

Jídelní lístek

(Menu)

Srnčí maso v červeném vině

(Braised venison with red wine sauce)

Černá Kuba

(Mushroom and barley casserole*)

Třený knedlík

("Napkin" Dumplings)

Moravské zeli

(Moravian Cabbage*)

Špenátový pudink

(Spinach pudding)

Fazolových lusků Salát

(Greenbean salad*)

Ředkvičkový salát

(Raddish salad*)

Houby v octě

(Pickled mushrooms*)

Rajská jablička v octě

(Pickled tomatoes*)

Jablkový závin

(Apple strudel)



"xLibris Robert Wezl" by Konstantin Kalynovyyh (by permission)

Písně Lásky a Naděje – Songs of Love and Hope

An Evening of Music and Dinner

at the home of Paul Cassedy

19 March 2017

Foods marked * are vegan

Písň Lásky a Naděje – Songs of Love and Hope

Annie Gill, *Soprano* Andrew Stewart, *Piano*

- Písň milostné, Op. 83 Antonín Dvořák
1. Ó naší lásce nekvete to vytoužené štěstí
 2. V tak mnohém srdci mrtvo jest
 3. Kol domu se ted' potácím
 4. Já vím, že sladké naději
 5. Nad krajem vévodí lehký spánek
 6. Zde v lese u potoka
 7. V té sladké moci oči tvých
 8. Ó duše drahá
- From Jarní paprsky, Op. 36 Zdeněk Fibich
3. Pěvcova útěcha
 1. Předtucha jara
 5. To tam!
- From Prodaná nevěsta Bedřich Smetana
Och, jaký žal!...Ten lásky sen (Mařenka's Aria)
- Sbohem a šáteček, Op. 14 Vítězslava Kaprálová
- Jablko s klína, Op. 10 Kaprálová
1. Píseň na vrbovou přístalku
 2. Ukolébavka
 3. Bezvětrí
 4. Jarní pout
- From Nové slovenské písň Bohuslav Martinů
2. Povedz že mi, povedz
 8. Mala som ja rukávce
- From Jabloňový vlak Sylvie Bodorová
2. Modlitba stará – stará!
 4. Uspávanka s počítáním ovcí
- From Rusalka Dvořák
Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém

Please hold your applause until the end of each set

father of Czech music has endured in his native country, where advocates have raised his status above that of his contemporaries and successors. Smetana's eight operas created the bedrock of the Czech opera repertory, but of these only *The Bartered Bride* is performed regularly outside the composer's homeland.

Vítězslava Kaprálová (1915 – 1940) was born in Brno, Austro-Hungarian Empire (now Czech Republic), a daughter of composer Václav Kaprál and singer Viktorie Kaprálová. Despite her untimely death, from what was misdiagnosed as military tuberculosis, in Montpellier, France, Kaprálová created an impressive body of work. In 1946, in appreciation of her distinctive contribution, the foremost academic institution in the country - the Czech Academy of Sciences and the Arts - awarded Kaprálová membership in memoriam.

By 1948 this honor was bestowed on only 10 women, out of 648 members of the Academy. Kaprálová's work includes her highly regarded art songs and music for piano solo, a string quartet, a reed trio, music for cello, music for violin and piano, an orchestral cantata, two piano concertos, two orchestral suites, a sinfonietta, and a concertino for clarinet, violin, and orchestra. Much of her music was published during her lifetime and continues to be published today by various publishing houses.

Bohuslav Martinů (1890 – 1959) wrote 6 symphonies, 15 operas, 14 ballet scores and a large body of orchestral, chamber, vocal and instrumental works. In 1923 Martinů left Czechoslovakia for Paris, and deliberately withdrew from the Romantic style in which he had been trained. In the 1930s he experimented with expressionism and constructivism, and became an admirer of current European technical developments, and adopted jazz idioms. In the early 1930s he found his main focus for compositional style, the neoclassicism as developed by Stravinsky. With this, he expanded to become a prolific composer, composing chamber, orchestral, choral and instrumental works at a fast rate. He is compared with Prokofiev and Bartók in his innovative incorporation of Central European ethnomusicology into his music and he continued to use Bohemian and Moravian folk melodies throughout his career.

