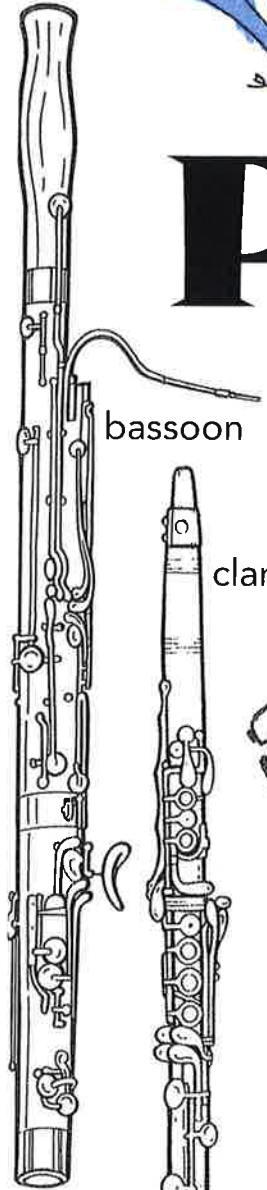


CHATTANOOGA SYMPHONY & OPERA
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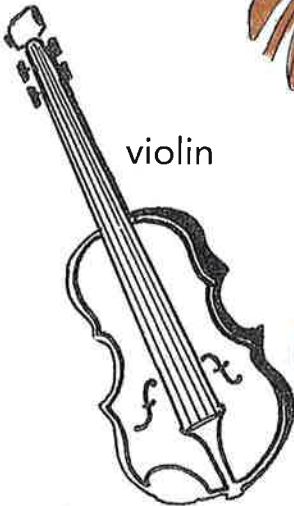
Peter & the Wolf

BY SERGEI PROKOFIEV

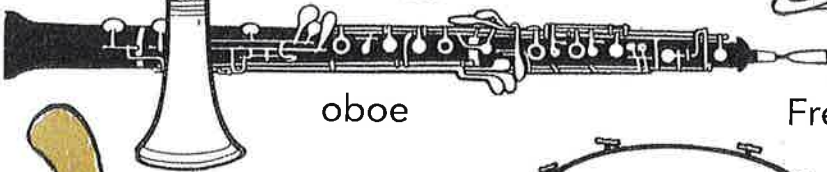


bassoon

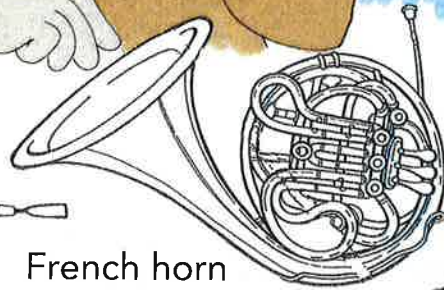
clarinet



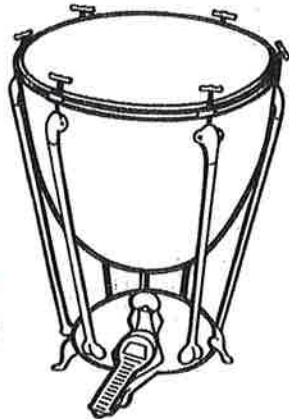
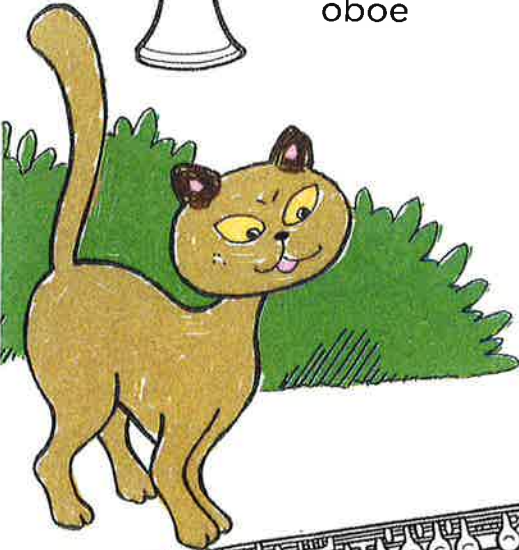
violin



