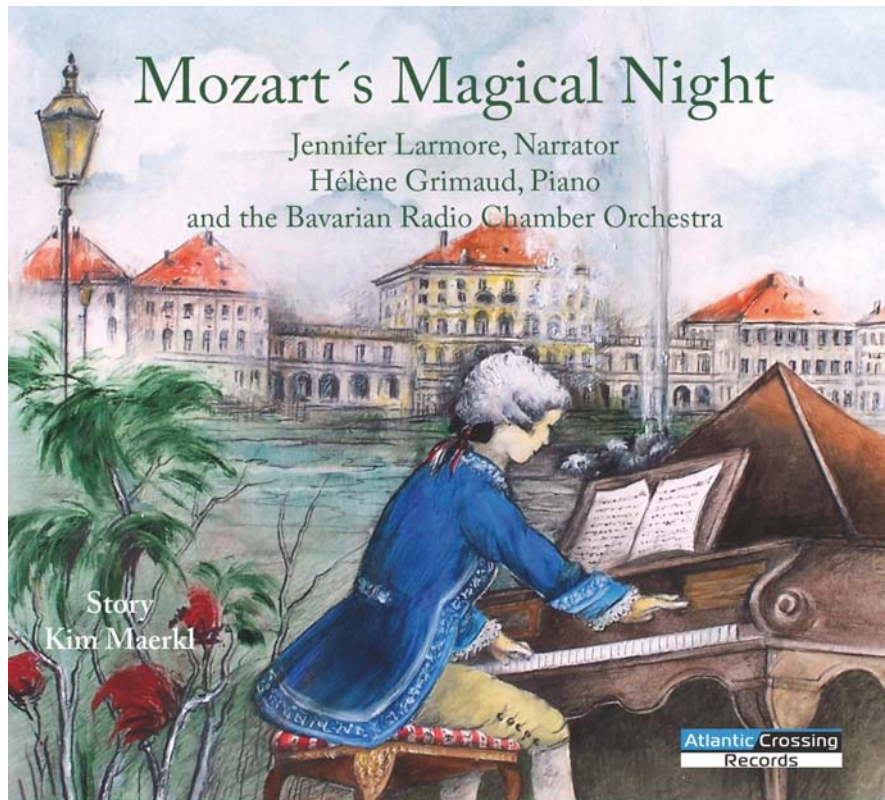


Teacher's Guide

Mozart's Magical Night

for

Narrator, Piano & Chamber Orchestra



When Mozart is seven years old he is invited by Prince Maximilian to perform in the Nymphenburg Palace in Munich, Germany. Captivated by the lakes, waterfalls, and pavilions of the palace gardens he slips out after the concert to explore the intriguing park. Unexpectedly, he meets a girl who lives on the grounds of the palace and together they discover the wonders of the palace gardens. As they stroll through the park, Mozart reveals secrets about his life and music.

Mozart's Magical Night provides children the unique opportunity to experience a special moment in Mozart's life when he was a child. The narrative and music bring his vibrant personality to life and give us a taste of his enormous talent.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born in 1756 in Salzburg, Austria. He died in 1791 when he was only 35 years old. His father began giving him piano lessons at the age of four and when he was five he was already composing music. He learned to play the violin and by the age of six was an excellent violinist. Wolfgang Mozart was a child prodigy, and his sister Nanerl was also a very gifted musician. In 1763 Mozart's father took the children on a concert tour where they performed for the royalty of Europe. One of the first stops on that tour was the Nymphenburg Palace in Munich, Germany. This is where *Mozart's Magical Night* takes place.

Mozart composed over 600 works including symphonies, operas, piano music, and concertos. One of his most famous operas is *The Magic Flute*.

Listen to the CD and Discuss the Story

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born in Salzburg, Austria in the year 1756. He died in Vienna in the year 1791. How old was Mozart when he died?

He was 35 years old.

Mozart's Magical Night takes place in a castle in Munich, Germany. Mozart performed there when he was a child. What is the name of the castle?

Nymphenburg

How old was Mozart when he performed at the castle?

He was seven years old.

What instrument does Mozart play in the story?

The piano

What is Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's nickname?

Wolferl

Mozart meets a little girl in the castle park, how old is she and what is her name?

Her name is Marie, and she is seven years old.

Were there any animals in the story?

A dog and an owl.

How did Mozart and Marie spend their evening?

Exploring the castle park.

What gifts did Marie and Mozart give to each other?

He gave her a red ribbon, and she gave him a flower.

