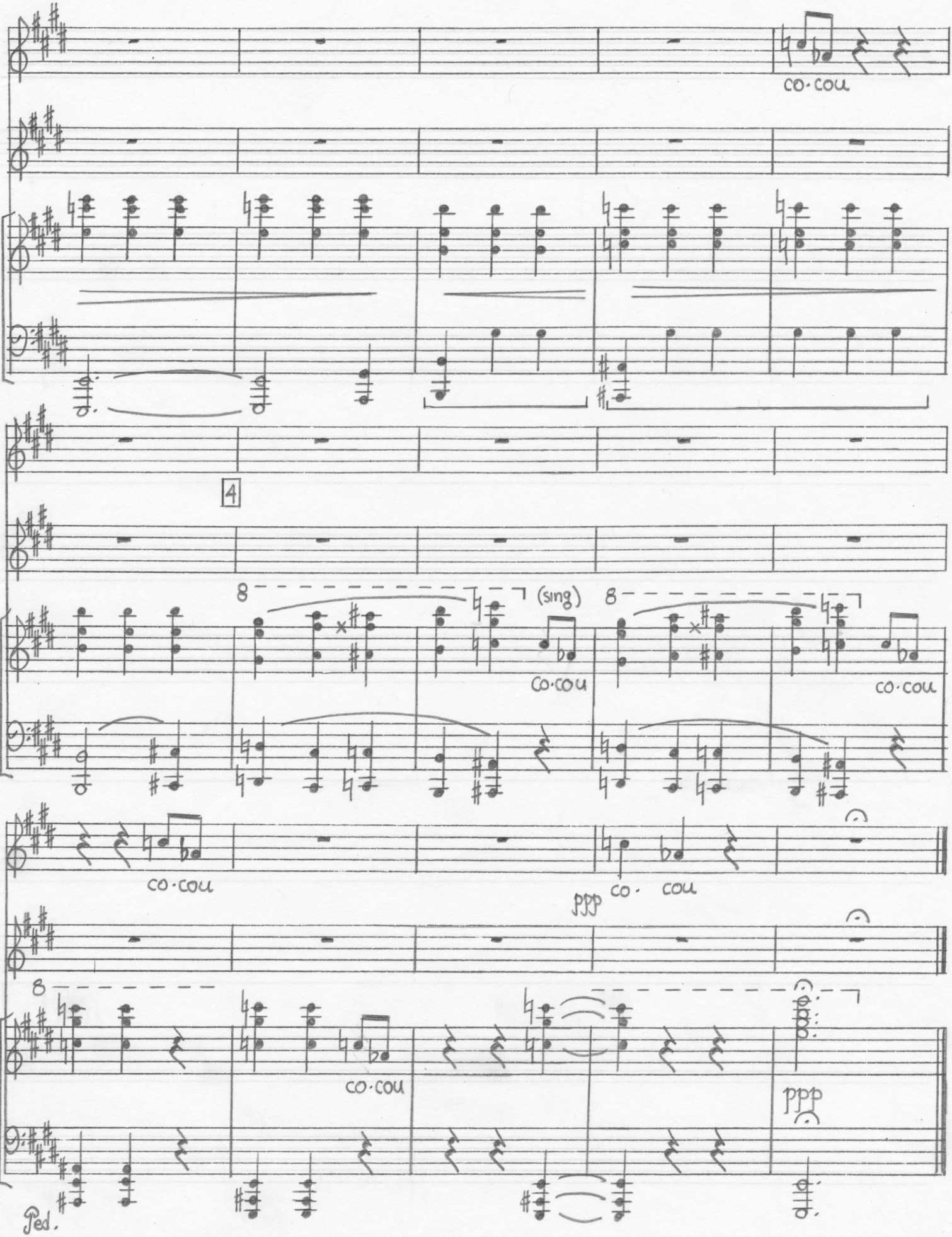
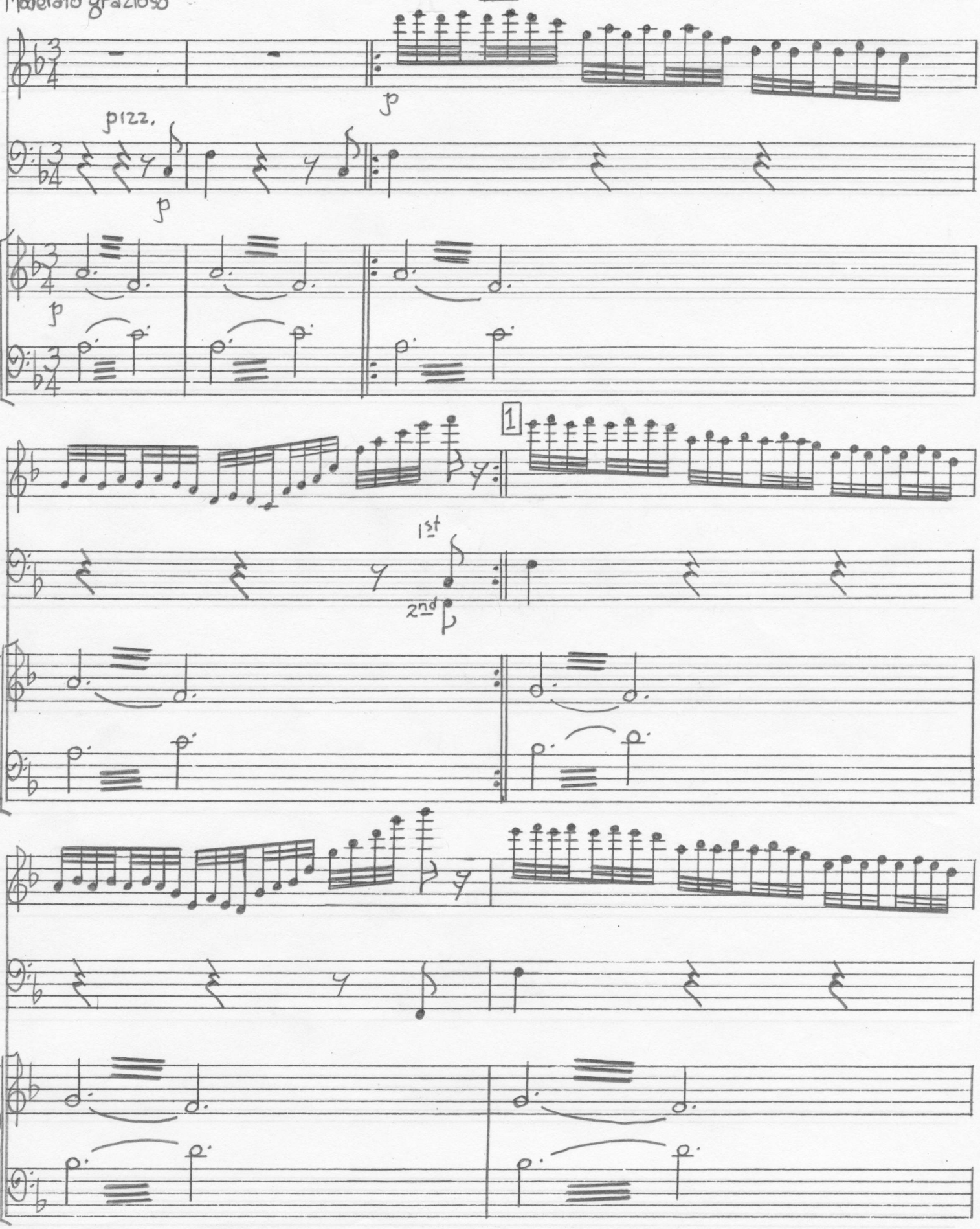
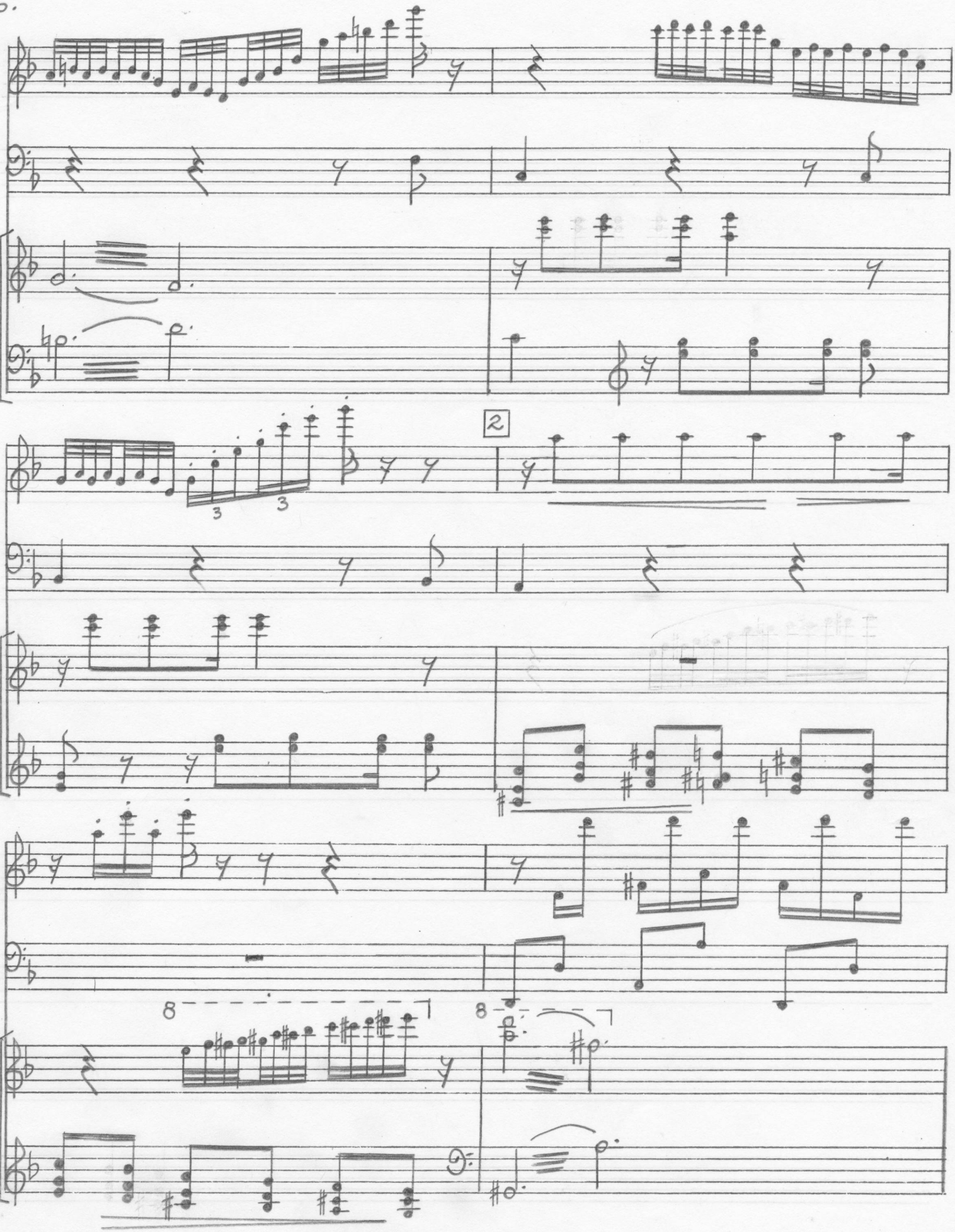

2
co·cou
co·cou
8
co·cou
co·cou
8
3
Ped.
co·cou
co·cou
co·cou
co·cou
co·cou
co·cou


co·cou
4
8
(sing)
8
Co·cou
co·cou
co·cou
ppp
co· cou
8
co·cou
ppp
Ped.

