

DVORAK EDITION

Liner notes, sung texts

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Antonín Dvořák: The Nine Symphonies

The symphonies of Antonín Dvořák have never been as popular and beloved as the symphonies of Brahms and Beethoven. Matters of taste play a part, but other motives are just as important. Indeed, some of the works were not performed or published during the composer's lifetime, and since they weren't published in the order in which they were written, there was for many years some confusion as to the precise nature of Dvořák's development.

Matters of style are just as important: Dvořák was a great admirer of Beethoven, but he liked his older colleague for his mastery of form, not for his revolutionary zeal. Unlike Beethoven, therefore, Dvořák was no innovator as far as instrumentation was concerned, and he was much more susceptible to elements from his Czech national style. Besides, Dvořák was a very pragmatic musician and definitely not the archetypical Romantic, solitary artist writing music in a cold room, hoping an unknown listener would overhear and like it. He had an audience in mind, but he didn't want to change his style just to please his local listeners.

Dvořák trained as an organ player, worked in Prague in a church, and played the violin and viola in an orchestra in the same city. Although one of the big events in his musical life was a concert in Prague in 1863, in which Wagner conducted some of his own pieces (with Dvořák playing in the orchestra), the intense confrontation with this German composer hardly left a big impression on Dvořák's music, which was able to assimilate many other influences besides just Wagner's. When Dvořák's work eventually achieved popularity, it was not because he made concessions. He did change his style over the years, but he was not modest about his abilities, and he didn't respond well to bad reviews.

The First Symphony has a complex history. Written on the composer's own initiative and submitted for a competition, the work proved unsuccessful and Dvořák temporarily forgot about it. In later years he referred back to it, connecting the composition with the bells in the Czech town of Zlonice, where Dvořák obtained his musical education – a reason why some now refer to the piece as 'The Bells of Zlonice'. Material from the symphony was used again in his song cycle, *Cypresses*, and in a set of piano compositions, *Silhouettes*.

For reasons unknown the score found its way into a second-hand music shop in Leipzig, where it was discovered by accident by Rudolf Dvořák (no relation). After Rudolf's death the music

was found by his son, who arranged its publication. The first performance took place in 1936.

Although in later years Dvořák regarded his First Symphony as an experiment, some of the hallmarks of his symphonic personality are already present in this piece. He liked writing beautiful melodies embedded within harmonic patterns not far removed from those used by Schubert, Schumann and Mendelssohn; he is, in fact, more a lyric than a dramatic composer, creating long episodes based on a few melodies and many repetitions. Although he respects the established order of sonata form (exposition, development and recapitulation), the caesuras between these episodes are less rigid than in older symphonies, which give this and his later symphonies a sense of fluidity and mellowness. In the second movement we hear a motif possibly inspired by the Tarnhelm one in Wagner's *Das Rheingold*, but, as with other influences, it doesn't feel like a foreign element, since Dvořák changes Wagner's melody into one of his own.

The third movement, *Scherzo*, clearly demonstrates Dvořák's approach to classical forms. The beginning is scherzo-like, especially in the rhythm, but the form is far from 'official' and spliced into sections, mainly because the melodies and lyrical development dominate this movement. The brass sections in the finale emphasise the optimistic ending of the symphony, which was standard practice from Haydn until Bruckner.

Just like the First, the Second Symphony was written as an experiment and not as a commission. Dvořák composed it in the same year as the First (1865) and did not see it published during his lifetime, though he was able to hear the work once (1888) – an occasion for which it was revised and made shorter. A few seeming allusions to the music of Tchaikovsky have caused some people to suggest that Dvořák might have been influenced by this composer, but this seems unlikely, since in 1865 Tchaikovsky was still hardly known inside Russia, let alone outside Russia. Another possible source of inspiration is the music of Brahms: both composers share a love for grace, a broad-minded dealing with motifs in the development section and a beautiful balance between strings and winds. The great climaxes in the finale, too, betray the influence of Wagner's style of instrumentation; also in his opera *Rusalka* would Dvořák use brass to emphasise big dramatic effects. In one sense the Second Symphony does repeat the First: Dvořák likes, following the example of Schubert, to write beautiful melodies and to develop them over a long period of time in such a way that the borders between the episodes get blurred. The *Adagio*, for

example, has three sections but sounds as one continuous line. The Scherzo, furthermore, lacks a clear rhythmic impulse – not surprising for a composer who, like Brahms, weakens the clear distinctions between the genres.

After his first couple of attempts, Dvořák gave the symphony a rest of nine years. His Third was written in 1874 and immediately premiered in Prague by an orchestra conducted by Smetana. The work received favourable reviews and Brahms wrote enthusiastically about the beautiful melodies ('It is pure love, and it does one's heart good!'), but in spite of its successful premiere, the symphony's publication had to wait until 1912. As seen in the previous two works, Dvořák's genius for melodic invention strengthened his wish to create forms without clear sections; the first movement, therefore, is a combination of sonata form and rondo form, and it contains a melody the composer would use again in his opera *The King and the Charcoal Burner*. This new application of mixing one genre with another is further evidence of Dvořák's desire to blur the distinctions between genres.

Like the First and Second Symphonies, the Third is a predominantly lyrical piece. Dvořák's main examples were, not surprisingly, Schumann's 'Rhenish' Symphony and Mendelssohn's *Die schöne Melusine*, whose influence can be detected in the long, beautiful lines and the inconspicuous harmonic changes. The slow movement, a funeral march in C minor, is cast as a theme with variations, and, as is so often the case with Dvořák's music, new themes are derived from old themes on which new variations are built. This remarkable continuity may also explain the absence in this symphony of a scherzo, a form strongly dependent on clear, articulated rhythms. The theme of the final movement looks like a bohemian version of *Frère Jacques*, with some allusions to *Tannhäuser* and *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*.

This Wagnerian influence is no surprise: Dvořák often visited the German theatre in Prague where Wagner's music was frequently performed. He would only borrow other music if he could integrate it into his own, however; unlike many other musicians at the time, he could live with both Brahms and Wagner, but only on his own terms.

The Fourth Symphony was composed in 1873–74 and premiered many years later, in 1892 in Prague with the composer as the conductor. In a sense the Fourth is a continuation of the Third: once again Dvořák likes to build a big form through almost endless repetitions as an alternative to development, a technique which places him closer to Schubert than to Beethoven.

He admired the latter for his sense of proportions, but within these proportions his elements are much more fluid. Like Beethoven, Dvořák likes to differentiate between a first and a second theme – in the first movement of the Fourth, for example, the first theme is broad and the second more lyrical. The second movement shows, too, both his admiration for and his independence from Wagner: the main theme has often been compared to Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, but Dvořák transforms it in such a way that the source is difficult to recognise.

The third movement is a kind of scherzo, the music of which Dvořák might have taken from that of a village band. Dvořák

knew this kind of music very well, since he came from a small town in which street music played a big role. The often-made comparison between the finale and one of Bruckner's symphonies fails to take into account how, probably at the time, Dvořák was not aware of Bruckner's music. The finale has a grandeur that contrasts with the uncomplicated, simple expression of the first three movements. Nobility and unaffectedness were always characteristics of Dvořák's music, and the symphonic form did not inspire him to create grandiose, let alone pompous, emotional outbursts. From Wagner's music he occasionally borrowed melodic style, but not the urge to impose.

Although the Fifth came only one year after the Fourth, the contrast is striking. Many regard it as his first mature symphony and look in vain for a reason for this unexpected change. What we can be certain about is the fact that this symphony brought the composer recognition from both a wide audience and the specialist listener. Soon after completion of the Fifth, Dvořák received praise from Brahms as well as the Viennese music critic Eduard Hanslick, resulting in the work's publication by the Viennese printer Simrock. Many people have connected the pastoral mood of Brahms' Second Symphony with the first and second movements of Dvořák's Fifth. Equally similar are the style of the orchestration and the treatment of the winds as a mellow addition to the sound of the strings. The oboe melody in the second movement might indeed have been written by Brahms, but the forms in Brahms's works are much more articulated and much less continuous. By contrast the Scherzo is highly classical in nature – not just with melodies less complicated than those in Brahms's scherzos, but, unusually for Dvořák, with clear borders demarcating the episodes. These clear distinctions between the episodes, on the other hand, are entirely absent in the finale – which, as it approaches its end, recalls one of the themes from the opening movement, thus giving rise to the fanfare-laden conclusion. All in all, the Fifth Symphony, more than any of the others, betrays the influence of Dvořák's chamber music, in which dramatic impulse is subsidiary to melody.

If the Fifth was a turning point in terms of stylistic maturity, the Sixth was Dvořák's first symphony to receive widespread attention and positive reviews. The work was written at the request of the conductor of the Vienna Philharmonic, Hans Richter, although the premiere took place in Prague in 1881 (it was Dvořák's first symphony to be performed outside his native country). What found approval with listeners at the time was the fact that Dvořák devoted more attention to dramatic moments in clear structures and that he partially left behind his old habit of creating forms through melodic and motivic repetition. This sounds like a conscious decision on the composer's part, although it is highly unlikely that it was; Dvořák was, after all, a spontaneous composer, and his unsystematic attitude would have certainly helped him a lot when the symphony was presented in Vienna – where the local, liberal audience rejected German political influence, and where composers seeking inspiration in non-German music thus benefitted. Besides, the Fifth Symphony was admired for its resemblance to the music of the Viennese citizen Johannes Brahms, who saw the score before its publication and was particularly taken with the main theme in the first movement.

The third movement is a Furiant, a Czech dance, rather furious in character. The rhythm is very pronounced throughout the piece, not atypical of a Furiant but nevertheless unusual for Dvořák: unlike most of the previous scherzos, this one is lacking in mellowness. The finale shows again the influence of Brahms in the mixture of sonata and rondo form. Unlike previous finales, Dvořák demonstrates his ability to gradually build up the music over an extended period of time, thus preparing for the climax that occurs many bars later.

The Seventh Symphony was written for the London Philharmonic Society and received its premiere in London in 1885 with the composer as conductor. Dvořák was proud of his achievement, not least because he observed that his style was continuing to please growing audiences. In the Seventh, and much more in the Eighth and the Ninth, rhythmic energy becomes an essential characteristic (the third movement is a bohemian scherzo with spiky rhythmic accents). The almost unending repetition of motifs has also disappeared, being replaced by a great variety of motifs and many sudden harmonic changes. Dvořák didn't care much for the proportions between the movements here; the slow movement is the longest in the cycle, even after the cuts he made after the premiere. The most arresting feature of the Seventh is its abundance of beautiful melodies, with the movements as a whole sounding extremely balanced. The finale, in particular, deserves mention for its preparation of the climax. Indeed, in order to make the last movement more monumental, Dvořák incorporates elements from a Protestant chorale. Many Romantic composers tried to give their music more depth by borrowing from old religious music.

Dvořák's individual approach to classical form also applies to his Eighth Symphony, which he presented to the University of Cambridge after receiving an honorary doctorate. Although the work premiered in England, the composer did not consider it a concession to British taste: 'I wanted to write a work with individual ideas worked out in a new way.' Some observers at the time believed Dvořák had taken as his model Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony – he was, after all, present at its Prague premiere on 30 November 1888 (which Tchaikovsky himself conducted), and shortly afterwards began work on the Eighth. If the Russian had any influence on the Czech, however, it is most likely to be in the third movement, which has a light, waltz-like character. (It is interesting to note that Tchaikovsky was also accused, especially by German authors, of writing formless music.) An essential characteristic of the first movement is the frequent change between major and minor key. Instruments like the horn and viola are also given a far more prominent role than usual. A set of variations in the finale, too, was nothing novel at the time, but here Dvořák introduces changes in tempo (not heard in his earlier symphonies), a Slavonic melodic style (again, the influence of Tchaikovsky?) and operatic style (the flute melody in the third movement resembles a melody from his opera *The Stubborn Lovers*).

Although Dvořák's fame had been steadily growing since Brahms's and Hanslick's recommendations, the success of his Ninth Symphony – which followed immediately after the first performance (in Carnegie Hall in December 1893) – exceeded all expectations.

Dvořák, who always worked with an audience in mind, was by this time director of the National Conservatory of Music in New York. After his arrival in the city (1892), he had tried to get the Americans to become more interested in their own folk music and was pleased when a student of his, Henry Thacker Burleigh, himself a son of free slaves, showed him a collection of transcriptions of melodies by Native Americans. Dvořák used Burleigh's collection when he was asked to write a symphony, and although it is highly unlikely that Dvořák ever heard Native Americans in the flesh, his symphony clearly shows the influence of their music.

Many have regarded Dvořák's attempt in the Ninth Symphony to integrate folk music into art music as an American version of the Czech music he wrote. Dvořák undoubtedly looked on the symphony as partly American, since the famous subtitle 'From the New World' was in fact his idea. The relationship between the 'American' and the 'European' elements in the work, however, remains a matter of controversy. Certainly Dvořák continued his 'spontaneous' approach to form through the creation of countless beautiful melodies, but the music is somewhat more complicated than this: themes return in different contexts, and tempo and key changes within one movement have a strong dramatic function. At the very end, too, there is a coda that comprises all the themes of the previous movements.

Understandably the debate about the 'American' nature of the symphony was more intense in America than it was in Europe. One of Dvořák's American pupils, Rubin Goldmark, became the teacher of Aaron Copland who later, together with Charles Ives, became one of the two fathers of American music. It remains to say that, no matter how 'American' or 'European' the Ninth Symphony is, Dvořák knew how to write music with great rhythmic vitality – and it was this vitality that garnered appreciation from both sides of the Atlantic.

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CD 6 & 7

Piano Concerto in G minor Op.33

Since piano concertos have constituted one of the most popular categories of concert music for the last two hundred years, and since Dvořák is one of the most beloved of composers, a piano concerto by Dvořák might reasonably be expected to be among the most favoured works on the programmes of the world's orchestras. It happens, however, that Dvořák's single work for piano and orchestra is one of the least known of all his major compositions, and almost certainly the least known such work by any composer of his stature. It was written in 1876 before the first book of Slavonic Dances or any of the great symphonies appeared; as noted above, Dvořák never followed it up with a companion-work for piano and orchestra.

It could not have been that he was uncomfortable in the concerto form, for the Violin Concerto he wrote for Joseph Joachim four years later is a splendid work, and the magnificent Cello Concerto composed for Hanuš Wihan in 1895 is surely the greatest of all concerted works in the cello literature. A more likely explanation is the simple one that Dvořák, unlike most of his contemporaries, was not virtuoso-oriented in his musical thought and was just not that intrigued by the piano; his own instrument was the viola, which he played in an orchestra conducted by Bedřich Smetana and which has a prominent role in his chamber music.

The G minor concerto is not so much a piano concerto in the idiomatic sense of works by such pianist composers as Beethoven, Brahms, Schumann, Liszt, Chopin, Saint-Saëns and Rachmaninoff, as a characteristic Dvořák work in which the leading thought happens to be assigned to the piano. Lyrical and dramatic elements are effectively contrasted in the first movement (*Allegro agitato*). Here the two principal themes are extensively developed, and one of the two secondary themes is in the character of the more reflective Slavonic Dances.

The second movement (*Andante sostenuto*) is notable for its serenity: a theme of noble simplicity, stated by the horn, forms the basis of a dialogue between soloist and orchestra that reaches no great climax, but sustains a convincing atmosphere of deep peace. The Finale (*Allegro con fuoco*) is the movement in which Dvořák's authorship is most immediately recognisable. An energetic but somewhat restrained quasi-rondo, it is, not unexpectedly, redolent throughout of the flavour of Czech dances, and is related thematically to the second of the three Slavonic Rhapsodies of Op.45 (also in G minor), composed in 1878.

Romance Op.11 & Mazurek Op.49

The songful Romance is Dvořák's adaptation of the Andantino from his String Quartet in F minor, composed in 1873 and unpublished during his lifetime. The violin-and-orchestra setting was created for the violinist Josef Markus some time after Dvořák had composed his Violin Concerto; a version for violin and piano was prepared at about the same time. 'Setting' is perhaps not the right term here, for the Romance is not a straight arrangement of the original Andantino, but, as Alec Robertson points out, 'takes as its first tune the second subject of the slow movement of the F minor Quartet... and then develops on its own. The chief melody is a Mendelssohnian "Song without Words" of some charm, with which is contrasted a reminiscence of the second subject in the second movement of Schubert's B minor Symphony.'

Earlier in 1879 Dvořák composed a shorter work for violin and orchestra, which he dedicated to another of the day's reigning virtuosos, the Spanish violinist and composer Pablo de Sarasate. This is the Mazurek in E minor. The Mazurek is the purest of the three basic types of mazurka, eminently well suited as the framework for a brilliant display piece.

Silent Woods Op.68 No.5 & Rondo in G minor Op.94

Before he was persuaded (or persuaded himself) to write the Cello Concerto for Wihan, Dvořák provided the cellist with two shorter concerted works. The Rondo in G minor Op.94 was a Christmas present in 1891, originally for cello and piano and with the orchestral version following almost at once. Silent Woods (an English approximation of the more poetic German title *Waldesruhe*) is, like the Romance for violin and orchestra, an adaptation by Dvořák of music he had composed originally in a different form. The original in this case was the fifth of the six character pieces in a suite for piano duet composed in 1884 under the title *From the Bohemian Woods* (Op.68). Dvořák used the same opus number for the cello version, which he arranged in 1893 (again in two editions, one with piano accompaniment and one with orchestra).

Violin Concerto in A minor Op.53

On New Year's Day 1879 Brahms conducted the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra in the first performance of his new Violin Concerto; the soloist was his close friend Joseph Joachim, who had provided invaluable counsel during the composition of the work, which Brahms dedicated to him. In that same year Joachim invited Dvořák to compose a concerto for him.

The Concerto in A minor was composed in its entirety during the summer of 1879 and was then sent to Joachim, who held the score for two full years before returning it to the composer with a list of thoughtful suggestions which were gratefully incorporated into the work.

Not surprisingly, in light of Dvořák's newly developed but deeply sincere friendship and admiration for Brahms, the latter's influence is as prominent in the Violin Concerto as the flavour of Czech folk music, though neither of these elements in any way diminishes the striking originality and individuality which stamp the work as no one's but Dvořák's.

The first movement (*Allegro ma non troppo*) opens boldly, with a vigorous orchestral statement of what may be regarded as the first of the two parts of the first theme – the second part following at once on the violin. The second theme, of lesser importance, bolsters the Brahmsian impression, as does the entire recapitulation section (introduced by the soloist). There is no slack in this movement, and in terms of sheer brilliance of orchestration it was not to be surpassed by anything Dvořák wrote later. A reflective bridge passage links the first movement to the second (*Adagio ma non troppo*), whose ruminative character is also reminiscent of Brahms. The principal theme is subtle and long-lined, and its mood prevails in spite of the nervous interjections of a second theme that does not make much headway. Especially effective is the autumnal glow of the horns as they recall the opening phrase at the end of the movement, the violin soaring serenely above them.

While the Finale (*Allegro giocoso, ma non troppo*) surely had the last movement of the Brahms Concerto as its model, it is in this movement that the Czech folk element is most strongly felt. Dvořák had written his first set of Slavonic Dances only a year before undertaking the Violin Concerto, and the spirit of the furiant informs this dazzling rondo, in which one of the episodes may be likened to a *dumka*. No fewer than a half a dozen attractive themes are to be heard, with the astonishing rhythmic vitality emphasised now by *pizzicato* strings, now by the timpani, now by drone effects simulating peasant bagpipes.

The movement could almost stand by itself as a ‘grand Slavonic fantasy’ in which the violin is master of the revels.

The Swiss musicologist Antoine-Elisée Cherbuliez, commenting on this Concerto, wrote: ‘The Czech village and the constructive spirit of the Beethoven sonata are the latent poles of Dvořák’s inspiration. The natural musician of the people is here closely connected with the artist using a form of nearly classical severity.’

Cello Concerto in B minor Op.104

The finest of Dvořák’s concertos – and the greatest of all concertos for the cello – was composed in New York between 8 November 1894 and 9 February 1895; the final movement was substantially revised after his return to Prague in June of the latter year. Like the other works composed during his three-year sojourn in the United States as director of the National Conservatory – the ‘New World’ Symphony, the so-called ‘American Quartet’, the masterly Viola Quintet in E flat – the Cello Concerto is studded with striking themes whose character might suggest either American Indian or Czech origin, but which are in fact Dvořák’s own creation. The only borrowed tune in the work is one he ‘borrowed’ from himself (in the second movement). The mood of the Concerto is more Czech than American, surely, but the impetus for its creation came in large measure from Dvořák’s encounter with the work of an American musician, the Irish-born, German-trained Victor Herbert.

Although Dvořák’s very first attempt at writing a concerto had been a cello concerto drafted at the age of 24, he declared that until he heard the Herbert Concerto he had felt the cello to be an ungrateful instrument for concerto treatment. Even during the writing of the B minor Concerto he told friends he had undertaken the work only at the insistence of his friend Hanuš Wihan, who had repeatedly asked him for a concerto, and for whom he had already produced two shorter pieces for cello and orchestra.

Dvořák’s greatest gift to Wihan, ironically, led to complications in their relationship. When Wihan received the score of the Cello Concerto, he proceeded to write an elaborate cadenza for the final movement; the composer’s firm refusal to permit such an interpolation precipitated strained feelings for a time, and the honour of both the world premiere in London (19 March 1896, with Dvořák conducting) and the subsequent Prague premiere went to another cellist, Leo Stern. Wihan, of course, had to acknowledge the Concerto as a masterwork, and he gave the first of his many performances of it in January 1899 in The Hague, with Willem Mengelberg conducting.

The majestic character of this work is made clear at once in the elaborate orchestral exposition which opens the first movement (*Allegro*). Prominent at the outset are the clarinets which are to figure conspicuously throughout the work (the cello in combination with clarinets and bassoons at various points establishes and enhances the pervasively warm colour of the Concerto); they state the imposing principal theme, which is immediately taken up by the full orchestra (‘*grandioso*’ is the marking here). The form then introduces the lyrical (but no less magnificent) second theme, and a third, dancelike motif is heard in the orchestra before it subsides for the dramatic entrance of the cello in an impassioned statement of the principal theme (*quasi improvvisando*). The ensuing treatment of these materials is heroic in scale, but never ‘larger than life’. While virtuosity is demanded in huge proportions, there is no concession in the form of a cadenza: the movement continues ‘*symphonically*’ to the end, in which the principal theme is apotheosised with a resounding flourish of trumpets and drums.

The slow movement (*Adagio ma non troppo*) begins with a soothing theme presented by the woodwinds, soon to be taken up by the cellos and clarinets. The mood of repose is dispelled momentarily by a forceful orchestral declamation before the second theme appears: this is the one Dvořák borrowed from himself – the theme, only slightly altered, of the first of the four songs of his Op.82 set, called *Leave me alone* (or more euphoniously, *Let me wander alone with my dreams*). The song was a favourite of Dvořák’s sister-in-law, of whom he was quite fond; she was seriously ill when he was working on the revision of the Concerto early in 1895, and he wrote the theme into the work then as a gesture of affectionate concern. When she died, in May of that year, Dvořák composed a new ending for the final movement in which the theme reappears, and this probably accounted for his irritation as much as purely musical considerations when Wihan wanted to intrude his cadenza.

The Finale (*Allegro moderato*) is a jubilant and vigorous rondo, not without martial overtones. According to some commentators, its robust spirit – not unlike that of the Slavonic Rhapsodies – may have had something to do with Dvořák’s happy anticipation of his return home. The movement begins with the simple but glorious theme stated by the horns over the march-like tread of the lower strings; in no time the theme makes its way to the full orchestra and then to the cello itself. From that point on there is a heady succession of new themes, some energetic, some lyrical, one glowingly shared by the cello and the solo violin. The coda is best described by Dvořák himself: ‘The Finale closes with a gradual *diminuendo*, like a breath – with reminiscences of the first and second movements, the solo dying down to *pianissimo*. Then the sound begins to grow, and the last bars are taken over by the orchestra, which provides a tempestuous ending.’

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CD 8, 9 & 10

Dvořák: Carnival Overture, Czech Suite, Golden Spinning Wheel, Heroic Song, Hussite Overture, In Nature's Realm, My Home, Symphonic Variations, Water Goblin, The Wild Dove.

The nineteenth century saw the growth of orchestral and operatic music and the development of the modern symphony orchestra, thanks to composers such as Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner. Much influenced in his early and then again in his later years by the music of Wagner and Liszt with the addition of a folk-music consciousness, the most popular of the great Czech nationalist movement was Antonin Dvořák born in 1841, son to the local butcher and publican of the small village of Nelahozeves or Muehlhausen as it was then also known. His position as eldest son in the family meant originally that he was expected to follow his father's trade but it was to become clear that the young Dvořák had some rather exceptional musical talents and after his early village studies, he went to lodge with an Uncle in the nearby town of Zlonice to study with Anton Liehmann; a period remembered in his very first symphony in C minor (1865) "The Bells of Zlonice". He then moved to Kamenice in 1856 where he learnt German and studied with Franz Hanke and finally in 1857 to Prague where he was to join the capital's organ school and also the German School of the Maria

Schnee Convent.

By 1862, Dvořák had found a position in the small orchestra of the Provisional Theatre where he played viola, the instrument he was to make his own later at the Prague National Theatre, which he joined in 1864 under the direction of Bedrich Smetana, composer of "The Bartered Bride" and the cycle of symphonic poems "My Homeland", who was to show Dvořák the way forward in Czech nationalist music-making. His tenure with the orchestra was to last until 1873 when Dvořák decided to devote his time exclusively to his own compositions. Meanwhile, Dvořák had fallen under the powerful influence of Richard Wagner whose style was to permeate much of his subsequent early compositions. Despite the Germanic influence however, Dvořák was to become a byword in the assimilation of Czech folk roots into serious musical composition, not only utilising existing melodies but composing his own folk-based themes too.

By 1874, Dvořák had completed four operas and the third of his nine symphonies which, despite its obvious debt to Wagner, was the work that not only brought him the honour of a national prize but also gained the admiration of Brahms, one of the members of the prize jury. Brahms was to become an admirer, friend and something of a mentor and it was he who arranged for Dvořák's Moravian Duets of 1877 to be published by Simrock, who then commissioned a series of Slavonic Dances for piano duet (later to be orchestrated) which show a tribute from the younger composer to Brahms' own Hungarian Dances as well as establishing their composer as a leader of the new Czech national school. The success of these pieces meant that Dvořák was now becoming financially more independent and was able to travel to Germany and to England where his music was increasingly warmly received.