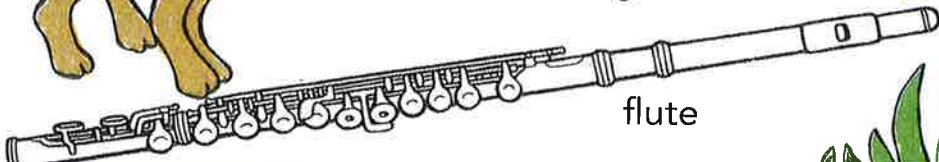
oboe



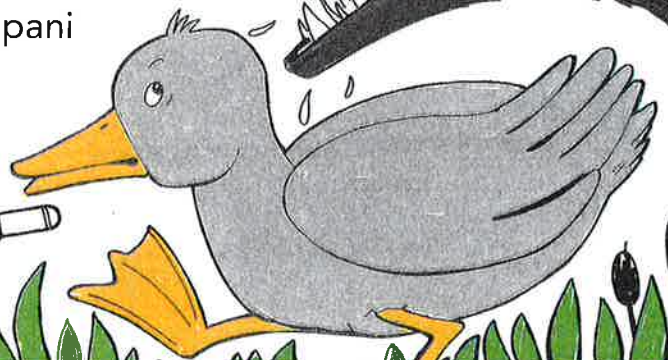
French horn



tympani



flute



Melodies to listen for in Peter and the Wolf

Peter (strings)



Bird (flute)



Duck (oboe)



Cat (clarinet)



Grandfather (bassoon)



Wolf (French horns)



Hunters (tympani)



CHATTANOOGA SYMPHONY & OPERA
www.chattcso.org

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One morning, Peter opened the garden gate and walked out into the great, green meadow. Sitting in a tree was Peter's friend, the little bird. "All is quiet. All is well," chirped the bird happily as Peter came to meet him. Behind Peter waddled the duck. She was glad to see that Peter had not shut the gate, for now she could go and swim in the clear, blue pond which lay in the middle of the meadow. When the little bird saw the duck swimming in the pond, he flew over and began to tease her.