X

Moderato grazioso

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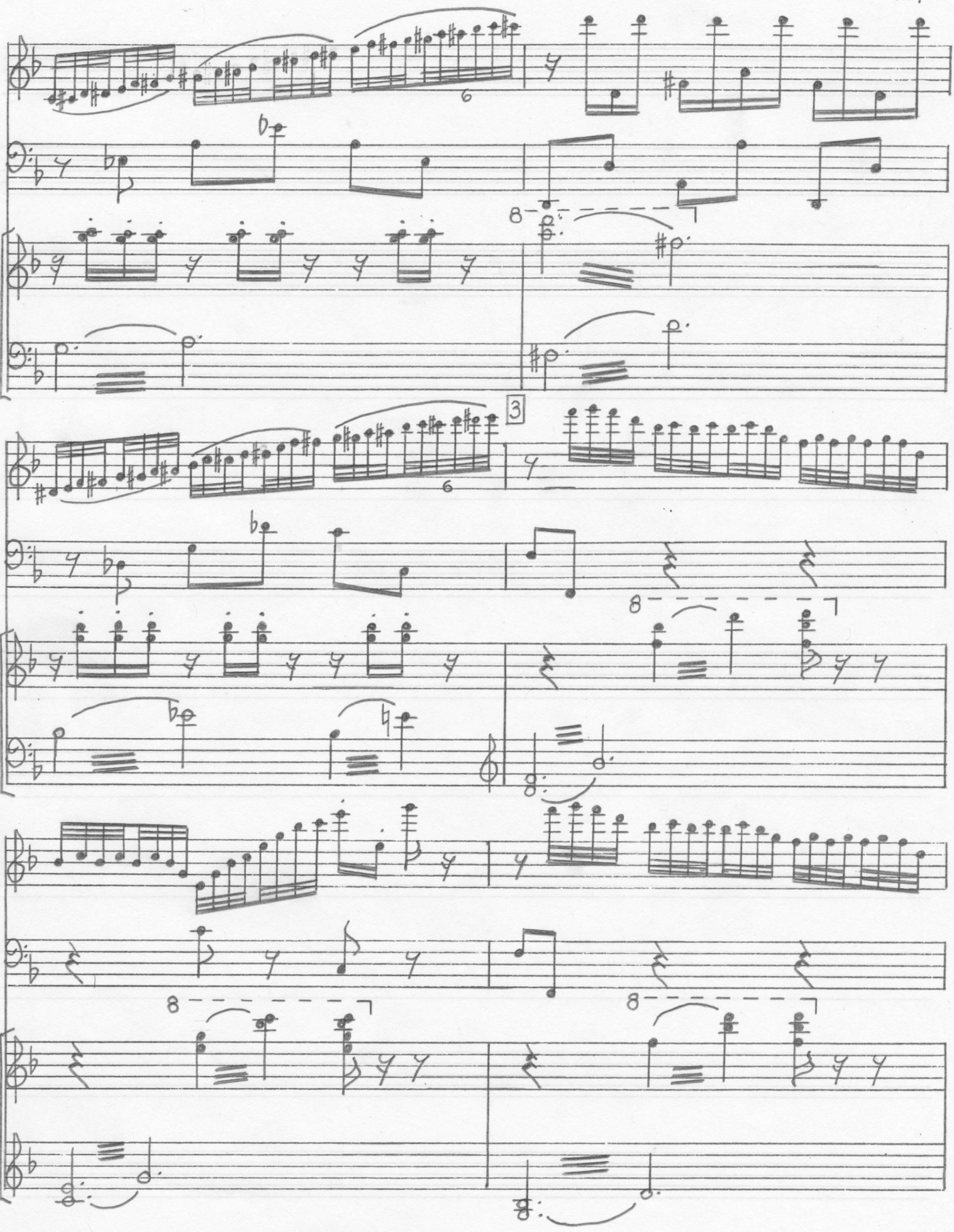
6
8
3
6
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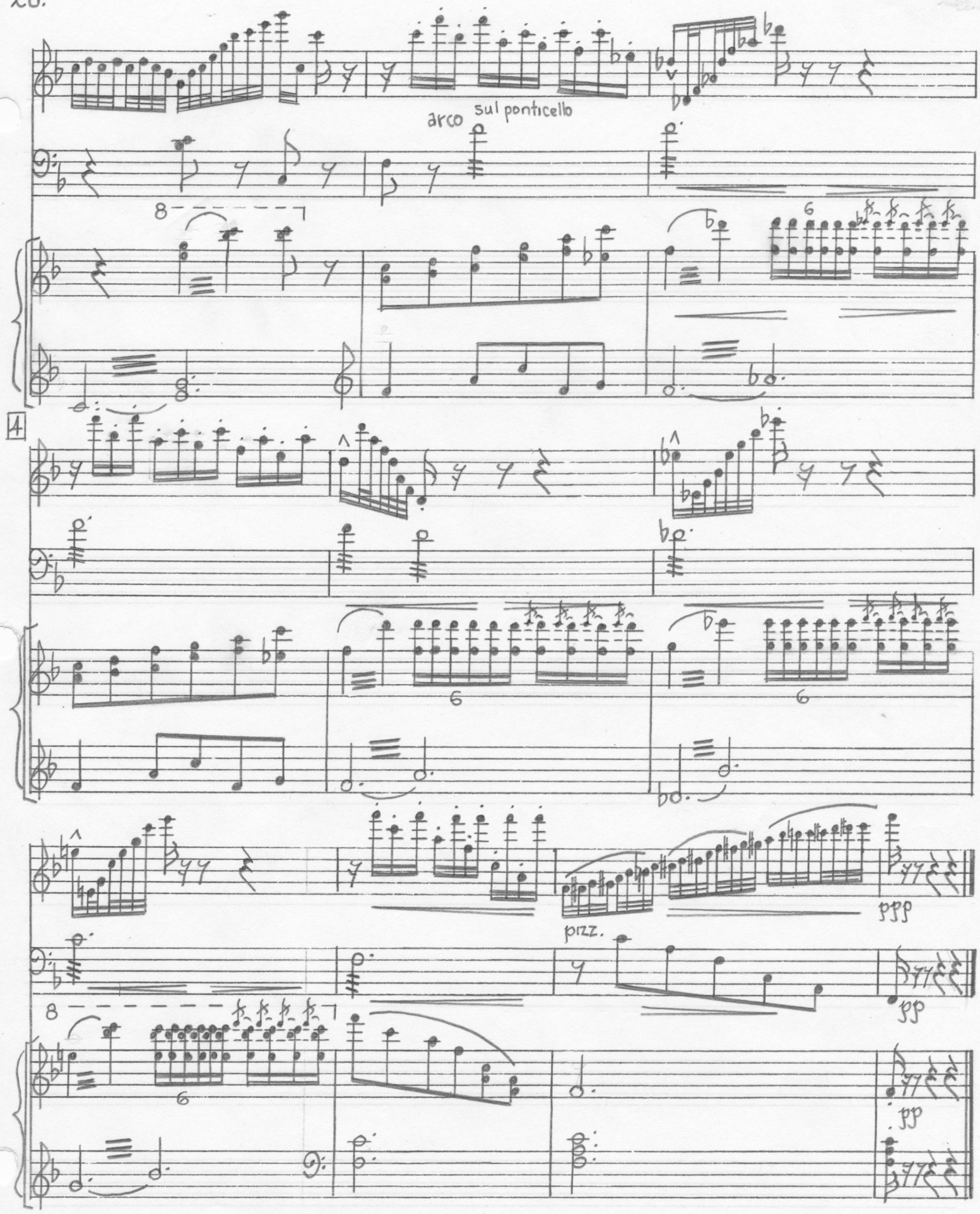
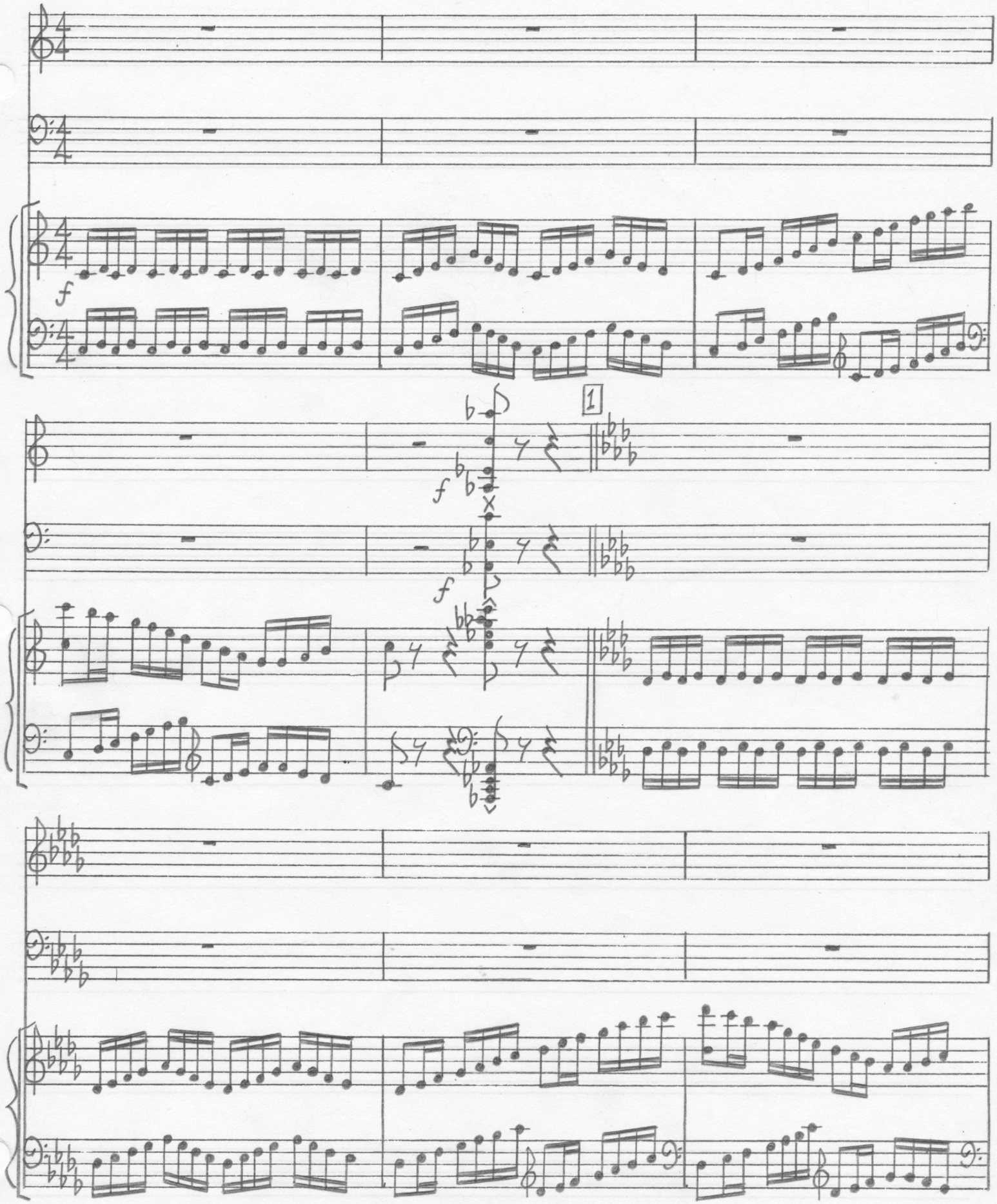
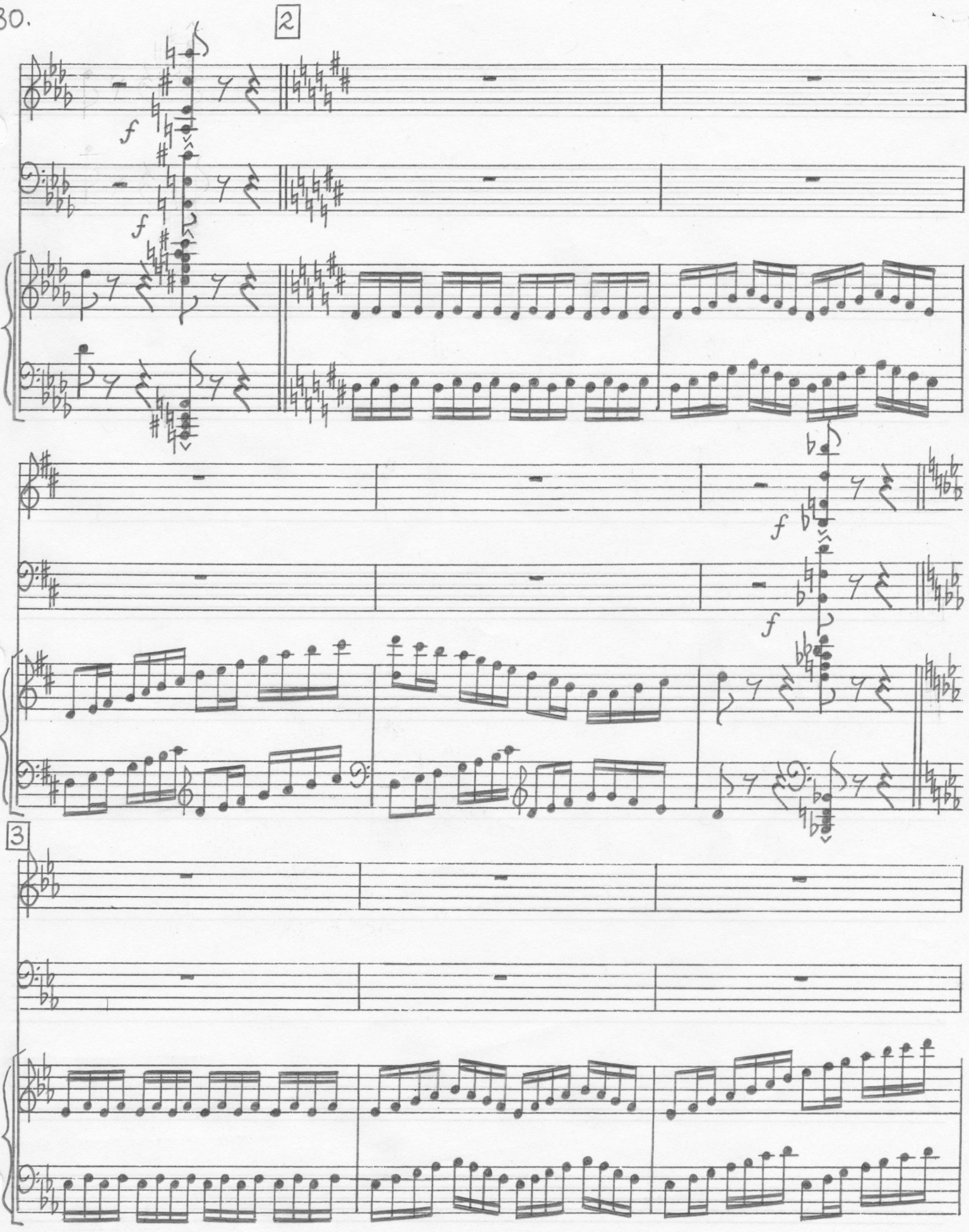
8