Meanwhile, Dvořák continued his series of symphonies and string quartets as well as devoting much of his time, together with Smetana, to trying to establish a Czech national school of opera. Like Tchaikovsky in Russia, Dvořák composed a large number of operas which despite their quality and although enjoying some local success in their own country, have found little lasting favour on the wider international stage. Success meant now that a commission came from Brahms' friend, the great violinist Joachim, for a new concerto as well as invitations for works from the conductor Richter and Wagner's friend von Bulow. Dvořák's firm popularity in England too led to the compositions of choral works and the first of his truly great final trio of symphonies - the Seventh in D minor, probably the most Brahmsian of the cycle.

In 1891, Dvořák accepted the invitation to become Professor of composition at the Prague Conservatory as well as being given an honorary Doctorate at Cambridge University in England and invited to take over the directorship of the National Music Conservatory in New York. Fame had at last truly reached the musical representative of the Bohemian lands and the following year he set off for the New World where he was to remain for the next three years.

Dvořák's stay in America was not an entirely happy one and despite being welcomed by the ex-patriot community and by his patrons Jeanette Thurber and her husband, he missed his Bohemian homeland deeply. The reasons for the Thurburs' generosity were that Dvořák was expected to help found a nationalist school of music in America just as he had done in Bohemia. Although some of the works composed in "exile" were to number amongst Dvořák's most lastingly popular (the New World Symphony and American Quartet for example), much of the lyricism in these pieces expresses more of a longing for the homeland than a discovery of a new American style.

It was thus with some relief that Dvořák returned to Prague in 1895 to take up a position as teacher at the Conservatory, later becoming Director of the institution in 1901. Dvořák's final years were spent in what can only be described as contentment. No more symphonies were to follow the "New World" but a series of tone poems followed based on Bohemian folk ballads as well as the two final operas - Rusalka and Armida. After a very full career, Dvořák died of cerebral apoplexy in Prague in 1904, heralding a new century which would see the emergence of at least two other great Czech composers - Janáček and Martinu - as well as the final independence of his own country.

Apart from the nine symphonies and the concertos for piano, cello and violin, Dvořák wrote a series of orchestral works during his lifetime which include concert overtures, tone poems and some other pieces of various natures. The first of these overtures was a piece known as the "Tragic Overture" (or Dramatic Overture) which was the original opening to his first (1870) Opera "Alfred" - an unsuccessful historical piece set in dark-ages Britain. Other than the operatic overtures which followed over the years, the best known of the works in this form were the series of pieces beginning with the 1882 overture "My Home" and concluding with the justly famous "Carnival" Overture of 1892.

"My Home" is actually the overture to some incidental music Dvořák wrote for a play by Ferdinand Samberk celebrating the life of the Bohemian national playwright Josef Kajetan Tyl. The score is now forgotten but the overture remains popular, not least for its combination of a well known folk tune (On Our Farm) and the song "Where is my Homeland" which was to become the Czech National Anthem. The "Hussite Overture" of 1883 also has political overtones contrasting the religious son of the Hussite Warriors (You are God's Warriors") familiar from Smetana's "Ma Vlast" with the "St Wenceslas" chorale. "In Nature's Realm" (1892) is a different matter, strictly a pastoral hymn to nature itself and written in strict sonata form and in the bucolic key of F major as had been the pastoral Fifth Symphony. The "Carnival" Overture is a fittingly joyful and exuberant celebration of human life at its best with a central more pastoral section referring back to the earlier overture.

The hugely popular first set of Slavonic Dances came in 1878 and it was hardly surprising that Dvořák tried to repeat that success a year later in his "Czech Suite". The suite is somewhat similar to a Mozart Serenade and lacks the more boisterous aspects of some of the Dances. It is scored for small orchestra and consists of five movements including folk dances such as the Polka and Sousedska as well as ending with a Furiant. A year before the Dances, Dvořák had written a set of variations on an original theme, although he revised the work in 1888. The theme in question is a partsong entitled "I am a Fiddler" and is quite apparent despite its changes throughout all of the variations. At the end of his life and after the "New World" Symphony, Dvořák turned to writing works with some kind of programme - operas and tone poems. Four of these symphonic tales are based on rather gruesome folk ballads from the collection "Kytice" (A Bouquet of Flowers) by the Czech poet Karel Jaromir Erben. The final work "Heroic Song" written in 1897 is a sort of Czech equivalent to Strauss' somewhat later "Ein Heldenleben". It had the distinction of finding favour with Mahler but is basically little more than variations on a theme with a rather pompous final peroration. The four ballads are far more successful and make an Indian summer to Dvořák's orchestral works.

The "Water Goblin" is a grisly scherzo telling of the terrible revenge of the water creature against his betrayal by a human being. The "Noonday Witch" is a tale of the familiar hag who catches naughty children. The "Golden Spinning Wheel", the longest and least convincing of the set, is a tale of murder and deception concerning a King and his beautiful bride to be. The "Wood Dove" is the highlight of the series, a broad funeral march depicting the grief of the woman who is mocked

by the bird for her murder of her husband until she too kills herself.. The ballads are based so closely on the poems that Dvořák often sets the words themselves within the music - true songs without words.

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CD 11

Slavonic Dances, Op.46 & Op.72

In our mind the name Antonfn Dvorak is inseparably connected with his Slavonic Dances. Deeply rooted in the folk musik of his country, with these dances Dvorak created a masterpiece of exuberant vitality which fascinates through its beautiful unpretentious melodies, the sweet thirds and sixths, and its infectious rhythm. The first series of the Slavonic Dances was written in the Spring of 1878, at first only a version for piano for four hands, but only few months later a version for orchestra was published which was much better suited to the character of the dances. The dances were created at the suggestion of the publisher Fritz Simrock who had learned of Dvorak through Iohannes Brahms and who hoped to make a profit similar to that he had made with Brahms' Hungarian Dances, which were already at that time very popular. His hopes were not disappointed: despite the, at that time, generous royalty of 300 marks which he paid the composer, the dances earned the publisher a profit of many thousand marks. For this reason Simrock eagerly tried to persuade Dvorak to compose a second series of dances. Being aware of the difficulties in producing a second volume equal to the first one, which has already gained a world-wide reputation, Dvorak rejected his publishers's request, saying that at the moment he was not in the mood to think of such cheerful music. And the right mood did not appear until eight years after the first volume of dances was completed. In June 1886 Dvorak finally wrote to his publisher: "I find the Slavonic dances very amusing and I believe that these ones will be completely different, no joking and no irony!" And in fact, the dances of the second cycle are fundamentally different and more profound in atmosphere and content. And yet these Dances too give evidence of Dvorak's ample tonal imagination, and the composer did by no means exaggerate when he wrote: "The dances will be orchestrated brilliantly, everything will bang and they will sound like the devil."

Unlike Dvorak, who freely invented his Slavonic Dances, Johannes Brahms based most of his Hungarian Dances on existing folk dances which he probably got to know during his concert tours with the Hungarian violin virtuoso Eduard Remenyi in the years 1852 and 1853. Dances are the 2/4 time and the predominant quick pace occasionally slowing down into short dreamy interludes or suddenly stopped by a pause, to be resumed immediately with terrific acceleration. The first two volumes of the Hungarian Dances for piano for four hands was published by Simrock in 1869 in Berlin and soon turned out to be so popular that Fritz Simrock asked his friend Brahms to orchestrate the dances. But Brahms hesitated to meet this request because he had artistic scruples: "I wrote them for four hand; had they been intended for an orchestra they would be different." The fact that he did orchestrate the Hungarian Dances after all is a lucky stroke for the dances as well as for posterity, seeing that the rich tonal colour of the orchestra brings out the gipsy melodies to even better advantage.

Matthias Frerichs

Translation: Danny Antonelli

CD 12

Rondo · Miniatures

Gavotte · Bagatelles

Serenade for Winds

Dvořák's works for cello are always overshadowed by the great Cello Concerto, one of his bestknown works and one of the truly great works of all time for the instrument and the Opus 94 Rondo may not be either of that quality nor indeed of that length, but it is a satisfying late work which shows a typical slavonic sense of longing even despite its lively middle section. Somehow this typifies the music that Dvorak could never put aside despite his time abroad in America.

Another aspect of Dvořák's Bohemian/Czech nature and love of his country is found in the charming early Serenade for Winds - companion to the much better known Serenade for Strings. Composed in January 1878, the Serenade is in four movements and predates the first successful set of Slavonic Dances. The work is cyclic in that it opens with a March which then reappears just before the end of the Finale. That opening March contrasts with the gentle folk dance in the second movement Minuet and the third movement Andante is one of Dvořák's most loving inspirations.

Of the smaller works which follow, the Gavotte of 1890 has its main interest in its unique scoring for three violins whereas the Bagatelles of two years earlier (five in all) have a rather eclectic combination of two violins, cello and harmonium. The Bagatelles were written for private performance and are sketched in simple ternary rondo form which somehow belies their intimate, expressive and stylistic joy. The "Drobnosti" (Opus 75a) date from the same period and are charming lyrical miniatures which Dvorak was later to arrange for violin and piano as "Romantic Pieces". Like the "Cypresses" for String

Quartet, these are some of Dvořák's most attractive short pieces contrasting the busy moments of the Capriccio with the melancholy of Elegy.

Dr. David Doughty

CD 13

Capriccio B81

The Capriccio is a single movement dating from Dvořák's early years which once existed also in an orchestral version whereas the early Romance is an attractive example of Dvorak at his most lyrical. The Nocturne is a similarly beautiful lyrical work based on material from an earlier string quartet. Finally, the F major Sonata despite its obvious Bohemian feel, owes much to Dvořák's mentor Brahms. It is in three movements with a substantial opening Allegro, a gentle slow movement and a final Rondo.

Dr. David Doughty

CD 14

Sonatina · Ballad · Romantic Pieces · Mazurek

The G major Sonatina (Opus 100) is the last of the works for violin and piano and was composed at the end of November in 1893 during Dvořák's time in New York. The title of Sonatina here comes from the fact that the music is simple and without any great technical difficulties - it was, in fact, composed for the composer's own two children. Like most of the works of this period, the Sonatina draws on indigenous American sources as well as relating to nostalgia for the composer's homeland. It is in four shortish movements with a slow movement based on an American Indian theme and a Scherzo that seems more at home in Bohemia.

The Ballade is an earlier single movement work composed in between visits to England in 1885 alternating narrative passages with others of some romantic sensitivity. More substantial and still in the violin repertory today are the Four Romantic pieces of 1887. These are arrangements of the slightly earlier Miniatures for string trio containing few passages of any great difficulty for performer or indeed listener and showing the composer in his most agreeable mood. The Mazurka (Opus 49) was composed for the Spanish virtuoso Sarasate and is a simple piece indebted to the Polish dance of its title.

Dr. David Doughty

CD 15

Theme and Variations · Polka

Silhouettes · Two Minuets

Dumka in D minor

Dvořák was not really a pianist. His training and early performing experience were largely as a string player, and he never claimed to be a pianist of more than average competence. Still, solopiano music can claim pride of place in his oeuvre in at least one respect: his very first surviving composition was for the piano, the Forget-me-not Polka in C Major, B.1, composed around 1855-6, when he was in his early teens. (Antonín Liehmann, his teacher at the Prague Organ School, contributed the polka's Trio).

A second Polka for piano, in E major, dates from February 1860, a time when Dvořák occasionally composed dance music for a band he had joined after graduating from the Organ School. Assuming its authenticity (which some scholars doubt), the E-major polka offers an early glimpse into that mixing of Austro-German and Slavonic idioms that would characterize Dvořák's music throughout his career.

Around February of 1876, he produced the two Minuets, Op. 28, his first adult piano compositions (There are indications of instrumentation in the first edition, published in 1879, suggesting that they may originally have been composed for orchestra). These are not true minuets in the Baroque or Classical sense, but moderately paced waltzes, in the familiar Viennese form: series of short waltzes in different keys, with the opening theme returning at the end to form a coda. The first Minuet, which opens with a tune from King and Charcoal Burner, is clearly the superior of the two, both in both Dvořák's distinctive musical personality is already apparent: the Austro-German form is imbued with melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic details unmistakably Slavonic in flavour.

Dvořák composed two works in December of 1876: the Dumka in D Minor, Op. 35; and the Theme with Variations in A-flat Major, Op. 36, his first substantial piano piece, and possibly his greatest. Op. 35 was the first of many works and movements by Dvořák to bear the label "dumka"; there are other important examples in the Slavonic Dances, the Op. 81 piano quintet, and the Dumky Trio, Op. 90. The dumka was originally a type of Ukrainian folk music, but by the nineteenth century the term was more loosely adopted by Slavonic composers to refer to a sung or instrumental lament, slow in tempo, melancholy and ruminative in character, though often interspersed with faster sections that are cheerful or jubilant. (The word "dumka" derives from the Czech and Polish words meaning "to ponder"; the plural form is "dumky.") Many nineteenth-century Polish, Ukrainian, and Russian composers, including Musorgsky, Tchaikovsky, and Balakirev, wrote dumky, but the genre came to be associated most closely with Bohemians – Dvořák most prominent among them. For a composer whose nationalism was so insistently pan-Slavonic as Dvořák's – he borrowed generously from all Slavic cultures – the dumka was an ideal genre.

In his Op. 35, Dvořák's gift for creating a stylized synthesis of folk and art musics is now matched by a new level of skill in piano writing: the melancholy mood of the opening section is enhanced by the unobtrusive canonic textures, and the secure handling of chromatic harmony. The piece is in a simple rondo form, the secondary themes offering relief from the prevailing melancholy with fasterpaced music in major keys, though the second of these interpolations, in G major, has its own darker core in the minor mode. Dvořák subjects the main theme to melodic variation each time it is reprised (this is typical of dumky, and may mimic folk practice); the final appearance of the theme is particularly ornate and grandiose, though the work ends in with a long tonic pedal sprinkled with dissonances that create an exotic haze, before finally dissolving into the clear light of D major.

Dvořák must have been pleased and inspired by his Dumka, since he immediately embarked on a much more ambitious piano project: the Theme with Variations in A-flat Major, Op. 36. It is important in many respects, not least because it is Dvořák's only solopiano work that is neither a short piece nor a set of short pieces: the extended theme and its eight variations are molded into a continuous dramatic structure some twenty minutes in length.

The work had a model: Beethoven's Piano Sonata in A-flat Major, Op. 26 – the so-called "Funeral March" sonata – the first movement of which is, unusually, a theme with (five) variations. Dvořák never explicitly cited Beethoven, but the resemblances between his Op. 36 and the first movement of Beethoven's Op. 26 are too numerous and too fundamental to be coincidental. Both are in the same key; both have a long theme in a moderate 3/8 (the two themes even have a few motivic resemblances); and both feature a similar rhythmic pattern in Variation 1. But the closest point of contact is Variation 3, which in both works is in A-flat minor, with diversions to other flat keys, with a syncopated melody and a similar accompanimental texture. Like every other nineteenth-century composer, Dvořák was keenly aware that he stood in Beethoven's very long shadow; we can detect this awareness time and again in the symphonies and other works in which he tackled the Classical forms Beethoven bequeathed. In Op. 36, at the age of thirty-five, he chose to address Beethoven directly. The special attention he gave to it – and its special success – make it clear that it was an important creative task for him, and it resulted in his only piano work to attempt a form and rhetoric Beethovenian in scale.

Dvořák's forty-five measure theme is longer than Beethoven's is bolder in its chromaticism, and features enough development of motives to constitute a kind of variation in itself. Dvořák immediately develops the chromaticism of the theme by hinting, three times, at the key a third below, F-flat (that is, E) major – fleeting harmonic details that he seizes on and develops further in the variations, with singular imagination and logic. In Variations 1 and 2, he expands these passing references to E major into full-fledged modulations that challenge the principal key. In Variation 2 he goes farther: the interjection of E major is decorated with its own modulation down a third, to C major – in harmonic terms, a parenthesis within a parenthesis. Variation 4 further explores the relationship of E major to A-flat major and minor, in the guise of a Moravian scherzo, while Variation 5 does so in a virtuosic setting, in a flurry of double octaves. (This variation was too much for Dvořák's modest piano skills, and he later marked it as optional. Beethoven's Variation 5, incidentally, also features octaves.)

Variation 6 is set largely in the distant key of G-flat major; the home key of A-flat major is never reached until the very end. It is an extraordinary conception, yet one that makes beautiful sense in the context of the work as a whole: Dvořák takes the idea of the flatward sideslip to its logical conclusion, writing a whole variation that serves as a harmonic digression demanding resolution. It is an eminently Beethovenian way of thinking, drawing from an unpretentious detail of the theme tonal and formal implications that influence the overall structure. The extended Variation 8 brings the work to an end that is both grand and delicate, triumphant and intimate, with the theme dressed up ornately but also brought back one last time in its most basic form.

The Theme with Variations was a brilliant success; arguably, Dvořák never wrote anything quite so accomplished for the piano again. It is a richly fertile work that perfectly balances variety and unity. The variations are strongly characterized, and often stray far from the theme, even as they mine its possibilities, yet the continuous development of musical ideas is so logically organized that the work as a whole is perceived as a coherent drama in which everything seems to be in the right place. Dvořák's work on Op. 36 paid immediate dividends the next year, in his Symphonic Variations, Op. 78, but the earlier work is too good to be considered merely a study for larger orchestral canvas. All the more curious that Dvořák so rarely used the theme-and-variations form. He may have used it in Op. 36 only because he was influenced by his Beethoven model, and in Op. 78 only because he had used it in Op. 36. Yet it was clearly a form that he had mastered.

Then Dvořák next turned to the piano in a serious way it was with immense consequences for his career: in the spring of 1878, he produced his first set of Slavonic Dances, for four-hand piano (his orchestral version followed soon after). The Dances were a hit, and earned him – and the strain of Bohemian nationalism he presented – a new and enthusiastic international audience. It was a dream come true for his publishers, who were now eager to bring out all of his music, old and new, particularly music – like piano solos – that would appeal to the amateur market. In fact, the two Minuets, the Dumka, and the

Theme with Variations, all from 1876, were published only in 1879, after the success of the Slavonic Dances, as were two other earlier works: the Scottish Dances, Op. 41, and the two Furianty, Op. 42.

The first piano music that Dvořák wrote especially to satisfy this new demand was the set of twelve short pieces he called *Silhouettes*, Op. 8 composed in the fall of 1879. The artificially low opus number reveals a slight deception on Dvořák's part. The *Silhouettes* were not written for his principal publisher of major new works, Simrock of Berlin, but for a publisher in Leipzig, who wanted to bring out his older music. Dvořák had no more old piano music to offer, so passed off the *Silhouettes* as early works by giving them a low opus number. In his defence, the first drafts for the *Silhouettes* do date back to an earlier creative period, around 1870-72, and some of the themes are even older, taken from three works of 1865: the Symphony No. 1 in C Minor, called *The Bells of Zlonice*, the Symphony No. 2 in B-flat Major, Op. 4; and the song cycle *Cypresses*. All three works were unpublished, and when Dvořák first drafted the *Silhouettes* he may have been seeking an opportunity to salvage some of the better themes from those works. In any event, the drafts were completely revised, and new pieces added, to create the final version of the *Silhouettes*.

Dvořák did not explain what he meant by his title; "silhouette" may simply be another generic Romantic title, like "poème" or "impromptu." A more accurate title would be "Slavonic bagatelles." Anxious to repeat the success of his Slavonic Dances, Dvořák returned to the same infectious melodies and rhythms, the same folk-inspired dance types, the same harmonic sideslips and modal inflections, in pieces of modest proportions and ambitions that do not develop ideas or mold dramas, but merely set a scene, establish a mood, evoke an image. At their most complex they contrast two ideas, usually in simple ternary (ABA) form. They range from polkas to sentimental Romantic mood pieces, but are all simple and unpretentious, clearly aimed at the amateur market. They may qualify as bagatelles for another reason. The first *Silhouette*, with a tender middle section framed by short, fast, turbulent bursts of music, unmistakably calls to mind the last bagatelle of Beethoven: Op. 126/No. 6, in E-flat major. This was, after all, Dvořák's first set of short pieces, and perhaps he intended, in the opening piece, to acknowledge his illustrious predecessor, and so to take his place within a tradition. Perhaps, too, he intended to take up Beethoven's idea of the bagatelle set as a musical cycle – in this case, a less abstract, more programmatic cycle, for the themes he chose for the *Silhouettes* must have reminded him of his unrequited love, years earlier, for his pupil Josefina Cermáková, which had inspired the *Cypresses* cycle. It is tempting to interpret the first *Silhouette* as representing the dejected lover, and tempting to find programmatic explanations for Dvořák's use of the two themes of that first piece later on (as in No. 5), and especially for his inspired idea of developing, in the last *Silhouette*, the turbulent theme so harshly abbreviated in No. 1. But Dvořák left no clues to any intended programme – or, for that matter, to any intended reference to Beethoven – so he must have intended the cycle to stand alone as "pure music."

There are interesting ideas here, and the simplicity of the music is often charming, but the *Silhouettes* as a whole do not show off the best of Dvořák at the piano, and it is not too cynical to attribute their weaknesses to the rush to appease demanding publishers. No. 4, for example, is a kind of *furiant* followed by what sounds like a contrasting Trio in the relative major, but in lieu of an expected reprise of the main theme, or some kind of development of the material, the piece simply ends – or rather stops – with a perfunctory return to the main key, F-sharp minor.

Yes there are gems here, too, like the tender No. 2, just fifteen measures long yet a perfect little drama complete with modulation, variation, recapitulation, and even a brief wisp of Chopinesque cadenza. In the end, the *Silhouettes* are perhaps less important in themselves than in marking the beginning of an upsurge in Dvořák's interest in the solo piano – an upsurge inspired, perhaps, by practical demands, but one that, in the next few years, in sets like the Op. 52 pieces and the Op. 54 waltzes and the Op. 56 mazurkas, resulted in some piano works of undisputed successes.

CD 16

Two *Furiant*s, Op. 42 Eight Waltzes, Op. 54

Four *Eclogues*, Op. 56 *Scottish Dances*, Op. 41

The two minor works on this program date from just before Dvořák's breakthrough to international fame in 1878, with his first series of *Slavonic Dances* for four-hand piano (later orchestrated). The *Scottish Dances*, Op. 41, were composed around the end 1877, at a turning point in his career. In November, he won an Austrian State Stipendium, worth 600 gulden (he had been entering compositions in this competition, usually successfully, since 1874). More important than the money, the attracted the attention of Johannes Brahms, who was so impressed with Dvořák's *Moravian Duets* for voices and piano that he recommended them – and Dvořák – to his own publisher, Simrock of Berlin. As a result, Simrock, hoping to repeat the success of Brahms's own *Hungarian Dances* for four-hand piano, commissioned Dvořák to write the *Slavonic Dances*.

Though the *Scottish Dances* date from this heady period, they are not nearly so ambitious or inspired as the *Slavonic Dances*. Op. 41 is a series of fifteen simple, stylised *contredanses* in 2/4 time, in the *ecossaise* style of Beethoven or Schubert, each in a different key and consisting of two repeated eight-measure strains, played one after the other at the same tempo to form a single extended movement. A few tunes are repeated; most notably, the first and last dances use the same theme in the same key. D minor, though the piece cannot be said to be "in D minor" in any meaningful sense. The title is mere convention, and there is little in the music that sounds authentically Scottish. The melodies and rhythms, the harmonic sideslips and modal inflections – this is all pure Dvořák in his simple *Slavonic* style, in rehearsal for the *Slavonic Dances*.

The two *Furiant*s, Op. 42, from 1878, were written shortly after the completion of the *Slavonic Dances*. (Do they perhaps recycle ideas considered but rejected for the *Dances*?) The *furiant*, an exuberant, whirling Bohemian "swaggerer's dance," was one of Dvořák's favourite genres – like the *dumka*, with which it was often paired and contrasted. (The middle movements – the slow movement and *scherzo* – of the Op. 81 piano quintet are a *dumka* and *furiant*.) The Op. 42 *Furiant*s are less characteristic than most: they are rather virtuosic in character, obviously meant for concert performance, and they do not make much use of alternating duple and triple meters, so typical of the *furiant*, though accented weak beats in some phrases do hint at cross-rhythms.

The first *furiant* is much superior of the two. Both its principal idea and contrasting middle section are well developed, through different keys and textures; the second *furiant*, by contrast, closes with a literal repeat of the opening section – including its unusual introduction, which sounds much less effective the second time around.

After the great experiment of the *Theme with Variations* in A-flat Major, Op. 36, Dvořák never again wrote a solo-piano work on such a scale. The commercial success of the *Slavonic Dances* must have encouraged him to continue in that vein when writing for the popular market; all of the important piano works that followed would be sets of short pieces relatively simple in form but with a strong *Slavonic* character. Oscar Wilde once referred to Dvořák's piano pieces, rather mysteriously, as "curiously coloured scarlet music," and it does seem to be the case that Dvořák – at the piano, at least – was more comfortable writing characteristic pieces than intensely worked out structures in the manner of, say, Brahms. He had a special talent for writing fetching melodies, with pointed folk-inspired rhythms and inventive harmonizations, for making subtle variations and developments within deceptively simple forms and textures, for conveying sentiments and moods and pictures in a direct, unaffected way, on an intimate scale, drawing on characteristic musical tropes from various Slavic cultures.

When his publishers encouraged Dvořák to bring out new works for piano, to capitalize on the fame of the *Slavonic Dances* and to satisfy the large amateur market, he responded with the *Silhouettes*. Op. 8, in 1879, his first set of short pieces. It was an uneven work, but it inspired in him an upsurge of creative interest in the piano. The result, around 1880, was a fertile period in which he produced several outstanding sets for both solo and four-hand piano. Writing for amateur pianists in no way compromised Dvořák's art. He was relatively unconvincing as a composer of virtuosic piano music; his *Piano Concerto*, Op. 33, from 1876, had taught him that. But when asked to write music for modest talents and domestic performance, he could work on the intimate scale in which his particular talents as a piano composer shone brightest. Indeed, since we no longer enjoy the tradition of domestic music-making that existed in Dvořák's day, we might argue that a recording project like the present one, rather than a concert performance, offers the most appropriate setting for this music, returning it to the scale and milieu for which it was conceived.