In 1937, Martinů became acquainted with a young Czech woman, Vítězslava Kaprálová. Their relationship soon developed beyond that of student-teacher as he fell madly in love with her. After she returned to Czechoslovakia, Martinů wrote her many long, passionate letters. After the Munich Agreement, he composed a tribute to Czech forces in exile, the *Field Mass* for baritone, chorus and orchestra. It was broadcast from England and was picked up in occupied Czechoslovakia. For this Martinů was blacklisted by the Nazis and sentenced in absentia. In 1940, as the German army approached Paris, the Martinůs fled to the United States via Aix-en-Provence, Marseilles, Madrid, and Portugal. Martinů remained in the United States until he returned to France in 1953, settling in Nice in 1955. In 1956, he took up an appointment as composer-in-residence at the American Academy in Rome. He died at a clinic in Liestal, Switzerland, on 28 August 1959. His remains were moved and buried in Polička, Czechoslovakia, in 1979.

Sylvie Bodorová (1954 -) is a Czech composer whose works has received numerous awards and commissions during a wide ranging international career. Bodorová was member of Quattro group of Czech composers, and is involved in the project to restore Gustav Mahler's birthplace in Kaliště near Humpolec in the Czech Republic. She has also composed and arranged many compositions for children. Her attention is often drawn by Johann Sebastian Bach's music, by Gypsy, and by East European, especially Hungarian idioms.

Konstantin Kalynovych (cover artist) Born August 9th, 1959 in Novokuznetsk city, Kemerovo region (Russia); studied at the Ukrainian Academy of Printing (1986 - 1992); elected an Associate of the Royal Society of Printer-Printmakers (September, 1992). <http://www.kalynovych.com/>
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and John Belkot; and performed with a great many organizations, among them the Bach Society of Baltimore, OperaBelle, the Atlantic Guitar Quartet, Assisi Performing Arts in Italy, and most recently the choirs of Goucher College and the Annapolis Chorale. He is featured on the album "Katherine Keem Sings Songs and Arias by Garth Baxter," released in 2014 by Centaur Records.

Mr. Stewart has been associated with the Lyric Opera of Baltimore for well over a decade, giving upwards of seventy performances a year as part of its education component and teaching on the faculty of the Lyric Opera Camp, helping to develop five original productions. He also is the creator of several shows including "Opera Games," a much-requested interactive program about the basics of opera, and has appeared on Maryland Public Television in the short film "Opera Magica" which he produced with educator Evon Hewitt, Jr. Additionally he maintains a busy schedule as a theatrical musical director, having led more than thirty productions since 2006, and he is the director of music at Our Lady of Grace Parish in Parkton.

Mr. Stewart studied with Charles Asche at the University of California, Santa Barbara, and with Marian Hahn at the Peabody Conservatory. Other teachers include Marie Brown Curea, Sharon Mann and Emilio del Rosario. He lives in Lutherville with his family.

Antonín Dvořák (1841 - 1904) frequently employed aspects, specifically rhythms, of the folk music of Moravia and his native Bohemia. Dvořák's own style has been described as 'the fullest recreation of a national idiom with that of the symphonic tradition, absorbing folk influences and finding effective ways of using them.' In 1874 he first made a submission for the Austrian State Prize for Composition. Johannes Brahms, unbeknownst to Dvořák, was the leading member of the jury and was highly impressed

The prize was awarded to Dvořák for 1874 and again in 1876 and in 1877, when Brahms and the prominent critic Eduard Hanslick, also a member of the jury, made themselves known to him. Brahms recommended Dvořák to his publisher, Simrock, who soon afterward commissioned what became the Slavonic Dances, Op. 46. These were highly praised by the Berlin music critic Louis Ehlert in 1878, the sheet music (of the original piano 4-hands version) had excellent sales, and Dvořák's international reputation was launched.

Dvořák's nine operas were intended to convey Czech national spirit, as were some of his choral works. By far the most successful of the operas is *Rusalka*. Many of Dvořák's compositions, such as his large collection of songs, were directly inspired by Czech, Moravian, and other Slavic traditional music. Dvořák died in 1904 of complications from severe influenza.

Zdeněk Fibich (1850 – 1900) composed in a wide variety of classical forms, including chamber works (including two string quartets, a piano trio, piano quartet and a quintet for piano, strings and winds), symphonic poems, three symphonies, at least seven operas (the most famous probably *Šárka* and *The Bride of Messina*), melodramas, liturgical music, and a large cycle (almost 400 pieces) of piano works. The piano cycle served as a diary of sorts of his love for a piano pupil. He was born in Všebořice (Šebořice) near Čáslav.

