

Teacher's Guide

The King's Daughter

For

Narrator, Flute & String Orchestra



Sophia's greatest joy is playing the flute. The instrument was a gift from her aunt, and the shimmering silver enchanted her from the moment she opened the case. She quickly learned to play, and her music grew more beautiful with each passing day. Sadly, her father, the king, did not share her passion for music and forbade her to play in the castle. Sophia was heartbroken, but her courage and determination changed her destiny.

Inspired by the circumstances of Frederick the Great this poetic story is brought to life by the beautiful narration of opera star Jennifer Larmore and the elegant flute artistry of Natalie Schwaabe. Kim Maerkl's story and original score take the listener on a fascinating journey to the past.

"Education is not the filling of a bucket, but the lighting of a fire."

W.B. Yeats

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Royalty and the Arts

One of one of the most important responsibilities of hereditary rulers was to patronize the arts. Unfortunately, Frederick the Great's passion for the flute was not shared by his father, King Wilhelm, and his son on was forced to study music in secret. *The King's Daughter* was inspired by the difficulty Frederick the Great experienced while pursuing his dream. He was born in 1712 and died in 1786.

Listen to the CD and Discuss the Story

What instrument does Sophia play?

The flute

Sophia strolls through the castle garden carrying her flute. Why is she sad?

Because her father, the king, believes that playing music is the job of servants and not worthy of a princess. He does not understand how Sophia loves to play the flute and the happiness it brings her.

What does Sophia ask the peasant woman to bring her?

An old dress

What does Sophia do after her parent's carriage leaves for France?

She puts on the old peasant dress and goes into the city.

What name does she wish to be called when she leaves the castle?

Emma

Why does the princess wish to go to the city?

To find the musicians and rehearse with them

Where do the musicians want to perform with Sophia?

The king's banquet

What did the princess purchase after rehearsing with the musicians?

A bright yellow gown

Sophia does not want to be a princess. What does she wish to be?

A musician

What does Sophia do to avoid attending the banquet?

She pretends to be sick

What is the name of the prince at the banquet who admires Sophia's playing?

Prince Andre of France

Why is Sophia's father very angry?

Because his daughter pretended to be ill so she could perform at the banquet

Why is the king against Sophia playing the flute?

He fears that his daughter will not be respected as a princess if she does not behave as a princess

Discuss the ending of the story? Ask the students if they agree or disagree with the king?

Vocabulary Words

Mottled

Fragile

Echoed

Gnarly

Jasmine

Admired

Risk

Banquet

Peasant

Weary

Veil

Sternly

Discuss the Music

What instruments do you hear on the CD?

Flute, Harp, Violins, Violas, Celli, Double Bass

What is the solo instrument?

Flute

What is a composer?

A person who creates music

The music on the CD was composed by Kim Maerkl, born in 1961. Can you name some other composers?

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

The flute is a wind instrument. Can you name other wind instruments?

Flute, Saxophone, Trumpet, Trombone, French Horn, Tuba, Oboe, Recorder, Bassoon, Harmonica

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...

What kind of music do you listen to? Have the students discuss their favorite music and describe why they like it.

Worksheets

Facts about the Flute

Parts of the Flute

Draw a Scene from the Story

Pretend You are a Music Critic and Write a Review of the CD

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

Poster

Facts about the Flute

The flute is a woodwind instrument.

A musician who plays the flute is called a flute player, a flautist, or a flutist.

When air is blown across the mouth hole edge, it causes vibrations that create a sound.

The flute is the only woodwind instrument that does not use a reed.

Flutes are traditionally made of silver, but they can be made of nickel, gold, platinum, and wood.

There are many kinds of flutes: piccolo, alto, tenor, bass, and contrabass flute.

Theobald Boehm was a famous flute maker that helped to invent the modern flute by improving the design and the fingering system of the flute.

Flutes are one of the earliest instruments; 30,000 years ago during the stone age they were made from bones.

Flutes are played in the symphony orchestra as well as used in jazz and celtic music.

Fill in the blanks using the following words:

Flautist Theobald Boehm Mouth Hole Reed Silver Bones Woodwind
Flutes Orchestra

The flute is a _____ instrument.