The Waltzes, Op. 54, helped Dvořák to satisfy his hungry publishers, but the work in fact grew out of a rather mundane commission from the Ball Committee of a patriotic association known as the National Society. The Committee asked Dvořák and other leading Czech composers to contribute orchestral dances for their jubilee ball in December of 1879. He had sketched only one before he realized that what he had in mind were stylised waltzes more appropriate to the drawing room than the ballroom. He set aside these first sketches and returned afresh to the commission, producing his Prague Waltzes, B. 99, in time for the December ball. (They were published, in 1880, in a piano arrangement, like other of his minor orchestral dances, obviously to increase their commercial value.) Dvořák did not forget his first sketches, however; in fact, he seems to have been inspired by his original conception of stylised waltzes. Reconceiving his sketches for the solo piano, he composed, between December 1879 and January 1880, a set of eight waltzes, which were quickly published by Simrock.

There was a pattern to Dvořák's publishing practices in these first years of new celebrity. His best piano works – the Dumka, the Theme with Variations, the two Furiant, the Op. 54 waltzes, the Op. 56 mazurkas – were offered to Simrock, his principal publisher of new works. To other publishers, in Leipzig and Prague, he offered piano works of lesser quality – the two Minuets, the Scottish Dances, the Silhouettes, the Op. 52 pieces, the Impromptu in D Minor, the arrangements of orchestral pieces – sometimes passing them off as older works with low opus numbers. We can assess Dvořák's opinion of a work by the publisher to whom he offered it; he seems to have distinguished between piano music inspired by his own creative desires and that which was grist for the marketing mill. The Op. 54 waltzes, uncommissioned works of high quality, clearly belong in the first category.

In a letter to Simrock dated 2 February 1880, Dvořák wrote, "I expect the Waltzes to be quite a success." Simrock thought so, too, and eager to capitalize on the popularity of Czech music, he wanted to call them "Czech Waltzes," or "Slavonic Waltzes." Dvořák declined, pointing to the Germanic origin of the genre. And it is true that, in his piano music, he seems to have drawn more inspiration from his Austro-German predecessors than from, say, Chopin or Liszt, in technique and texture as well as in form. In the Waltzes, and in contemporary works like the Mazurkas, we hear relatively little of the urbanity, sophisticated stylization, and salon style of Chopin, but rather the forms and sentiments of Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms. Still, we cannot make a hard and fast distinction, for the Waltzes reveal a mishmash of influences. No. 5, for example, seems Brahmsian in carriage, but also recalls Schubert in his Viennese mode, not to mention the crossrhythms that Chopin explored in his so-called "2/4 Waltz" in A-flat major, Op. 42 (No. 8 features cross-rhythms, too, in an even more Chopinesque setting.) And at least one of the Waltzes seems to have been intended as a nod to Chopin. No. 4, in the key of D-flat major and at a fast tempo, begins, with the right hand alone, with a hint of a trill and figuration turning around the dominant note A-flat, before the oom-pah left hand enters – and if this all sounds familiar it is because I have just described the opening of Chopin's "Minute" Waltz.

Still, Simrock may have been right: "Slavonic Waltzes" would have been an appropriate title. In the end, all of the influences Dvořák absorbed were subsumed by the unmistakable pan-Slavonic character that informs every measure of the music. Those cross-rhythms are as much Slavonic as Chopinesque (just listen to a typical Dvořák furiant); there are hints of stomps and twirls and other elements of folk dance; there are even some fleeting evocations of specific folk dances – sousedská, or Ländler, or mazur. There are drone effects, and melodic ornamentation and figuration – in No. 2, for instance – that suggest some kind of folk instrument. A few measures into that homage to the "Minute" Waltz, Dvořák is outlining a pentatonic scale that immediately shifts the listener's ear from away from Chopin's salon and toward the Bohemian countryside. Indeed, those opening measures of No. 4 perfectly capture the stylistic dichotomy that gives so much of Dvořák's music its distinctive flavour.

From the gorgeous, elegant opening waltz, Op. 54 offers some of Dvořák's best piano music.

Everything works; everything is calculated and considered, yet the pieces seem artless, fresh and spontaneous, never awkward or banal, never wearing out their welcome. The fertility of ideas is impressive, and the piano writing, though never virtuosic, can be picturesque. As in the Slavonic Dances, Dvořák makes imaginative use of transitions, interpolations, and codas, of harmonic digressions, of subtle but telling variations of melody and texture, all to enliven relatively simple forms. Each of the waltzes has such a distinctive personality that you almost don't notice that they all make use of the same form: rondo, in three parts (ABA) or five parts (ABABA, or ABACA), with the secondary thematic idea – the B section – brought back at the very end, transposed to the tonic key, to provide a coda. It was one of Dvořák's favourite forms in short pieces: its first appearance in a piano work seems to have been the first of the Furiant, Op. 42, and he employed it most famously in the popular Humoresque. He may have taken the idea from Beethoven. In many of his later Scherzo movements, especially the longer ones in five parts, Beethoven liked to bring back one last wisp of the Trio just before the end, teasing the listener into thinking that the Trio would be heard yet one more time. Only the last of the Op. 54 waltzes eschews this form, in favour of a coda that allows the set to finish with a bang.

The term "eclogue" originated in literature, and dates back to the ancient Greeks, but in music it was first used by the Bohemian composer Václav Tomášek (1774-1850), to describe a piano miniature of moderate difficulty that was rustic or pastoral in nature, whether robust or lyrical. Dvořák's composed his four Eclogues in January and February of 1880, and assigned them the opus number 56, but they were never published in his lifetime – not until 1921, years after his death.

When he published his Mazurkas in 1880, he gave them the opus number 56, since the Eclogues remained in manuscript and he had no intention of publishing them. He left to future generations the task of sorting out two works with the same opus number.

Though Dvořák would assign less important pieces to less important publishers, there were limits to his willingness to bend to his publishers' pleas: he would not publish anything, though undoubtedly his publishers, in those heady first years after the Slavonic Dances, would have brought out almost anything with his name on it. He withheld the Eclogues because he simply did not consider them worthy of publication. He may have been right about the set as a whole, but the first two pieces, at least are accomplished and beautiful, and nicely laid out for the piano, if hardly innovative or well developed. We know he liked the first Eclogue: he reused it as the fifth of his Mazurkas, beautifully recasting it from a lively and rather virtuosic piece in duple time to a gentler dance in triple time. His inspiration seems to have dropped somewhat in the last two Eclogues, though he liked two themes in the fourth well enough to reuse them prominently more than six years later, in the first piece of his second cycle of Slavonic Dances. All four Eclogues are unpretentious miniatures in simple ternary form, closing with a literal repeat of the opening section, rather than a subtly varied repeat of the kind that Dvořák usually preferred when he was feeling more inspired.

CD 17

Four Album Leaves, B. 109 Six Piano Pieces, Op. 52

Six Mazurkas, Op. 56 Moderato in A Major, B. 116

Question, B. 128a Impromptu in D Minor, B. 129

After the huge success of the Slavonic Dances, in 1878, Dvořák's publishers were willing and able to sell just about anything that bore his name, though his refusal to publish his four eclogues shows that he would not be pressured into releasing works that he did not think worthy. We can see that same self-critical attitude at work with the set of Piano Pieces. Op 52, that he wrote around June of 1880, a few months after the Eclogues.

This time, his effort to produce music on demand without sacrificing his standards was at least partially successful. He wrote six pieces in all, but permitted only four to be published in 1881, under the title "Impromptu, Intermezzo, Gigue, and Eclogue." (They were published in Leipzig, not by Simrock of Berlin, to whom he invariably sent the works he considered most successful, like the Waltzes and Mazurkas.) The untitled Allegro molto in G minor does seem to be up to the standards of the four published pieces, but Dvořák probably omitted it from the first edition only because it was too similar in key and mood to the Impromptu; it was published only long after his death, in 1921. The untitled Tempo di Marcia in E-flat major, however, is clearly inferior to the other pieces, simpler and less expressive; it languished unpublished until the middle of this century, when it appeared for the first time in Editio Supraphon's critical edition of the complete works of Dvořák, begun in 1955. The four pieces that Dvořák published

make an attractive four-movement set, outwardly a kind of suite or sonata, with lively outer movements framing a slow movement and scherzo; the catch-all published title, however, seems to deny that the work was to be heard as an integrated cycle. The Op. 52 pieces are all highly characteristic, and feature some of Dvořák's better piano writing.

The Impromptu is certainly Slavonic in temperament – the insistent cross-rhythms within a fast triple meter recall the furiant – but the piece also seems to be a nod to Schumann: the syncopated bass, the cross-rhythms, the turbulent, rising triadic figuration in the right hand, notated across the barlines, the ternary form with contrasting lyrical episode – all unmistakably call to mind the first piece of Schumann's Kreisleriana. (Dvořák, however, characteristically hints at a return of that lyrical episode just before the end.) The lovely Intermezzo, just thirty-three measures long, is a small marvel of musical architecture. Out of slow vamp in C minor emerges a melody that grows even richer and more chromatic as it progresses, hovering (as Dvořák liked to do) between relative major and minor keys, approaching but never quite reaching E-flat major. An expected cadence in E-flat is deferred; instead, Dvořák shifts suddenly to the distant key of C-flat major for some eight measures of variation on the opening theme, before returning to the music of the opening, finally granting the long denied cadence in E-flat major at the very end. That shift to C-flat seems more than colourful: it is a logical outcome of the progressive chromaticism that preceded it, a projection of melodic detail onto the tonal plan. The final two pieces are both attractive and imaginatively developed, particularly the extended Eclogue, with its melancholy and somewhat exotic-sounding improvisational main theme. The Gigue, though it features dotted 6/8 rhythms and some imitation, is only loosely related to the French Baroque dance of the same name.

The six Mazurkas, Op. 56, composed in June of 1880, belong with the Waltzes among Dvořák's best and most inspired piano works from this period. According to the first draft, they were originally destined to be a second series of Scottish Dances. (That *écossaises* and mazurkas could be considered almost interchangeable says something about the stylisation of folk idioms by Western composers.) After only a few weeks of composition and selection – including the appropriation of the first of his unpublished Eclogues, composed a few months earlier and beautifully recast here, in a gentle triple meter, as No. 5 – Dvořák had a set of six dances that he considered worthy of being published immediately by Simrock of Berlin.

Comparison to the great mazurkas of Chopin was and is inevitable, and Dvořák's efforts, by this yardstick, seem like less in many respects – less ambitious, less stylised, less intensely developed, less interesting in their accompaniments, less pervasively chromatic, less demanding technically, less evocative pianistically, less profound expressively. Yet the comparison misses the point, for Dvořák was not aiming at the sophistication of the concert hall or the urbane salon; he intended a simpler stylisation of the mazurka that stayed closer to its folk roots, and was more accessible to the amateur market. Dvořák's melodic and harmonic vocabulary here is much simpler and more direct, with modal and rhythmic inflections that seems more authentically folk-based. If the textures are less saturated with chromatic spice than Chopin's, we still find Dvořák's trademark harmonic sideslips, usually sudden shifts between keys a third apart (from A-flat to E major in the first part of No. 1, from C to A major in the first part of No. 2). His interpretation of mazurka rhythm is generally less ambiguous than Chopin's. In No. 2, for example, which has perhaps the strongest mazurka flavour, the accented weak beat is invariably the second; Chopin was less predictable.

Dvořák's Mazurkas are more reflective than virtuosic, relatively simple settings in which subtle variations and developments have great meaning. Schubert seems like a more relevant predecessor than Chopin: a mazurka like No. 3, with its gentle, waltz-like carriage and sweet hints of melancholy, recalls the Schubert of the *Moments musicaux*, tapping deep feelings through deceptively modest means.

Dvořák produced a few other isolated piano pieces around this time, some of them perhaps attempts at sets that went nowhere. The four untitled *Album Leaves*, B. 109, from 1880, were never published in his lifetime – again, presumably, due to his strong self-editing instinct. The first and third *Album Leaves*, in D major and F major, testify to his fondness for frequent and sudden modulations to distant keys; the second, in F-sharp minor, is a simple, lovely bagatelle in F-sharp minor. The fourth, marked *Allegretto*, is equal in quality to any of his short pieces. It is curiously ambivalent, both tonally and rhythmically: nominally in G major, it insistently pivots towards E major, closing in that key, and the rhythm is frequently syncopated; the result is a strangely elusive miniature.

Dvořák wrote an untitled piece in 1881, B. 116 that is usually referred to as the *Moderato* in A Major, but while it opens in that tempo and key, both soon change, and the bulk of the piece is a fast peasant dance in D minor. (Dvořák left it unpublished.) The *Impromptu* in D Minor, B. 129, was composed on 16 January 1883 and published that same year in Prague, in a musical supplement to the magazine *Humoristické listy*. It is a more substantial work musically, richer and more varied in harmony and texture, with a lovely central episode in D major.

Question was an album leaf jotted down for a friend on 13 December 1882. Just eight measures long, it is Dvořák's shortest composition. The title is explained by the fragment's harmonic open-endedness: it ends with an unresolved half cadence on the dominant, and sounds like an introduction to a piece that never follows.

Notes by Kevin Bazzana (June 1998)

CD 18

Poetic Tone Pictures, Op. 85

Part of the reason why Dvořák's solo-piano music has been relatively neglected is undoubtedly that he was not really a pianist, and there has never really been a great piano composer who wasn't.

Pianists have always naturally gravitated toward the music of the great pianist-composers – Mozart, Chopin, Liszt, Brahms, Rachmaninov – because this is the music that best flatters the instrument and the player, that most imaginatively and innovatively exploits the instrument's resources. Dvořák's piano music is certainly imbued with his unique musical personality, but, to a professional pianist at least, hardly challenging compared with that of, say, Chopin. Dvořák was basically a string player. Growing up in Nelahozeves, near Prague, he received his first musical instruction on the violin, from a local schoolmaster, and as a boy he played at his father's inn, in the village band, and in churches.

After graduating from the Prague Organ School in 1859, he played viola in a small band that performed at local balls and restaurants, and even in a few classical concerts. (That band became, in 1862, the core of the Provisional Theatre orchestra.) Dvořák had organ lessons during his student days (he wrote a set competently – at least, well enough to participate in concerts of his own chamber music. But he was never a virtuoso, and claimed only average abilities as a pianist.

So it is not surprising that some of Dvořák's best piano music can be found precisely where there was not need for him to flatter the expectations of a virtuoso soloist. He seems to have found it more rewarding to write for four hands than for two: he could think more like a symphonist than a pianist. And some of his most attractive piano writing is found in his chamber music, where he could indulge in his gift for orchestration, weaving the piano in and out of the strings in colourful and innovative ways. What one critic called Dvořák's "almost pathological attraction to the upper register of the keyboard," for example, could be tiresome in solo works, yet often paid big dividends in chamber music, as in the delightful *Scherzo* of his

Op. 81 piano quintet. In any event, Dvořák's modesty as a pianist and piano composer were pronounced enough that his few forays into larger, more virtuosic textures – most impressively, in the thirteen *Poetic Tone Pictures*, Op. 85 – are worthy of special note.

The composition of the Op. 56 *Mazurkas* marked the end of Dvořák's great upsurge of piano writing around 1880 – and upsurge initially spawned by commercial concerns, to be sure, but one that nonetheless inspired him to create several sets of pieces of high quality. The next few years were rich in four-hand piano music: the ten *Legends*, Op. 59, from 1880-81, which Dvořák wrote with "special affection"; the six programmatic pieces under the title *From the Bohemian Forest*, Op. 68, from 1883-4; and the second series of eight *Slavonic Dances*, Op. 72, from 1886. But in the years between the *Mazurkas* of 1880 and the *Poetic Tone Pictures* of 1889, he composed only nine minor

works for solo piano, some of them published, though significantly none by his principal publisher, Simrock of Berlin, and only two of them assigned an opus number: the *Dumka* in C Minor and the *Furiant* G Minor, both composed around September of 1884 and published together, in 1885, as Op. 12. All of which says something about the relative importance of the piano to Dvořák the composer: once the first flush of success after the Slavonic Dances had passed, once he had offered several piano works to appease his publishers, once he had enough authority to set his own agenda, he longer seemed interested in the piano.

This means, however, that when he did return to solo-piano music, it was because he wanted to, because he had something he wanted to say at the piano. When he turned to the piano in the spring of 1889, in fact, it was to break an uncharacteristic creative lull that had lasted several months (around this time he was involved in rehearsals for the première of his opera *The Jacobin*, Op. 84).

The result would prove to be his largest single piano work: an hour-long set of thirteen titled descriptive pieces called *Poetic Tone Pictures*, Op. 85, composed from April to June of 1889, and published later that year by Simrock. The work represents a kind of apotheosis for Dvořák as a composer for the piano: though it is an anthology of short pieces, the individual pieces are of a size and depth greater than those of his earlier of later sets, and the piano writing, while lacking the mastery – the insiders’s insight – of a Chopin or a Liszt, is of a significantly higher order.

Dvořák was undoubtedly inspired by the programmatic subject of the *Poetic Tone Pictures*, one of profound personal meaning for him: his beloved Bohemia. As in *From the Bohemian Forest*, give years earlier, he sought to depict the Bohemian countryside and its inhabitants from many different angles, and he worked hard at it. In a letter to Simrock, he wrote, “I imagine the pieces will be sure to please you, because I took great pains when working on them. ...Every piece will have a title and will express something, in some respects like programme music, but in the Schumann sense; still I must point out at once that they don’t sound Schumannesque..” By programme music “in the Schumann sense,” Dvořák was alluding to Schumann’s practice of giving titles to descriptive pieces only after they had been composed. In other words, Dvořák, though he undoubtedly had some general idea of subject matter in mind, was not writing to a detailed, pre-established programme.

Rather, he looked at what he had written and titled it based on what images and feelings about Bohemian life is evoked in him. Simrock liked some of the pieces, but admitted that he did not expect them to be very accessible or popular; to be sure, they are more extensively developed than Dvořák’s earlier miniatures, and more difficult technically – probably too difficult for most amateur pianists. They offer a rare example of Dvořák transcending his usually modest pianistic limits and writing piano music that flirts with professional virtuosity – with the techniques, textures, and rhetoric of the great pianistcomposers.

Some pianists have found the *Poetic Tone Pictures* unconvincing in this respect – overwritten, only superficially virtuosic, or even in questionable taste, and awkwardly laid out for the hands, much like the Op. 33 piano concerto. (One writer compared the piano writing to a transcription of an orchestral original.) Yet, the more massive piano writing in the *Poetic Tone Pictures* seems to have been a direct result of the unusual ambitiousness of Dvořák’s musical conceptions, which at times threaten to burst the bounds of the miniature form.

The expanded dimensions of these pieces are the result of the mature and experienced Dvořák’s much more sophisticated grasp of musical variation, extension, and development, his ability, at this point in his career, to take what might earlier have been a simple bagatelle evoking a simple and to round out the musical portrait, adding subtleties and layers of expression and depiction; the Dvořák in 1889 knew how to flesh out a programmatic miniature in ways that the Dvořák of 1880 could not imagine. The opening piece, “*Twilight Way*,” sets the tone for the whole set. Nothing on the opening page would lead the listener to expect more than a typically concise Dvořák miniature, yet the composer manages to spin out new ideas, and to extend, develop, and link those ideas, with remarkable fertility, musically as well as pianistically. The overall form remains relatively simple in outline, though shaded and enlivened and supplemented in countless subtle ways.

Dvořák maintains that standard throughout the set, notwithstanding an impressive range of ideas, textures, moods, and topics – everything from an earthy *furiant* to sentimental salon pieces, from a *bacchanalia* to a reverie, from the chatty to the liturgical, heroic to spectral. All of the pieces are strongly Slavonic in character, though in very different ways, only most explicitly in pieces like the brilliant *furiant* (No. 7, in the unusual key of A-flat minor), or the delightful “*Goblins’ Dance*” (No. 8). But there seems to be evocations, too, of some of Dvořák’s predecessors, though none made explicit. There is something of Grieg “*In the Old Castle*” (No. 3), of Mendelssohn in the “*Spring Song*” (No. 4), of Chopin in the “*Reverie*” (No. 6), of Bellini in the “*Serenade*” (No. 9), of both Chopin and Brahms in the last piece, “*On the Holy Mount*,” which closes the set evocatively with the chiming of a church bell.

One good case study can show the new level of musical sophistication Dvořák attains in the *Poetic Tone Pictures*. The vigorous “*Bacchanalia*” (No. 10), which has some of the character of a *furiant*, is a masterpiece of extended-miniature form, in which the simple ternary form that Dvořák favoured is expanded with great skill and imagination into a seamless drama of more than three hundred measures, one that never wears out its welcome or betrays a moment’s drop in inspiration.

Listen, in the first hundred measures, to how Dvořák builds up his main theme from the stark timpani strokes of the opening measures, then extends and develops that theme with new motives and every-changing textures, harmonic sideslips and cross-rhythms, before allowing the theme to dissolve as mysteriously as it began, and lead seamlessly into the C-major trio. The music of the trio he builds up and develops no less skilfully, no less seamlessly, for more than a hundred measures,

and the return of the opening section is almost Haydnesque in its clever reinterpretation of material.

The best of Poetic Tone Pictures, like the “Bacchanalia,” show the mature Dvořák reinterpreting his cherished short forms in light of his experience in larger instrumental forms, the proportions and keyboard settings growing correspondingly more ambitious in order to contain the wealth of ideas.

Dvořák, in 1889, was no longer under a compulsion to produce piano music for the domestic market, and his turn here to a more ambitious kind of programmatic piano music, after an unusual creative dry spell, can only be explained by personal creative desire. The result was some of his most impressive music for the piano.

Kevin Bazzana

CD 19

Dumka and Furiant, Op. 12 Humoresque in F# Major, B. 138

Two Little Pearls, B. 156 Album Leaf in E-flat Major, B. 158

Theme, for variations, B. 303 Suite in A Major, Op. 98

Eight Humoresques, Op. 101 Two Pieces, B. 188

The last decade of Dvořák’s piano writing included major sets but also isolated short works, some written for particular occasions. The *Dumka* in C Minor and the *Furiant* in G Minor, both probably composed in September 1884, around the time of his second visit to England, were published together the next year, in Prague, as Op. 12. The pairing of these two contrasting folk-music forms – melancholy *dumka* and ebullient *furiant* – was a common practice (see, for example, the slow movement and scherzo of Dvořák’s Op. 81 piano quintet), though these two particular pieces may not have been conceived as a set. The *furiant* was in fact first published alone, in London, in the Christmas 1884 supplement of the *Magazine of Music*.

Neither work represent Dvořák at his highest level of inspiration, and he seems to have thought so himself. He gave the pair an artificially low opus number, passing it off as an early work, and withheld it from Simrock of Berlin, the publisher to whom he assigned the new music he thought most worthy. The *dumka* is rather perfunctory and prosaic in material and form, with relatively unvaried repetitions of its recurring main theme – always a sign that Dvořák was not fully engaged.

Whereas the two *Furianty*, Op. 42, had mostly avoided the characteristic alternations of duple and triple meter, the Op. 12 *furiant* features clashes of two against three almost obsessively, even in the gentler G-major coda, to the point that the notated meter of 3 is often scarcely apparent. The piece has received some unflattering press. One Dvořák scholar referred to it as “an example of how thoroughly bad Dvořák’s writing for the piano could be. As a realistic picture of an indifferent village band, thumping bass and squeaking treble, it is a success: from any other point of view it is a failure.”

The isolated *Humoresque* in F-sharp Major, B. 138, should not be confused with the later, more famous *Humoresque* Op. 101/No. 7, which was written in G-flat major but which, in some editions, has been notated in F-sharp. Dvořák wrote the F-sharp-major *Humoresque* in 1884, for the first volume of a collection of pieces published that same year, in Prague, by F.A. Urbánek. It is not a sophisticated piece, and its unprepared shifts between themes and keys are hardly subtle, though it has a lovely principal theme, simply but attractively set. The *Two Little Pearls*, B. 156, are easy, crudely descriptive dance pieces, composed, probably in December of 1887, for *The Young Czech Pianist*, another Urbánek collection, published in Prague in 1888.

The *Album Leaf* in E-flat Major, B. 158 was composed on 21 July 1888, written into the autograph album of a certain “K.H.,” at Písek, and was not published until Editio Supraphon’s critical edition of the complete works of Dvořák, begun in 1955. Around 1891, Dvořák composed a theme, B. 303, apparently intended to serve as the subject of variations. It is a tantalizing suggestion that, at the height of his creative powers, he considered making another rare foray into a form he had used with such singular success fifteen years before, in his *Theme with Variations* in F-flat Major, Op. 36. But it was not to be, and the theme was published alone, in Prague, in 1894.

Dvořák’s last two substantial piano works – the *Suite in A Major*, Op. 98, and the *Humoresques*, Op. 101 – were among the last products of his busy, fertile few years in the United States. In June of 1891, he had been invited by a wealthy American woman, Mrs. Jeannette Thurber, to become director of the National Conservatory of Music, in New York. After some negotiation, he agreed.

For most of the early months of 1892, he made a farewell tour of Bohemia and Moravia, appearing as a pianist in some forty chamber-music concerts, the featured work being his new post in New York, in October of 1892. Dvořák was lionized in America, where his music had been popular since the time of his first set of *Slavonic Dances*, in 1878, and he travelled widely outside of New York – to Boston, Chicago, Iowa, Omaha, St. Paul, Buffalo, Niagara Falls. He was inspired creatively by his contact with the United States; the Negro, native-Indian, and other folk and popular music he heard there appealed to him, and were absorbed into his compositional arsenal, manifested famously in subsequent works like the *Symphony No. 9* (From the New World); the *String Quartet*, Op. 96, and the *String Quintet*, Op. 97, both nicknamed “The American”; and the *Sonatina* for violin and piano, Op. 100. Mrs. Thurber urged him to write an opera on the traditional American subject of *Hiawatha*, the enlightened fifteenth-century Onondaga tribal chief celebrated in Longfellow’s long poem *Song of Hiawatha* (1855); Dvořák got no farther than making some preliminary sketches, however. In April 1894, he signed a new two-year contract with Mrs. Thurber before leaving for a summer holiday in Bohemia. He returned to America in November, but a decline in his patron’s financial fortunes nullified their contract, and after a few months he returned home.