Bedřich Smetana (1824 – 1884) pioneered the development of a musical style which became closely identified with his country's aspirations to independent statehood. He is thus widely regarded as the father of Czech music. Internationally he is best known for his opera *The Bartered Bride* and for the symphonic cycle *Má vlast (My Homeland)*, which portrays the history, legends and landscape of the composer's native land.

His first nationalistic music was written during the 1848 Prague uprising, in which he briefly participated. By the end of 1874, Smetana had become completely deaf but began a period of sustained composition that continued for almost the rest of his life. His contributions to Czech music were increasingly recognized and honored, but a mental collapse early in 1884 led to his incarceration in an asylum and his subsequent death. Smetana's reputation as the founding

Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)

Písň milostné (Love Songs), Op. 83

Text by Gustav Pflieger-Moravský (1833-1875), Translations by David Beveridge

1 Ó naší lásce nekvete to vytoužené štěstí

Ó, naší lásce nekvete to vytoužené štěstí:
A kdyby kvetlo (na světě) nebudě dlouho kvéstí.
Proč by se slza v ohnivě polibky vekrádala?
Proč by mne v plně lásce své ouzkostně objímala?
Ó trpké je to loučení kde naděj nezakyne:
Tu srdce cítí ve chvění že brzo bídně zhyne.

2 V tak mnohém srdci mrtvo jest

V tak mnohém srdci mrtvo jest,
jak v temné pustině
V něm na žalost a na bolest ba místa jediné.
Tu klamy lásky horoucí v to srdce vstupuje,
A srdce žalem prahnoucí to mní, že miluje.
A v tomto sladkém domnění
Se ještě jednou v ráj
To srdce mrtvé promění a zpívá starou báj!

3 Kol domu se teď' potácím

Kol domu se teď' potácím, kdes bydlívala dříve,
a z lásky rány krvácím, lásky sladké, lživé!
A smutným okem nazírám
zdaž ke mně vedeš kroku:
a vstříc Ti náruč otvírám však slzu cítím v oku!
Ó, kde jsi, draha, kde jsi dnes
což nepřijdeš mi vstříc?
Což nemám v srdci slast a ples,
tě užít nikdy více?

4 Já vím, že sladké naději

Já vím, že v sladké naději, tě smím přec milovat;
A že chceš tím horoucněji mou lásku pěstovat.
A přec, když nazřím očí tvých
v tu přerozkoušnou noc,
a zvím, jak nebe lásky z nich
svou na mne snášší moc
Tu moje oko slzami, tu náhle se obstrívá,
neb v štěstí naše za námi zlý osud pozírá.

5 Nad krajem vévodí lehký spánek

Nad krajem vévodí lehký spánek,
jasná se rozpjala májová noc;
nesmělý krade se do listů vánek,
s nebes se schýlila míru moc.
Zadrímlo kvítí, potokem šumá
tíšejší nářevů tajemných sbor.
Příroda v rozkoši blaženě duma,
neklidných živlů všad utichl vzpor.
Hvězdy se sešly co naděje světla,
země se mění na nebeský kruh.
Mým srdcem v němžto kdys blaženost kvetla,
mým srdcem táhne jen bolesti ruch!

Oh, that longed-for happiness does not flourish for our love;

Oh, that longed-for happiness does not flourish for our love;
and if it were to bloom in this world, it will not bloom for long.
Why would a tear steal into passionate kisses?
Why would she in her full love embrace me anxiously?
Oh bitter is that parting where hope does not perish:
Then the heart, in trembling, feels that soon it will perish miserably.

In so many hearts, all is dead,

In so many hearts, all is dead,
as in a dark wasteland;
in them, indeed, there is room only for grief and for pain.
Then illusions of ardent love enter into that heart,
and the heart, drying up in grief, thus think that it loves.
and in this sweet supposition
changes itself to a paradise
this dead heart once again, and sings the old legend!

I now wander around the house where you formerly lived,

I now wander around the house where you formerly lived,
and I bleed from the gashes of that love, sweet and false!
And with a sad eye I look to see
whether you turn your step towards me:
And I open my arms to you, but I feel a tear in my eye!
Oh where are you, dear, where are you today,
why do you not come to me?
Why will I never more have in my heart the pleasure
and rejoicing of seeing you?