Prince Maximilian's guests arrived at the castle in carriages. How do you think Mozart traveled during his lifetime?

Horse drawn carriages. I

Interesting note: A journey that takes two hours by car, takes three days by carriage.

Mozart traveled extensively throughout Europe. How do you think he kept in contact with his mother and sister back home in Salzburg?

Mozart wrote many letters.

Marie took Mozart to a Rococo hunting lodge. What do you think the word Rococo means?

Rococo is an ornate and elaborate artistic style that originated in 18th century France.

Vocabulary Words

Luminous

Lured

Adorned

Gondola

Cascading

Rococo

Canal

Bouquet

Discuss the Music

What instruments do you hear on the CD?

Piano, Violins, Violas, Cellos, Double Basses, Flute, Horns

What is the solo instrument?

Piano

Helene Grimaud is the pianist on the CD. She is a French classical pianist. What other kinds of music can be played on the piano?

Jazz, Popular, Rhythm & Blues, Gospel, Country & Western, Sacred music

Mozart composed many pieces for the piano: concertos were written for piano and orchestra, and other pieces were composed for solo piano (performing alone). Do you prefer hearing the piano with orchestra or alone?

Ask each student to compose a short melody, then whistle or hum the tune.

The piano is a keyboard instrument. Can you name other keyboard instruments?

Organ, harpsichord, electronic keyboards

Did you like the music? Did it portray the mood of the story? What is your favorite piece on the CD and why? Can you describe your favorite piece: happy, sad, exciting, quiet...

Worksheets

Map of Germany- Find Munich

Grand and Upright Pianos

Facts about the Piano

Nymphenburg Castle

Draw a Scene from the Story

Write a Letter to Mozart

Learn to be a great narrator! The story manuscript is included.

Grand Piano Poster

**Munich is the city in Germany where the story takes place.
Can you find Munich on the Map?**



Germany is located on the continent of _____

There are two types of pianos: the grand piano and the upright piano.

Identify the type of piano you see in each photograph.





Learn these facts about the piano!

The piano is played using a keyboard with 88 keys.

A padded hammer strikes the strings when the keys are pressed.

Pianos must be tuned a couple of times a year.

A long time ago ivory was used to make piano keys, today they are made of plastic.

A concert grand piano weighs 1,000 pounds.

There are 7,500 working parts in the body of the piano.

The name piano is actually a shortened form of its real name: pianoforte.

The piano is known as *The King of Instruments* because it covers the full range of an orchestra.

Fill in the blanks using the following words:

Strings 88 Year Ivory 7,500 King Piano 1,000

The piano keyboard has _____ keys.

A padded hammer strikes the _____ when the keys are pressed.

Pianos must be tuned a couple of times a _____.

A long time ago _____ was used to make piano keys, today they are made of plastic.

A concert grand piano weighs _____ pounds.

There are _____ working parts in the body of the piano.

The name _____ is actually a shortened form of its real name: pianoforte.

The piano is known as The _____ of Instruments because it covers the full range of an orchestra.

Look carefully at the photo of the Nymphenburg castle and describe what you see.



Draw your favorite scene from the story.

Narration

Narrating a story is an art.

What makes a great narrator:

- A narrator should draw the listener into the story by speaking slowly and clearly.
- A narrator must use correct pronunciation for all the words in the story.
- A narrator should be able speak at many different volumes from soft to loud. The words must come to life and should be spoken expressively.
- A narrator should hold the attention of the listener through his interpretation of the words. We must hear the words smiling or crying. The mood of the story should be expressed through inflections in the voice.
- Use a colored pen to write instructions above the words in the story: soft, loud, fast, slow, happy, sad, angry. This will help you to remember to speak expressively when narrating in front of an audience.

What did you like or dislike about the narrator on the CD?

Have the students take turns narrating a few paragraphs of the story.

Discuss ways to improve the narration of each student, as well as complimenting the positive aspects of each narration.

Mozart's Magical Night

Kim Maerkl

Every night before going to bed, Marie sat dreamily by her window and gazed at the Nymphenburg Castle, golden in the setting sun. Fountains, lakes, and canals adorned the gardens, and swans floated like kings on shimmering water.

One warm June evening Marie delighted in watching the guests of Prince Maximilian arrive in splendid carriages. After the visitors were inside, music floated from the castle windows. The sound was as luminous as the light of the moon, and as intoxicating as the scent of summer flowers. It's beauty lured her out of the house, and across the velvety lawn to the entrance of the castle. Dressed in her nightgown, she tiptoed up the stairs of the palace and peeked inside the window. A young boy was playing the piano. The audience, the paintings, the sculptures, even the enormous chandeliers seemed to listen, enchanted.