The Suite and the Humoresques, both of which he worked on before leaving New York in the spring of 1894, are imbued throughout with the melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic features of his highly personal and stylised conception of musical Americanism, so distinct from his usual Slavonic style. The Suite, composed in February and March, is the closest equivalent in Dvořák's piano music to a multi-movement sonata-type work. (In fact, while in America he had sketched a theme that he thought appropriate for a piano sonata, but he abandoned the idea.) More than even his programmatically unified sets of short pieces, or the Op. 52 pieces, the Suite is a coherent cycle of movements; a fast movement, a scherzo, an easygoing march, a slow movement, and a boisterous finale. The last movement even ends with a grandiose restatement of the theme with which the first movement began, making the cycle explicit. Unlike the simpler sets aimed at the amateur market, the Suite seems intended for concert performance by a professional virtuoso.

Trademark features of Dvořák's "American style" recur in all five movements. Curiously there is little evocation of the Negro music that he loved, and that he drew on so memorably in the New World Symphony. Only in the last movement, in the second theme in A major, do we here a melody (albeit a fairly fast one) with some of the character of a spiritual, though in the third movement we might also hear the tongue-in-cheek strut of the cakewalk, a popular dance in America in the 1890s. For the most part, however, Dvořák dwells on his "Indian style," used most famously in the scherzo of the New World Symphony. (Is the "Indian" character of the Suite a holdover from his tentative work on the *Hiawatha* opera?) All four of the faster movements feature a distinctive, hammered repeated-note motive (the note is usually the dominant), accompanied by busy – sometimes wildly swirling – figuration, usually in a minor key with strong modal inflections. (Listen to the contrasting middle sections of the first and third movements, and to the wilder principal themes in the second and fifth.) even the slow movement has been hard, plausibly, as an Indian lullaby, and interpretation consistent with its hauntingly repetitive melody, its modal inflections, and its persistent alteration of major and minor modes. The Suite opens with a grand pentatonic tune that announces its American character, and throughout the work the melodies gravitate toward the pentatonic, the harmonies toward the Aeolian and other non-diatonic modes. Even where a melody is not rigorously pentatonic, it often still has that flavour, usually through a special emphasis on the second and sixth degrees of the scale. The result is a consistent patina of American style.

Critics have long denigrated the A-major Suite; "commonplace and lazily written" is one of the franker descriptions. To be sure, it is a curious piece, in form and style. Yet, the more one listens to it, the more apparent it becomes that the music's undeniable primitivism was intentional. The sometimes crude, graceless melodies, the perfunctory harmonic progressions, the odd modulations, the want of sophisticated development – all seem calculated to convey a stylised interpretation of an unpolished, sometimes awkward American folk idiom. Dvořák in 1894 was, after all, a celebrated and accomplished composer in his fifties who, the year before, had declared that he would now

compose only for his own pleasure, and who had no need to churn out potboilers that did not meet his standards. As it turns out, he was fond enough to the Suite to offer it to his "official" publisher, Simrock, and to orchestrate it a year later, though that version, which many listeners now prefer, was not published until 1911, seven years after his death. While still in America, Dvořák had begun jotting down ideas for what he thought would be a set of "New Scottish Dances," as he called them, but he found that his musical ideas were too varied in character for such a project, so he adopted instead the title Humoresques, a term that implies caprice or fantasy or geniality more than outright humour. (It is interesting to recall that in 1880 he had also begun work on a projected new series of Scottish Dances, which eventually evolved into the Op. 56 mazurkas. Considering how modest were his original Scottish Dances, Op. 41 composed in 1877, his apparent attachment to them is surprising.) To his "Scottish" sketches Dvořák incorporated others – one for a funeral march (which evolved into No. 1), another for the scherzo of an unfinished symphony in B minor (which evolved into No. 8) – when he returned home for his summer holiday in 1894, completing eight Humoresques by the end of August.

It is difficult to see what Dvořák could possibly have considered Scottish about these Humoresques, for all eight are steeped in American folk music. As in the Suite, there is a Fixation with pentatonic melodies – sometimes rigorously, as in No. 3, other times suggestively through an emphasis on the second and sixth scale degrees. There are hints of non-diatonic modes, like the Aeolian (with its flattened seventh) and they Lydian (with its sharpened fourth). There is an almost tiresome regularity of phrasing, along with short repeated themes and strongly marked rhythms evocative of folk music. There are pedal points and drone-like accompaniments, of the kind associated with folk instruments (see Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 8), even a little melodic ornamentation here and there that seems to mimic folk practice. Several Humoresques feature once again the crude melodies, hammered repeated notes, and swirling figuration of Dvořák in his "*Hiawatha*" mode – most obviously No. 5, in A minor, which opens with a short, modal theme with five repeated notes, a theme heard more than thirty times, in many different keys, in less than two hundred measures. The gentle No. 4 was based on a theme representing *Hiawatha* as a child, borrowed from the abandoned opera sketches. More so than the Suite, the Humoresques evoke the Negro spiritual (there are "blue" notes in several pieces), as well as the popular songs of white America – both antiquated songs like "*Barbara Allen*" and later songs like those of Stephen Foster.

No. 7 in G-flat major, of course, went on to acquire a special renown of its own. It is the piece everyone knows simply as "Dvořák's Humoresque," the one that would appear in countless piano recitals and on countless parlor pianos, the one that would be popularised in arrangements by everyone from Fritz Kreisler to Art Tatum, the one that lent its title to a bad Joan Crawford movie in 1946, the one whose popularity is undimmed today, even if tinged with a little irony. It is in fact one of the simpler, less sophisticated Humoresques, but with endearing, sentimental melodies and dotted rhythms that suggest a gentle cakewalk, though legend has it that the rhythm imitates the train on which Dvořák supposedly penned the piece.

The out-sized fame of No. 7 should not obscure the fact that all of the Humoresques are beautiful, attractively set pieces of high quality, conceived during a period of particularly fertile creativity. Even more so than the Suite, the Humoresques are a concise, stylised portrait – almost a travelogue – of Dvořák's musical experience of America. The pieces are all strongly individual (though, interestingly, all are in 2/4 time). Some of the features we associate with Dvořák's Slavonic style – fluctuation between major and minor modes, sudden modulations, chromatically coloured cadences – are here perfectly adapted to the American idiom. The piano writing is more sophisticated than in most of his earlier music: the textures are richer, frequently contrapuntal (there is even some imitation and invertible counterpoint), and themes are sometimes transferred from treble to inner voices, becoming accompaniments to new themes. Dvořák returns, in the Humoresques, to the short forms in which he usually did his best work at the piano – simple ternary or rondo forms that he enlivens with subtle but telling variations, transitions, and codas (he returns to his favourite device of closing with a hint of a secondary theme, in the tonic key), but now, at this mature stage in his compositional career, he shows a much greater gift for continuous variation and development of his material. Dvořák brings his American style home in the Humoresques, back to the forms and proportions with which he was most comfortable, albeit with a new wisdom, confidence, and assurance.

Working on the Humoresques obviously inspired Dvořák: he no sooner completed the set than he began to work on another, in August and September of 1894. But he completed only two pieces, B. 188, before dropping the project. (He soon turned his attention to the Cello Concerto in B Minor, Op. 104.) These two pieces would prove to be his last works for solo piano, and, save a couple of songs and a polka arrangement, were his last works to feature the piano in any way. They were published, under the titles "Lullaby" and "Capriccio," in Berlin. In 1911, as Op. posth. The second piece, incidentally, was marked only "Allegretto" scherzando; "Capriccio" was a title added by the publisher, with the consent of Dvořák's former pupil (and son-in-law) Josef Suk, who prepared them for publication.

The two pieces maintain the high standards Dvořák set in the Humoresques – and, moreover, reflect a return to his Slavonic roots and away from the American idiom, which he had probably exhausted. The evocative harmonic ambiguities in the "Lullaby," the subtle transitions and variations of thematic detail in the "Capriccio," the imagination and technical security demonstrated in both – these suggest what could have been a worthy companion set, a sort of "Slavonic Humoresques." Whatever the reason Dvořák abandoned the idea, he missed – regrettably, for us – a last change to contribute a major piano work that returned to his native musical idiom.

Kevin Bazzana

CD26

String Quartet in D major

The line of development in the string quartets by Antonin Dvořák (1841-1904) is an unusual portrayal of a lengthy process, a tedious search for consistent form and formation. The composer wrote many quartets works in the 1860's and '70's especially, in which he not only sought his own musical profile but also reacted to the musical atmosphere of the times. Many of these pieces remained long unperformed and unpublished. Just in the last few decades interest in this up until now "dark corner" of the composer's creativity has grown, shedding much more light on this compositional period.

The String Quartet in D Major belongs to the afore-mentioned period. It was most probably written before 1870 during the time Dvořák was a violist in the Prague opera orchestra. Dvořák was at this time fascinated with Richard Wagner and attempted to transpose his style into the sphere of chamber music. This was also the period of Dvořák's first attempts at opera (*Alfred, Der König und der Köhler*) and also of the struggle to establish himself as a serious composer.

The inability to maintain an overview of a bubbling melodic invention and to weave it into a fitting is evident here, particularly in the beginning and final movements. The fact that the four-movement piece is over 72 minutes long makes it an extreme exception within the frame-work of 19th century chamber music and unique among Dvořák's chamber compositions. The thematic material of his first string quartets as well as their rhythms and melodies hardly begin to portray the Dvořák of the Ninth Symphony or the Cello Concerto. Everything develops more slowly here from a cultivated but somewhat impersonal musical imagination.

Unusual to this string quartet is his Scherzo movement (*Allegro energico*) which tells us much of the sympathies and thoughts of the young Dvořák. The musical structure of the entire movement is taken from a beginning quotation of a Slavic song, "Hej, Slovane", which is identical with today's Polish national anthem. The piece's concise rhythm and melody is not only a musical tribute - it was also, in view of the political situation during the monarchy, a political declaration. This song was intoned especially at mass rallies from 1868-69, was often forbidden to be sung in public by a group and became the unofficial hymn of the emancipation movement of the Slavic peoples in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. The fact that the 28-year-old Dvořák worked just such a song into an almost 15-minute quartet movement helps us to understand the composer's personal standards at this time.

Due to its immense duration this work remained unperformed a century long and is today a piece preferred for studio recordings rather than live performances.

CD27

String Quartet in B flat major B17

Quartettsatz

The quartet compositions by Antonin Dvořák (1841-1904) on this CD stem from Dvořák's younger years when he was a violist in the Prague opera orchestra. During this period the composer sought his artistic orientation and profile. Many works which document this rather long and tedious phase of development are missing today due to a creative crisis during the early 1870's which caused the self-critical Dvořák to destroy many of his scores.

This was also the case with the String Quartet in B-flat Major (B/17). Dvořák apparently realized that his neo-romantic, lengthy invention and extensive treatment of form did not blend well with the subtle sound and dimensions of the string quartet. This reaction is impressive from a composer who later wrote such glorious string quartet music and showed such understanding of the typical sound and medium of the string quartet.

Dvorak, while already having his artistic ideal in sight in those early years, must also have been aware of his as yet limited ability and incomplete compositional handwork. Although the manuscript score doesn't exist any longer there remain, fortunately, the individual parts. These remained for a time in the archive of the Prague Conservatory until they were used as a basis for the score edition (1961). The resulting reconstructed composition is a four-movement work in the usual sequence of above-average length. The entire work lasts about 50 minutes. The first movement (Allegro ma non troppo) has a diverse form stemming from a quietly singing, imitatively worked out main theme and moves in long, tectonic lines. The cantabile lyricism is predominant in the second movement (Largo) as well, the theme of which may be found in Dvořák's later symphonic works. The Scherzo in 6/8 meter (Allegro con brio) alternates imitatively-developed phrases with more dynamic, culminative sections of sixteenth-notes. The lengthy fourth movement (Andante - Allegro giusto - Allegro con fuoco) repeatedly quotes (and always modifies) the main theme from the first movement thereby supporting the piece's continuity (necessary in a piece of this length!) - a principle used again Dvořák's later compositional period.

The piece which appears here as Andante Appassionato had a similarly complicated history. Originally it was a section from the A minor op. 12 String Quartet composed in the crisis year of 1873. It wasn't long before Dvořák had revised and recomposed the piece twice in a row. His struggle with form is evident in this work. The neoromantic, one-movement "attacca" form was exchanged for individual movements at the first revision and then was clearly reconstructed in the second (unfinished) revision, deleting large sections of music. From these sections the editors of the Critical Music Publication (Editio Supraphon, 1982) salvaged the three-part form, separating it from the form system that followed and adding a short, pianissimo ending. Thanks to its melodic richness and distinctive sound this reconstructed piece proves its musical value on this recording.

CD28

String Quartet in E major Op. 80

Zypressen

Both of the string quartets on this recording have experienced similar fates: they were both created in an early composition period of Antonin Dvořák (1841 - 1904) and remained hidden away in the composer's desk drawer for some time. They both later came into their own as living, performable compositions when Dvořák was at the height of his fame.

The first piece - the String Quartet in E Major Op. 80/27 - was composed in 1876 in a brief period of 16 days, as was usual for Dvořák. At that time the composer lived through a period of hope and sadness simultaneously. In the previous year he had received an Austrian state stipend which helped him greatly to concentrate on composition. His joy at the expansion of his family (he married in 1873) was marred at the loss of all three of the children born to him and his wife in the first four years of their marriage. Here we find the roots of his first great work - his Stabat Mater, the sadness of which also permeated all other compositions at this time in his life - as is the case with the E Major Quartet. The four-movement work contains hardly any of the joyous mood which we know from the composer's middle and late compositional periods despite the major tonality of the piece.

The harmonically-rich first movement has rather a melancholy tone with many conflicting sections of development. The second movement (Andante con moto) grows out of two melodic thoughts and their juxtaposition to one another; in the first theme the third of the dominant oscillates between major and minor - a harmonic preference of the composer which, nearly 20 years later, became the hallmark of his "American style". The scherzo movement sounds more aggressive than joyous; the exciting, conflict-laden development culminates however in the final movement in its rich, dynamic form. Initially the work was assigned the opus number 27 and remained unperformed. Twelve years later the at this time world-famous composer gave the piece to his publisher, Simrock, with the much higher (and therefore more marketable) opus number 80. Two years later the Joachim Quartet played the world premiere of the piece in Berlin in 1890.

"The Cypresses" enjoyed a still more colourful destiny. This piece, one of the composer's first works, was composed as a song cycle in 1865. The 24-year old wrote the 18 songs as his first vocal composition, apparently inspired by the personal charm of his 16-year-old piano student, Josefina Cermakova. Although she did not return his affection, Josefina (who later became a star dramatic actress in Prague and later the Countess

Kounic) remained Dvorak's protectress and close friend her life long. In fact, Dvořák married her younger sister 8 years after the creation of "The Cypresses". The news of Josefina's death reached Dvorak in New York causing him to insert a quotation from one of his earlier songs in the last movement of his cello concerto.

The musical substance of his first songs were dear to the composer. We find their quotations directly or in free form in later vocal cycles as well as in his operas. In 1887 Dvorak referred once more to the original song cycle and adapted 12 of the 18 songs for string quartet. Although the vocal character of this musical basis was maintained, it was also enriched through the mature composer's diverse quartet technique.

The publisher Simrock did not share Dvořák's enthusiasm for these pieces and so they remained unpublished but not unperformed. The manuscript, which was lost over the years, was rediscovered after World War I when Dvořák's student and son-in-law, Josef Suk, revised 10 of the 12 pieces. Contemporary performers however prefer to use the original work.

CD29

String Quartet in E minor Op.10

Quartettsatz in F major

Two of the string quartets on this recording are the least-well-known of those Composed by Antonin Dvořák (1841-1904). They form however an interesting and important picture of the composer's early musical development. They are both early works, the e-minor having been composed while Dvořák was still an unknown member of the theatre orchestra in Prague. At this time he played most of the repertoire contemporary to that time: Rossini, Gounod, the Slavic composers such as Glinka and Moniuszko. An especially strong influence on the composer was the music and the personal appearance of Richard Wagner, under whose direction Dvořák played viola in 1863. Dvořák enthusiasm for Wagner may be noted in his early compositional period. The dimensions of the Wagnerian sound originally found in the operas and symphonies did not, however, carry over successfully into the realm of chamber music. The subtle sound medium of the string quartet doesn't mix well with long musical lines full of tension and escalation, especially here where the entire three-movement work is to be played "attacca" or uninterruptedly. The first and last movements of this work (which remain only in handwritten parts dated 1870) are especially problematic. The middle movement (Andante religioso) brings with it a strange oasis of calm - a slow, very introverted meditation develops over an "unending" pedal point F-sharp in the violin cello, creating a new and effective mode of expression for the composer. This movement was not destroyed by the self-critical Dvořák as many others of his early scores were. Instead, the composer rearranged the movement five years later for string quintet, using it in his String Quintet in G Major. He also used the movement eight years after this in 1883 in two different versions under the same title of Nocturno in B Major published by Bote & Bock; one version being for string orchestra and the other for violin and piano. The composer's repeated returns to this movement in composition (the reminiscence of which, incidentally, is heard just before the end of the e-minor Quartet) speaks for its success as a musical statement.

The other quartet composition on this recording - the Quartet Movement in F Major - also belongs to the works abandoned by the composer. It was begun in 1880 (interest in the composer

was increasing at this time and his chamber music was being played more often in Vienna) upon a request for a new work for the Hellmesberger Quartet. At the same time Dvořák was busy working on his opera "Dimitrij". After composing a beginning movement in F Major Dvořák dropped this nearly-completed sketch and composed an entirely new piece - his Quartet in C Major, Op. 51 - considered to be his most famous, most mature and most often performed quartet work. Why the F Major movement was discarded we can only speculate. Dvořák probably found the idyllic, unproblematical, "singing" atmosphere of the F Major not to be serious or meaningful enough for such an important, representative work. In any case, this incompleted quartet, of which only minor details were supplemented analogously by editor Jarmil Burghauser, may stand alone as a unique and independent composition.

CD30

String Quartet in F minor Op. 9

String Quartet in A minor Op. 12

The year 1873 was rich in momentous events for the 32 year old Antonin Dvořák, events which from several points of view fundamentally changed his life and gave it new impulses and perspectives. Dvořák had become a free-lance composer three years earlier and was now beginning to enjoy his first major successes as a composer. Prague's Interim Theater opened its doors to the young artist after the success of his cantata "Hymn" and the Nocturno for orchestra "May Night". The great Bedřich Smetana, who was then the director of this theatre, decided to stage Dvorak's opera "King and Charcoal Burner". The year 1873 was also a happy one in his private life as well, for in November he married Anna Cermakova, the sister of the famous Prague actress Josefina Cermakova, and became a father for the first time in 1874.

But the continuation of the story shows that this period was by no means cloudless. The opera was withdrawn from the production schedule after only a few rehearsals, whereupon Dvořák revised it thoroughly from beginning to end. The two string quartets recorded here, which were written in fall 1873, also shared the fate of the preceding quartets: they remained unperformed.

Dvořák composed the Quartet in F minor Op. 9 in September. It is an expansive piece in the traditional four-movement form. With its sharp profiles and stunning contrasts, the first movement (Moderato, Allegro con brio) unfolds a wide range of moods and confirms the composer's sure hand in writing for a chamber group. The second movement (Andante con moto quasi allegretto) is a long flowing cantilena, whose song is dominated by the first violin. After Dvořák could find no one to perform his quartet, he saved the emotionally profound piece by transforming it into the Romance in F minor for violin and piano (or orchestra), which then became a beloved concert piece among violinists: "Tempo di valse", the third movement, impressively contrasts the dramatic, throughcomposed waltz sections with the middle section in 2/4 time, which conjures up the idyll of Bohemian country life we know so well from the works of the master's middle and late creative phases. The last

movement (Allegro molto) is strangely unconventional in texture and sound structure, albeit dramatic and defiant in its basic mood. This movement, seething with conflicting emotions and will power, was probably at the source of the musicians' rejection of the piece. They claimed that "it was no suited well enough to the strings."

After completing Opus 9, Dvořák immediately composed the String Quartet in A minor Op. 12, which he finished on 5 December 1873. The fate of this work was still more disconcerting than that of its fellow piece. Reflecting the neo-Romantic outlook of his time, Dvořák originally wanted to burst the traditional formal quartet pattern by creating a through-composed, "attacca" five-movement cycle whose coherence and differentiation would be assured by vast tectonic arches. Shortly after completing the manuscript, however, Dvořák subjected the work to a fundamental revision and cast it in the more common form of five self-contained movements. A further revision made at a later date was more radical yet: Dvořák changed the order of the movements and replaced entire sections with new pieces. Unfortunately, Dvořák got stuck on his work, and left this second revision incomplete. The four-movement version performed here is the result of painstaking, detective-like editorial work, and probably comes the closest to realizing the composer's intent.

The first movement (Allegro ma non troppo) presents a broad, almost symphonic layout. A cheerful Scherzo mood dominates the second movement (Poco allegro), which shows a definite liking for sharp contrasts, especially in the trio section. The third movement (Poco adagio) anticipates the epic, songlike layout of the later cantabile quartets, and the final movement (Allegro molto), evolves from small dynamic modules into a powerful stretta. Both works presented here illustrate an early stage of Dvořák's artistic development. It is interesting to note how the composer was still searching for the decisive form in which to cast his luxuriant, overflowing melodic ideas, and how he sought the solution of this formal problem from different perspectives. Nevertheless, both quartets are much more than mere historical documents; they reveal the composer in his "Sturm und Drang" period, and convey the lushness of his singularly expressive and imaginative music.

CD31

String Quartet in A major Op. 2

Terzet in C major Op. 74

The collection of complete recordings of Antonin Dvořák string quartets continues. With the works written at different periods of his creative career. Dvořák (1841 - 1904) composed the String Quartet in A major Op. 2 at the age of 21. Though young in years, he had long since completed his phenomenally short training of two years at the Prague Organists' School, had been playing for almost two years already in the string section of Karel Komzák's Prague Ensemble ("Prager Kapelle"), and had already tried his hand at large, demanding chamber music works (his Opus 1 was a String Quintet in A minor, written a few months previously). The young composer based his works on the

classical formal models he had acquired during his training, but he used these forms in an increasingly expansive manner. The excess pressure of spontaneous invention and ever growing emotional tension caused his classically laid-out formal designs to expand into lengthy, cumulatively constructed movements. Opus 2 illustrates an early stage of this process.

Dvořák radically revised this early work in 1887, about 25 years after having written it. Among other things, he made many cuts in the score, which resulted in substantial abridgements, chiefly in the inner progression of the development sections. The work became tauter and more concentrated, which was an undeniably positive result; however, the cuts also occasionally disturb the immanent logic of the harmonic progressions and formal development.

The first movement (Andante-Allegro) opens with a slow introduction before the sonata form proper begins to unfold. Its main theme was to reappear about three years later in a modified form as the secondary theme of the Violoncello Concerto in A major. The second movement (Andante affettuoso ed appassionato) presents a sweeping arch form held in balance by a vigorous emotional tension. The most interesting thing about the subsequent Scherzo is its harmonically unconventional Trio. The final movement is again in sonata form. Before its final stretta, it interweaves another reminiscence of the slow introduction from the first movement - a wonderful way to round off the four-movement cycle!

In 1887, the year Dvořák revised his first string quartet, the composer had already achieved international fame for his seven symphonies, five operas, oratorios (Saint Ludmilla, The Spectre's Bride), the Slavonic Dances, the Moravian Duets and many other works. Despite his international renown, Dvořák remained a very simple and friendly man, as we can see from the story of how the second composition on this recording came into being.

Two men would regularly meet to play violin duets in the house where Dvořák lived with his growing family. One was a professional violinist, the other a chemistry student. One day when Dvořák heard the men playing, he offered to accompany them on his viola and plays trios together. The famous Maestro even went so far as to write a trio for himself and his friends, the Terzetto Op. 74. Since the second violin part proved to be too difficult for the young student, Dvořák wrote a second, simpler trio, which he then arranged for violin and piano: the Romantic Pieces Op. 75.

The Terzetto Op. 74 is the typical product of a felicitous situation. We can literally feel the inner joy and well-being which Dvořák experienced during this period of great personal triumphs. The first two, moderately fast movements are linked together "attacca"; the third movement is a typically Dvořákián Scherzo with a folk-song-like Trio. The final movement is built on a theme with a series of characteristic variations and a powerful stretta. Despite its rather simple technical demands, the Terzetto Op. 74 provides an eloquent example of Dvořák's musicianship and spontaneous inventiveness, of his warmth and love of life.

CD32

String Quartet in C major Op. 61

Two Waltzes

Both the string quartet compositions Op. 16 and Op. 54 were composed at the beginning of the 1880's. Forty years old at the time, Antonin Dvořák (1841-1904) had already experienced his first decisive successes as a composer.

An Austrian state scholarship had made possible his release from his work as an orchestra musician, in order to devote all this time to composing. The great successes of the first of a series of Slavonic Dances published by Simrock brought him immediate recognition and provided the impetus for his rapid rise to become a respected and sought-after star composer worldwide. But Dvořák was a modest and self-critical man, who rode out his sudden fame without illusions. The String Quartet in C major Op. 61 is a particularly good indication of this; although Simrock's publications of the successful "Slavonic period" were selling well, Dvořák sensed that his "workshop" was in need of further refinement and that attention should be given to improving consistency of form, precision and quality of themes as well as concentrated development of texture.

In this composition written in autumn in 1881 within two weeks during work on his opera *Dimitrij*, and in contrast to the previous uncomplicated and cheerfully singing "Slavonics", Dvořák strove to work as "classically" as possible without any intended ties to the melodic archetypal Czech (and Slavonic) folk music, rather a more self-controlled endeavour towards moderation of expression, distinct form and ingenious development of theme. Not unjustly, Dvořák's composition technique in the String Quartet Op. 61 is often referred to as having a Beethoven character.

This is underscored in the initial stages of the first movement, with its solid execution and versatile development of the main theme. However, the harmony of style clearly betrays Dvořák's "middle" phase, and not only in the major-minor oscillation of the main theme. The effective second movement brings a broad cantilena, a fervent, spiritualized singing and ends with a long and interesting chromatic coda. The scherzo movement contains strong classical lines, revealing captivatingly elaborate moments during the middle part. In comparison, the last movement is quite generously furnished and embellished with a varied network of related themes and transformations. An effective stretto concludes this work of concentrated detailing and self-discipline, a work, however, in no way deprived of spontaneity and intense musicality.

Since the 60s of the 19th century, the structure of Czechoslovakian society has experienced considerable development, in which its musical artists (since Smetana) have played a not unimportant part. The Waltzes Op. 54 were composed by Dvořák for the turn of the year 1879/80 for a social occasion. The arrangement for piano, comprising a total of eight waltzes in various keys, soon became so popular that Dvořák later decided to arrange two of them, Nos. 1 and 4, for the string quartet, whereby he transposed Waltz No.