I know that, in sweet hope, I am still allowed to love you;

I know that, in sweet hope, I am still allowed to love you;
and that you wish to cultivate my love all the more devoutly,
and still, when I look into your eyes
on this delightful night,
and I learn how love's heaven
lays its power on me from the eyes:
then my eyes suddenly veiled with tears,
for in our happiness wicked fate is looking behind us.

A light sleep reigns over the countryside,

A light sleep reigns over the countryside,
the clear May night has spread itself out;
a shy breeze steals into the leaves,
the power of peace has descended from the sky.
The flowers are asleep; in the brook murmurs
a chorus of mysterious melodies more softly.
Nature in delight happily muses,
everywhere the turmoil of restless elements has calmed down.
The stars have assembled as the lights of hope,
earth changes into a heavenly sphere.
Through my heart, in which once happiness bloomed,
through my heart moves only the rush of pain.

6 Zde v lese u potoka

Zde v lese u potoka já stojím sám a sám;
a ve potoka vlny v myšlénkách požívám.
Tu vidím starý kámen, nad nímž se vlny dmou;
ten kámen stoupá a padá bez klidu pod vlnou.
A proud se oň opírá až kámen zvrhne se.
Kdy vlna života mne ze světa odnese?

7 V té sladké moci očí tvých

V té sladké moci očí tvých jak rád bych zahynul,
Kdyby mě k životu jen smích
rtů krásných nekynul.
Však tu smrt sladkou svolím hned
s tou láskou ve hrudi:
Když mě jen ten tvůj smavý ret k životu probudí.

8 Ó duše drahá jedinká

Ó duše drahá jedinká, jež v srdci žiješ dosud;
má obléta tě myšlenka, ač nás dělí zlý osud.
Ó, kéž jsem zpěvnou labutí, já zaletěl bych k tobě;
A v poselstím bych vzdechnutí
ti vypěl srdce v mdlobě

Here by the brook in the woods I stand quite alone;

Here by the brook in the woods I stand quite alone;
and I thoughtfully gaze at the waves in the brook.
then I see an old rock, waves rising over it;
without peace, the rock rises and falls under the waves.
And the current moves over it until the rock topples over.
When will the wave of life take me from the world?

How gladly I would perish in the sweet power of your eyes,

How gladly I would perish in the sweet power of your eyes,
If only the laughter of your lovely lips
did not beckon me to life.
However with this love in my breast
I will choose that sweet death at once:
if only this smiling lip of yours awakens me to life.

Oh dear and only soul, you who live till now in my heart;

Oh dear and only soul, you who live till now in my heart;
my thought circles you, though cruel fate divides us.
Oh if only I were a singing swan, I would fly to you;
and in my final breath
I would sing my heart to you in swooning.

Zdeněk Fibich (1850-1900)

from **Jarní paprsky (Spring Rays), Op. 36**

Translations by Mirka Zemanová

3 Pěvcova útěcha

[text by Ladislav Dolanský (1857-1910)]

Neskropíli pláčem hrob můj dívčín hled,
však jej rosou vláhou svlaží máje květ
Nestaví li poutník příněm chvatný krok,
sešle naň svit luny mdlý své záře tok.
Nepomníli nikdo, že jsem byl kdy živ,
stín to řekne háje, žírná setba niv.
Luny svit, stín háje, kvítků vábný pel
s láskou pomní toho, jenž jim lásku pěl.

6. Snící jezero

[text by Ladislav Dolanský (1857-1910)]

Tam v hloubi tůň svůj dříme sen,
jí závoj skrývá vodních řas:
ty ptáčku tam, o tich bud' jen,
at' nevzbudíš mi spáče v ráz.
Však rákos v tich ý dá ples,
jak zval by k dětským hrám,
nad modrou tůň se motýl vznes
a v blankyt pluje sám!

Singer's Consolation

If a girl's look won't wet my grave with tears,
the flower of May will moisten it with a dewy moisture.
If a pilgrim won't stop by my grave his hasty step,
the shine of the moon will send to it the dim stream of her glow.
If no one remembers that I have ever lived,
the shadow of the grove will say it, the rich planting of the plains.
The moon's shine, the grove's shadow, enticing pollen of flowers
will remember with love the one who sang for them love.

Dream lake

There in the depths, a pool dreams its dream,
a veil of water algae hides it:
you little bird over there, oh just be silent,
so that you won't wake up this sleeper instantly.
But the reeds will start a quiet dance,
as if invited to play childrens' games,
above the blue pool a butterfly rose
and up into the azure it drifts, alone!