arco sul ponticello
8
6
4
6
6
pizz.
ppp
pp
8
6
pp

XI*



* The pianist should imitate the play of a beginner's ineptitude (editor's note)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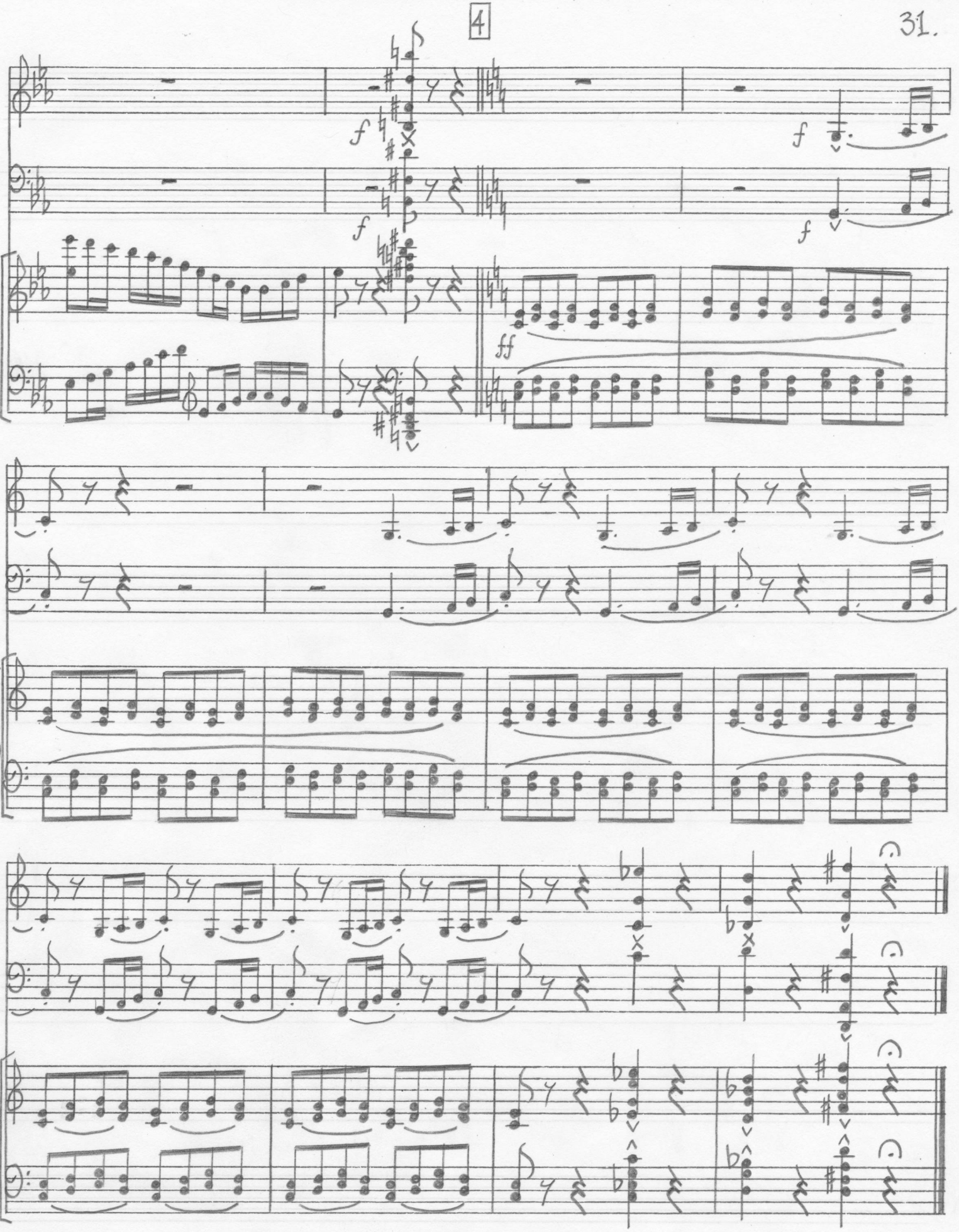
f