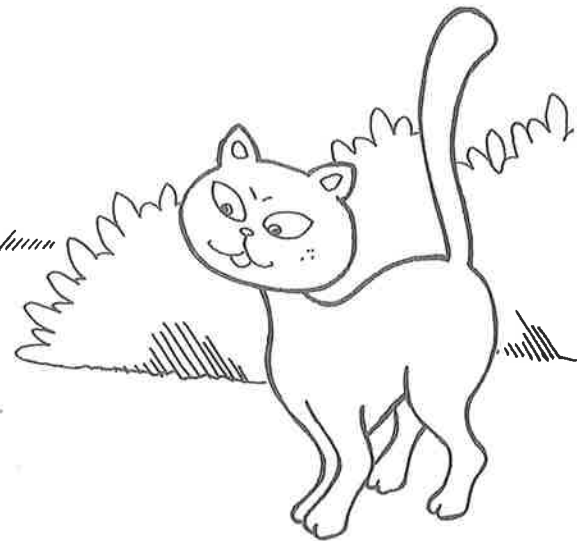
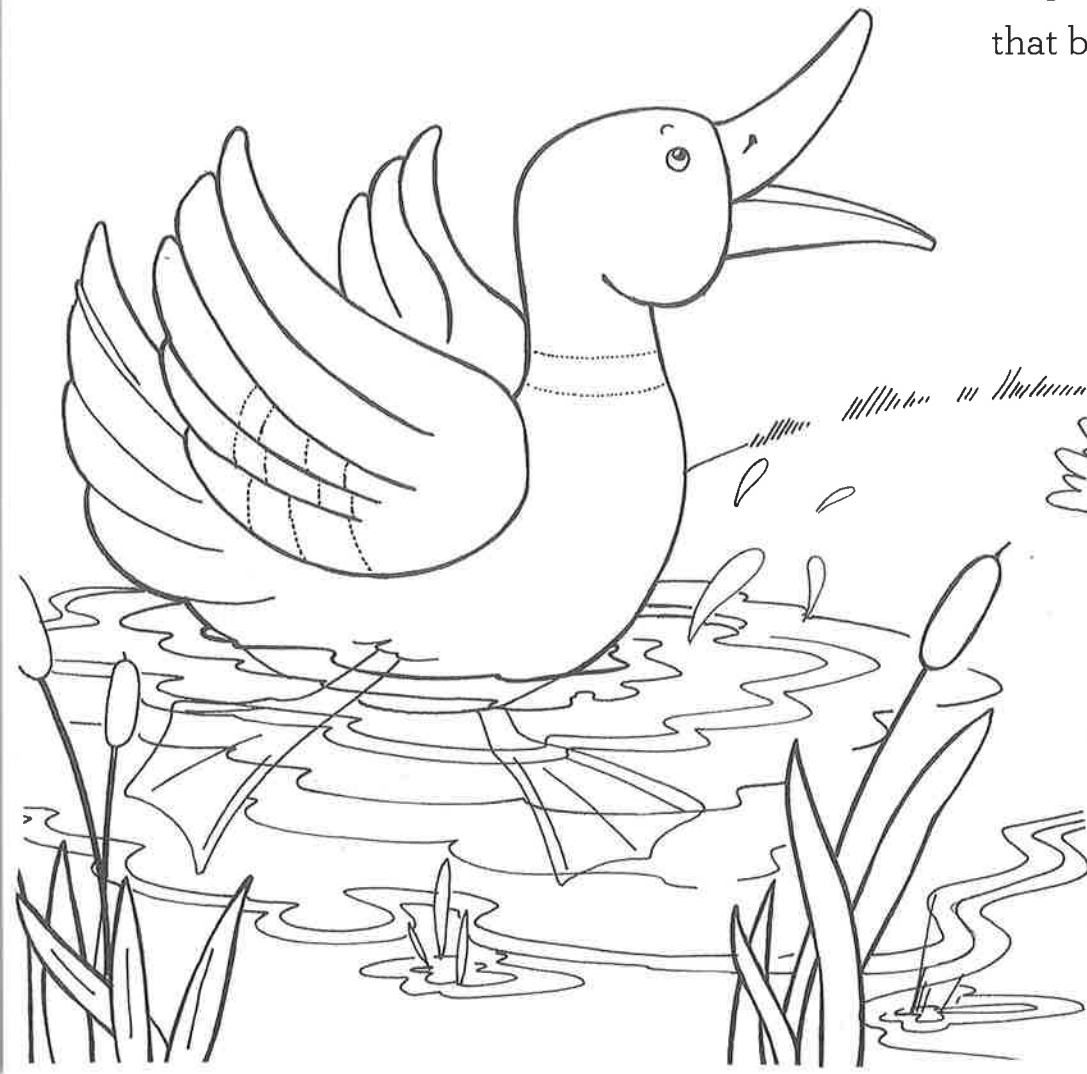


“Call yourself a bird, when you can’t even fly!” he taunted.



“Call yourself a bird,
when you can’t even swim!”
quacked the duck,
flapping her wings in
annoyance.

They were so busy quarreling
that neither of them noticed the cat
slinking through the bushes.
The cat was thinking, “While they
are arguing I shall creep up on
that bird and catch him!”



Suddenly Peter saw the cat.
“Look out!” he shouted.
The bird swooped up into
the tree and the duck swam
to the middle of the pond and
quacked crossly at the cat.



Just then Grandfather came out of the house. He was angry with Peter for leaving the garden gate open and going into the meadow alone. "The meadow is a dangerous place," he said. "What would you have done if a wolf had come out of the forest?" He took Peter back into the garden and closed the gate firmly.

No sooner had Peter left the meadow than a large grey wolf did come creeping out of the forest. The cat ran quickly up into a tree. The duck squawked nervously and came rushing out of the pond.