Performers

Annie Gill, Soprano

Praised for “astounding technical vocal ability, solid song interpretation and stage presence,” soprano Annie Gill continues to gain recognition as a distinctive emerging artist. Particularly excelling in the repertoire of Mozart and Puccini, Ms. Gill has been commended for “a glorious voice - opulent from top to bottom,” and possesses an extensive variety of vocal colors in her expressive full lyric soprano.

Ms. Gill is an avid performer of Czech and Slovak repertoire, having roots in the Slovak culture through her mother's family, the Karaffas. Originally from the city of Livov (in the Prešov Region of north-east Slovakia), the Karaffas immigrated to the United States in the early 1920s. Although she grew up with many Slovak traditions during her childhood, Ms. Gill began a more intensive study of Czech and Slovak repertoire when she incorporated the songs of Dvořák into her Winner's Recital performance as the top Prize Winner in the 2012 Art Song Festival of Toledo, OH. Ms. Gill was then invited by festival faculty member Dr. Timothy Cheek, a prominent Czech-language vocal coach and author of *Singing in Czech: A Guide to Czech Lyric Diction and Vocal Repertoire*, for further study in the Czech Republic. In 2013, Ms. Gill attended the Moravian Masterclass in Brno, where she worked with Dr. Cheek and Mirka Zemanová (a Czech language coach and musicologist).

Most recently, Ms. Gill sang the roles of Laretta in *Gianni Schicchi* with Opera Camerata of Washington, and Serpina (Serpina) in The In Series' production of *La Serva Padrona*, receiving enthusiastic reviews for handling “the rollercoaster range from high to low of Pergolesi's score with aplomb.” Ms. Gill made her debut with the Cathedral Choral Society as a soprano soloist in the Fantastic Beethoven concert under the baton of esteemed conductor J. Reilly Lewis. Also in 2016, Ms. Gill performed as the soprano soloist in the Baltimore Composers' Forum concert, where she premiered works by composers Anna Rubin, Keith Kramer, Janice Macaulay, Garth Baxter, and Harriet Katz. During the 2015-2016 season, Ms. Gill added the roles of Cio-Cio San in *Madama Butterfly* and Marzelline in *Fidelio* to her extensive list of operatic repertoire, and returned for her fourth production of *Don Giovanni* to perform the role of Donna Anna (Opera AACC). In recital, Ms. Gill performed the world premiere of composer Garth Baxter's song cycle “Three Poems from Edna St. Vincent Millay.”

During the 2014-2015 season, Ms. Gill sang the roles of Micaëla in *Carmen* with Opera Camerata of Washington (Gregory Buchalter of the Metropolitan Opera conducting), Fiordiligi in *Così fan tutte* with Opera NOVA, Kate Pinkerton in *Madama Butterfly* with Opera Camerata of Washington, and covered renowned soprano Asako Tamura in the title role of Cio-Cio San. As Mimi/Pamina/Despina in The In Series production of *Fatal Song*, Ms. Gill received excellent reviews for her “nuanced performance” and “bell-clear rendition” of arias by Puccini and Mozart.

A First Prize Winner in the 2013 Barry Alexander International Vocal Competition, Ms. Gill made her Carnegie Hall debut in the competition Winners' Recital on January 27th, 2013. Also in 2013, Ms. Gill won 3rd Prize in the National Federation of Music Clubs Biennial Young Artist Awards, and 3rd Prize in the Russell C. Wonderlic Voice Competition. In addition to her classical singing career, Ms. Gill is a voice-over artist and acts in commercials and television, notably appearing as the “Opera Singer” in the Season 2 Finale of *House of Cards*.

Andrew Stewart, Collaborative Pianist

Andrew Stewart, pianist, grew up in California and has been based in Baltimore since 2000. Much in demand as a soloist and collaborative artist, he has worked with countless singers and instrumentalists; premiered works by composers including Hollis Thoms, Garth Baxter

Mala som ja rukávce

Mala som ja rukávce. Dala som ich cigánce.
a ty čierna cigánka, počaruj mi šuhajka.

Ja ti budem čarovat, ty mi musíš dukát dat',
štyri groše lebo dva, budeš dobrá gazdina.

Sylvie Bodorová (b. 1952)

from Jabloňový vlak (Apple Train)

Text – Traditional Prayer, Translation by Timothy Cheek

2 Modlitba stará – stará!

A dej mi sílu unésti všechno co změnit nemám
sil.