When the child finished his performance, applause as loud as a summer rain filled the room.

Marie was much too excited to go home so she hurried down the steps, lay down on the cool grass, and closed her eyes. She thought about the boy and hummed a melody from his concert. *Tomorrow, I will try to play this on my piano*; she thought eagerly. When she opened her eyes, the boy was standing on the lawn staring down at her.

"So, you liked my music," he said with a smile.

Marie jumped to her feet, "Oh, did you compose that, why you are just a little boy."

"I'm already seven, and you must be about the same age."

"Well, I am, and I also play the piano, but not as well as you. What is your name?"

"Mozart, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, but everyone calls me Wolferl. And you?"

"Marie, I live in the yellow house across the lawn, my father is an officer in Prince Maximilian's army."

"Maximilian invited me to play here tonight, at the moment there is a banquet being held in my honor, but it was so boring I simply had to leave, nobody even noticed. I've never seen palace gardens like these before, you must show them to me. Can we borrow one of the gondolas?"

Marie and Wolferl untied the boat and paddled down the canal. The light of the moon danced on the water and lit up the park. A dog darted out of the woods and lunged toward the boat, splashing loudly as he landed in the water behind them. Marie laughed, and pulled him into the gondola, "This

is Ludwig, he still acts like a puppy, although he is already a year old.” Mozart began singing a song about the swimming dog of Nymphenburg, and Ludwig shook furiously, spraying them with water. “One day Ludwig you shall appear in one of my operas!” They both laughed until their stomachs ached.

“I want to show you my favorite place,” said Marie, “Let’s turn left.”

They paddled around the corner, and Mozart was captivated by a narrow waterfall cascading through the middle of the forest and sparkling in the moonlight. Trees lined the riverbank, and a canopy of leaves hung in arches above them as they drifted on the black water. “We are rowing into a fairy tale,” said Wolferl. Suddenly, Ludwig hopped out of the boat, climbed the muddy bank, and dashed into the woods.

The night breeze brushed their cheeks, and they smiled at each other. “This place is magical, whenever I compose music I will remember this night,” whispered the boy dreamily.

The children tied the boat to the mossy trunk of a weeping beech tree. “I expect fairies and elves to appear at any moment and guide us to their hideaway,” said Wolferl.

“Ah, you are making fun, but who knows what wanders the forest at night. Stags and boars roam the woods by day, but not even I have ventured here at night, so it will be a surprise for me as well,” said Marie.

An owl hooted, and Wolferl answered the bird with such skill that the owl talked back. “What are you discussing with that bird Wolferl?”

“That is my little secret, Marie.”

Wolferl and Marie stepped out of the boat. “Follow me,” she said excitedly. Mozart jumped, hopped, skipped, and pranced through the forest behind the girl. Then, with the agility of a monkey he scurried up a tree. “I want to be near the moon,” he said as he disappeared into the darkness. “Wait for me,” cried Marie and climbed after him. They crouched on the thin branches near the treetop.

“Do I really see a little pink castle, or is it just my imagination?” asked Mozart.

“That is the Amalienburg. It is my favorite building in the park, let’s go have a look.”

The children scrambled down the trunk and ran through the forest. They arrived at the Amalienburg out of breath and panting. A caretaker holding a torch stepped from the shadows, “Marie, what are you doing here?” he asked kindly.

“Max, this is my friend Wolferl, he just played a concert for the prince and I would like to show him the inside of the castle, will you open it for us, we won’t be long?”

Max inserted a key into the elegant door and it creaked as he pushed it open.

“Welcome to the most beautiful Rococo hunting lodge in all of Europe!” he said and raised his arm in a grand gesture.

They stepped inside, and Mozart looked around in awe and delight. The entrance hall glittered with mirrors, and the windows dripped with silver. Mozart thought it looked as sumptuous as a wedding cake. They wandered through the corridors and Max held the torch above their heads so they could peek inside the rooms. At the end of the hallway the caretaker entered one of the chambers, “You must see this, it is where the dogs sleep after a long day of hunting, the room is fit for a king,” said Max.

Delicate blue and white flowers swirled around the ceiling, and Mozart laughed when he noticed the cubbyholes lining the wall. “The dogs must be very happy here. When I grow up, I want a castle as splendid as this,” he said excitedly.