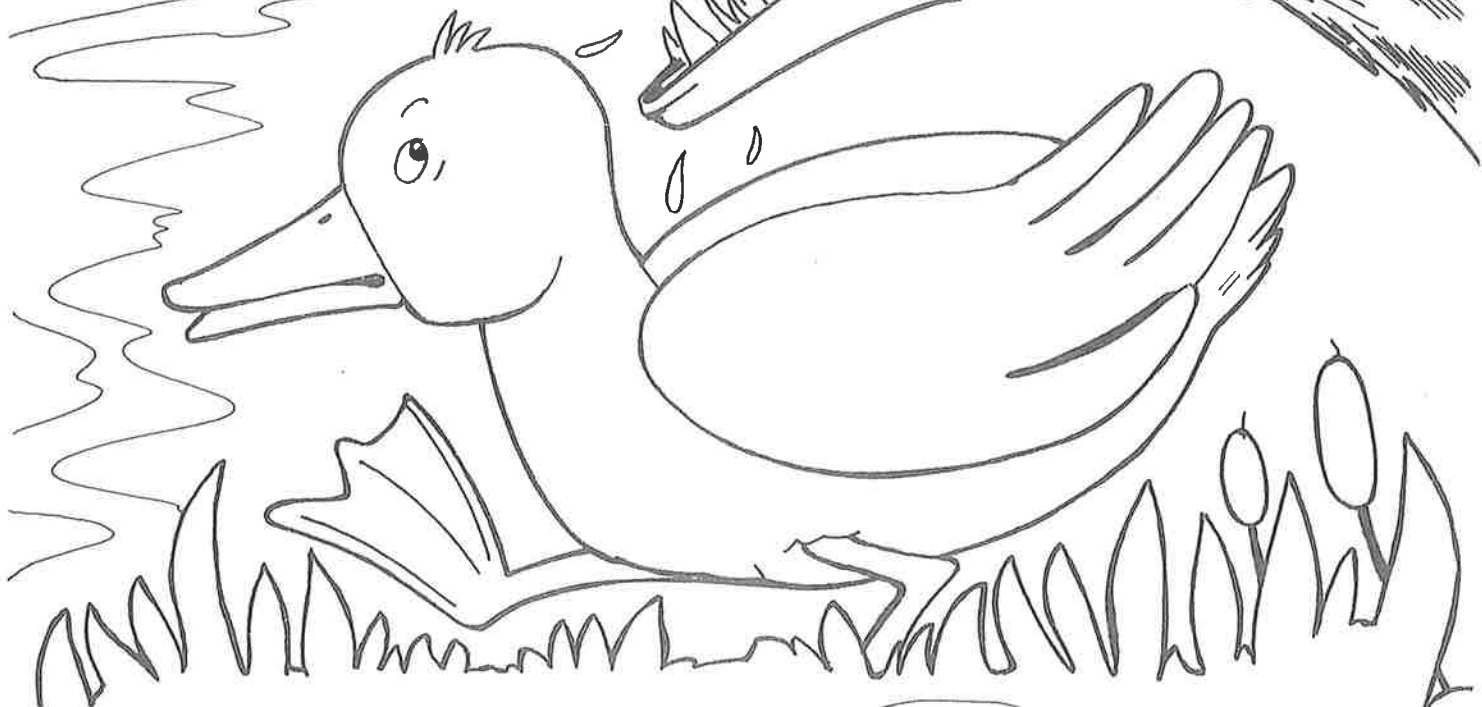
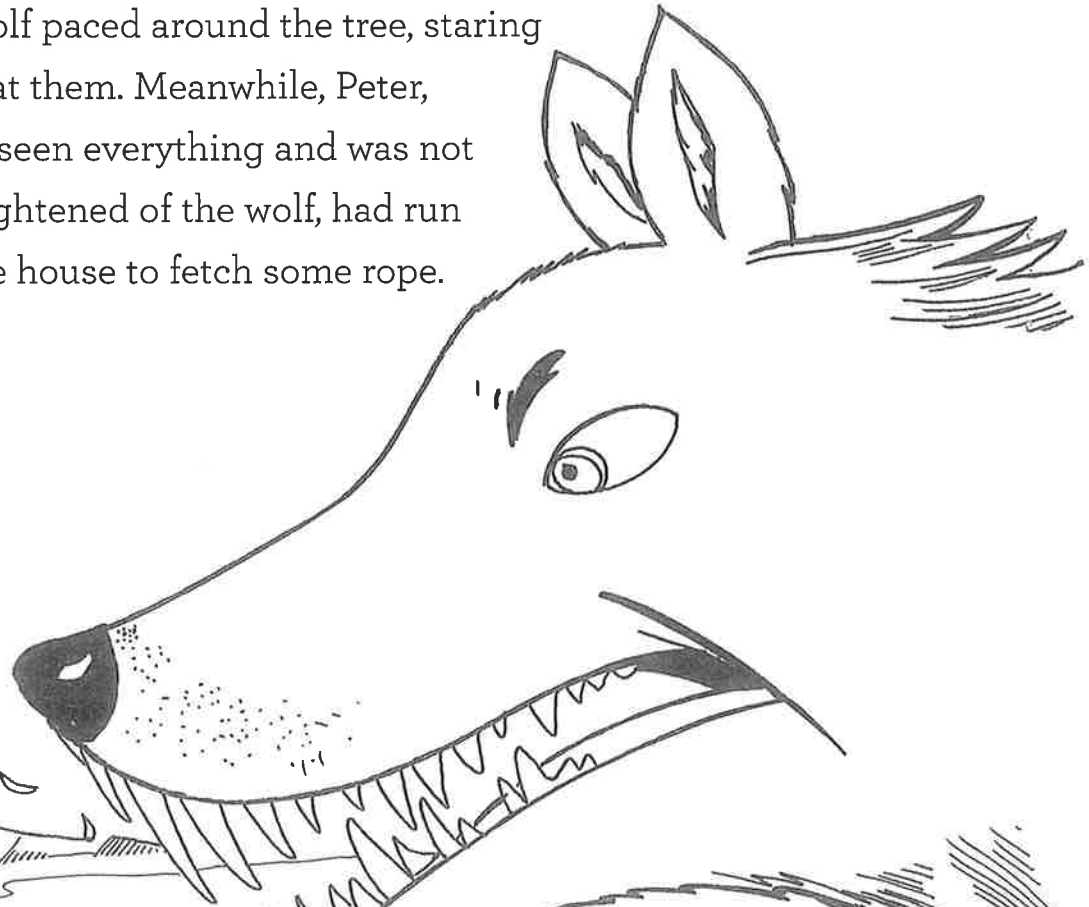