A odvahu abych to nač stačím
na tomto světě pozměnil.

A také moudrost abych znal a od sebe to rozeznal.
A dej mi sílu vše unésti.

4 Uspávanka s počítáním ovcí

A když se ti nechce spat, budem ovce počítat,
šly přes lávku, pod ní kamen, v dlouhé řadě za
beranem.

První, to byl v řece kámen, beran druhý,
za beranem následují ovce hned,
jedna, dvě, tři, čtyři, pět.

A když se ti nechce spat, budem ovce počítat,
Černé ovce i ty bílé, at' nám není dlouhá chvíle.
Už jsme spočítali kámen, ovce, co šly za beranem
ještě pořád za ním jdou,
stále nejsou za vodou.
Jedna, dvě, tři, čtyři, pět, ale ted' už naposled.
Dopočítáme to ráno a ted' spi a řekni ANO.

Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904) Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém from Rusalka

Text by Jaroslav Kvapil [1868-1950]

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém
světlo tvé daleko vidí,
po světě bloudíš širokém,
díváš se v přibytky lidí.
Měsíčku, postůj chvíli
řeckni mi, kde je můj milý!

Řekni mu, stříbný měsíčku,
mé že jej objímá rámě,
aby si alespoň chvíličku
vzpomenul ve snění na mne.

Zasvět' mu do daleka,
řekni mu, řekni m kdo tu naň čeká!
O mněli duše lidská sní,
at'se tou vzpomínkou vzbudí!
Měsíčku, nezhasni, nezhasni!

I had a pair of gloves

I had a pair of gloves. I gave them to a gypsy.
and you black gypsy, cast a spell for me on my sweetheart.

“I will cast a spell for you, you must give me a ducat,
four groschen or two, you'll be a good farmer's wife.”

An old prayer – old!

And give me strength to bear everything that I don't have the strength to
change.

And I will have enough courage for that, so that I would
change in the world.

And also wisdom so that I would know how to tell the difference.
And give me strength to bear everything.

Falling asleep by counting sheep

And if you can't sleep, we'll count sheep;
they went across the foot bridge, under it a rock, in a long row behind the
ram.

The first, that was the rock in the river, the ram second,
the sheep follow right behind the ram,
one, two, three, four, five.

And if you can't sleep, we'll count sheep;
black sheep and even white ones, so that it won't be a long time for us.
Already we've added up the rock, the sheep that went behind the ram,
on and on they go behind him.
they still aren't all across the water.
One, two, three, four, five, but now already the last one.
Let's keep counting in the morning, and now sleep and say YES.

1 Předtucha jara

[text by Jaroslav Vrchlický (1853-1912)]

To není ještě jaro celé, spíš jeho tucha,
na vrbě pohnula se stmělé snět' suchá.
Cos jako hudba vzduchem thane
šum ptačích křídel,
jak zplna když se do strum sáhne, ruch zříděl.
Bříz kadeře se uklánějí a hnízda
stará v červánkách
rozkoši se chvějí, sny jara!
Tot' advent přírody, den svátku,
pryč z duše mraky!

Tvá vesna srdce přijde v krátku, věř taky!

O této chvíle užij slavné, pij mír a něhu,
at' mdloba padne křivdy dávné,
rmut sněhul!

At' radost se jen rozveselí v tvém celém nitru,
bud' skřivan, který jása v poli vstříc jítu!

5 To tam!

[text by Ladislav Dolanský (1857-1910)]

Ten starý strom to není již,
co stál tu v dobách dávných,
na nějž jsem se vznesl ve květnou výš
nad obzor krajů těch vábných.

Ten strom to není již,
jenž s návrší v dol šuměl báje,
když jel jsem v noci od mile
v řadrech blaha ráje.

Ten strom to ještě, dol I háj,
ten svět nemá ni vrásky,
tvé ale stáří nezná máj,
to tam jaro našl lásky.
To tam, to tam!

Premonition of spring

That is not yet the whole Spring but rather its premonition,
on the darkened willow tree a dry branch moved.
something like music floats through the air,
the hum of birds' wings,
like when one plucks the strings fully, the hustle and bustle of sources.
The curls of birch trees are bowing and
old nests in the twilight
tremble with pleasure, the dreams of Spring!
That's the advent of Nature, a feast day,
be gone from the soul, you clouds!
Your spring of heart will come soon, believe it, too!
Oh, get the best of this famous moment, drink peace and tenderness
let the weariness of past injustice fall,
the grief of snow!
Let only joy cheer up your entire heart,
be a lark which jubilates in the field, halfway to daybreak!