A musician who plays the flute is called a flute player, a _____, or a flutist.

When air is blown across the _____ edge it causes vibrations that create a sound.

The flute is the only woodwind instrument that does not use a _____.

Flutes are traditionally made of _____, but they can be made of nickel, gold, platinum, and wood.

There are many kinds of _____: piccolo, alto, tenor, bass, and contrabass flute.

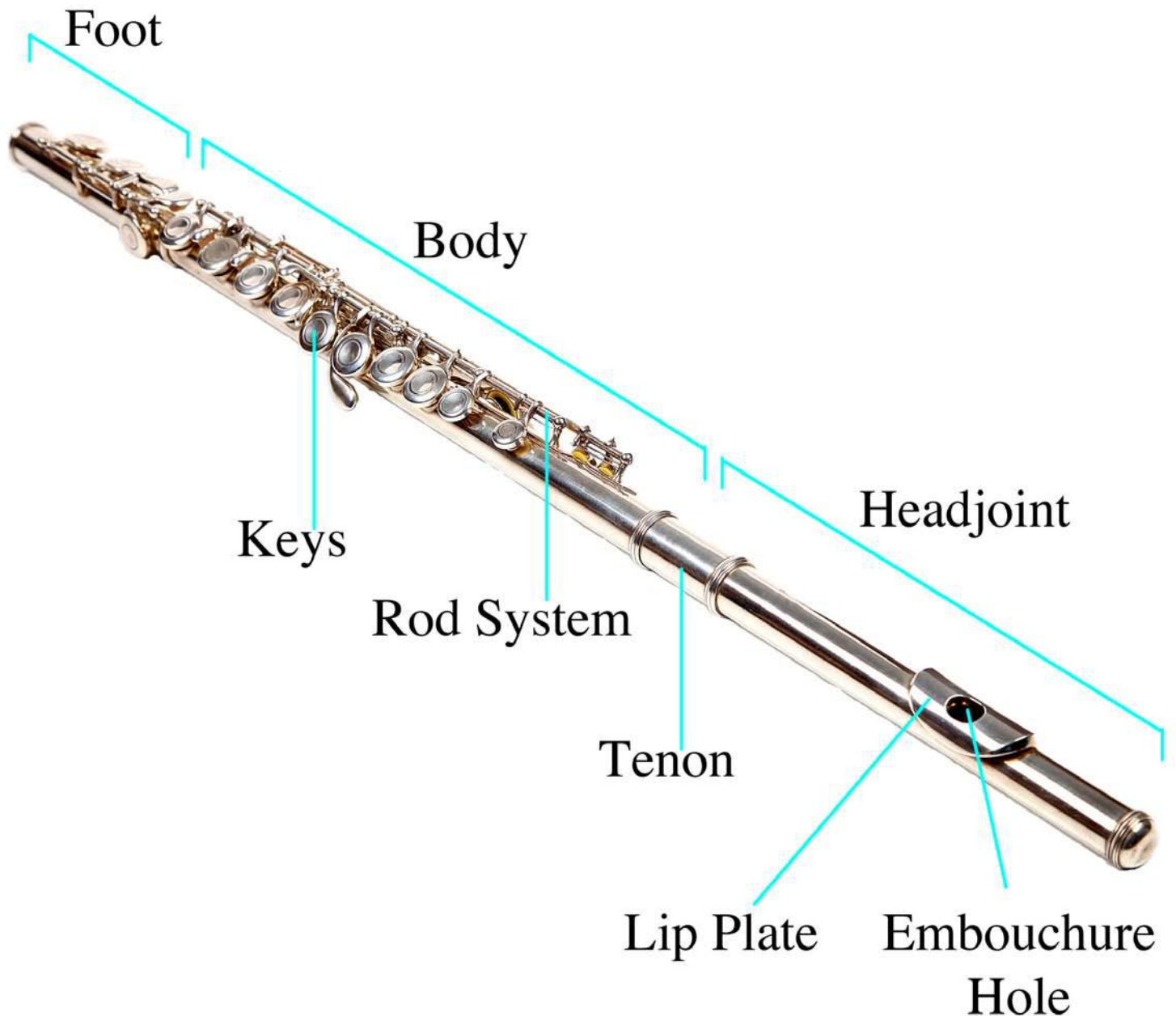
_____ was a famous flute maker that helped to invent the modern flute by improving the design and the fingering system of the flute.