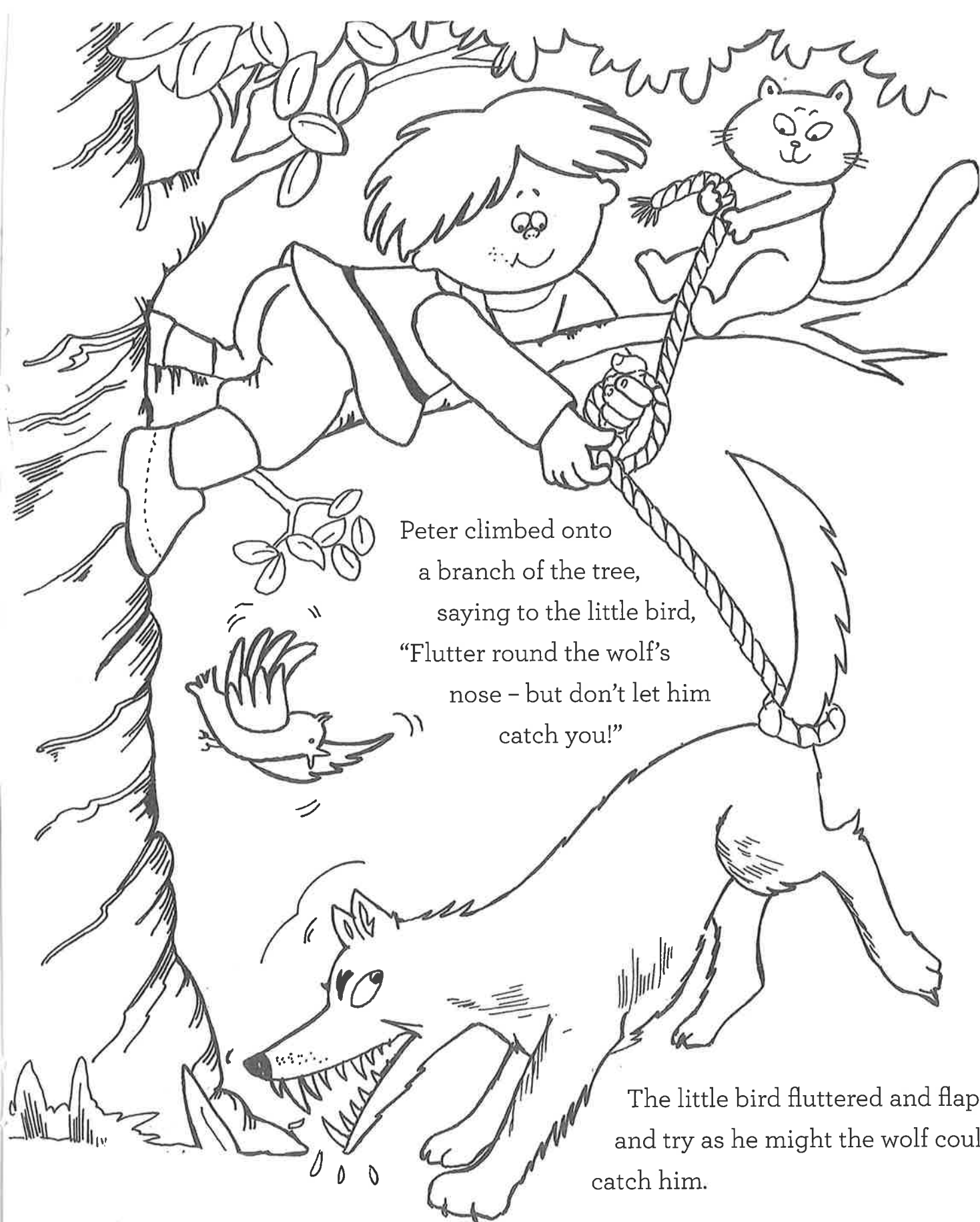
The wolf saw her and began to chase her.