There!

That old tree is no more,
that stood here in those distant times,
onto which I rose to its flowering heights
above the horizon of those enticing lands.
That tree is no more,
which from the rise down to the valley murmured the legends,
when I rode in the night from my love
in my bosom the bliss of paradise.
That tree which lives still, the valley and the grove,
that world has not a single wrinkle,
But your age knows no longer the month of May,
Gone is the spring of our love.
It's gone! It's gone!

Bedřich Smetana (1824-1884)

Och, jaký žal!... Ten lásky sen

from Prodaná nevěsta (The Bartered Bride)

Text by Karel Sabina (1813-1877), Translation by Timothy Cheek

Však přece ještě nevěřím, ač stojí tam napsáno.
Nevěřím, až s ním promluví.
Snad ani o tom neví!
Ó, kž se mi v nesnázi té skutečná,
skutečná pravda zjeví!

Ten lásky sen, jak krásný byl,
jak nadějně rozkvítal!
A nad ubohým srdcem mým
co tichá hvězda svítal.

Jak blahý život s milencem
v snu tomto jsem si přadla!
Tu osud přival vichřici a růže lásky svašla
Ne, není možný taký klam!
Tent' smutnou by byl ranou,
a rozplakala by se zem nad láskou pochovanou!

Ten lásky sen....

Yet, I still don't believe it, although it stands there in writing.
I don't believe it until I speak with him.
Maybe he doesn't even know about it!
Oh, in my distress let the real,
the real truth be revealed to me!

This dream of love, how beautiful it was,
how hopefully it blossomed!
And over my wretched heart
it was shining like a silent star.

How in this dream a blissful life
with my beloved I imagined!
Now fate blew in a tempest, and love's rose has withered.
No, such deception is not possible!
It would be a sad wound,
and the earth would burst into tears over the buried love!

This dream of love...

Vítězlava Kaprálová (1915-1940)
Sbohem a šáteček (A Waving Farewell), Op. 14

Text by Vítězslav Nezval (1900-1958) Translation by Timothy Cheek

Sbohem, a kdybychom se nikdy nesetkali,
bylo to překrásné a bylo toho dost.
Sbohem, a kdybychom si spolu schůzku dali,
možná, že nepřijdem, že přijde jiný host.

Bylo to překrásné, žel, všecko má svůj konec.
Mlč, umíráčku, mlč, smutek ten já už znám,
políbek, kapesník, sírěna, lodní zvonec,
tři, čtyři úsměvy, a potom zůstat sám.

Sbohem, a kdybychom si neřekli už vice,
at' po nás zůstane maličká památka,
vzdšná jak kapesník, prostší než pohlednice,
a trochu mámivá jak vůně pozlátka.

A jestli viděl jsem, co neviděli jiní,
tím lépe, vlašťovko, jež hledáš rodný chlív.

Ukázalas mi jih, kde máš své hnízdo v skříní.
Tvým osudem je let, mým osudem je zpěv.

Sbohem, a bylo-li to všecko naposledy,
tím hůř, mé naděje, nic už vám nezbude.

Chcem-li se setkatí, nelučme se ráš
tedy.
Sbohem a šáteček. Vyplň se, osude!

Farewell, and if we were never to meet again,
it was exquisite, and it was enough.
Farewell, and if we were to have a rendezvous,
it is possible that we will not come, that another guest will arrive.

It was exquisite, unfortunately, everything has its end.
Keep silent, tolling bell, keep silent, that sadness I already know,
a kiss, a handkerchief, a foghorn, the ship's bell,
and then to remain alone.

Farewell, and if we were not to say any more to each other,
after us shall remain a little remembrance,
transparent like a handkerchief, simpler than a postcard,
like the fragrance of goldleaf.

And if I saw what others did not see,
that is better, oh swallow, who looks for its native shed.

You showed me the south, where you have your nest in a closet.
Your fate is flight, my fate is song.

Farewell, and if everything were for the last time,
that is worse, oh my hopes, nothing else from you will remain.

If we want to meet each other again, then it is better that we not say
goodbye.
A waving farewell. Carry on, fate!