Flutes are one of the earliest instruments; 30,000 years ago during the stone age they were made from _____.

Flutes are played in the symphony _____ as well as used in jazz and celtic music.

Make your own flute: there are many different instructions on the internet telling how to make a flute. Find the instructions you prefer and make your own instrument.

Parts of the Flute



Draw a Flute and Name Five of its Parts

Draw a 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 must 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?

Print the story for each child and 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.

The King's Daughter

Kim Maerkl

Sophia, Princess of Burgen hummed softly as she strolled through the castle garden carrying her flute. Butterflies danced in the air, animated by the sweet perfume of summer flowers. Crickets, hidden in the tall grass, chattered rhythmically and squirrels scurried up and down the mottled trunks of giant old trees. A pond glistened in the corner of the garden. Sophia sat down on a rock and dangled her feet in the cool water. A pair of dragonflies darted over the sparkling surface, “Shall I play a song for you?” she asked the delicate insects. A frog replied with a raspy croak. “Ah, I see you are speaking for the others today,” said the girl, “that little noise must mean yes.” Sophia brought the gleaming silver to her lips and began to play. The sound was as beautiful and fragile as the creatures of the garden.

Her last note echoed off the castle wall, and a sparrow swooped down from a low hanging linden branch. “I wish I were you, little bird,” said the princess sadly. “You are free to sing whenever you wish. My father, the king, believes that playing music is the job of servants and not worthy of a princess. He does not understand how I love to play the flute and the happiness it brings me.”

The sparrow splashed in the water and flew off. “I don’t think I shall ever be as free as you,” said Sophia as she looked dreamily around the garden. “But, I can have a little adventure,” and she sprang up from the rock.

A gnarly apple tree grew near the castle wall, and the girl climbed its trunk as quickly and quietly as a cat. Countless white flowers bursting from a jasmine bush mingled with the leaves of the tree. Sophia peeked through the foliage and watched an old peasant woman hobbling up the road. Suddenly, an idea swept into her head and without delay the princess swung herself over the wall, slid down a thick vine of ivy and rushed across the street. Sophia stopped in front of the woman, drew a deep breath, and said, “I am the Princess of Burgen, would you bring me a dress like the one you are wearing? I can pay you generously.”

The peasant thought for a moment, “Young princess, why do you wish for rags such as these, you must have many fine dresses?”

“I cannot tell you, it is a secret, just leave the clothes under the jasmine bush tomorrow at dawn.”

“As you wish,” mumbled the peasant. Sophia handed her a gold coin and the old woman limped away.

The next day the princess returned to the garden and found a black hooded dress hanging from the jasmine bush. She stuffed the garment into her basket and dashed back to the castle. In the privacy of her room, she mulled over her plan. Tomorrow, my parents are leaving for France to visit the prince. They will be gone for one week. I can wear the old dress and sneak out of the castle, surely, no one will miss me for a few hours.

That night, Sophia admired her flute in the soft light of the candle. The instrument was a gift from her aunt, and the shimmering silver enchanted her from the moment she opened the case. Sophia quickly learned to play, and her music grew more beautiful with each passing day. But, one afternoon, her father, the king, marched into her room, and shouted, “It is not proper for a princess to be making music. I no longer wish to hear that flute in my castle.”

Heartbroken, Sophia began practicing under the shade of the linden tree, and the wind carried her songs to far away places. As she gazed into the flame of the candle, music swirled in her thoughts.

Early the next morning, after her parent's carriage drove away, Sophia sprang out of bed, slipped into the black dress and fastened her flute to her back. Then, she draped a cloak of rose-colored silk over her shoulders and fled into the garden. Sophia climbed the apple tree, swung herself over the wall and slid down the tangle of vines. She hid her cloak under the jasmine bush and ran to meet the old woman hobbling up the path.