How ever fast the poor duck ran he came nearer and nearer and then snapped her up and swallowed her!

Then the wolf peered up into the tree, where the cat was sitting on one branch, and the bird on another - not too close.

The wolf paced around the tree, staring hungrily at them. Meanwhile, Peter, who had seen everything and was not at all frightened of the wolf, had run into the house to fetch some rope.





Peter climbed onto
a branch of the tree,
saying to the little bird,
“Flutter round the wolf’s
nose - but don’t let him
catch you!”

The little bird fluttered and flapped,
and try as he might the wolf could not
catch him.

Peter made a loop at the end of his
rope and lowered it carefully over the wolf’s tail. Then he pulled the loop tight and the
wolf was trapped! The wolf began to leap about, trying to free himself, but Peter had tied
the other end of the rope to the tree, and the wolf’s struggles only pulled the loop tighter.

Just then three hunters came through the forest, firing their guns. They were following the trail of the wolf. "Look, he went this way!" they cried, and fired their guns again
- bang! bang! bang!





But Peter called down from his tree, "Why are you shooting? The little bird and I have already caught the wolf!"



So they all set off in a triumphant procession to take the wolf to the zoo. Peter led the way, followed by the hunters. Then came Grandfather, and the little bird, who flew overhead chirping merrily, and if you listened very carefully you could hear the duck quacking inside the wolf's stomach. In his greed the wolf had swallowed her whole, and she was still alive!