4 from D flat major to D major, a more pleasing key for stringed instruments.

CD33

String Quartet in D minor Op. 34

String Quartet in A minor Op. 16

Dvořák (1841 – 1904) composed the two string quartets midway through his creative period, for the composer an extremely critical phase. A devout man with strong belief in stability of the family, Dvořák was experiencing a crisis following the deaths of two still young children; also during that time certain factors which were to have a very important influence on his career as a composer were taking place: namely, the prospect of an Austrian state scholarship which would enable his release from daily orchestral duties, the beginning of his friendship with Johannes Brahms, whose recommendations opened the way to further important contacts and advancement and, above all, his first contact with the publisher Simrock, whose publication of compositions from the "Slavonic period" was to bring fame to Dvořák worldwide.

The String Quartet in E minor Op. 34 emerged in November 1877, during this critical period, between *Stabat Mater* and the first of the Slavonic Dances. This work, as usual composed very quickly - in just twelve days - is dedicated to Johannes Brahms. The musical character of this work in D minor is appropriate to the composer's mood at the time - only three months had passed since the tragic loss of his children - which can be sensed in his disquieting cantabile directly in the first movement. The inner kinetic continuity of the three themes of this movement are technically fascinating. The second is a liberating scherzo movement (alia polka) with a foretaste of the "Slavonic period" to come. The third movement is essentially the emotional centre of the work. A musically rich, muted tone, pizzicati and high register from the first violin express a deeply hurt and unhappy soul. The final movement is opened energetically with a strongly rhythmic 6/8 main theme which draws the entire work back towards a positive outlook. Before the finish, the music flows through a short recapitulation of all three themes in the movement, a style which reappears conspicuously much later in the finale of the 9th Symphony "From the New world".

The String Quartet in A minor Op. 16 was composed about three years earlier, also in an amazingly short time of ten days. This work was the first score Dvořák saw in printed form, also the first of his string quartets to be performed, although it was already his ninth. Here the 33-year-old composer had displayed a rather surprising asceticism compared with the luxuriant, unrestrained scores of earlier string quartets, when his rich and colourfully effervescent fantasy still triumphed over his command of the form, resulting in extended and disparate inner structures. Here Dvořák sought confrontation with his problem, and the outcome was a work reduced to a minimum: no third theme in the first movement, no counterpoint arrangement and a clearly definable structure.

Fortunately, the cantabile so typical of Dvořák was retained. One could even maintain that the inner premises of the tonal language clearly contributed to the composer's method of expression. In the second movement he achieves an effective combination of tranquillity and excitement, which seem to combat one another. The lightly springing but dramatic scherzo already shows signs of the characteristics of the author's more mature language with hints of later scherzi in his symphonies. The final movement, with its broad flow and intense expression seems almost orchestral. With the Opus 16, Dvořák marked a turning point in his quartet composition and opened the door for himself and the listener to the works of a more mature period, those of the "true" Dvořák.

CD34

String Quartet in E flat major Op. 51 "Slavonic"

String Quartet in A flat major Op. 105

Among the numerous chamber music works by Antonin Dvořák there exist not less than 14 string quartets (11 with an opus number) and two more compositions for quartet called "Two Waltzes and Cypresses". For many years Dvořák was engaged as a viola player in Prague orchestras, until a magnificent scholarship freed him from this work.

For the world of chamber music, particularly for the string instruments, he had developed a very special sense; his quartets belong to the most exciting works of all his compositions. In the second half of the 70th he gained at last international acknowledgement. His "slavic" works (his "Slavic Rhapsodies" and the first part of his "Slavic Dances") – his publisher Simrock made a pretty good deal with them - brought him the final success all over the world.

In this time there were still many other scores remaining on his writing desk and waiting to be published, among them his famous "Stabat Mater", the first 5 Symphonies and 5 Operas.

The String quartet Eb-Major op. 51 was written in the years 1878-79, after the immense success of his slavic inspired works and had been ordered to be written in exactly this style. Dvořák appears as a master of great security in this genre and soon a work was created which is estimated as a masterwork.

The main theme of the first movement develops very uncommonly from a harmonious rhythmical complexus. The demanded slavic character is shown at its best with its contrasting parts in the second movement (Dumka-Elegia). The Romanza, a very pretentious to play, but in its expression pensive movement, is a masterly work of a romantic and intimate lyrical nature. The final movement contains plenty of joy and spontaneous musicality, its brilliant texture reminiscent of Czech dancing forms, looking forward to later works like the final movement of the "American" quartet op. 96. The Quartet Ab-Major op. 105 is antipodal in time: it is Dvořák's last chamber music work (in the ultimate nine years of his life the composer was only occupied with symphonic

works and operas) and also the last work which he was begun in New York and finished, even interrupted by a visit in Vienna, in two December weeks in Prague. It is the work of a mature master who just before had perfected his world famous cello concerto.

The first movement starts with a slow introduction out of which the main theme, its melodic nucleus, leads into a flying form full of temperament. The second movement, a masterpiece itself, bears close resemblance in its brilliancy, flight and form to the scherzo of the great symphonies.

A long-winded, slow movement tells about the composer's feelings of happiness and thankfulness while returning to his homeland. The final movement is the longest of the work. Full of contrasting expressions and with its complicated form this documents the typical handwriting of his late work period. The main point of the whole work, like in his late symphonies, can be found in this movement, which is not only the result of the chosen tempo and the brilliancy but also of the thematical structure itself.

CD35

String Quartet in F major Op. 96 "American"

String Quartet in G major Op.106

Among the voluminous string quartet work Antonin Dvořák (1841 – 1909) his op.96 in F Major is without doubt the most popular one. This opus was created in 1893 in Spillville, Iowa, USA where the composer and director of the New York conservatory spent happy vacations after an exhausting schoolyear.

His student and secretary, J.H. Kovarik, had recommended this quiet little town in the half Forgotten Midwest to him. There, surrounded by a beautiful nature and a big colony of Czech compatriots, Dvořák was feeling very smooth. In only three days he sketched a new Quartet work that he finished after 13 more days as a final copy partitur. On the last page he wrote down: "Thank God! I am content. It went fast". Not only did it go fast but also masterly. Dvořák who for a number of decades has struggled in vain for a balance between his voluptuous melodic inventions and a systematic structure created here a masterpiece that bound everything together: an easy going and at the same time emotional invention with a convincing course of the pattern, integrating elements of American folk music into his highly developed composition style and penetrated by hot and overflowing inspiration.

As typically "American elements" in this opus have to be considered above all the pentatonic forming of the thematic material and the melodically accentuated third and seventh note of the Minor Scale in the famous Lento movement - typical of melodic expressions of the Blues.

In the brilliant third movement a "speciality of Spillville" comes up yet: In the first violin sounds in the upper position the "quasi citation" of a bird's singing that Dvorak had heard there during one of his morning walks. A beautifully structured finale crowns this opus of fortunate inspiration.

The quartet in G Major op. 106 was created only 2 years later in 1895 upon his return from America. In the meantime he had composed other chamber music pieces: The string quartet in E sharp Major, the sonatina op. 100 for violin and piano, the suite in A Major and, of course, the famous Cello Concerto in B Minor. All his living and working experience seems to have enriched and developed his musical handwriting: The Works are more complex in structure, more coloured in sound and richer in the nuances of expression after his definite return. This is already obvious in his last two pieces of chamber music, the consecutive quartets op. 105 and 106, but most of all in the following symphonic poems and operas - Rusalka for instance.

The very beginning of the first movement of op. 106 presents a new world of sound. The airy coloured theme in both violins starts the opus in a poetic and phantastic way and together with the singing secondary theme tells of the quiet joy of the composer's coming home. The scherzo - similar to that of op. 105 - is of apparent symphonic gestures.

Here the otherwise almost disappeared "American" melody reminiscences can be heard. The finale is again the longest and in structure most complicated movement not only reflecting emotions of spontaneous joy but as well expressing much more different states of mind which get resolved after a long and contrasting argument. The happily returned and already world famous Dvořák created this opus of almost 40 minutes in only four weeks besides his pedagogic and organizational activities.

Dr. Milan Slavický

CD 36

Shortly before completing his G major string quintet, Dvořák had written the opera "The Dogheads", his fourth operatic works within a period of five years, although none of those early stage works hold a place in today's repertory. The Quintet is almost a resting point between that early rush of operatic composition and the following period which was to see the composition of the opera "Vanda" and the justly popular Stabat Mater. The G major Quintet was originally given the opus number 18 but later re-assigned to the more appropriate Opus 77. It is a five movement work beginning with a conventional sonata form opening movement marked Allegro con fuoco and is based on the contrast of two separate ideas, operatic almost in character. Dvořák's inclusion of the following Intermezzo (Andante religioso) sets the pattern of a series of contrasting fast/slow movements. The Intermezzo was also to appear as a separate movement - the Notturmo Opus 40 for strings. The following Scherzo is a typically Slavic inspiration suggesting almost the music of Janacek in the near future. The following Andante takes on the nature of a passacaglia whilst the final Allegro assai returns to the mood of the opening movement. Some twenty years separate the G major Quintet from its successor, the Quintet in E flat (Opus 97), one of Dvořák's

American compositions written in Iowa between June and August of 1893. At that time, Dvořák had made contact with the local Indians and was trying to use native Indian music in his compositions just as he had integrated Bohemian folk melodies into earlier works. Despite this, there is little specifically Indian in the work other than the G minor theme of the opening movement, although some commentators have tried to find local influences in other parts of the work. Unlike the earlier Quintet, this piece is in a standard four movement form with an opening Allegro followed by a Scherzo notable for a rather mournful theme and certain reminiscences of his compatriot Smetana. The highlight of the Quintet is the noble theme and variations that makes up the Larghetto third movement and the work is finally rounded off by a typical Allegro concluding movement.

CD 37

MORAVIAN DUETS

(Texts: from a collection of Moravian folk poems, compiled by Frantiek Suil)

Four Duets, op. 20 (B 50)

1. Promůny	Ty se ze mne nůvysmivej, z chudobnej sirotky,	a já budu lítat pod vysokým nebem.
Darmo se ty tráp muj mil synečku,	choè ja nůmam řadnych penůz, ani řadne aty.	A já chovám doma takové havrany,
nenosím já tebe, nenosím v srdečku,	Jenom ten vínek zeleny, kery mam na hlavů,	co mnů vychytájú kde jaké holuby!
a já tvoja nebudu ani jednu hodinu.	a ten jeden uraneček, kery mam na sobů.	A já se udůlám tú velikú vranú,
Copak sobů myslí, má milá panenko,	4. Vufie ohaj, vufie	a já ti uletím na uherskú stranu.
dyè si ty to moje rozmilé srdenko,		A já chovám doma takovútu kuu,
a ty musí, musí bít má,		co ona vystfielí vechnúm vranám duu.
lebo mi tú Pán Buh dá.	Vufie ohaj, vufie v zeleném hóhofie,	A já se udůlám hvůzdičkú na nebi,
2. Rozloučení	Pohání koníčka po hedbávné řúfie.	a já budu lidem svítiti na zemi.
Zatoã se mnů, galanečko, na dobró noc do kola!	Ta řúra hedbávná na pole strhaná,	A sú u nás doma takoví hvůzdičfii,
A já se ti nezatořím, já musím jít do pola.	Nevůfi, milá nevůfi, ak je láska planá.	co vypořítájú hvůzdičky na nebi.
Do polečka irého, nevidůt tam řádného.	Nevůfi, milá nevůfi, a ak nemá kemo,	A ty pfiec bude má,
	uhajek falené pojede na vojno.	lebo mi tú pán bůh dá!
Jenom vtáčka sokolíčka, Pána Boha samého.	6. Veleè, vtáčku	
Zatoã sa ty, galanečko, zatoã sa okolo màa,	Debech můla koàa, sama bech s àém jela,	Veleè, vtáčku, veleè pfies te hore, dole,
jako vtáček jarabáček, jako vtáček okolo pàa!	aspoà bech vidůla, kde bech zahynula.	veleè, vtáčku, veleè pfies ten zábrdovské les.
Udůlej kolečko, moja galanečko,	A zahynuli já, zahyneme vobá,	Ach, kř je mnů mořná, k tomu vůc podobná,
bude moja.	jenom nás polořte do jednoho hroba.	svm synečkem, svm synečkem mluvit dnes!
3. Chudoba	Do jednoho hroba, do jedné trohlice,	A mnů není mořná, ani vůc podobná,
Ach, co je to za slaviček,	bodó vo nás plakat bestřcké důvěice.	a mnů není mořná, daleko sme vod sebe!
	5. A já ti uplynu	
co tak půknů, půknů zpiva?	A já ti uplynu preã po Dunajřáku!	Ty můře můt hinó, já také hiného,
Ach, to je můj najmilej,	A já chovám doma takovú udičku,	zapomenem na sebe.
ze mne se vysmiva.	co na ní ulovím kde jakú rybičku.	7. Dyby byla kosa nabróená
	A já se udůlám divokým holubem,	Dyby byla kosa nabróená,

dyby byla votava,
co by vona drobná jetelinku,
co by vona upala!
A upaj, upaj drobná jetelinko,
co je mnů po tobů, má zlatá panenka,
co je mnů po tobů, dys ty se mnů
provďala!
8. V dobrm sme se seli
V dobrm sme se seli,
v dobrm se rozejdem,
takeli, můj synečku, můj,
na sebe zapomenem?
Já na tů zpomenu,
nejednů v roce.
Já na tů, má panenka,
zpomenu v každém kroce.
9. Slavíkovsk polečko mal
Slavíkovsk polečko mal,
nebudeme, synečku, svoji,
nebudeme, nebudeme, néní to mořná,
ani nám to, můj synečku, tvá mama
nedá.
Co pak je nám po naé mamů,
naa mama nama nevládne.
Jenom ty mů, má panenka, jenom ty
mů chcej,
jenom ty mnů na dobrů noc ruženky
podej.
10. Holub na javofie
Letůl holúbek na pole,
aby nazobal své vole.
Jak své volátko nazobal,
pod jaborečkem posedal.
Pod jaborečkem má milá
zelen átek vyívá.

Vyívá na nům víneček,
Ě ju opustil syneček.
Vyívá na nům z růĚ kvůt,
Ě ju opustil celř svůt.
Vyívá na nům víneček, ...
11. Voda a pláď
Okolo hájġáka teġe tam vodička,
napoj mnů, panenka, mého konġčka.
Já ho nenapojím,
já se tuze bojím,
Ě jsem malička.
Přied naimi okny roste tam olġva,
povůz mnů, panenka, kdo k vám
chodġvá.
K nám řádnř nechodġ,
mne se kaġdř bojġ,
Ě jsem chudobná.
Přied naimi okny roste z růĚ kvůt.
povůz mnů, panenka, proã tů mrzġ
svůt?
Mne svůt nic nemrzġ,
mne srdenko bolġ,
plakala bych hned.
12. Skromná
Krásná moja milá jako rozmarna,
moja galanenska jako fialenska.
Nejsem rozmarna, nejsem já fialka,
ale jsem galanka várného ohajka.
13. Prsten
Hraj muziko, hraj, z cicha na Dunaj,
budem sa ubġrat na milého kraj.
A vy, formané, ġrujte konů,
a vy, druġbové, sedajte na nů!
Ztracila sem vínek,

můj zlat prstnek u mamičky mej.
U mej matery v truhle zamġen,
ġervenm jabůčkem
s milého srdečkem zapeřacen.
Hraj muziko, hraj, z cicha na Dunaj,
14. Zelenaj se, zelenaj
Zelenaj se, zelenaj,
zelená trávo v lesi.
Jak se já mám zelenaġ,
dy šġ sem na pokosġ?
Zelenaj se, zelenaj,
zelená trávo v háġu!
Jak se já mám zelenaġ,
dy mů šġ dotġnájů?
Zelenaj se, zelenaj,
zelen tulipáne!
Jak se já mám zelena`wġ,
dy mnů šġ listġ vġadne?
Dyġ ty mnů chce opustiġ,
můj varn galáne.
Podġvaj se, má milá,
tam na tu suchů plánku!
Jesli se rozzelená,
bude mojů galanků.
Podġvaj se, má milá,
tam na tu suchů jedlu!
Jesli se rozzelená,
teprem si tebe vezmu.
šġ sem já se dívala,
ja, vġera odpoledġa.
Zatrápená ta jedla,
dyġ se nic nezelená!
šġ sem já se dívala

văera, ba i dneska,

ja, uĩ se tam zelená,

ve vrku halúzka!

15. Zajatá

Ľalo dŭvăe, Ľalo trávu,

nedaleko vinohradu.

Pán sa na Ľu z okna dívá,

on si na Ľu rukú k'vá.

iruj, koáí, iruj konŭ,

pojedeme v áiré pole.

áiré pole projíďďali,

aĩ sa k dŭvăati dostali.

Daj nám, dŭvăe, daj nám záloh,

Ľes na panském trávu Ľalo!

Dávala jim svú plachtiaĽku,

Pán ju pojal za ruáiaĽku:

Uĩ si, dŭvăe, uĩ si moje,

líbí sa mnŭ líĽko tvoje,

Tobŭ moje a mnŭ tvoje,

líbijá sa nám oboje.

16. Neveta

HájiĽku zelen', kdo Ľa hájit bude?

Myslivca zabili, hajného nebude.

HájiĽku zelen', uĩ sem Ľa dohájl,

galaneĽko moja, uĩ sem k vám dochodil.

HájiĽku zelen, kdo Ľa hájit bude?

GalaneĽko moja, kdo k vám chodit bude?

Ľăe sú hájĽci, co mia hájĽvali;

Ľăe sú pacholci, co k nám chodĽvali.

Ľăe sú hájĽci, co mia hájĽt budŭ,

Ľăe sú pacholci, co k nám chodit budŭ.

17. ípek

lo dŭvăe na travu, na luáĽku zelenu.

Nŭmohlo ji naĩĽe pro rosu studenu.

Po luăce chodilo, Ľalostnŭ plakalo.

Nadelo tam ípek, na tym ipku kvitek.

Kvitku, mil kvitku, já tebe utrhnŭ.

Nŭtrhaj mne v zimŭ, moja krasa zhynŭ.

Nŭtrhaj mne v letŭ, dy sluneăko peăe.

Utrhni mne z jara, moja krasa stala.

18. Ľivot vojensk

Pod hájiĽkem zelená sa oves,

neco ty mnŭ, mŭj syneĽku, povŭz!

Povím já tobŭ neco nového,

Ľe pojedem do pola áirého.

Co tam bude, mŭj syneĽku jĽdăe?

Chléb komisní vodiĽkú zapĽjae.

Kde tam bude, mŭj syneĽku, léhae?

V polu léhae, zbrojŭ sa pfiikrvae.

Pozdrav mi ju, kamaráde bratfie,

ae ona o mne uĩ vŭc neplaăe.

Pozdrav mi ju, aby neplakala,

aby na mne tfii leta áekala.

Za tfii leta, aĩ já z vojny pfiidu,

potom si ju za ĽeniĽku vezmu.

19. Moĩnost

Zakukala zezulenka sedăa na bofie,

zaplakala má panenka choia po dvofie.

Ja co plaăe a nafiĽká, dye ty bude má,

aĩ zezulka na vánoce tfiikrát zakuká!

Jak pak bych já neplakala, ak nebudu tvá,

dye zezulka na vánoce nikdá nekuká!

Pán Bŭh mocné, Pán Bŭh dobré, on to mŭĽe dát,

Ľe zezulka na vánoce mŭĽe zakukát!

20. Jablko

Sviě mŭsíĽku, vysoko, aĩ já povandruju,

aby milá vidŭla, keró cestó pŭdu!

Pŭduli tó vrchăeĩ a nebo spodăeĩ,

bude plakat, nafiĽkat moja némilėĩ.

Kólelo se, kólelo áervené jabliăko,

nemohlo se dokólet k mé mile na lŭĽko.

A kdyĩ se dokólelo, odpoveĩ jí dalo:

s Pánem Bohem tu bévé, moja milá panno.

21. Vŭneăek

Jidŭ Ľenci z rolí, pfiikrvajte stoly,

stoly jaborové, uĩĽky klenové.

Kdo mnŭ pro nŭ pŭjde, ten mŭj mil bude.

el mnŭ pro nŭ synek, bylo mu Martinek,

já sem mu slŭbila svŭj zelen vínek.

Vínku mŭj, vínku mŭj, co ti mám udŭlat?

Mámli Ľa opustit? A lebo Ľa nechat?

Má panenka krásná, nestrhaj mia z jasna,

trhaj mia na podzim, aĩ sa já zhotovím!

22. Hofie

Zrálo jabko, zrálo, jak dozrálo, spadlo,

Ľe moje srdenko, do Ľalosti vpadlo.

Ne tak do Ľalosti, do velkého hofie,

Ľe moje srdenko, noĩem krájae moĩe.

Ne tak noĩem krájae ale pilŭ fiezae,

dye tebe nemoŭ, mŭj syneĽku, dostae.

23. Na tej naej stfiee (B 118)

(Text: Moravian folk poem)

Na tej naej stfiee latoveăka nese.

Jide k nám ohajek, volaco mnů nese.

Nese on mnů nese áteãek hedbávň,

a já mu pfiichystám rozmarn zelen.

24. Důtská píseà (B 113)

(Text: poem by ·tůpán Baãkora)

Nemohu nic dáti vázaného tobů,

mohu jenom pfiáti sám co pfieje sobů.

Srdce mé tlukoucí chová lásku vroucí,

stále vypravuje, jak tebe miluje.

To srdéãko moje, aã je dávno tvoje,

daruju ti k svátku na vůãnou památku.

English Sungtexts

1. Destined

Vain all thy moaning, believe me, fond
lover mine,

my heart is not for thee, far it must be
from thine,

nay, I won't belong to thee, not a
single hour, trust me.

Thou dearest maiden mine, fear no
more pain or smart,

thou art so dear to me, thou art my
dearest heart.

Mine eternally must thou be,

consecrate of God to me.

2. Parting

Dance around me, fairest maiden,
through the night until the day!

I've today no time for dancing, I must
to the field away.

I must to the meadow go, no one there
to see or know,

nothing but a falcon bird, sent from
God, to guide and herd.

Dance around me, dearest maiden,
dance one more round, I bid thee,

like a birdling, lightly, freely, like a
hawk around a tree.

Dance in circles 'round me, dance with
me, my lassie,

mine thou shalt be.

3. The Silken Band

Is it not the nightingale bird,

singing sweetly, all delighting?

Nay, it is my darling sweetheart,

laughing at my sighting.

Thou shalt not be me deriding, me, an
orphan pover,

that I do not have a dowry, no fine
dress for cover.

Just this maiden's ring of flowers,
that's my head adorning,

and this silken band I'm wearing, is my
sole belonging.

4. The Last Wish

Plows a gallant, plowing by the forest
border,

and he drives his horses with a silken
order.

But the reign is broken, wrecks the
plow into twain,

Trust me, dearest maiden, thus thy
love may be vain.

Think not, dearest maiden, joy from
pain to sever,

erelong may thy lover part from thee
for ever.

If I would have wings, I would be with
him flying,

at least I would witness, where I would
be dying.

And if I shall perish, we shall have one
pillow,

bury us together by the weeping
willow.

Joined inside our tomb, in one of
graveyard's corners

maidens from a nearby village there
will mourn us.

5. Where Danube's waters flow, far
will I from thee go!

In my home I have a rod with bait
alluring,

all that swims the water fast for me
securing.

Changed into a wild dove, yonder shalt
thou meet me,

I shall roam in freedom, high in air I'll
greet thee.

In my home there ranges dusk of
plume, a raven,

he can chase all doves that fill the
sunny heaven!

Or as a falcon grey, far will I fly away,

past the gates of morning, where the
stars are burning.

I have bow and arrow, every heart
affighteth,

surely falls destruction where its shaft
alighteth.

Yonder as a starlet I will shine in
splendor,

over all Earth's people shed my
radiance tender.

In my home there dwell who gauge the
heav'nly spaces,

they who know of each star the
appointed places.

Flee me would be in vain,

as God self will join us twain!

6. Speed Thee, Birdie

Speed thee, birdie, fly across the
distant mountain,

speed thee, birdie, fly across the
wooded vale beyond.

I would be enchanted if I would be
granted

with my sweetheart to exchange a
greeting fond!

I must bide in sorrow, there is no
bright morrow,

I must bide in sorrow, we must far
asunder stray!

Shall I once forget thee, wilt thou not
regret me,

and remember me for aye?

7. The Slighted Heart

Sharpened is my scythe and fit for
mowing,

for the grass is waving high,

I will brave the rain and wind that's
blowing,

not stay here to mourn and sigh!

Grass, green and growing, thee I shall
be mowing,

How, my dear, I cherished what your
love was showing,

but your love has perished, like a river
running dry!

8. Parting without Sorrow

Gaily as I met thee,

let us part tomorrow,

Fear not that I would forget thee,

there's no cause for thy sorrow.

Thee will I remember,

not just once a year.

With every single footstep,

thee I remember, my dear.

9. Pledge of Love

Dost thou see the stars shining
yonder?

Thus are we and joy asunder,

never shall we share a golden future,
thou and I,

for thy mother, oh my sweetheart,
looks with frowning eye.

Nay, our mother, if not yet consenting,

soon she will look on us relenting.

But wilt thou, my heart's delight, for
aye to me be true?

Here's my hand, good night my dear,
and may we never rue.

10. Forsaken

To the field hath a pigeon flown,

from the alder he makes his moan.

Doth he await his tender mate,

doth he lament his lonely fate?

Lo, yonder sits my maiden fair,

she sews a kerchief fine and rare.

Deftly she sews on it a ring,

why doth she weep and softly sing?

Why doth she broider roses twain,

will her true love not come again?

Deftly she sews on it a ring, ...

11. Sad of Heart

By the grove a brooklet flows in leafy
shade,

Wilt thou water my exhausted steed,
dear maid?

Nay, your steed is all wild,

I am such a small child,

that I am afraid.

There's an olive tree that half conceals
our door,

maiden, surely thou hast lovers in
galore.

Lovers do not come here,

for me they do all fear,

that I am so poor.

Right before our windows, beds of
roses spread,

tell me, fairest maiden, why art thou
so sad?

Far from me is gladness,

and my share is sadness,

teardrops would I shed.