“Can you show me where the musicians rehearse?” Sophia pleaded.

“Yes, Princess, follow me.”

“No one must know that I am a princess, please call me Emma.”

“As you wish,” replied the peasant.

Sophia and the old woman wandered into the city. Once, when the princess was a little girl she rode through town in her father's carriage, but today she felt happier strolling along the streets in the clothes of a peasant. The place was bright with colorful shops, and delicious smells filled the air. People were chatting loudly, and children darted through the crowds. Without warning, the old woman stopped and pointed to an inn, “The musicians rehearse in there, shall I accompany you?”

“No, thank you, I can manage the rest alone.”

Sophia entered the building, and walked through the noisy dining room. She bumped into a man balancing a tray of mugs.

“Out of my way,” he shouted.

“I’m sorry, but I need to find the musicians.”

“In the basement,” he answered gruffly, and tilted his head toward the staircase.

Sophia stepped down the dark stairs, and listened to the music squeezing through the closed door.

The piece ended, and Sophia trembled as she knocked. A young boy opened the door and peered around the corner, “Can I help you?” he asked.

“I play the flute,” she said timidly, “I thought you might need another musician.”

“You will have to speak with our director,” he said, and held open the door. The men looked up in surprise at the shabby girl entering the room, they were not amused.

“Who are you and what do you want?” barked the leader in a rough voice.

“My name is Emma, and I play the flute, I would like to play a piece with your group,” she stammered.

“Miss,” one of the men said, “Can’t you see that we have work to do here.”

Her heart sank, but she did not give up.

“Please, just one song. I have traveled at great risk.”

“What pieces do you know?”

“Oh, nothing that you might recognize, you see, I make up my own songs.”

The man frowned, and his fellow musicians chuckled.

“If it means that much to you then play your little piece and, we will try to follow.”

Sophia opened her case and pulled back the hood of her dress. Strands of golden hair framed her delicate face. She lifted the flute to her lips and began to play. One by one the musicians joined in.

When the song was finished, no one spoke or moved. The leader tugged at his beard.

“Where did you learn to play the flute?” he asked.

“I have taught myself.”

“Next Friday we are performing in the castle for the king’s banquet. Would you like to join us? We are sure to win his majesty’s favor with you in our group.”

Sophia knew about the banquet. Prince Andre of France was returning to Burgen with her parents and there was to be a great welcoming feast. On the day of the festivities I can pretend to be ill and stay in bed, then when the servants are busy with the guests I will cover my face and slip in the back entrance, she thought excitedly.

“Yes,” she said to the men, “I will play at the banquet, but I must arrive alone and meet you at the castle.”

“Why all this mystery?” asked the man.

“I’m sorry, I cannot tell you. It’s getting late, and I have to be on my way.”

The girl pulled the hood tightly around her face. “Good bye and thank you. I will see you at the banquet.”

The princess hurried home with her mind racing; I will wear a veil and lift it a moment before I begin to play, then, I will turn away from my parents so they cannot see my face. The shadows from the candles will help to hide me, and no one will ever suspect that it is I who am playing.

A bright yellow gown hanging in the window of a dress shop caught her eye. I must wear something that my parents have never seen before, this dress would be perfect. The girl stepped inside the shop, but the woman behind the counter did not look pleased to see a peasant entering her store.

“Good day madam, my mistress has sent me to purchase the gown in the window.”

“And just who might your mistress be?” asked the clerk rudely.

“I am not allowed to reveal her name. Please, wrap up the dress,” said Sophia and placed two coins on the counter.

The shop owner removed the gown from the window with a scowl on her face. She knew most of the women in town and enjoyed gossip, secrecy did not appeal to her. She wrapped the dress in paper and handed it to the girl. Sophia thanked the woman and hurried back to the castle.

The princess delighted in preparing for the banquet. With her parents in France, she could practice her flute in the large hall of the castle. Standing alone on the stage, she performed for an imaginary audience whose gracious applause she acknowledged with many bows.

When she was not playing the flute, she sat on the king’s throne making royal proclamations, “In my kingdom there shall be music and dancing every day, and I will join in the festivities with my flute whenever I wish.” Her subjects cheered, for they adored hearing their princess play the flute.