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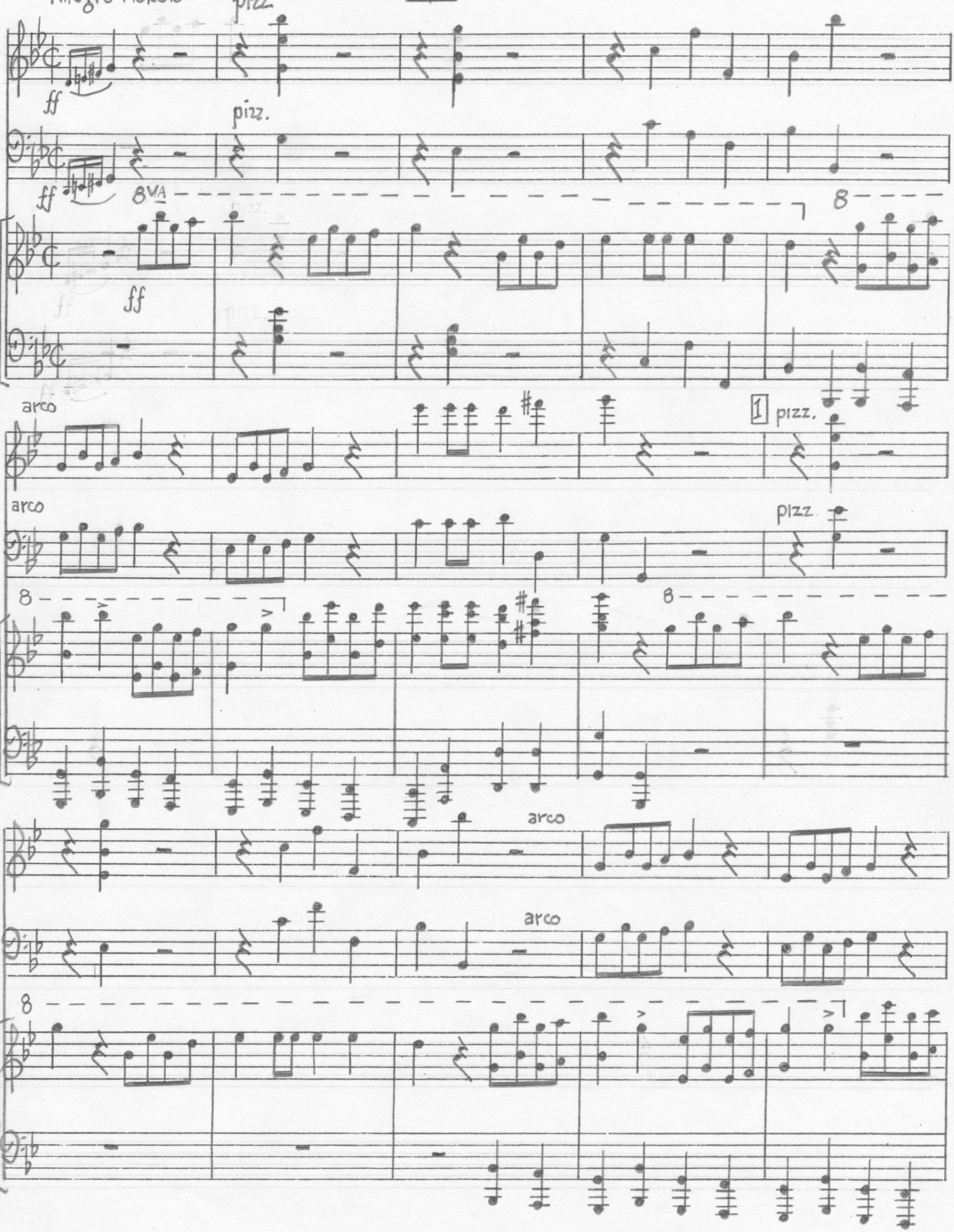
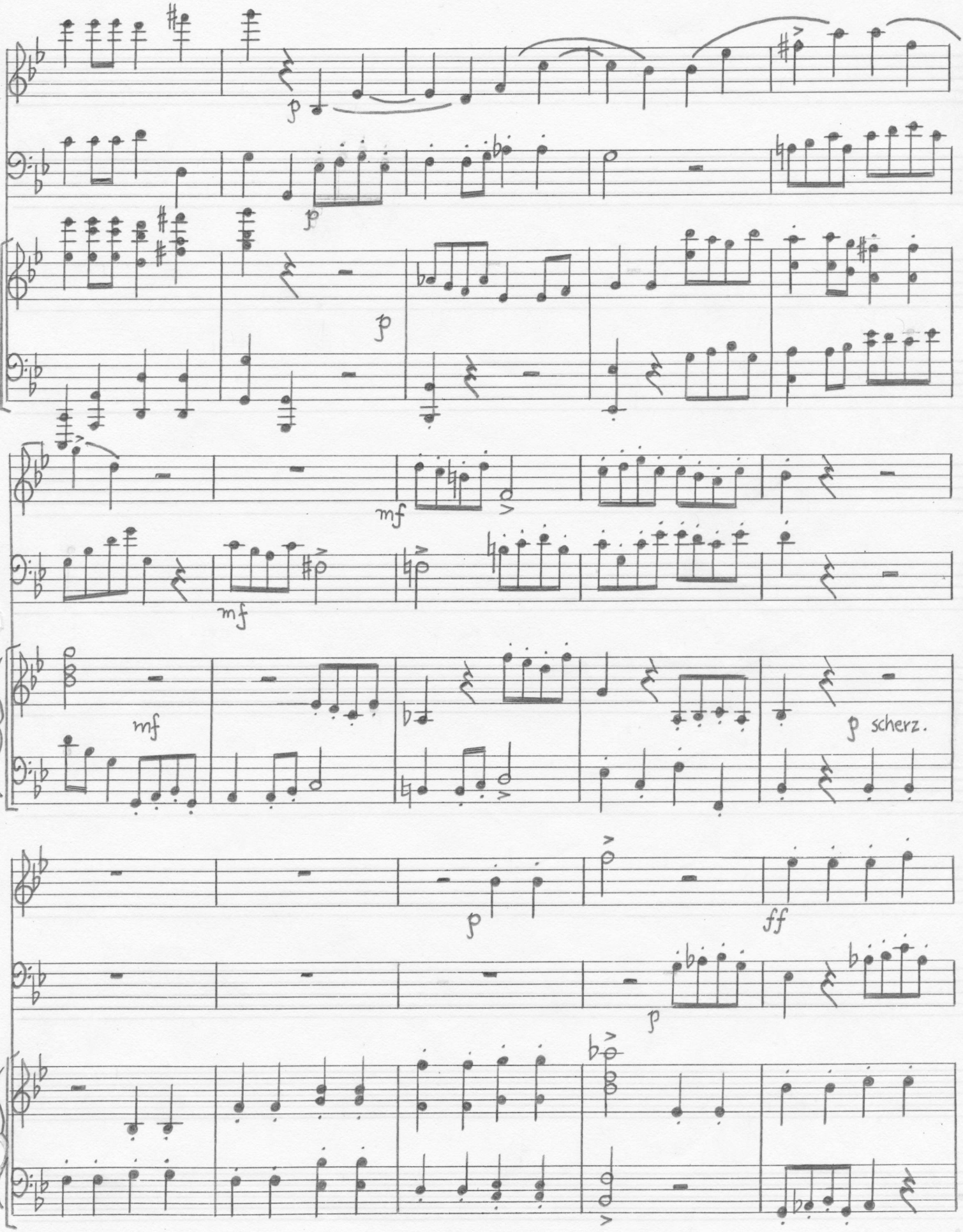
ff

32. Allegro ridicolo

XII




p
p
p
mf
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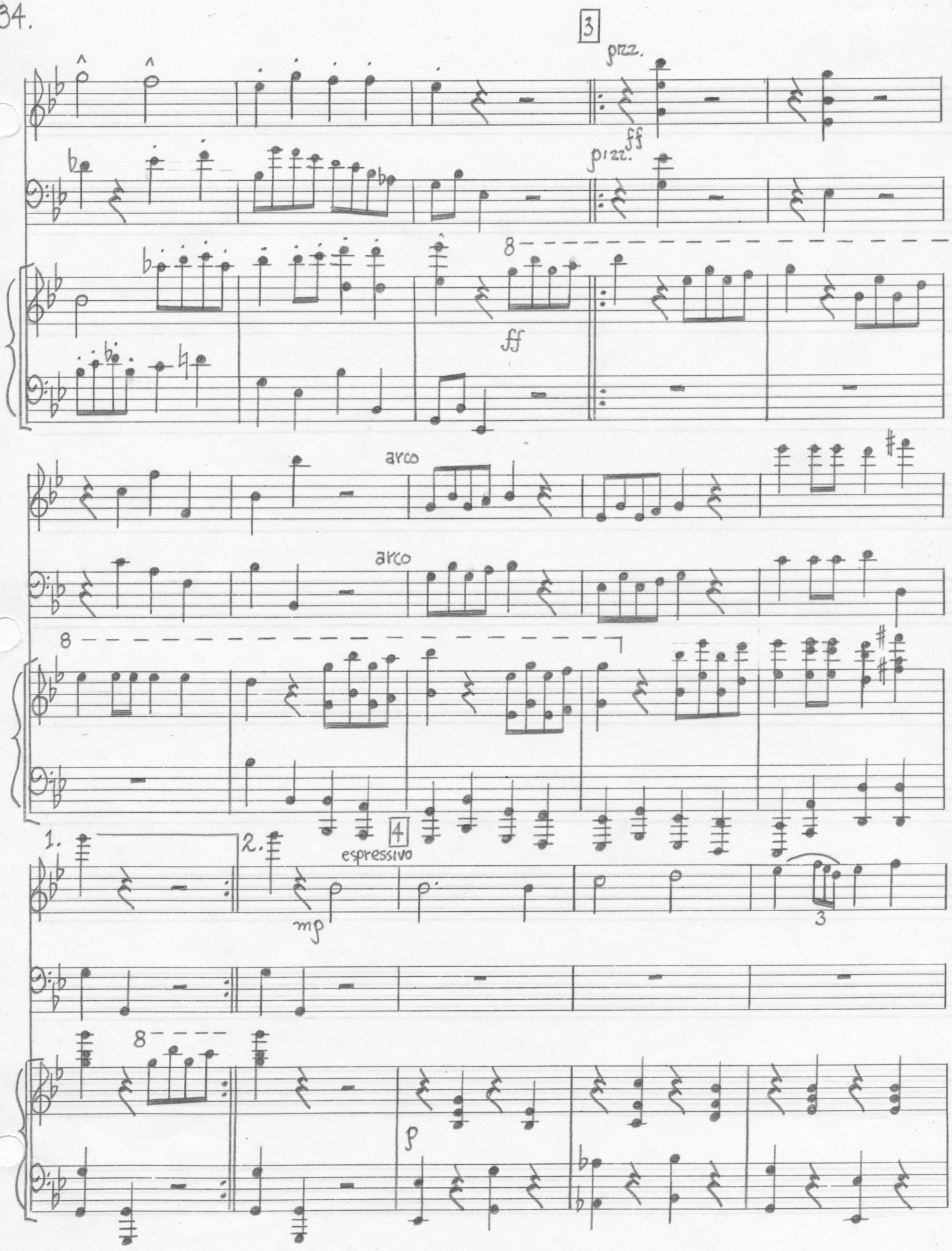
mf
p scherz.
p
ff
p