12. The Modest Maiden

Sweeter than the violet is my comely
maiden,

with the rose's blushes are her fair
cheeks laden.

Nay, I'm not like violets, nor roses
thorn-laden,

of one handsome gallant I am but the
maiden.

13. The Ring

Let the music play, joyous roundelay!

Where our love is dwelling shall we
make our way.

Bring our trusty steeds straight before
the door,

and ye courteous guests, do ye ride
before!

From me is asunder,

by my mother yonder, my maid's
golden ring.

By my mother dear, in the oaken
press.

with my love's heart hidden,

sealed with rosy ribbons in a small
recess.

Let the music play, joyous roundelay!

14. Omens

Thrive and grow, thou comely grass,

thrive on the sunny meadow!

Nay, the scythe shall mow me down,
ere on it falls the shadow.

Thrive and grow, thou comely grass,

where yonder oaks are bending!

How then shall I thrive and grow,

with my sad doom impending?

Tulip green, in beauty grow,

all other flowers vanquish!

How shall I my beauty show,

when my leafs fade and languish?

Handsome gallant mine, I beg,

leave me not in anguish.

Now behold, my maiden dear,

how wilding yon is blighted!

When its leaves are green again,

then shall our troth be plighted.

Now behold, my maiden dear,

yon fir-tree fading lonely!

When it shall be green and fair,

then shalt thou be mine only.

Yesternight I looked around,

when the full moon was beaming.

And I marked the fir-tree there,

but no leaf yet was gleaming!

I went forth at dawn of day,

where the rosebuds cluster,

red they shone on dewy spray,

bright in morning's luster!

15. The Maid Imprisoned

Lo, a maiden grass is mowing,

that is by the vineyard growing.

And the landlord, from his tower,

sees the maiden, beckons to her.

Bring my steed with harness laden,

I must ride to yonder maiden.

Straight the lord rides to the maiden,

and her cart with fresh grass laden.

Give me pledge of thy returning,

far from me thou shalt not journey!

She gives her kerchief with roses,

fast the lord her hand encloses:

I must keep thee in my capture,

for thy cheeks hold me in rapture.

It shall never more repent us

that in one true love hath blent us.

16. Comfort

Thou forest green and free, who will
tend after thee?

Thy keeper gone for aye, I too must far
away.

Fair woodland green and dear, I
finished guarding here,

My maiden fond and true, will thee thy
lover rue?

Thou forest dark and green, by whom
shalt thou be seen?

My maiden dear and fair, will no one
guard thee there?

When I am far from thee, shalt thou
remember me?

And shalt thou guard my name from
stern reproach and blame?

There are still woodkeepers who will
keep watch on me,

there are some handsome lads, who
will come, me to see.

17. The Wild Rose

Forth went a comely lass, mowing the
autumn grass.

Heavy it was with dew, and sore her
small hands grew.

Over the field she sped, sorrowful
tears she shed.

Nearby the leafy wood a blooming
rosebud stood.

Oh flower fair and fine, thou shalt for
aye be mine.

Nay, do not pluck a rose, threatened
by winter's snows.

While summer's sun's aflame, leave
her on thorny stem.

When spring and summer meet, then
are roses most sweet.

18. The Soldier's Farewell

Green are oats beneath the woodland
growing,

tell me, lad, what I would not be
knowing!

News have I for thee which bears no
hiding,

that into the fields I'll soon be riding.

Tell me, dearest, what shalt thou be
needing?

On dry bread and water I'll be feeding.

Where wilt thou be sleeping in the
cold night?

Covered with my armor in the
starlight.

Send my maid a blessing, brother
comrade,

let her for me not another tear shed.

Tell my love, to keep her tears from
burning,

she shall be rewarded for her yearning.

Three years from now shall I leave the
army,

then I shall come and my wife she shall
be.

19. Hoping in Vain

Plaints a birdling mournful singing, in
pinewoods hiding,

in the courtyard mourns my maiden,
comfort abiding.

Whereto weepst thou, wherefore
mournst thou? Thou art mine erelong,

when at Christmastide the cuckoo
sings its cuckoo song.

How then shall I not be mourning?
How shall I be thine,

as at Christmastide the cuckoo ne'er
sings its song fine?

God almighty, God all knowing, if he
will, shall grant

that at Christmastide the cuckoo sing
its cuckoo chant!

20. Greeting from Afar

Shineth brightly, guiding star, on my
wand'ring hover,

that my sweetheart from afar shall my
way discover!

If it leads through valleys still, over hills
snow-laden,

weeping and lamenting will be my
dearest maiden.

Rolling once an apple fell, all along the
valley,

rolled until my maiden well, through
the narrow alley.

When it reached my maiden fair, then
the apple bade her:

May God's blessing be thy share, oh
my dearest maiden.

21. The Crown

Homeward go the farmers, loading full
the garners,

deck and fill the tables with goods
from our stables.

Who will come me nearest, he will be
my dearest.

Came a lad named Martin, was from
me not partin',

him I promised my crown, making him
to my own.

Crown of mine, crown of mine, what
for shall I use thee?

Shall I thee abandon? Shall I leave thee
on me?

Oh my maiden lovely, not in spring, I
bid thee,

but in fall, come pluck me, then I will
ready be!

22. Smart

As the apple ripened, from its branch
was grounded,

my poor heart has been with grief and
pain surrounded.

Not alone is sorrow, but great anguish
drawing,

ever, without ceasing at my poor heart
gnawing.

Like a blade is cutting, like a saw
dividing,

cruel fate is thee, my dearest, from me
hiding.

23. There on Our Roof

Swallows, youngsters feeding, on our
roof are breeding.

One lad's footsteps, speeding, to our
home are leading.

He brings me a dress fine, silken, deep
red as wine,

and I prepare for mine gallant green
rosemarine.

24. A Child's Song

Empty-handed see me: nothing can I
give thee,

nothing better, more or else than thou
might long for.

Beating is my heart for thee, tender,
warm and ardently,

ever telling to me how it is loving thee.

This devoted heart mine, albeit for
long thine,

I give for thy name's day in
remembrance for aye.

CD 38

In Nature's Realm, op. 63 (B 126)

(Texts: poems by Vítězslav Hálek)

1. Napadly písnů v dui mou

Napadly písnů v dui mou,

nezavolány, znenadání,

jako když rosy napadá

po stéblookadefiavé stráni.

Kol se to mihá perlami,

i cítím dech tak mladý, zdrav,

že nevím, zda jsou radost má,

ai pláá mé due usedavý.

Vak rosu luna zrodila,

a není písním v dui stání:

tekou co slast a slza má,

a den se chystá ku svítání.

2. Vešerní les rozvázal zvonky

Vešerní les rozvázal zvonky,

a ptáci zvoní k tiché skreji,

kukačka zvoní na ty vůtí,

a slavík na ty líbeznují.

Les každou vůtev písni kropí

a každ lístek jeho dítu,

na nebes strop jim lampu vůí

a stříbrné z ní táhne nitu.

A každá nit na konci spánek,

sný jako jiskry v stromech skááí,

jen laáka se sebe je stříásá

a přied lesem se v rose mááí.

Tei usnuli i zvoníkové,

les d'chá v prvním zadíimnutí,

a jestli slavík zaklokotá,

to ze spánku je prokouknutí.

Tei vecko spí, i laáka dříma,

i zvonky visí do vybdúlé,

noc krááí jako veho dozvuk,

tak přiroda si k spánku stele.

3. Ľitné pole

Ľitné pole, Ľitné pole,

jak to zraje vesele!

Každ klásek muzikantem,

klasů jak když nastele.

Hedbávn'm to atem ustí,

vůtřik v skoānou zadupe,

slunce objímá a líbá,

jen to v stěblu zalupe.

Za mot'lkem všelka eptem,

zda kdo v chrpů nevůzí,

a ten cvrček posmůváček

s křepeličkou pod mezí.

Ľitné pole, Ľitné pole,

jak to zraje vesele,

a má mysl jako v tanci,

jak když písni nastele.

4. Vybůhla bříza būliāká

Vybůhla bříza būliāká,

jak ze stáda ta koziāka,

vybůhla z lesa na pokraj,

že pr ů táhne jara báj.

Vybůhla jako panenka,

tak hebká a tak do tenka,

že ať to lesem projelo,

a ve se touhou zachvůlo.

A táhne umem jara báj,

vzduch jak na housle, na almaj,

vzduch samá vůnů, vzduch sam kvůt,

a mlad úsmův cel svůt.

Hned každ strom zelen at,

sváteānů jme se oblíkat,

a každá haluz, každá snůt

chce novou fieāi rozprávůt.

A jak by k hodům zavolal,

přilítli hosté z blí i dál,

a za den, za dva ir kraj,

a cel svůt byl jara báj.

5. Dnes do skoku a do písničky

Dnes do skoku a do písničky!

Dnes pravá veselka je boíí,

dnes cel svůt a vecko v páрку

se vedou k svatebnímu loíi.

Ve zvonku kvůtném muky tanāí,

pod travou brouček křídla zvedá,

a vody umí, lesy voní,

a kdo je nemá, srdce hledá.

Na nebi zapalují svíce,

na západů panenské rdůní,

a slavík jíl to ohlauje,

ten velknůz, u velebném znůí.

Dnes velká kniha poesie

ať dokofiān je otevřena,

dnes každá struna vehomíru

na ěrt i pravdu natařena.

A nebe skvř se, vzduch se chvřje,

dnes jedna přseř svřtem letř,

dnes zem a nebe jeden pohřr,

a tvorstvo pfři nřm ve objetř.

6. Mřsto klekřnř

(Text: poem by Adolf Heyduk)

Pasou v rubanisku střda pastevnřci,

na pleci halenu, řrřk nřzko v lřci.

Sala na vrcholku toho rubaniska,

a dole pod horou ukrvř se vřska.

A v tř vřsce malř frajerenka mladř,

z lřsky v srdřlenku zpřvřnky si sklřdř.

Kdřř je uhřkovi vzřru zahlaholř,

znř to, ře se vecko zazelenř v poli.

Jemu ten zpřvřnřk jako zvonek zvonř,

kdřř na tvrdř loře k modlitbř se klonř.

Jemu ten zpřvřnřk ze sna na salai

mřtohy a slzy jako andřl plř.

Knřzi na modlenř za chlapce nenoste,

rad zřř o zpřvřnky frajereřku prostě.

7. Ukolřbavka

(Text: poem by Adolf Heyduk)

Junořku, plnř rtřkř, hlřvko lysř,

Pospř svatř, mamuřka tř pokolřsř.

Třm ořřřkem sokolřřkem neprohlřdni:

budeř mřti kolřbati třieba ke dni.

Ěapky zlatř baculatř, poloř dolř,

jsouř jak perce nebemřrce ze sokolř.

Ukryj ty je, mř lilie, do poduky,

sen jřř k ouku chce, zlatouku, na pouky.

Spi jen! V dennř probuzenř řeka tebe

peřř skvostnř z ohřochvostnř bludky
nebe.

Vak ař v trati bude střti mřsic v novu,

k hranř, plesu, harfu snesu Davidovu.

8. Nepovřm

(Text: Moravian folk poem)

U studřnky střla, napřjela přva,

povřz mnř, dřveřko, sřvř holubiřko,

esli mja mř rřda.

A jř ti nepovřm, nebo sama nevřm,

pfřijdi k nřm dnes veřer,

ař sa mamky zdovřm, teprv jř ti povřm.

A jř k vřm pfřijedu na vranřm konřřku,

a si ho uvřř na vau jedlřřku,

o břlu stuziřku.

Ta nae jedlřřka pfřieblahoslavenř,

za lřta, za zimy, dycky je zelenř.

9. Oputřn

(Text: Moravian folk poem)

Dřř ty's mř nechtrřla, mřlas mnř
povřdřt,

mřlas mne za sebou dvř lřta nevodit.

Dvř lřta nevodit, mřlas mnř dřt
zprřvu,

mřlas, mřlas nesedřvat na prahu.

Rokyta, rokyta, rokytov proutek,

ponesu pro tebe dvř lřta zřrmutek.

10. Povylřtla holubice

Povylřtla holubice pode strřnř,

spadlo jř tu sřvř přrko znenadřnř.

Jak teř přrku sřvřmu tam teskno bvř,

tak i ten, kdo osřřř, jen smutek mřvř.

Holub lřtne pfřes řdolř, vrkř, touřř,

po sřvř jej holubřnce teskno souřř.

Statnř mlřdec ulicemi v temnu krřřř,

ku okřnku drahř dřvky kroky střřř.

Neslyř-li, radosti mř, nebo dřřřmř,

ře ni sřlvkem hocha nřvrat nepřřijřmř?

Jř bych rřda, si se mi vak nedostřvř,

ře tu, řel, kdos nemřř" dnes u mne
spřvř!

11. řřm jsem jř tř rozhnřvala

řřm jsem jř tř rozhnřvala,

lřsko mř, ty fiekni sřm!

Třm, ře lřskou jsem jen plřla

a teř nekld v duřř mřm?

Mřr a sřlu mlřdř svřho

rřda jř ti spřla dřt:

vřm a zřřřm vak, jak jen vzdychř,

asi jinou mř uř rřd.

Tvou jak znřt jsem vřrnost mřla,

dřvřjř ti lřsku svou?

Jř i mřřřt jsem pro tř chtřla,

řel, mřm sudbu neřestnou.

Dřl tř rřda mřm, ař strřdřm,

plřř mou trřzř nezmřřř.

Ř, jak lřto mi, jak lřto

třch mch rusch kadefřř!

Ne jak dřřř po řadru břřm

splřtajř se ozdobou,

splřvajř jen proudem volnm

nesřřsřny na hruř mou.

V zřti svř je rozpoutřvř

krřska zlř a vzdřlenř,

řřrlivř ta krřska cizř,

kterou mil v lásce má.

12. Mladá, půkná krasavice

Mladá, půkná krasavice, plné, bílé líce,

v údol zala ranní chvíle pro kaliny bílé.

Kaliny si natrhala, vázajíc je, stála,

hodila pak v tichém tkání na cestu je v strání.

Na cestu je rozsypala, milého si řídala:

Vrať se hochu, můj ty sladký, vrať se srdce zpátky!

Z Ukrajiny hle, v tu chvíli mládeneček pílí,

jeho vran koník tmí se, plátík svůtle skví se.

Koilenka z tenkých nití jen se na nům svítí,

dostal ji co dárek z lásky od kupecké krásy.

Ach, můj sokolíku jasný, ty můj synku krásn,

nejší souzen ty vůru pro kupeckou dceru.

Přistaň dvojit se té krásce, přistaň mít ji v lásce,

jinak chytit já rad dám tě, pouty přikováám tě.

Poutati mne nedej, máti, do vůzení dátí,

spí mne spoutej ku bílému úříku panenskému.

13. Cořpak, můj holoubku

Cořpak, můj holoubku, nevesel se zdá,

nevesel se zdá, pročpak žalost má?

Věra holubůnka družkou byla mou,

družkou byla mou, bavila mne hrou.

Seděla mi blíž, penku zobajíc,

dnes mi nejde vstít, nůžů vrkajíc.

Zastíelil ji zrána, zabil řlovůk zl,

zabil řlovůk zl, sluha bojarsk.

A co ty, můj mládě, nevesel se zdá,

nevesel se zdá, cořpak žalost má?

Věra u mne stála dívka rozkoná,

dívka rozkoná, pila jako já.

Pivo pila z řie s řie ř veselou,

s řie ř veselou ruku dala svou.

Ruku dala bílou, ře pr bude má,

a ře vřát se má řue ubohá!

A ře má se vřávat, svatbu chystají,

já vak nestrádám, ře ji vřávají.

Proto, ře se vřá mi, nechci vůru řkát,

jen, ře souseď ná má ři řenou zřát!

14. Zkvétal, zkvétal v máji květ

Zkvétal, zkvétal v máji květ, povadnul zas,

a můl mne rád milý můj, vak odjel vřál.

Odejel mi přiedrahý na krátk řas,

ne na dlouhou dobu, vím, na chvíli pr!

Chvíle trvá, říkájí, po cel řen,

a řen se nám, říkájí, jak řden zdá.

Tř řen můře, říkájí, jako rok řt,

a mil můj do mřsta pr musil řít.

Já se za ním, dívka řtná, nehoním vak,

aě za mnou on, řue má, se honí sám.

Za mřm vlasem nářhernm, za řuřinkou,

za postavou říbeznu a krásou mou!

15. Jako mhou se řmí

Jako mhou se řmí mřie vzdálené,

lehla řzeř v řeka řrdce souřené.

V říř dālí řé pole řán se řmřl,

kolem vřouben zelenavou řoubřavou.

Vřprostřied stálo v ní zlaté návří,

na nřm vznřcen ohnřřek tam plápolal.

U ohnřřku řlří na řokřve sám

odpořřval řhrabr, řir mládenec.

Z říř dālř, z dālř a z řlřzka řěř

k nřmu řlouřřek táhnu řratřřř, řoudřuhř.

Na svatou ři mládence zřou řě řus.

Ale mládec řhrabr odpovřřá řim:

Na svatou řen, řoudřuzř, spřřřte řus,

mnu řř řhřile řmřti nřnř táhne řlřř.

Ořci, mřti řklonou vřdejte řest,

pozřrav řejte řodinř mē vzdálenē.

Do řřverř pak řran, řterē má řen svřt,

malřm řřřřm vřkřřte řořřnřnř mē!

16. Ach, vy řřřřky umřvē

Ach, vy řřřřky umřvē, ach vy vřnky řhladřvē,

řřřřky milē, řořte v řad, řomozte mnu zaplakat!

Pomozte mi řlasnu řkřt, přiemřlēho řřřhř zřřt,

proř řř ke mnu nespřřřhř, řř řo nřkřdo v moci má.

Mřlř řeho řřřřřřřř za ruku řo řřmřla,

a řa řřřhř mřlenř řřta řeho řřbřla.

Třřřř mřlř řa vřřř s nřm přřes řřřř v noci

zřasnuē,

mř on vřřř, mil můj, zřřřř řřřř zelenē.

V řřvnř, řřta řřlostř, křkřřř si křkř řen,

ve řřřhē zas ve řřřřř řlavř řřř řřřř řen,

ve třřřř řam v zřkřřř hřřkř kvete řřřlavř,

pod řou hřřkř řamotnř mladř řřřkř ředřřř.

Vzlyká, v pláči schoulená, řal jí srdce
rozdírá,

sátekem si bůlostněm hojně slzy utírá.

17. Mladice ty krásná

Mladice ty krásná, nejkrásnější,

vojačko ty, pluku nejmilejší!

Proš se sama můstem procházívá,

ai snad po miláčku netoužívá?

Ba, já touším po svém nejmilejším,

takového není v světě zdejší.

On je zdrav, krásný, mušín, fiádň,

z hochů se mu nevyrovná řádn.

Ale mil hlavu tvrdou mívá,

pohádali jsme se, jak to bvá.

Chci se smířiti s ním a přiece váhám,

pokojiť se před ním, to se zdráhám.

Vzkazovat mu, teě mne trochu mlí,

a tak počkám, aě se veěer schlí.

Pak, ře noci tmám se nevyhbám,

sama půjdu k němu a jej zlíbám!

18. Po mátuce, mocné Volze

Po mátuce, mocné Volze

celou iroirou dálí,

pohoda se rozesmála,

čistá pohodůnka krásná!

Na vlnách nic není zřítí,

jenom černá loě se kvá.

U kormidla vysedává

lodi pán, to v atů zvlátním.

Kaftan hnůd na něm splvá,

kamizola z látky vzácné.

A tu pán vem rozkaz dává:

veslem zaveslujte ráznm,

po mátuce dobré Volze,

k Alenuky krāmů známé.

Alenuka vyla z vrátek

se svou dcerkou milokrásnou.

“Nezazlívej, pane vzácn,

v řem si chodí, v tom tů vítá:

v koilence z tenké tkánů,

v blavnůné jupce pouhé!”

19. Na poličku břiža tam stála

Na poličku břiža tam stála,

kudrnatá břižečka tam stála,

hejsa, hejsa, tam stála!

Není, kdo by břižu tu skácel,

není, kdo by břižečku tu skácel,

hejsa, hejsa, tu břižu!

Procházkou se tou neztrmácím,

půjdu tam a břižečku tu skácím,

hejsa, hejsa, ji skácím!

Ufiřnu té břiży řfii proutky,

přealky z nich зробím podle choutky,

hejsa, hejsa, řfii proutky!

čtvrťou udůlám balalajku,

budu na ni hrávati tam v hájku,

hejsa, hejsa, tam v hájku!

20. Vyjdu já si podle řiřky

Vyjdu já si podle řiřky,

v bystr proud se zahledím,

zda neuvidím hocha svého,

srdci mému přiedrahého.

Hocha svého bvalého,

líbezného nad jině!

Ach, co už bylo povídání,

ře už není řiv snad ani!

Beze stop se náhle ztratil,

ale veěer pojednou zas

na ulici stál, kde stával,

hlasitů si pohvízdával.

Ke mnů nehléd na okénko,

aě tam na okénku mém přiec

leřel pozdrav jeho důvy,

celá snítka vinné révy.

Víno už je plnů zralé,

a můj mil“ bůloučk, je

bůloučk a kudrnat,

svobodn a neřenat!

21. Na tom naem námůstí

Na tom naem námůstí,

na irokém námůstí,

procházely se tam dívky,

lakující ve tůstí.

Jedna nad ve krásnější,

v copech pentli vzácnější,

zaeptala hochu svému,

z due nejupřimnější:

“Vím, ře má mne, hochu, rád,

a já tvou se touřím stát,

nuře vůz, ře otec rodn“

záhy chce tů synem zvát.”

22. Já si zasil bez orání

Já si zasil bez orání

konopí tam pode strání,

hejsa, hej, hopsa, hejsa,

bez orání pode strání.

Ej, už setba znenadání

tíhlá stěbla povyhání,

hejsa, hej, hopsa, hejsa,

lístky říí bez ustání.

Oj, už na nich, jak den vstává,

vzácn ptáček posedává,

hejsa, hej, hopsa, hejsa,

kanárek tam přilétává.

Ach, jak sudba divnů soudí,

kdo se ření, často bloudí,

hejsa, hej, hopsa, hejsa,

kdo se ření, často bloudí!

Já můl vůdůt, jak to bvá,

ře, kdo řenat, potíí mívá!

Hejsa, hej, hopsa, hejsa,

svobodně se lehce zpívá!

23. Oj, ty luňáí kaáko malá

Oj, ty luňáí kaáko malá,

kde jsi spala, nocovala?

Hejsa, hejsa, nocovala.

Spala jsem já na luňáinů,

ve rozkvetlé ve kfiovinů,

hejsa, hejsa, ve kfiovinů.

li a přeli cestou kolem

veselí dva mládci polem,

hejsa, hejsa, mládci polem.

Po prouteáku ulomili,

píěalky si urobili,

hejsa, hejsa, urobili.

Na píěalky nezažite,

tatíka mi neprobuíte,

hejsa, hejsa, neprobuíte.

Tatik dřííme po opiáce,

máma vafíí ve vesniáce,

hejsa, hejsa, ve vesniáce.

Vafíí mladé pivo zdravé,

stááí víno zelenavé,

hejsa, hejsa, zelenavé.

Hostí zetů mladistvého,

synka svého miléného,

hejsa, hejsa, miléného.

24. V poli zrají vinů

V poli zrají vinů, proč to nejsou tfienů,

miloval jsi, polaskal jsi, proč si nebere
mů?

La, la, tralala, ...

Hoj, blíí pole louáka, kvítí se v ní bůlá,

díváina tam trávu řala, černé fiasy
můla.

La, la, tralala, ...

Jedna hora přííkrá, druhá zas je nízká,

jedna milá daleká je, druhá zcela
blízká.

La, la, tralala, ...

Hoj, ta, co je blízká, voly má a krávy,

daleká zas černé fiasy hebáí nad
hedvábí.

La, la, tralala, ...

Hoj, ta, co je blízká, kořeín má fůrky,

daleká jen oboáí má tenké jako řůrky.

La, la, tralala, ...

Hoj, to já té blízké radůj přiece vzdám
se,

za dalekou sám teí honem na námluvy
dám se!

La, la, tralala, ...

25. Oj, kráče havran čern

Oj, kráče, kráče, kráče havran čern,

kde se v hloubku údol níí,

oj, pláče, pláče kozáček to mládec

nad osudu svého tíí.

Oj, kráče, kráče stále havran čern,

tam, kde louka vroubí řííáku,

oj, pláče, pláče kozáček to mládec

na koníáku, na vraníáku.

Ach, koni vůrn, poskoč pod svm
pánem,

rozbij, po řem srdce touí,

mou tíhu řalnou roznes loukou dálnou,

aě se kozák neousolí.

Oj, letí kozák po půinů úzké,

slzami se tváí mu stáíp:

“Kde je má chůva, stafienka má vlídná,

ta se jistů pro mne trápí.

Oj, vzpomeà na mne, moje stará
chůvo,

kdyí se u nás ráno snídá.”

“Ach, moje dítů v cizí zemi strádá,

příítele tam neuhlídá!”

“Oj, vzpomeà na mne, ty má stará
chůvo,

kdyí se u nás veěefívá.”

“Ach, to mé dítů z cizí zemů dálné

zpráviáku se neozívá!”

English Sungtexts

1. Music Descended on My Soul

Music descended on my soul,

not called for, unexpectedly,

like when dewdrops fall

on a grass-covered hillside.

All around, it is glistening with pearls,

and I feel a breath so young, so
wholesome,

that I do not know, whether it is my
joy,

or my heart-breaking lament.

But the moon brought forth dewdrops,

and the music finds no rest in my soul:

it is flowing, like bliss and like my tear,

and the day prepares itself for sunrise.

2. Bells Ring at Dusk

The evening wood has released its
bells,

and the birds ring before silently hiding
away,

the cuckoo rings the larger bells,

and the nightingale the sweeter ones.

The wood besprinkles every branch
with a song,

and every leaflet is its child,

it hangs for them a lamp on heaven's
ceiling,

and draws from them silver threads.

And every thread ends in sleep,

dreams jump like sparks in the trees,

only the young doe sheds them off

and soaks itself in the dew in front of
the wood.

Now also the bell-ringers have fallen
asleep,

the wood breathes in its first
slumbering,

and when the nightingale warbles,

then it is just an eye blinking from its
sleep.