Max led the children up the stairs to a balcony jutting out of the roof. “Do you know what this was used for? Princess Maria Amalia would shoot pheasants from this platform.”

“I would rather bring my violin to the rooftop and talk to the birds with my music,” said Wolferl.

“Then, you must come back during the day and give us a concert, but now we really must be going,” said Max.

Marie and Wolferl followed the caretaker down the stairs and then dashed outside.

“Thank you Max, ” they said, and waved good bye as they plunged into the night.

Moonlight glazed the grass and night sounds floated up from the bushes. Marie and Wolferl walked along the canal and let the beauty of the place bewitch them.

“Wolferl, tell me, why can you play the piano so well?”

“I don’t really know. When I was three years old my father began giving my sister Nannerl piano lessons. I would watch them and after Nannerl’s lesson was finished, I went over to the piano and played the pieces they had studied. My father became very excited, and when I turned four he began giving me lessons. I like playing the piano and the violin, but what I love more than anything is composing my own music.”

“Don’t you get nervous performing for so many people, I would die of fright, especially if I had to play for a king or a prince,” wondered Marie with a shiver.

“No, as soon as I sit down at the piano or pick up my violin I don’t really think about the audience. I go to a beautiful place far away. Then, my fingers begin to dance and the music flows from them like raindrops from a fat cloud. I feel as though I could never stop there is so much locked up inside.”

They sat down and dangled their feet in the cool water of the canal. Wolferl lifted his arms and untied the red ribbon holding back his hair. “I don’t know whether I will ever play here again, but I want you to have this ribbon, it will remind you of our night in the fairy tale park,” said Wolferl with a smile.

Marie held up her arm, “please tie it around my wrist,” she asked. Then, she picked a daisy growing wild in the grass, “and I shall give you this flower, if you press it in a book it will last forever, like my memory of tonight.” Mozart brought the flower to his nose and inhaled its sweet scent before tucking it into his pocket.

Marie sprang up, “Come on Wolferl, there is a lake at the end of the path. The moon is so bright we could go for a swim.”

“Marie, I absolutely cannot swim and I will not jump into a lake at night with only a small girl to rescue my drowning body,” cried Wolferl running beside her.

“Then, you may sing to me while I take a dip.”

“And the crickets will be my orchestra, there must be thousands of them,” said Wolferl as they arrived at the lake. “This looks like a big cup of tea, are you really going to jump in there?”

“Maybe you have been playing the piano since you were four, but I have been swimming since that age,” she said as she slid into the water. Her nightdress spread like the wings of a swan. Mozart watched in disbelief.

“First the swimming dog and now you, I feel like I am in the middle of an opera buffa, ” he said laughing. “I can hardly believe it, but I see another small castle at the edge of the lake.”

“That is a bathhouse called Badenurg. The water is heated, but, I prefer to swim in the lake, I don’t like a roof over my head when bathing.”

Marie swam back to shore and stepped out of the water.

“You are dripping wet!”

“It doesn’t matter, the air is so warm. Come, I must show you the cascades, they are the most grand and beautiful waterfalls you have ever seen. ”

“As long as we don’t have to bathe in them!”

Marie and Wolferl followed the winding path along the lake. The falls roared in the distance, and the children listened as they walked. When they entered the clearing, Wolferl got a glimpse of the massive terraces of water and his heart raced with excitement. He ran to the edge of the pool and spread his arms wide. Marie stood behind him and watched the boy embrace the staircase of water that roared and splashed in front of him. Although they were the same age, Wolferl seemed so much older. All beauty grabbed his attention, and like gathering flowers for a bouquet he gathered up every last drop of life. Could this be why his music was so spectacular, did he transform everything he loved into music?

“Marie, I feel like I am in another world. This is what I want people to feel when they listen to my music. I want to carry them away to a magical place. I wish we could tuck time away into one of those little castles and stay here forever!”

Marie and Wolferl sat down in front of the cascades and leaned against each other. Mist from the falls floated through the air and dampened their skin. They stayed there dreaming and knowing that the endless beauty of the night would be hidden safely in their hearts, and always belong to them.

Twelve years later in the year 1775 when Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was nineteen years old he returned to Munich for the premier of his opera *The Pretend Garden Girl*. A beautiful young woman wearing a red ribbon in her hair sat in the theater, and let his music carry her to a place of wonder, and magic. She listened carefully, and thought she could hear the echo of a special night in the enchanted gardens of Nymphenburg.

Grand Piano