3
pizz.
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pizz.
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arco
8
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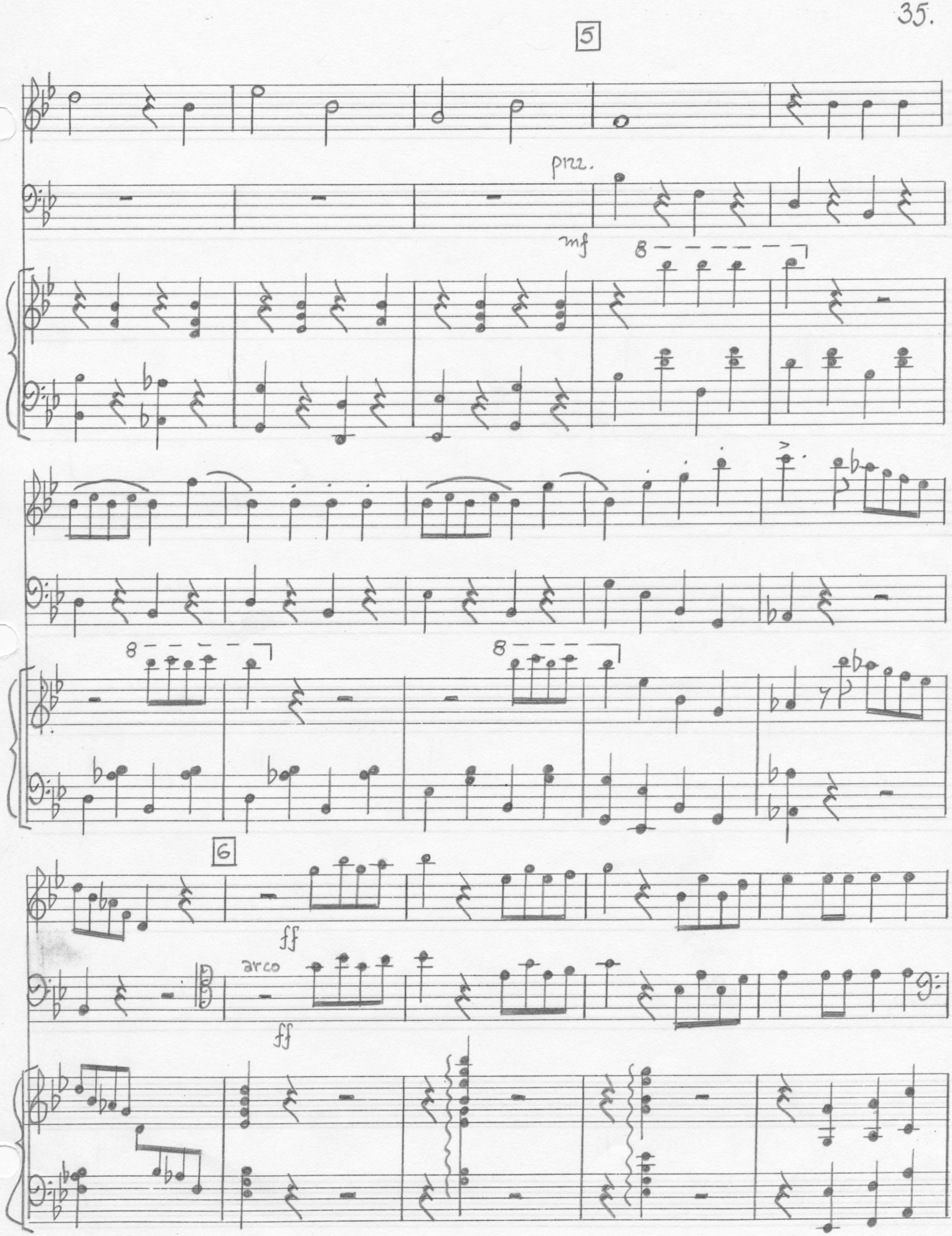
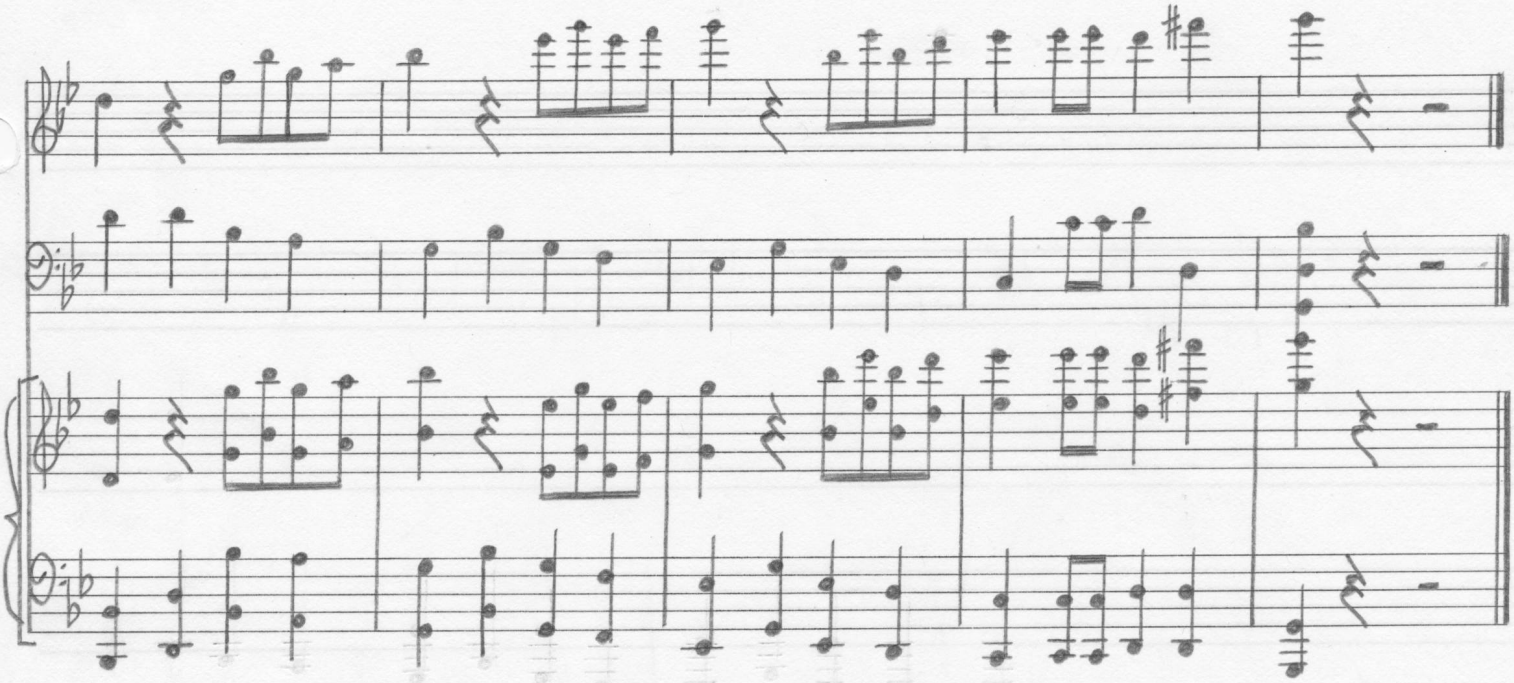
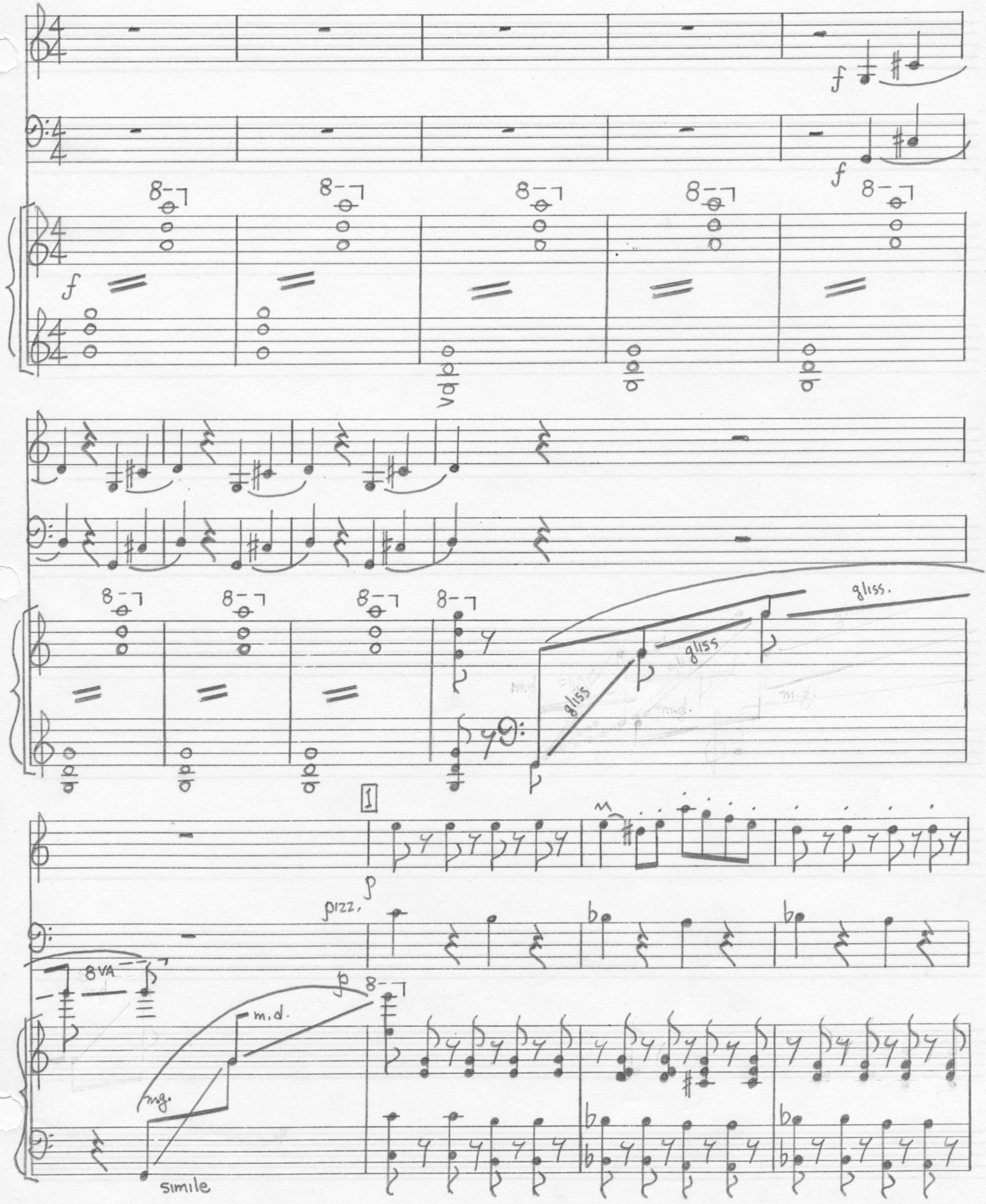