Now all is sleeping, the young doe
slumbers as well,

also the bells are hanging silently till
waking up,

the night proceeds like everything's
echo,

thus nature prepares for its sleep.

3. The Rye Field

Rye field, rye field,

how merrily it is ripening!

Every straw is a musician,

the whole field is full of them.

It swishes like a silken dress,

the breeze stamps in a dance,

embraced and kissed by the sun,

crackling in the straw.

Whispering, a bee asks to a butterfly,

if the bluebottle is not yet occupied,

and a mocking cricket hides

with a quail under a balk.

Rye field, rye field,

how merrily it is ripening,

and my thoughts are like dancing,

full of songs.

4. The Silver Birch

Out ran a silver birch,

like a goat from the herd,

it ran out from the wood to its edge,

proclaiming the tale of spring.

It ran out like a maiden,

so supple and slim,

that it pervaded the wood,

and all trembled with desire.

And the tale of spring spreads in a
whisper,

the air sounds like a violin, like pan-
pipes,

the air is full of fragrance, it is full of
flowers,

and the entire Earth is one youthful
smile.

Right away, every tree prepares

to festively dress up in green,

and every twig, every sprig,

is eager to engage in the new talk.

And as if they were invited for a feast-
meal,

guests from near and far came flying
hither,

and after one or two days the wide
land, yes,

the entire Earth itself was one tale of
spring.

5. With Dance and Song

Today, let's dance and sing!

Today is a truly divine feast,

today the whole Earth and all in pairs

lead one another to the wedding bed.

In the bluebell flower midges are
dancing,

under the grass a beetle puts up its
wings,

and the waters are sparkling, the
woods are scenting,

and who has no sweetheart, is looking
for it.

In the sky candles are being lit,

in the west appears a maidenly
blushing,

and the nightingale is already
announcing it,

that high priest, with a solemn sound.

Today the great book of poetry

is widely opened,

today every string of the universe

is tended toward jest and truth alike.

And the sky is shining, the air is
vibrating,

today one song is pervading the Earth,

today Earth and Heaven are like one
cup,

and Creation is entangled in deep
embrace.

6. Evening's Blessing

Herdsmen on the mountainside are
herding their flocks,

with the mock on the shoulder, and
the hat low over the face.

Their cottage is on the top of that
mountainside,

and below under the mountain, a
hamlet is hiding.

And in that tiny hamlet, a young and
fair maiden,

out of her heart's love, is composing
herself songs.

When she sends her songs up to her
lad,

the sound of it turns everything in the
field green.

That song rings to him like a bell,

when he bows for prayer on his hard
bed.

From him, dreaming in his cottage,
that song

chases away shades and tears, like an
angel.

Priests, do not bother about praying
for the lad,

rather bid the fair maid to sing her
songs for him.

7. Cradle Song

Little child, with full lips, bold-headed,

sleep blissfully, mama will rock you.

Do not bother about looking with your
little hawk's eye,

whether your mother will rock you
until the day or not.

Put your golden, round little paws
down,

they are like a falcon's wings, reaching
toward the sky.

Hide them, my lily, under the cover,

a dream will whisper into your little
ear, golden child.

Just sleep! At the day's awakening are
awaiting you

the magnificent feathers of the sky's
fiery-tailed illusion.

However, when the new moon will
stand in its trail,

I will bring down David's harp, to play
at the ball.

8. I Won't Tell

She stood by the well, gave the
peacock to drink,

tell me, my maiden, my ash-grey dove,

if you are fond of me.

Well, I won't tell you, as I do not know
it myself,

come to us tonight,

when I will find out from my mother,
only then will I tell you.

Then I will come to you on my raven-
black horse,

and I will fix it to your fir-tree,

with a white ribbon.

That fir-tree of ours, full of eternal
bliss,

in summer, in winter, it is always
green.

9. The Forsaken One

If you did not want me, you should
have told me,

you should not have let me run after
you two years.

Rather, you should have sent me word,

instead of sitting on the threshold.

Willow-tree, weeping willow, willow-
twig,

because of you I will pass two years of
grief.

Little green fir-tree, do not shed off
your needles,

just like my heart's delight abandoned
me.

Little green fir-tree, do not shed off
your tip,

just like my comely maiden abandoned
me.

If you did not want me, you should
have told me,

that your black eyes do not want to
look on me.

And yet they will readily turn their
heads after me,

when behind me a saber will drag over
the ground.

10. Yearning

A dove flew up from down by the
hillside,

when suddenly she lost there a grey
feather.

Just like for that grey feather nothing
but longing is left,

thus has he, who is orphaned, nothing
but sadness left.

A pigeon flies over the valley, cooing
and longing,

tormented by desire for his grey dove.

A stately gallant is walking in the dark streets,

turning his steps toward the window of his dear maiden.

Do you not hear, my heart's delight, or are you slumbering,

that you do not even with a word greet your lad's return?

I would like to, but I have no power left in me,

for alas, someone undear sleeps with me today!

11. Stolen Love, Stolen Beauty

With what did I anger you,

my love, say it yourself!

Therewith, that I was burning with love

and now have unrest in my soul?

he peace and strength of my youth

I gladly sped to give you:

I know and I see however, how you only sigh,

maybe you are already fond of someone else.

How should I have known your faithfulness,

while giving you my love?

I even wanted to die for you,

alas, I have an unfortunate destiny.

I am still fond of you, even though I suffer,

my weeping does not match my torment.

Oh, how I pity, what a pity of

those ruddy hairlocks of mine!

Not like before over my white bosom

they fall like a decoration,

now they are freely blending

over my chest, uncombed.

In her ill-will unties them

an evil and distant beauty,

envious is that strange beauty,

whom my dear has in his heart.

12. The Unfaithful Lover Imprisoned

A young and comely beauty, with full, white cheeks,

went one early morning into the valley, for white guelder roses.

She plucked guelder roses, and tying them she stood still,

then, silently sobbing, threw them on the road by the hillside.

She spread them out on the road, asking her dear:

Return, my lad, come back, my sweetheart!

Look, from Ukraine in that moment a young man is speeding,

his raven-black horse a dark, distant spot, his bright coat lighting.

His shirt made from thin cloth is merely shining on him,

he got it as a gift out of love from a merchant's beauty.

Ah, my bright falcon, you my handsome lad,

you are truly not destined for a merchant's daughter.

Stop courting that beauty, stop having her in your heart,

otherwise I'll have you caught, in shackles I'll cast you.

Do not let them shackle me, mother, or imprison me,

rather tie me to the white, maidenly bed.

13. The Lost Bride

What is it, my pigeon, that you seem unhappy,

you seem unhappy, why do you have sorrow?

Yesterday a dove was my mate,

she was my mate, amused me with her game.

She was sitting close to me, picking wheat,

today she does not welcome me, gently cooing.

They shot her in the early morning, an evil person killed her,

an evil person killed her, the servant of a boyar.

And what about you, my youngster, you seem unhappy,

you seem unhappy, what sorrow do you have?

Yesterday stood by me a charming maiden,

a charming maiden, she drank just like me.

She drank beer from a cup, merrily talking,

and merrily talking she gave me her hand.

She gave me her white hand, saying she would be mine,

and now that poor soul has to marry!

And now she has to marry, they are preparing her wedding,

however, I am not suffering because they are marrying her off.

Herefore, that she will marry, I truly do not want to cry,

it is just, that our neighbor will call her his wife!

14. Impatient Love

A flower was blooming in May, it withered again,

and my dear was fond of me, but he went far away.

Away went my dearest for a short
time,

not for long, I know, for a moment, he
said!

They say a moment can last a whole
day,

and a day can seem to us like a week,
they say.

A week can be like a year, they say,
and my love said he must go to town.

However, as an honorable maid, I
won't run after him,

let him, my soul, run after me himself.

For my beautiful hair, for my little
hand,

for my gracious stature and my
beauty!

15. Nostalgia

Just like mist turns the distant sea
dark,

torment filled a hero's suffering heart.

In the wide distance the field
darkened,

around the green, wild hedge.

In the middle of it stood a golden
hillock,

and on it a kindled little fire was
dancing.

Nearby that little fire, all alone on a
cover,

was resting a desolate, young gallant.

From the wide distance, from far and
near alike,

approached him a handful of his
brother comrades.

Then they called the young man to
holy Russia.

But to them the young gallant
responded:

Just speed, comrades, to holy Russia,

the moment of my death is already
approaching.

To my father and mother pass my
respect,

and give my greeting to my distant
family.

Then to the four wind-sides of the
Earth,

send word of my blessing to the
infants!

16. Nature's Lament

Ah, you sparkling brooklets, ah you
cool wavelets,

dear friends, come into the orchard,
help me weep!

Help me loudly lament, to call on my
dearest mate,

why he no longer speeds to me, lest
someone holds him in force.

His first sweetheart caught him by the
hand,

and his second lover was kissing his
lips.

The third used to join him through the
courtyard by bright nights,

truly, my dear, he has three green
gardens.

In the first one, caught by sorrow, a
cuckoo merely cuckoos,

in the second, a nightingale in a bush
spreads its moaning song,

in the third, in a quiet corner there,
blooms a pale pear tree,

and under that pear tree a lonely
young maiden is sitting.

Sobbing, crouched in her lament, grief
tears her heart apart,

with a white cloth she tries to dry her
incessantly flowing tears.

17. Soldier Maid's Pride

You pretty youngster, most beautiful,

soldier maid, you regiment's favorite!

Why are you walking alone through
the town,

are you not longing for your
sweetheart?

Certainly I long for my dearest,

but he is not in this region.

He is healthy, handsome, manly,
respectable,

none of the lads can measure up to
him.

But my dear can be heard-headed,

we quarreled, as sometimes happens.

I want to reconcile with him and yet I
doubt,

I am reluctant to humiliate myself
before him.

Sending him word, that I find not in
place either,

and therefore I wait until the evening
draws near.

Then, when the dark of the night falls, I
won't dodge,

out of my own I'll go to him and I'll kiss
him all over!

18. Mother Volga

Over the motherly, mighty Volga,

over its entire width and distance,

fair weather was joyfully shining,

like a pure and beautiful smile!

On the waves is nothing to see,

just a black boat, slowly rocking.

At the rudder is sitting

the boatmaster, in an odd dress.

A brown mantle is hanging over him,

and a shirt from precious cloth.

And there the master commands to all:

Firmly pull your oars,

ver the good and motherly Volga,

to Alenushka's well-known tavern.

Alenushka came out of the wicket
with her sweet and pretty daughter.

"Do not be offended, distinguished
master,

she is welcoming you in her everyday
dress:

in a shirt from fine tissue,

merely in a cotton skirt!"

19. The Birch Tree

On a small field there stood a birch,

a curly little birch stood over there,

heysa, heysa, it was standing there!

There is none who would fell that
birch,

there is none who would fell that little
birch,

heysa, heysa, that birch over there!

From that walk I will not get tired,

I go there and fell that little birch,

heysa, heysa, I fell it!

I cut three rods from that birch,

from those, I make pipes to my liking,

heysa, heysa, three rods!

Of the fourth, I make a balalaika,

I will play on it there in the wood,

heysa, heysa, there in the wood!

20. The Lover's Return

I will go out for a walk along the brook,

I will gaze into its fast-flowing stream,

to look whether I do not see my lad,

him who is most dear to my heart.

My former lad,

sweeter than any other!

Ah, what stories there where,

even that he is no longer alive!

Without a trace, he suddenly
disappeared,

but one evening again, all of a sudden,

he stood on the street, where he used
to stand,

loudly whistling.

He did not glance to my window,

although there by my window

was lying a greeting from his maiden,

a whole vine full of grapes.

The wine is already fully ripe,

and my fair-skinned beloved,

fair-skinned and curly-haired,

is bachelor and unmarried!

21. The Favorite's Consent

On that town square of ours,

on that wide town square,

maidens were walking there,

merrily trifling.

One of them, prettier than all others,

with precious ribbons in her braids,

whispered to her lad,

from a most sincere heart:

"I know you are fond of me, my lad,

and I am longing to become yours,

so be sure that my own father

will soon call you son-in-law."

22. The Harvest of Marriage

I sowed without ploughing,

hemp there down by the hillside,

heysa, hey, hopsa, heysa,

without ploughing down by the
hillside.

Hey, earlier than expected the seeds

are sprouting up thin stalks,

heysa, hey, hopsa, heysa,

leaflets are spreading incessantly.

Oh, already when the day awakens,

a precious little bird is sitting on them,

heysa, hey, hopsa, heysa,

a canary lands on it.

Ah, how odd is destiny's judgment,

who marries, often errs,

heysa, hey, hopsa, heysa,

who marries, often errs!

I should have known, how it goes,

that who is married has trouble!

Heysa, hey, hopsa, heysa,

bachelors have easy singing!

23. Drinking Song

Oh, you little meadow duck,

where did you sleep and pass the dark
night?

Heysa, heysa, pass the dark night.

I slept on the meadow,

in the blooming thicket,

heysa, heysa, in the thicket.

Following the path around it,

two merry youngsters passed the
meadow,

heysa, heysa, passed the meadow.

Each one of them broke a twig,

they made themselves pipes of it,

heysa, heysa, that's what they made.

Do not blow on the pipes,

do not awake my daddy,

heysa, heysa, do not wake him.

Dad is sleeping off his debauch,
mom is brewing in the village,
heysa, heysa, in the village.

She is brewing young, wholesome
beer,
and tapping greenish young wine,
heysa, heysa, greenish young wine.

She is treating her young son-in-law,
her beloved son-in-law,
heysa, heysa, her beloved.

24. The Lover's Resolve

In the field are ripening berries, why
are they not cherries,
you loved me, you fondled me, why do
you not marry me?

La, la, tralala, ...

Hey, near the field is a meadow, in it
bloom white flowers,

a maiden was mowing grass there, she
had black eye-lashes.

La, la, tralala, ...

One mountain is steep, the other again
is low,

one sweetheart is distant, the other
quite near.

La, la, tralala, ...

Hey, the one who is nearby has oxen
and cows,

but the distant one has black eyelashes
softer than silk.

La, la, tralala, ...

Hey, the one who is nearby has lots of
furs,

but the distant one has eyebrows thin
as strings.

La, la, tralala, ...

Hey, the nearby one I rather abandon,

as for the distant one, I now go right
off to court her.

La, la, tralala, ...

25. The Lonely Cossack

Oh, crowing, crowing is a black rook,

where the valley descends into the
depth,

oh, crying, crying is a young cossack

over the burden of his fate.

Oh, crowing, still crowing is the black
rook,

there, where the meadow borders the
brook,

oh, crying, crying is the young cossack

on his little, raven-black horse.

Ah, faithful horse, jump under your
master,

destroy, what my heart is longing for,

spread my burden of grief over the
distant meadow,

do not let a cossack suffer to death.

Oh, the cossack is speeding on a
narrow path,

his face drowned in tears:

"Where is my nanny, old and loving,

she is certainly worrying about me.

Oh, remember me, my old nanny,

at the morning table in our home."

"Oh, my child suffers in a strange land,

where one will not find friends!"

"Oh, remember me, you my old nanny,

at the evening table in our home."

"Oh, that child of mine, from a strange
and distant land

he does not send us word of him!"

CD38

In Nature's Realm, op. 63 (B 126)

(Texts: poems by Vítězslav Hálek)

1. Napadly písňů v dui mou

Napadly písňů v dui mou,

nezavolány, znenadání,

jako když rosy napadá

po stěblokadefiavé stráni.

Kol se to mihá perlami,

i cítím dech tak mladý, zdravý,

že nevím, zda jsou radost má,

ai pláá mé due usedavý.

Vak rosu luna zrodila,

a není písňím v dui stání:

tekou co slast a slza má,

a den se chystá ku svítání.

2. Vešerní les rozvázal zvonky

Vešerní les rozvázal zvonky,

a ptáci zvoní k tiché skreji,

kukačka zvoní na ty vůtí,

a slavík na ty líbeznůjí.

Les každou vůtev písni kropí

a každ lístek jeho dítů,

na nebes strop jim lampu vůi

a stříbrné z ní táhne nitů.

A každá nit na konci spánek,

sný jako jiskry v stromech skááí,

jen laÁka se sebe je stfiásá

a pfied lesem se v rose mááí.

1. Music Descended on My Soul

Music descended on my soul,

not called for, unexpectedly,

like when dewdrops fall

on a grass-covered hillside.

All around, it is glistening with pearls,

and I feel a breath so young, so
wholesome,

that I do not know, whether it is my
joy,

or my heart-breaking lament.

But the moon brought forth dewdrops,

and the music finds no rest in my soul:

it is flowing, like bliss and like my tear,

and the day prepares itself for sunrise.

2. Bells Ring at Dusk

The evening wood has released its
bells,

and the birds ring before silently hiding
away,

the cuckoo rings the larger bells,

and the nightingale the sweeter ones.

The wood besprinkles every branch
with a song,

and every leaflet is its child,

it hangs for them a lamp on heaven's
ceiling,

and draws from them silver threads.

And every thread ends in sleep,

dreams jump like sparks in the trees,

only the young doe sheds them off

and soaks itself in the dew in front of
the wood.

Tei usnuli i zvoníkové,

les d'chá v prvním zadíimnutí,

a jestli slavík zaklokotá,

to ze spánku je prokouknutí.

Tei vecko spí, i laàka dfiima,

i zvonky visí do vybdûlé,

noc krááí jako veho dozvuk,

tak pfiíroda si k spánku stele.

3. Íitné pole

Íitné pole, íitné pole,

jak to zraje vesele!

Kaíd' klásek muzikantem,

klasû jak kdyí nastele.

Hedbávn'm to aтем ustí,

vûtfiík v skoānou zadupe,

slunce objímá a líbá,

jen to v stéblu zalupe.

Za motlkem vaelka eptem,

zda kdo v chrpû nevûzí,

a ten cvrâek posmûváâek

s kfiiepliâkou pod mezí.

Íitné pole, íitné pole,

jak to zraje vesele,

a má mysl jako v tanci,

jak kdyí písní nastele.

4. Vybûhla bfiíza bûliâká

Vybûhla bfiíza bûliâká,

jak ze stáda ta koziâka,

vybûhla z lesa na pokraj,

íe pr uí táhne jara báj.

Now also the bell-ringers have fallen
asleep,

the wood breathes in its first
slumbering,

and when the nightingale warbles,

then it is just an eye blinking from its
sleep.

Now all is sleeping, the young doe
slumbers as well,

also the bells are hanging silently till
waking up,

the night proceeds like everything's
echo,

thus nature prepares for its sleep.

3. The Rye Field

Rye field, rye field,

how merrily it is ripening!

Every straw is a musician,

the whole field is full of them.

It swishes like a silken dress,

the breeze stamps in a dance,

embraced and kissed by the sun,

crackling in the straw.

Whispering, a bee asks to a butterfly,

if the bluebottle is not yet occupied,

and a mocking cricket hides

with a quail under a balk.

Rye field, rye field,

how merrily it is ripening,

and my thoughts are like dancing,

full of songs.

4. The Silver Birch

Out ran a silver birch,

like a goat from the herd,

it ran out from the wood to its edge,

proclaiming the tale of spring

Vybûhla jako panenka,

tak hebká a tak do tenka,

íe aí to lesem projelo,

a ve se touhou zachvûlo.

A táhne umem jara báj,

vzduch jak na housle, na almaj,

vzduch samá vûnû, vzduch sam kvût,

a mlad úsmûv cel' svût.

Hned kaíd' strom zelen' at,

sváteānû jme se oblíkat,

a kaídá haluz, kaídá snût

chce novou fieāí rozprávût.

A jak by k hodům zavolal,
přilítli hosté z blízka dál,
a za den, za dva i kraj,
a cel svět byl jara báj.
5. Dnes do skoku a do písničky
Dnes do skoku a do písničky!
Dnes pravá veselka je boží,
dnes celý svět a vecko v páru
se vedou k svatebnímu loži.
Ve zvonku květném muky tanějí,
pod travou brouček křídla zvedá,
a vody umí, lesy voní,
a kdo je nemá, srdce hledá.
Na nebi zapalují svíce,
na západě panenské rdění,
a slavík již to ohlauje,
ten velkonoce, u velebném znění.
It ran out like a maiden,
so supple and slim,
that it pervaded the wood,
and all trembled with desire.
And the tale of spring spreads in a
whisper,
the air sounds like a violin, like pan-
pipes,
the air is full of fragrance, it is full of
flowers,
and the entire Earth is one youthful
smile.
Right away, every tree prepares
to festively dress up in green,
and every twig, every sprig,
is eager to engage in the new talk.
And as if they were invited for a feast-
meal,

guests from near and far came flying
hither,
and after one or two days the wide
land, yes,
the entire Earth itself was one tale of
spring.
5. With Dance and Song
Today, let's dance and sing!
Today is a truly divine feast,
today the whole Earth and all in pairs
lead one another to the wedding bed.
In the bluebell flower midges are
dancing,
under the grass a beetle puts up its
wings,
and the waters are sparkling, the
woods are scenting,
and who has no sweetheart, is looking
for it.
In the sky candles are being lit,
in the west appears a maidenly
blushing,
and the nightingale is already
announcing it,
that high priest, with a solemn sound.
Dnes velká kniha poesie
ať dokofíán je otevřena,
dnes každá struna vehomíru
na lert i pravdu natažena.
A nebe skví se, vzduch se chvěje,
dnes jedna píseň světem letí,
dnes země a nebe jeden pohár,
a tvorstvo přii nám ve objetí.

**Four Choruses for Mixed Voices, op.
29 (B 59)**

6. Místo klekání

(Text: poem by Adolf Heyduk)

Pasou v rubanisku stáda pastevníci,
na pleci halenu, irák nízko v líci.
Sala na vrcholku toho rubaniska,
a dole pod horou ukrvá se víska.
A v té výšce malé frajerenka mladá,
z lásky v srdělenku způvanky si skládá.
Když je uhajkovi vzduchu zahlaholí,
zní to, že se vecko zazelená v poli.
Jemu ten způvonek jako zvonek zvoní,
když na tvrdé lože k modlitbám se kloní.
Jemu ten způvonek ze sna na salai
mátohy a slzy jako anděl plačí.
Knůzi na modlení za chlapce nenoste,
rad za to o způvanky frajerečku prostě.
7. Ukolébavka
(Text: poem by Adolf Heyduk)
Junoíku, plný chrtíků, hlávko lysá,
Pospi svatě, mamuka tu pokolíšá.
Tím oáčkem sokolíčkem neprohlédni:
budeš máti kolíbatí třeba ke dni.
Today the great book of poetry
is widely opened,
today every string of the universe
is tended toward jest and truth alike.
And the sky is shining, the air is
vibrating,
today one song is pervading the Earth,
today Earth and Heaven are like one
cup,
and Creation is entangled in deep
embrace.
6. Evening's Blessing
Herdsman on the mountainside are
herding their flocks,

with the mock on the shoulder, and
the hat low over the face.

Their cottage is on the top of that
mountainside,

and below under the mountain, a
hamlet is hiding.

And in that tiny hamlet, a young and
fair maiden,

out of her heart's love, is composing
herself songs.

When she sends her songs up to her
lad,

the sound of it turns everything in the
field green.

That song rings to him like a bell,

when he bows for prayer on his hard
bed.

From him, dreaming in his cottage,
that song

chases away shades and tears, like an
angel.

Priests, do not bother about praying
for the lad,

rather bid the fair maid to sing her
songs for him.

7. Cradle Song

Little child, with full lips, bold-headed,

sleep blissfully, mama will rock you.

Do not bother about looking with your
little hawk's eye,

whether your mother will rock you
until the day or not.

Put your golden, round little paws
down,

Ěapky zlaté baculaté, poloř dolŮ,

jsouĚ jak perce nebemŮrce ze sokolŮ.

Ukryj ty je, mř lilie, do podu%oky,

sen jřř k ouku chce, zlatouku, na pouky.

Spi jen! V dennř probuzenř ěeka tebe

peřř skvostnř z ohřochvostnř bludky
nebe.

Vak ař v trati bude střti mŮsic v novu,

k hranř, plesu, harfu snesu Davidovu.

8. Nepovřm

(Text: Moravian folk poem)

U studřnky střla, napřjela přva,

povŮz mnŮ, dŮveřko, sivrř holubiřko,

esli mja mř rřda.

A jř ti nepovřm, nebo sama nevřm,

pfijjdi k nřm dnes veřer,

ař sa mamky zdovřm, teprv jř ti povřm.

A jř k vřm pfijjedu na vranřm konřřku,

a si ho uvřřu na vau jedliřku,

o břlu stuziřku.

Ta nae jedliřka pfieblahoslavenř,

za lřta, za zimy, dycky je zelenř.

9. OputŮnř

(Text: Moravian folk poem)

Dyř ty's mŮ nechtŮla, mŮlas mnŮ
povŮdřt,

mŮlas mne za sebou dvŮ lřta nevodit.

DvŮ lřta nevodit, mŮlas mnŮ dřt
zprřvu,

mŮlas, mŮlas nesedřvat na prahu.

Rokyta, rokyta, rokytov proutek,

ponesu pro tebe dvŮ lřta zřrmutek.

they are like a falcon's wings, reaching
toward the sky.

Hide them, my lily, under the cover,

a dream will whisper into your little
ear, golden child.

Just sleep! At the day's awakening are
awaiting you

the magnificent feathers of the sky's
fiery-tailed illusion.

However, when the new moon will
stand in its trail,

I will bring down David's harp, to play
at the ball.

8. I Won't Tell

She stood by the well, gave the
peacock to drink,

tell me, my maiden, my ash-grey dove,

if you are fond of me.

Well, I won't tell you, as I do not know
it myself,

come to us tonight,

when I will find out from my mother,
only then will I tell you.

Then I will come to you on my raven-
black horse,

and I will fix it to your fir-tree,

with a white ribbon.

That fir-tree of ours, full of eternal
bliss,

in summer, in winter, it is always
green.

9. The Forsaken One

If you did not want me, you should
have told me,

you should not have let me run after
you two years.

Rather, you should have sent me word,

instead of sitting on the threshold.

Willow-tree, weeping willow, willow-
twig,

because of you I will pass two years of
grief.

Little green fir-tree, do not shed off
your needles,

Jedliřko zelenř, neopoutŮj chvojř,

jak mŮ opustilo moje potŮenř.

Jedliřko zelenř, neopoutŮj vrka,

jak mŮ opustila mř panenka hezkř.