Sophia dozed on the plush velvet of the throne and when she opened her eyes the midday sun was streaming through the tall windows. The girl danced in the criss-crossing beams of light showering into the room and wished that every day could be this magical.

The evening before her parent’s return, Sophia strolled through the castle garden. At least for one night, I will be a musician and not a princess. I suppose many girls would like to be a princess, but not I. Before going inside, she picked a few blackberries and put them in her pocket. Then, she climbed the spiral staircase to her room and went to bed.

The next morning Sophia awoke before dawn, took the berries from her pocket and crushed them in the palm of her hand. She smeared the purple juice under her eyes and hopped back into bed. Groaning, the princess called for her maid. Moments later the door opened.

“My lady, you do not look well at all,” said the maidservant in a startled voice.

“No Sarah, I am not well. My throat is on fire, and my head is throbbing.”

“I will send for the doctor,” answered Sarah, nervously wringing her hands.

“No, I do not need a doctor, I prefer to be alone. Please tell my parents that I am ill and cannot attend the banquet tonight.”

“Oh, this is terrible news. Prince Andre will be so disappointed. Maybe you will feel better this evening,” said the maid.

“Perhaps,” answered the princess with a weary voice, “but for now I must rest.” Sophia closed her eyes and the maid quietly shut the door.

How can I spend the day in bed? The princess wondered as she stared at the ceiling. Hours and hours in bed before the most exciting night of my life, she sighed.

As the late afternoon sun shined through her bedroom window, Sophia’s mother, the queen, entered the room.

“My child, we have just returned from France and received the unfortunate news of your illness. How are you feeling?” she asked with concern. “Will you be able to attend the banquet?”

“I’m sorry mother, I cannot, I am very ill,” said Sophia, and a twang of guilt pinched her heart.

“I am also sorry my dear, Prince Andre is very eager to meet you,” replied the queen.

“I am sure there will be another occasion for me to meet him,” answered Sophia .

“I will inform your father. You can sleep now, and maybe we will have the pleasure of your company in the morning.”

“Yes, I surely hope so. Can you tell Sarah that I do not wish to be disturbed for the rest of the evening.”

“I will see that you are left alone. Sleep well,” said the queen as she left the room.

Sophia waited a moment before jumping out of bed. She stretched her limbs and put on her new dress. Carefully, she wrapped a veil around her face, strapped the flute to her back, then, quietly opened the window. She climbed down the strong vines growing on the castle wall and darted around the corner to the servant’s entrance. Unnoticed, she scurried past the kitchen to the room where the musicians were waiting. She burst through the door, and the men gasped in surprise; the girl looked stunning in her yellow dress and powdery blue veil.

Moments later the king’s servant summoned the musicians to the noisy banquet hall. The men arranged themselves on stage, and the curtain opened. Sophia waited in the wings, the first piece would be performed without her. The musicians began to play and the guests continued talking as loudly as before.

After the piece ended Sophia walked calmly onto the stage and turned her face away from the king and queen. She lowered her veil and raised the flute to her lips. As the first velvety notes filled the

hall, the stirring stopped. Everyone stared at Sophia. The music floated and danced around the room, casting a spell over the crowd, especially the prince.

When Sophia finished playing she quickly veiled her face before turning to accept the thunderous applause. Then, she bowed and hurried from the stage.

The banquet hall buzzed with questions about the mysterious girl. Just as the princess was about to flee, a servant came to fetch her.

“The king would like to speak with you,” he said.

Sophia's knees buckled, and a lump rose in her throat. “With me? But why with me? I am just a musician, this must be a mistake,” Sophia muttered.

“There is surely no mistake. The king ordered me not to return without you, and I am afraid you will have to follow me,” he replied sternly.

Sophia trembled with each step. If my father recognizes me, he will be outraged. He forbade me to play in the castle, and now I have done something even worse. What will happen to me? She thought desperately.

Sophia entered the room, meekly walked over to the king and queen and bowed deeply. She kept her eyes to the ground.