5
pizz.
mf
8
8
8
6
ff
arco
ff

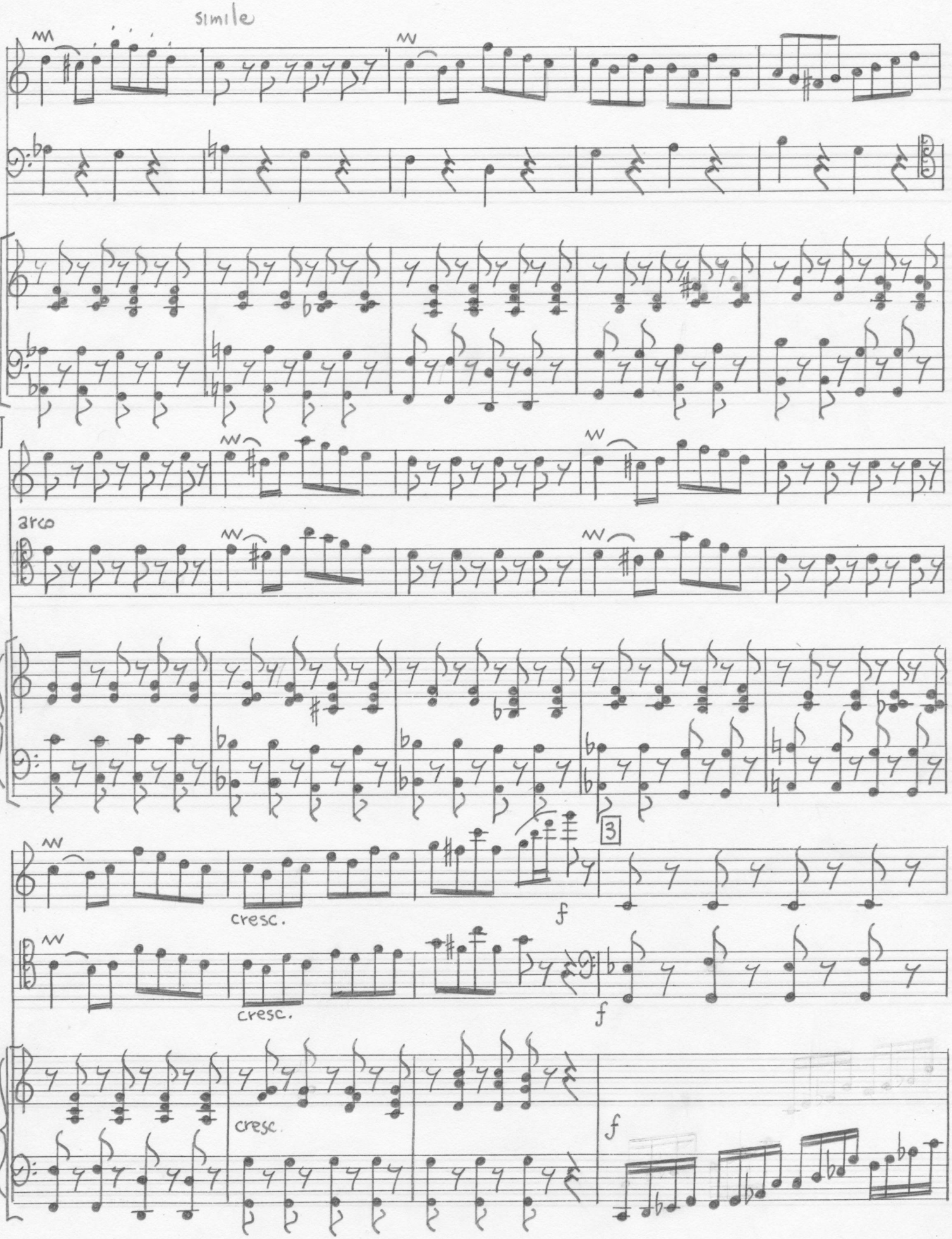


The Swan

XIV

Molto Allegro

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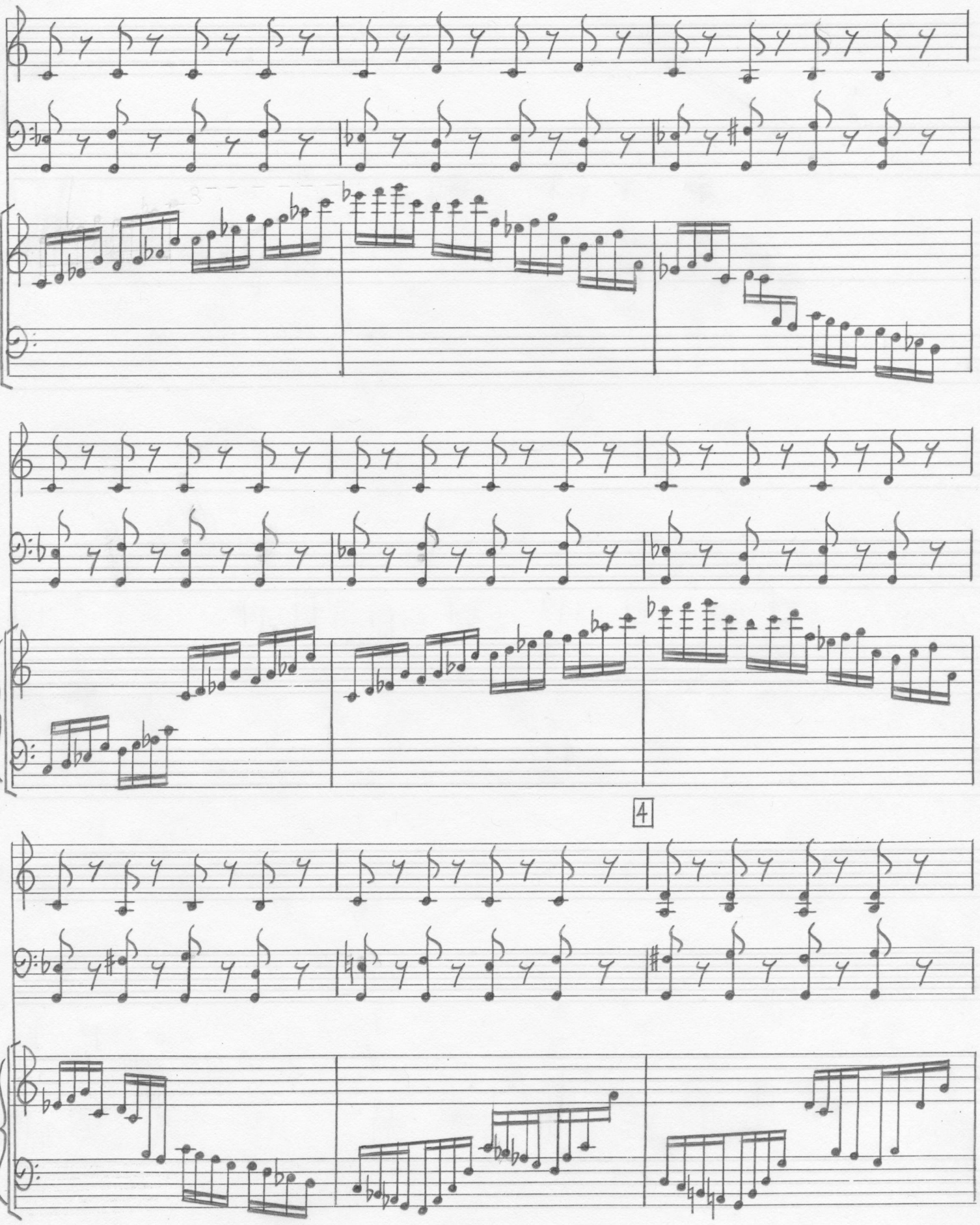