Jablko s klína (An Apple from the Lap), Op. 10

1 Píseň na vrbovou píšťalku

Už na nás prší z jehněd pel
a na kře letí jaro horempádem,
zpod křídel kvočny vyletěl houf kuřat,
pípajících hladem.
Bože, at' I to nejmenší z nich zrníčko
najde na Tvé jarní zemi,
to jenom člověk v dobách zlý může
se živit sny a nadějemi.

2 Ukolébavka

Tatínek přijde, snad již za chvíli,
kde ho zas čerti berou!

Cožpak mi musí každou vzpomínku
ztrpčiti nedůvěrou?

Spí v krajkách tiše jak brouček v kapradí,
tma očí uzamyká.

Tatínka nechme, at' si vyvádí,
svět jeho je již jiný.
Člověk I na pláč zvyká.

Song on the willow pipe

Already pollen from the catkin rains on us
and Spring flies headlong on the ice floe,
from under the wings of mother-hens a drove of chicks flew out,
peeping from hunger.
God, let even the smallest one of hers find a little grain
on Your spring earth,
for only man can be nourished
by dreams and hopes in cruel times.

Lullaby

Your daddy is coming, maybe at any moment
where the devil is he?

I wonder, must he embitter my every memory
with mistrust?

Sleep in your lace calmly, like a bug in a rug,
darkness locks your eyes.

Let's not mind daddy, let him have his good time,
his world is now different.
People even get used to crying.

3 Bezvětří

V bezvětří starých ran,
v krajkoví ctočné špíny,
pod křídlem líných vran,
jež slétly do roviny,
žiji sny tesklivé:
Mrtvý se dívá z hlíny do světa
na živé a na tančící stíny
v ulicích Ninive, Ninive.

4 Jarní pout

Střelnice, houpačky a kolotoče
probudily časně z jara spáče.
Kde je má dýmka a mé zápalky,
půjdu si koupit fialky.

Na střelnici je leve a šňůra dýmek,
za pět minut je hotov můj snímek,
od polibků opuchlý mám ret,
co vám budu o tom vyprávět.

Lod'ky na houpačkách mají jména
Marta, Marie, Helena, Zdena;
miloval jsem v jiném pořadí,
na posteli, v mechu, v kapradí.

Osud jinak rozhodil mně kartu,
Zdenu, Helenu, Marii, Martu,
jméno páte nevíme;
pláči jí právě na klíně.

Každá přichází konec konců
zmuchlaná troche od milenců,
od polibků opuchlý má ret,
co mně bude o tom vyprávět.

2 Povedz že mi, povedz

Povedz že mi, povedz, zelený borovec
či můj milý pride na večer od oviec?
Či můj milý pride na večer od oviec.

Pride on mi pride, na vranom koničku uviaže
koníka
o našu jedličku, uviaže koníka o našu jedličku.

Tá naša jedlička, pekne vyrastená,
či v lete, či v zime, vždycky je zelená,
či v lete, či v zime, vždycky je zelená.

Calm

In the calm of old wounds,
in the lacy frills of virtuous dirt,
under the wings of lazy crows,
which flew down to the plains,
I live wistful dreams:
The dead looks from the clay to the world
at the living and at the dancing shadows
In the streets of Nineveh, of Nineveh.

Spring fair

Rifle ranges, swings, and carousels
awoke the sleepers early in Spring.
Where's my pipe and my matches,
I'll go buy violets.

On the shooter is a lion and a string of pipes,
in five minute my snapshot is ready,
I have lips swollen from kisses,
but I don't have to tell you the details.

The little boats on the swings have the names
Marta, Marie, Helena, Zdena;
I loved them in a different order,
on the bed, in the moss, in the ferns.

Fate dealt my cards differently,
Zdena, Helena, Marie, Marta;
the fifth name we don't know;
I cry right now on her lap.

Each girl arrives after all
tousled a little from their sweethearts,
she lips swollen from kisses,
but she doesn't have to go into details.

Bohuslav Martinů (1890-1959)

from Nové slovenské písně (New Slovak Songs)

Text – Volkslieder/Folksongs, Translation by Timothy Cheek

Tell me, tell

Tell me, tell, green pine tree,
if my sweetheart will come in the evening from his herd of sheep?
If my sweetheart will come in the evening from his herd of sheep.

He will come to me, he'll come on a little black horse, he'll tie the little
horse
to our little fir tree, he'll tie the little horse to our little fir tree.

Our dear fir tree, nice and tall,
whether in the summer of in the winter, is always green,
whether in the summer or in the winter, is always green.