“It is not I who wishes to speak with you, but my guest, Prince Andre of France,” said the king.

The prince looked at her and smiled, “I have never heard the flute played so beautifully. What is your name?”

“Emma,” said the princess softly.

“I would like you to play in my palace. My mother is very fond of the flute, and she would be quite astonished by your playing,” said the prince cheerfully.

“Thank you, I would be honored,” answered Sophia, hoping to be dismissed.

“We shall make the arrangements tomorrow, but before you go, I have another request, I wish to see the face of the girl who plays the flute so brilliantly.”

Sophia stood motionless.

The king was longing for the party to continue, “My guest, the prince, has made a request, and you shall abide by his wishes,” he exclaimed.

Sophia stammered, “But, my face is not worthy of royalty, your majesty.”

“You shall remove that veil at once,” thundered the king and he slammed his fist on the table.

Her fingers trembled, and her heart raced as she reached up to untie the veil. The cloth drifted to the floor and everyone shrieked in astonishment, everyone, but Prince Andre, he could not take his eyes from the frightened girl's face, it was even more beautiful than the sound of her flute.

The king's face grew red with rage, no one in the room dared to move.

"How can you humiliate me like this?" he cried in reproach.

Sophia tried to speak, but her throat went dry. The prince was bewildered. "Please explain what is happening."

"This girl is my daughter," exclaimed the king angrily, shaking his finger at Sophia.

"Prince Andre, this event has taken me utterly by surprise. I thought my daughter would be sitting at the table with us tonight, but she claimed to be ill. Now, I see that not only has she lied to us, but she has played her flute inside the castle walls, which I have expressly forbidden. Please accept my apologies. I had hoped that our families would be united in marriage, but my daughter has made a mockery of that wish."

Then, the king turned to the girl. "As for you, I will deal with you tomorrow. Return to your room immediately, and leave your flute here. You shall never play again!"

Sophia gasped, and tears welled up in her eyes, "Father, I know you must punish me but please do not take away my flute. I beg you."

Prince Andre could no longer keep silent. "Your majesty, I admire your daughter for her courage and for her ability to play such beautiful music. She is enchanting, and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to bring her to my castle for a performance."

The prince looked at Sophia tenderly. "Return with me to France. I would like you to meet my mother and to play for her."

A shimmer of hope touched Sophia's heart, but before she could answer, the king began to speak.

"Prince Andre, the girl must be punished for this charade. She must not play the flute."

"But why?" asked the prince.

"She may just as well be a cook in the kitchen," the king replied with a grunt. "My daughter is a princess and not a musician."

Sophia looked at her mother with pleading eyes. The queen returned her gaze and said gently to her daughter, "Sophia, maybe your father is trying to say that you will not be respected as a princess if you do not behave as a princess." Then, she turned to the king, "but, I see no harm in her playing the flute for private audiences, especially if Prince Andre's mother is so fond of the instrument."

The king drummed his fingers on the armrest of his throne and sighed deeply. After a long moment of silence, he spoke to the prince, "It seems that all is not lost and our families may be united. My daughter may accompany you."

"Oh father, thank you," cried the princess. "I am sorry for tonight's deception."

The king looked at his beautiful daughter, and his heart softened. “ My child,” he said tenderly, “ I also have ears and can hear the beauty in your music, but since the day you received that flute you have been occupied with little else. You were born a princess, and someday you will have to lead a kingdom as a princess, not as a flute player. My intentions have only been in your best interest. Please, Sophia, join us now for the rest of the feast.”

The king stood up and exclaimed, “Let us resume, my daughter has arrived!”

The musicians began to play and the room bubbled with conversation. The women chattered excitedly among themselves, they hadn't so much to talk about in years: the deception of the princess, the reaction of the king, the handsome face of Prince Andre and the inevitable wedding of the prince and princess. It couldn't be otherwise, could it?

Soon thereafter Princess Sophia and Prince Andre were married. They lived in his castle in France where Sophia played her flute whenever she wished. Each night after their evening meal the princess played for her husband and his eyes shone with happiness. On warm summer nights, when the windows were open, her music was carried on the wind and brought joy to all who could hear.

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The Flute