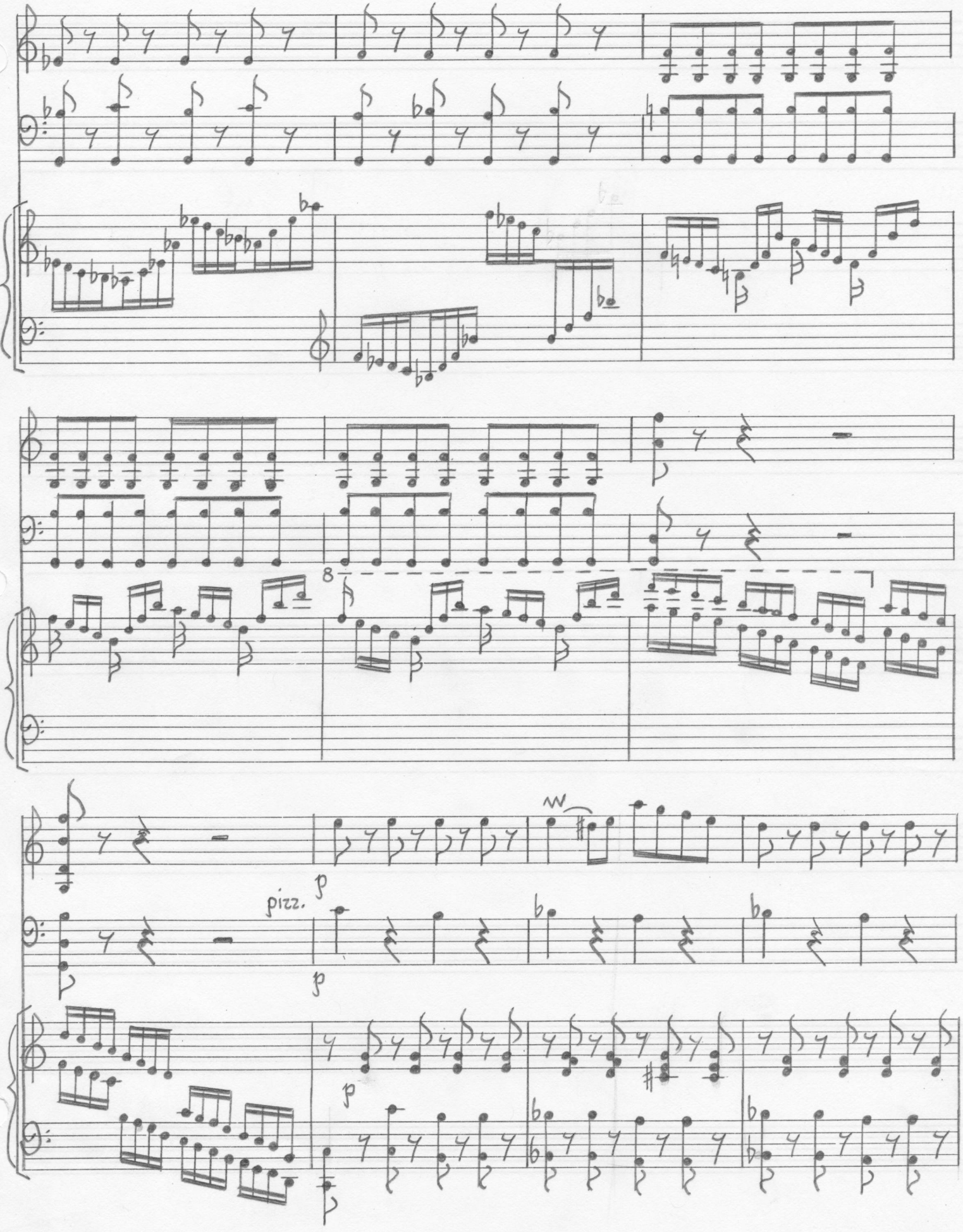
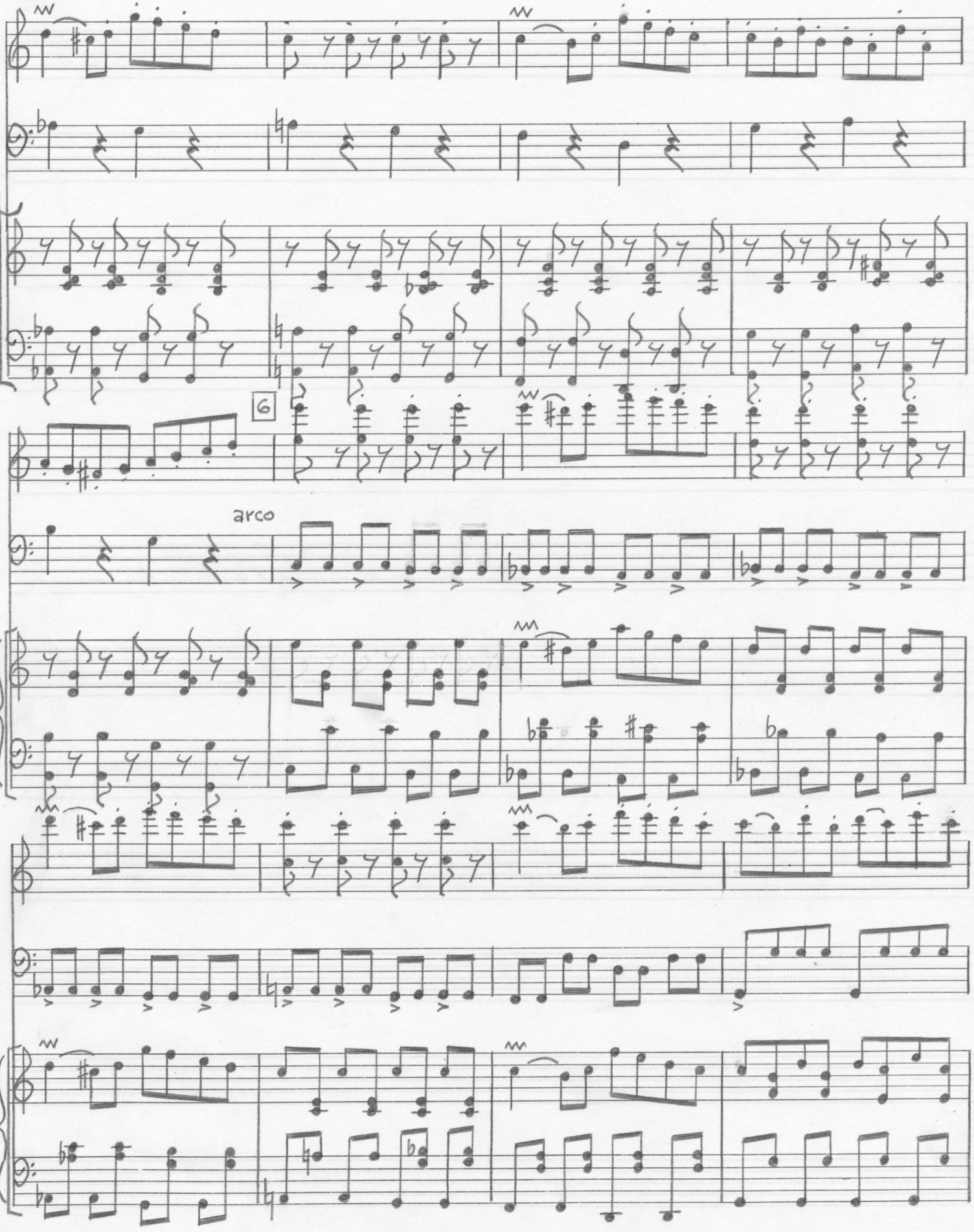
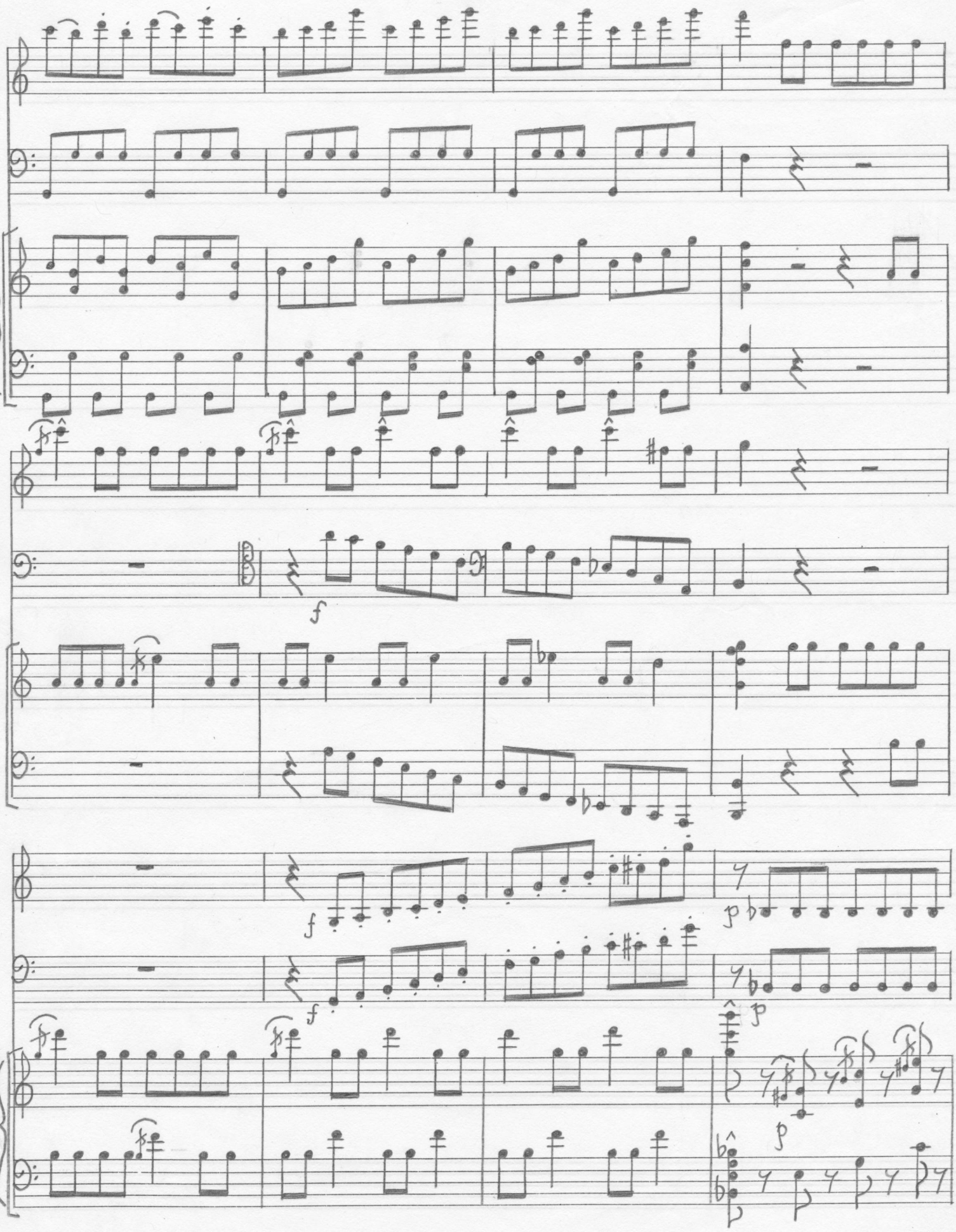
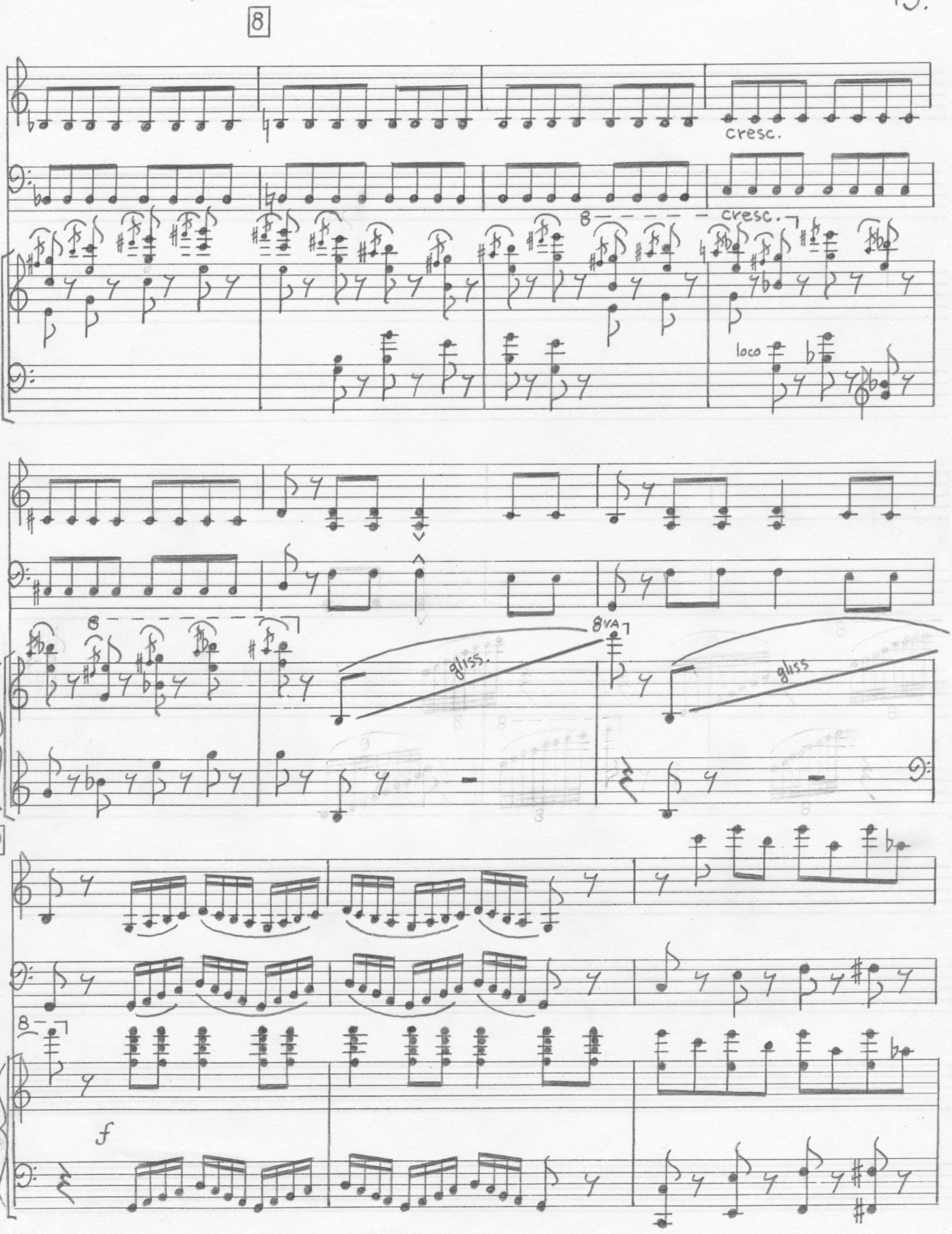



8
pizz.
p
p
p


6
arco

7

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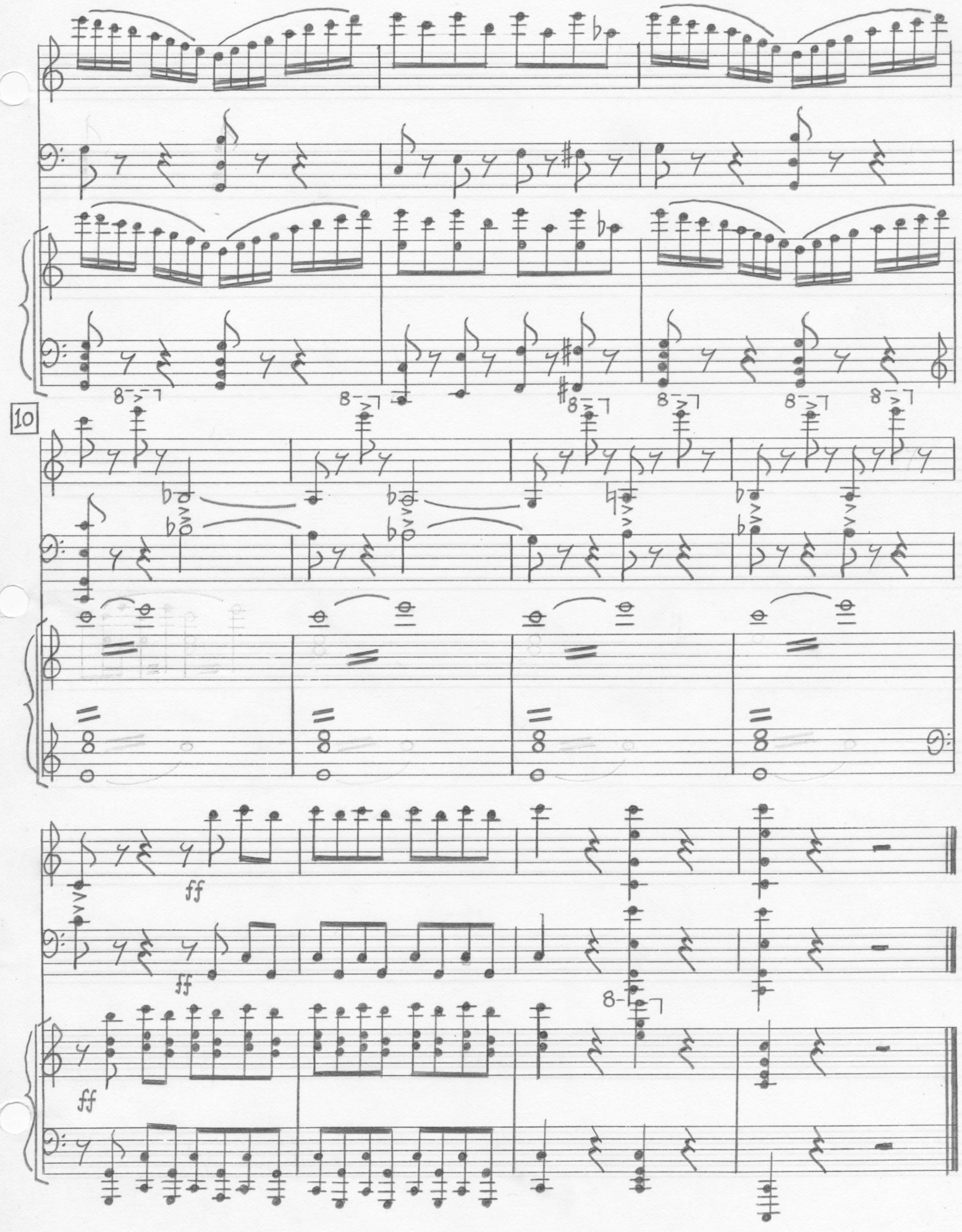
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SAINT-SAËNS

THE CARNIVAL OF THE ANIMALS

(New Verses by Ogden Nash)

Carnival of Animals – one of the wittiest, most captivatingly satiric compositions in orchestral literature – brings us a decidedly unusual and thoroughly happy combination of interpreters.

To perform the music there are Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra, giving this enchanting work one of their most incisive and brilliant readings.

Enchanting though the music is, it seemed to Mr. Kostelanetz and Goddard Lieberson, Executive Vice-President of Columbia Records, that appreciation of the work would be enhanced by the spoken word. That this explanation should be done by someone whose wit was as adroit and sharp and irreverent as Saint-Saëns was obvious, and to Mr. Lieberson there seemed only one choice for such a role – Ogden Nash, whose epigrams in verse are as novel and hilarious as they are biting. Mr. Nash was delighted with the idea, and in an amazingly short time he had produced especially for this recorded performance the delicious verses printed below.

Who was to speak the poems? It would have to be someone urbane of manner, a man who could relish the unexpected twists of Mr. Nash's phrases and the new-minted words which give the impression of being the only right words, and who could convey that relish without affectation to his audience. Again there seemed only one choice – Noel Coward. At a meeting between Noel Coward and Goddard Lieberson the latter had only to recite through the line "Their teeth are upside down, outside" of *Elephants* to delight the English playwright-actor and to persuade him to do the recording.

Here then is the result – to our ears a bewitching experience and one by which Saint-Saëns himself would have been entranced.

Introduction

Camille St. Saëns was racked with pains
When people addressed him as "Saint-Sains."
He held the human race to blame
Because it could not pronounce his name.
So he turned with metronome and fife
To glorify other forms of life.
Be quiet, please, for here begins
His salute to feathers, furs and fins.

Royal March of the Lions

The lion is the king of beasts
And husband of the lioness.
Gazelles and things on which he feasts
Address him as Your Hioness.
There are those who admire that roar of his
In the African jungles and veldts
But I think wherever the lion is
I'd rather be somewhere else.

Cocks and Hens

The rooster is a roistering hoodlum,
His battle-cry is cock-a-doodlum.
Hands in pockets, cap over eye,
He whistles at pullets passing by.

Wild Jackass

Have you ever harked to the jackass wild
Which scientists call the onager?
It sounds like the laugh of an idiot child,
Or a hepcat on a harmoniger.
But do not sneer at the jackass wild,
There is method in his hee-haw,
For with maidenly blush and accent mild
The jenny-ass answers, shee-haw.

Turtles

Come crown my brow with leaves of myrtle
I know the tortoise is a turtle.
Come carve my name in stone immortal,
I know the turtoise is a tortle.
I know to my profound despair
I bet on one to beat a hare.
I also know I'm now a pauper
Because of its tortley turtley torpor.

Elephants

Elephants are useful friends
Equipped with handles at both ends.
They have a wrinkled, moth-proof hide;
Their teeth are upside down, outside.
If you think the elephant preposterous
You've probably never seen a rhinosterous.

Kangaroos

The kangaroo can jump incredible.
He has to jump, because he's edible.
I could not eat a kangaroo
But many fine Australians do.
Those with cookbooks as well as boomerangs
Prefer him in tasty kangaroo meringues.

The Aquarium

Some fish are minnows,
Some are whales.
People like dimples.
Fish like scales.
Some fish are slim,
And some are round.
They don't get cold,
They don't get drowned.
But every fish wife
Fears for her fish.
What we call mermaids
And they call merfish.

The Mules

In the world of mules
There are no rules.

The Cuckoo in the Woods

Cuckoos lead Bohemian lives,
They fail as husbands and as wives.
Therefore they cynically disparage
Everybody else's marriage.

The Birds (Julius Barker, Flute Solo)

Puccini was Latin, and Wagner Teutonic,
And birds are incurably philharmonic.
Suburban yards and rural vistas
Are filled with avian Andrews Sisters.
The skylark sings a roundelay,
The crow sings The Road To Mandalay,
The nightingale sings a lullaby
And the seagull sings a gullaby.
That's what shepherds listened to in Arcadia
Before somebody invented the radia.

The Pianists

Some claim that pianists are human,
And quote the case of Mr. Truman.
St. Saëns, upon the other hand,
Considered them a scurvy band.
Ape-like they are, he said, and simian,
Instead of normal men and wimian.

The Fossils

At midnight in the museum hall
The fossils gathered for a ball.
There were no drums or saxophones
But just the clatter of their bones,
A rolling, rattling, carefree circus
Of mammoth polkas and mazurkas.
Pterodactyls and brontosauruses
Sang ghostly prehistoric choruses.
Amid the mastodonic wassail
I caught the eye of one small fossil.
Cheerup, sad world, he said, and winked –
It's kind of fun to be extinct.

The Swan (Frank Miller; 'Cello Solo)

The swan can swim while sitting down,
For pure conceit he takes the crown.
He looks in the mirror over and over,
And claims to have never heard of Pavlova.

Grand Finale

Now we reach the grand finale,
Animale, carnivale.
Noises new to sea and land
Issue from the skillful band.
All the strings contort their features
Imitating crawly creatures,
All the brasses look like mumps
From blowing umpah umpah umps.
In out-doing Barnum and Bailey and Ringling
St. Saëns has done a miraculous thingling.