Dyř ty's mŮ nechtŮla, mŮlas mnŮ
povŮdřt,

Je tvé černé oči nechcú na mě hledět.
A ak budú rády pohledávat po mně,
dyť se mně ablička po zemi potáhne.

Russian Songs (B 603)

(Texts: from Pyesni ruskoga naroda by
M. Bernard, translated into Czech)

10. Povylétla holubice

Povylétla holubice pode strání,
spadlo jí tu sívě pírko znenadání.
Jak tei pírku sívěmu tam teskno bývá,
tak i ten, kdo osifí, jen smutek mívá.
Holub létne pfies údolí, vrká, touží,
po sívě jej holubůnce teskno soulí.
Statň mládec ulicemi v temnu krááí,
ku okénku drahé dívky kroky stááí.
Neslyí-li, radosti má, nebo dfiímá,
Je ni slůvkem hoch a návrat nepfijímá?
Já bych ráda, sil se mi vak nedostává,
Je tu, řel, kdos nemilň dnes u mne
spává!
11. áím jsem já tů rozhnůvala
áím jsem já tů rozhnůvala,
lásko má, ty fiekni sám!
Tím, ře láskou jsem jen plála
a tei neklid v dui mám?
just like my heart's delight abandoned
me.
Little green fir-tree, do not shed off
your tip,
just like my comely maiden abandoned
me.

If you did not want me, you should
have told me,
that your black eyes do not want to
look on me.
And yet they will readily turn their
heads after me,
when behind me a saber will drag over
the ground.

10. Yearning

A dove flew up from down by the
hillside,
when suddenly she lost there a grey
feather.
Just like for that grey feather nothing
but longing is left,
thus has he, who is orphaned, nothing
but sadness left.

A pigeon flies over the valley, cooing
and longing,

tormented by desire for his grey dove.

A stately gallant is walking in the dark
streets,

turning his steps toward the window
of his dear maiden.

Do you not hear, my heart's delight, or
are you slumbering,

that you do not even with a word
greet your lad's return?

I would like to, but I have no power
left in me,

for alas, someone undear sleeps with
me today!

11. Stolen Love, Stolen Beauty

With what did I anger you,
my love, say it yourself!

Therewith, that I was burning with love
and now have unrest in my soul?
he peace and strength of my youth

Mír a sílu mládí svého

ráda já ti spůla dát:

vím a zfiím vak, jak jen vzdychá,
asi jinou má už rád.

Tvou jak znát jsem vůrnost můla,

dávajíc ti lásku svou?

Já i mfiit jsem pro tů chtůla,

řel, mám sudbu nečastnou.

Dál tů ráda mám, aš strádám,

pláá mou tržeá nezmůfií.

Ó, jak líto mi, jak líto

tůch mch rusch kadefií!

Ne jak dfiív po řadru bílém

splétají se ozdobou,

splvají jen proudem volňm

nesáesány na hrui mou.

V záti své je rozpoutává

kráska zlá a vzdálená,

řárlivá ta kráska cizí,

kterou milň v lásce má.

12. Mladá, půkná krasavice

Mladá, půkná krasavice, plné, bílé líce,

v údol zala ranní chvíle pro kaliny bílé.

Kaliny si natrhala, vázajíc je, stála,

hodila pak v tichém tkání na cestu je v
stráni.

Na cestu je rozsypala, milého si řdála:

Vraě se hochu, mŮj ty sladkň, vraě se
srdce zpátky!

Z Ukrajiny hle, v tu chvíli mládenešek
píli,

jeho vranň koník tmí se, plátík svůtle
skví se.

Koilenka z tenkch nití jen se na nům
svítí,

dostal ji co dárek z lásky od kupecké
krásky.

I gladly sped to give you:

I know and I see however, how you
only sigh,

maybe you are already fond of
someone else.

How should I have known your
faithfulness,

while giving you my love?

I even wanted to die for you,

alas, I have an unfortunate destiny.

I am still fond of you, even though I
suffer,

my weeping does not match my
torment.

Oh, how I pity, what a pity of

those ruddy hairlocks of mine!

Not like before over my white bosom

they fall like a decoration,

now they are freely blending

over my chest, uncombed.

In her ill-will unties them

an evil and distant beauty,

envious is that strange beauty,

whom my dear has in his heart.

12. The Unfaithful Lover Imprisoned

A young and comely beauty, with full,
white cheeks,

went one early morning into the
valley, for white guelder roses.

She plucked guelder roses, and tying
them she stood still,

then, silently sobbing, threw them on
the road by the hillside.

She spread them out on the road,
asking her dear:

Return, my lad, come back, my
sweetheart!

Look, from Ukraine in that moment a
young man is speeding,

his raven-black horse a dark, distant
spot, his bright coat lighting.

His shirt made from thin cloth is
merely shining on him,

he got it as a gift out of love from a
merchant's beauty.

Ah, my bright falcon, you my
handsome lad,

you are truly not destined for a
merchant's daughter.

Ach, můj sokolíku jasn, ty můj synku
krásn,

nejsi souzen ty vůru pro kupeckou
dceru.

PfiestaÀ dvořiti se té krásce, pfiestaÀ
mít ji v lásce,

jinak chytit já rad dám tů, pouty
přikováám tů.

Poutati mne nedej, máti, do vůzení
dátí,

spí mne spoutej ku bílému lůžku
panenskému.

13. Cořpak, můj holoubku

Cořpak, můj holoubku, nevesel se zdá,

nevesel se zdá, pročpak žalost má?

Včera holubůnka družkou byla mou,

družkou byla mou, bavila mne hrou.

Seděla mi blíže, penku zobajíc,

dnes mi nejde vstříc, nůžnů vrkajíc.

Zastřelil ji zrána, zabil řlovůk zř,

zabil řlovůk zř, sluha bojarskř.

A co ty, můj mládě, nevesel se zdá,

nevesel se zdá, pročpak žalost má?

Včera u mne stála dívka rozkoná,

dívka rozkoná, pila jako já.

Pivo pila z řže s řieří veselou,

s řieří veselou ruku dala svou.

Ruku dala bílou, ře pr bude má,

a ře vřát se má due ubohá!

A ře má se vřávat, svatbu chystají,

já vak nestrádám, ře ji vřávají.

Proto, ře se vřá mi, nechci vůru lkát,

jen, ře soused ná% má ji řenou zřát!

Stop courting that beauty, stop having
her in your heart,

otherwise I'll have you caught, in
shackles I'll cast you.

Do not let them shackle me, mother,
or imprison me,

rather tie me to the white, maidenly
bed.

13. The Lost Bride

What is it, my pigeon, that you seem
unhappy,

you seem unhappy, why do you have
sorrow?

Yesterday a dove was my mate,

she was my mate, amused me with her
game.

She was sitting close to me, picking
wheat,

today she does not welcome me,
gently cooing.

They shot her in the early morning, an
evil person killed her,

an evil person killed her, the servant of
a boyar.

And what about you, my youngster,
you seem unhappy,

you seem unhappy, what sorrow do
you have?

Yesterday stood by me a charming
maiden,

a charming maiden, she drank just like
me.

She drank beer from a cup, merrily
talking,

and merrily talking she gave me her
hand.

She gave me her white hand, saying
she would be mine,

and now that poor soul has to marry!

And now she has to marry, they are
preparing her wedding,

however, I am not suffering because
they are marrying her off.

Herefore, that she will marry, I truly do
not want to cry,

it is just, that our neighbor will call her
his wife!

14. Impatient Love

A flower was blooming in May, it
withered again,

14. Zkvétal, zkvétal v máji květ

Zkvétal, zkvétal v máji květ, povadnul
zas,

a můl mne rád mil' můj, vak odjel vdál.

Odejel mi priedrah' na krátk čas,

ne na dlouhou dobu, vím, na chvíli pr'!

Chvíle trvá, fiíkají, po cel den,

a den se nám, fiíkají, jak t' den zdá.

T' den mŮĚ, fiíkají, jako rok bt,

a mil' můj do můsta pr musil jít.

Já se za ním, dívka ctná, nehoním vak,

aĚ za mnou on, due má, se honí sám.

Za mm vlasem nádhern' m, za
ruāinkou,

za postavou líbeznou a krásou mou!

15. Jako mhou se tmí

Jako mhou se tmí mofie vzdálené,

lehla tr' zeĀ v reka srdce souġené.

V iré dāli té pole lán se tmŮl,

kolem vrouben zelenavou doubravou.

Vprostříd stālo v ní zlaté návří,

na nŮm vznícen ohníāek tam plāpolal.

U ohníāku blíí na pokr' vce sám

odpoāíval chrabr', sir mlādenec.

Z iré dāli, z dāli a z blízka tēí

k nŮmu hlouāek táhnul bratříí,
soudruhŮ.

Na svatou ti mlādenec zvou tēi Rus.

Ale mlādec chrabr odpovídā jim:

and my dear was fond of me, but he
went far away.

Away went my dearest for a short
time,

not for long, I know, for a moment, he
said!

They say a moment can last a whole
day,

and a day can seem to us like a week,
they say.

A week can be like a year, they say,

and my love said he must go to town.

However, as an honorable maid, I
won't run after him,

let him, my soul, run after me himself.

For my beautiful hair, for my little
hand,

for my gracious stature and my
beauty!

15. Nostalgia

Just like mist turns the distant sea
dark,

torment filled a hero's suffering heart.

In the wide distance the field
darkened,

around the green, wild hedge.

In the middle of it stood a golden
hillock,

and on it a kindled little fire was
dancing.

Nearby that little fire, all alone on a
cover,

was resting a desolate, young gallant.

From the wide distance, from far and
near alike,

approached him a handful of his
brother comrades.

Then they called the young man to
holy Russia.

But to them the young gallant
responded:

Na svatou jen, soudruzí, spŮjte Rus,

mnŮ uĚ chvíle smrti nyní táhne blíí.

Otcí, máti úklonou vzdejte āest,

pozdrav dejte rodinŮ mé vzdálené.

Do ātverch pak stran, které má ten
svŮt,

mal' m dítkām vzkaġte poġehnaní mé!

16. Ach, vy fiíāky umivé

Ach, vy fiíāky umivé, ach vy vlnky
chlādivé,

druġky milé, pojġte v sad, pomozte mnŮ
zaplakat!

Pomozte mi hlasnŮ lkāt, pġemilého
druha zvāt,

proā uĚ ke mnŮ nespŮchá, āi ho nŮkdo
v moci má.

Milā jeho dġívŮjġ za ruku ho jímala,

a ta druhā milenā ūsta jeho líbala.

Tġietí milā la vġdy s ním pġies dvŮr v
noci

zjasnŮné,

mā on vŮru, mil' můj, zahrady tġií
zelené.

V první, jata ġalostí, kukaāka si kukā
jen,

ve druhé zas ve kfioví slavík ġiíí písnŮ
sten,

ve tġietí tam v zákoutí hruka kvete
bŮlavā,

pod tou hrukou samotnā mladā dívkā
sedāvā.

Vzlyká, v plāāi schoulenā, ġal ġí srdce
rozdírā,

sáteākem si būlostnřm hojnř slzy utřř.

17. Mladice ty krásná

Mladice ty krásná, nejkrásnřjř,

vojaāko ty, pluku nejmilejř!f

Proā se sama mřstem prochāzřvā,

āi snad po milāāku netouřřvā?

Ba, jā touřřm po svřm nejmilejřm,

Just speed, comrades, to holy Russia,

the moment of my death is already
approaching.

To my father and mother pass my
respect,

and give my greeting to my distant
family.

Then to the four wind-sides of the
Earth,

send word of my blessing to the
infants!

16. Nature's Lament

Ah, you sparkling brooklets, ah you
cool wavelets,

dear friends, come into the orchard,
help me weep!

Help me loudly lament, to call on my
dearest mate,

why he no longer speeds to me, lest
someone holds him in force.

His first sweetheart caught him by the
hand,

and his second lover was kissing his
lips.

The third used to join him through the
courtyard by bright nights,

truly, my dear, he has three green
gardens.

In the first one, caught by sorrow, a
cuckoo merely cuckoos,

in the second, a nightingale in a bush
spreads its moaning song,

in the third, in a quiet corner there,
blooms a pale pear tree,

and under that pear tree a lonely
young maiden is sitting.

Sobbing, crouched in her lament, grief
tears her heart apart,

with a white cloth she tries to dry her
incessantly flowing tears.

17. Soldier Maid's Pride

You pretty youngster, most beautiful,

soldier maid, you regiment's favorite!

Why are you walking alone through
the town,

are you not longing for your
sweetheart?

Certainly I long for my dearest,

but he is not in this region.

takovřho není v svřtř zdejřm.

On je zdrav, krásnř, muřř, řřādnř,

z hochř se mu nevyrovnnā řřādn.

Ale mil hlavu tvrdou mřvā,

pohādāli jsme se, jak to bvā.

Chci se smřřit s nřm a přiece vāhām,

pokofit se přied nřm, to se zdrāhām.

Vzkazovat mu, třř mne trochu mřřlř,

a tak poākām, āř se veāer schřřlř.

Pak, řř noci tmām se nevyhřbām,

sama přřjdu k nřmu a jej zřřbām!

18. Po mātuce, mocnř Volze

Po mātuce, mocnř Volze

celou iroirou dālř,

pohoda se rozesmāla,

āistā pohodřnka krásnā!

Na vlnāch nic není zřřitř,

jenom āernā loř se kvā.

U kormidla vysedāvā

lodi pān, to v atř zvlātnřm.

Kaftan hnřdř na nřm splřvā,

kamizola z lātky vzācnř.

A tu pān vem rozkaz dāvā:

veslem zaveslujte rāzřm,

po mātuce dobrř Volze,

k Alenuky krāmř znāmř.

Alenuka vyla z vrātek

He is healthy, handsome, manly,
respectable,

none of the lads can measure up to
him.

But my dear can be heard-headed,

we quarreled, as sometimes happens.

I want to reconcile with him and yet I
doubt,

I am reluctant to humiliate myself
before him.

Sending him word, that I find not in
place either,

and therefore I wait until the evening
draws near.

Then, when the dark of the night falls, I
won't dodge,

out of my own I'll go to him and I'll kiss
him all over!

18. Mother Volga

Over the motherly, mighty Volga,

over its entire width and distance,

fair weather was joyfully shining,

like a pure and beautiful smile!

On the waves is nothing to see,

just a black boat, slowly rocking.

At the rudder is sitting

the boatmaster, in an odd dress.

A brown mantle is hanging over him,

and a shirt from precious cloth.

And there the master commands to all:

Firmly pull your oars,
ver the good and motherly Volga,
to Alenushka's well-known tavern.
Alenushka came out of the wicket
with her sweet and pretty daughter.
se svou dcerkou milokrásnou.

“Nezazlívej, pane vzácně,
v něm si chodí, v tom tů vítá:
v koilence z tenké tkáně,

v blavněné jupce pouhé!”

19. Na políčku bříza tam stála

Na políčku bříza tam stála,
kudrnatá břížečka tam stála,
hejsa, hejsa, tam stála!

Není, kdo by břízu tu skácel,
není, kdo by břížečku tu skácel,
hejsa, hejsa, tu břízu!

Procházkou se tou neztrmácím,
půjdu tam a břížečku tu skácím,
hejsa, hejsa, ji skácím!

Ufíiznu té břízy tří proutky,
píěalky z nich zrobím podle choutky,
hejsa, hejsa, tří proutky!

átvrtou udělám balalajku,
budu na ni hrávat tam v hájku,
hejsa, hejsa, tam v hájku!

20. Vyjdu já si podle říčky

Vyjdu já si podle říčky,
v bystrě proud se zahledím,
zda neuvidím hochu svého,
srdci mému předraženého.

“Do not be offended, distinguished
master,

she is welcoming you in her everyday
dress:

in a shirt from fine tissue,
merely in a cotton skirt!”

19. The Birch Tree

On a small field there stood a birch,
a curly little birch stood over there,
heysa, heysa, it was standing there!

There is none who would fell that
birch,

there is none who would fell that little
birch,

heysa, heysa, that birch over there!

From that walk I will not get tired,

I go there and fell that little birch,

heysa, heysa, I fell it!

I cut three rods from that birch,

from those, I make pipes to my liking,

heysa, heysa, three rods!

Of the fourth, I make a balalaika,

I will play on it there in the wood,

heysa, heysa, there in the wood!

20. The Lover's Return

I will go out for a walk along the brook,

I will gaze into its fast-flowing stream,

to look whether I do not see my lad,

him who is most dear to my heart.

Hochu svého bvalého,

líbezného nad jiné!

Ach, co už bylo povídání,

že už není živ snad ani!

Beze stop se náhle ztratil,

ale večer pojednou zas

na ulici stál, kde stával,

hlasitě si pohvízdával.

Ke mně nehléd na okénko,

ať tam na okénku mém přec

ležel pozdrav jeho dŮvy,

celá snítka vinné révy.

Vino už je plně zralé,

a můj milě bŮloučkě, je

bŮloučkě a kudrnatě,

svobodně a neženatě!

21. Na tom naem námůstí

Na tom naem námůstí,

na irokém námůstí,

procháze se tam dívky,

lakuje ve tůstí.

Jedna nad ve krásnější,

v copech pentli vzácnější,

zaptala hochu svému,

z due nejupřímnější:

“Vím, že má mne, hochu, rád,

a já svou se touím stát,

nuže vůz, že otec rodně

záhy chce tů synem zvat.”

My former lad,

sweeter than any other!

Ah, what stories there where,

even that he is no longer alive!

Without a trace, he suddenly
disappeared,

but one evening again, all of a sudden,

he stood on the street, where he used
to stand,

loudly whistling.

He did not glance to my window,

although there by my window

was lying a greeting from his maiden,
a whole vine full of grapes.

The wine is already fully ripe,
and my fair-skinned beloved,
fair-skinned and curly-haired,
is bachelor and unmarried!

21. The Favorite's Consent

On that town square of ours,
on that wide town square,
maidens were walking there,
merrily trifling.
One of them, prettier than all others,
with precious ribbons in her braids,
whispered to her lad,
from a most sincere heart:
"I know you are fond of me, my lad,
and I am longing to become yours,
so be sure that my own father
will soon call you son-in-law."

22. Já si zasil bez orání

Já si zasil bez orání
konopí tam pode strání,
hejsa, hej, hopsa, hejsa,
bez orání pode strání.
Ej, už setba znenadání
tíhlá stébla povyhání,
hejsa, hej, hopsa, hejsa,
lístky ífíí bez ustání.
Oj, už na nich, jak den vstává,
vzácný ptáček posedává,
hejsa, hej, hopsa, hejsa,
kanárek tam pfiilétává.
Ach, jak sudba divnů soudí,

kdo se ření, āasto bloudí,
hejsa, hej, hopsa, hejsa,

kdo se ření, āasto bloudí!
Já mŭl vŭdŭt, jak to bŭvā,
ře, kdo řenat, potíí mívā!
Hejsa, hej, hopsa, hejsa,
svobodnŭm se lehce zpívā!

23. Oj, ty luāní kaāko malā

Oj, ty luāní kaāko malā,
kde jsi spala, nocovala?
Hejsa, hejsa, nocovala.
Spala jsem jā na luāinŭ,
ve rozkvetlé ve kfiovinŭ,
hejsa, hejsa, ve kfiovinŭ.
-li a pfie%li cestou kolem
veselí dva mlādci polem,
hejsa, hejsa, mlādci polem.

22. The Harvest of Marriage

I sowed without ploughing,
hemp there down by the hillside,
heysa, hey, hopsa, heysa,
without ploughing down by the
hillside.
Hey, earlier than expected the seeds
are sprouting up thin stalks,
heysa, hey, hopsa, heysa,
leaflets are spreading incessantly.
Oh, already when the day awakens,
a precious little bird is sitting on them,
heysa, hey, hopsa, heysa,
a canary lands on it.
Ah, how odd is destiny's judgment,
who marries, often errs,

heysa, hey, hopsa, heysa,
who marries, often errs!

I should have known, how it goes,
that who is married has trouble!

Heysa, hey, hopsa, heysa,
bachelors have easy singing!

23. Drinking Song

Oh, you little meadow duck,
where did you sleep and pass the dark
night?
Heysa, heysa, pass the dark night.
I slept on the meadow,
in the blooming thicket,
heysa, heysa, in the thicket.
Following the path around it,
two merry youngsters passed the
meadow,
heysa, heysa, passed the meadow.

Po prouteāku ulomili,

piĚalky si urobili,
hejsa, hejsa, urobili.
Na piĚalky nezahuite,
tatíka mi neprobuite,
hejsa, hejsa, neprobuite.
Tatík dfiíme po opiāce,
māma vafíí ve vesniāce,
hejsa, hejsa, ve vesniāce.
Vafíí mladé pivo zdravé,
stāāí vĭno zelenavé,
hejsa, hejsa, zelenavé.
Hostíí zetŭ mladistvého,
synka svĕho milenĕho,
hejsa, hejsa, milenĕho.

24. V poli zrají vinŭ

V poli zrají vinů, proč to nejsou třienů,
miloval jsi, polaskal jsi, proč si nebere
mů?

La, la, tralala, ...

Hoj, blíž pole loučka, kvítí se v ní bůlá,
dívčina tam trávu řála, černé řasy
můla.

La, la, tralala, ...

Jedna hora přikrá, druhá zas je nízká,

jedna milá daleká je, druhá zcela
blízká.

La, la, tralala, ...

Hoj, ta, co je blízká, voly má a krávy,
daleká zas černé řasy hebáí nad
hedvábí.

La, la, tralala, ...

Each one of them broke a twig,
they made themselves pipes of it,
heysa, heysa, that's what they made.

Do not blow on the pipes,

do not awake my daddy,

heysa, heysa, do not wake him.

Dad is sleeping off his debauch,

mom is brewing in the village,

heysa, heysa, in the village.

She is brewing young, wholesome
beer,

and tapping greenish young wine,

heysa, heysa, greenish young wine.

She is treating her young son-in-law,

her beloved son-in-law,

heysa, heysa, her beloved.

24. The Lover's Resolve

In the field are ripening berries, why
are they not cherries,

you loved me, you fondled me, why do
you not marry me?

La, la, tralala, ...

Hey, near the field is a meadow, in it
bloom white flowers,

a maiden was mowing grass there, she
had black eye-lashes.

La, la, tralala, ...

One mountain is steep, the other again
is low,

one sweetheart is distant, the other
quite near.

La, la, tralala, ...

Hey, the one who is nearby has oxen
and cows,

but the distant one has black eyelashes
softer than silk.

La, la, tralala, ...

Hoj, ta, co je blízká, kořein má řůrky,
daleká jen oboří má tenké jako řůrky.

La, la, tralala, ...

Hoj, to já té blízké radůj přiece vzdám
se,

za dalekou sám teř honem na námluvy
dám se!

La, la, tralala, ...

25. Oj, kráě havran čern

Oj, kráě, kráě, kráě havran čern,

kde se v hloubku údol níř,

oj, pláě, pláě kozáěek to mládec

nad osudu svého tříř.

Oj, kráě, kráě stále havran čern,

tam, kde louka vřoubí řířku,

oj, pláě, pláě kozáěek to mládec

na konířku, na vřanířku.

Ach, koni vřrn, poskoř pod svřm
pánem,

rozbij, po řem řrdce touř,

mou třhu řálnou roznes loukou dálnou,
aě se kozák neusouř.

Oj, letř kozák po půinů úzké,

slzami se třřř mu stář:

"Kde je má chřva, stafienka má vlřdná,

ta se jřř pro mne třář.

Oj, vzpomeř na mne, moje stará
chřvo,

kdyř se u nás ráno snřá."

"Ach, moje dřř v cizř zemi strádá,

přřřteř tam neuhřřá!"

"Oj, vzpomeř na mne, tř má stará
chřvo,

kdyř se u nás veěřřřř."

"Ach, to mé dřř z cizř zemů dálné

zpráviřkou se neořřřá!"

Hey, the one who is nearby has lots of
furs,

but the distant one has eyebrows thin
as strings.

La, la, tralala, ...

Hey, the nearby one I rather abandon,

as for the distant one, I now go right
off to court her.

La, la, tralala, ...

25. The Lonely Cossack

Oh, crowing, crowing is a black rook,

where the valley descends into the
depth,

oh, crying, crying is a young cossack

over the burden of his fate.

Oh, crowing, still crowing is the black
rook,

there, where the meadow borders the
brook,

oh, crying, crying is the young cossack

on his little, raven-black horse.

Ah, faithful horse, jump under your master,
destroy, what my heart is longing for,
spread my burden of grief over the distant meadow,
do not let a cossack suffer to death.
Oh, the cossack is speeding on a narrow path,
his face drowned in tears:
"Where is my nanny, old and loving,
she is certainly worrying about me.
Oh, remember me, my old nanny,
at the morning table in our home."
"Oh, my child suffers in a strange land,
where one will not find friends!"
"Oh, remember me, you my old nanny,
at the evening table in our home."
"Oh, that child of mine, from a strange and distant land
he does not send us word of him!"

CD 39

Three Male Choruses on Folk Texts, op. 43 (B 76) (With 4-hand piano accompaniment)

From a Bouquet of Slavonic Folksongs Op.43*

1. Ľal

(Text: Slovak folk poem)

Travička zelená, kadú já chodievám,

lebo ju já āasto slzami polievám.

Ústa mi zpievajú, oāi sa mi smŕjú,

ale od srdēāka slzy sa mi lejú.

Nie proto si zpievám, bych bola veselá,

ale proto zpievám, bych Ľiale zabola.

Ľiale moje, Ľiale smutné, osiralé,

ako ta rosiāka na zelenej trāvú.

Jetŭ tu rosiāku vŭtrĭāek oduje,

a māa zarmŭcenŭ nik nŭpolutuje!

2. Divná voda

(Text: Moravian folk poem)

Na tom naem dvofie, to je voda, BoĽe!

Kdo se jĭ napije, zapomnŭt nemoĽe.

Napil se jĭ, napil, ohajĭāek z rāna,

nemohel zapomnŭt do svatēho Jana.

Do svatēho Jana, do svatē Trojice,

nemohel zapomnŭt svē varné dievāice.

3. Dŭvāe v hāji

(Text: Slovak folk poem)

Vidŭl som dievāatko po hāji zelŭnom,

āo mu tŭkly slzy po lĭāku āervenom,

Ľalostno plakala i lomila ruce,

nŭmohla ukrotĭe svoje smutné srdce.

Ztratila som poklad od srdéäka mého,
ako ta hrdliäka, äo ztrati milého,
keï sa jej chce píti, lúti na studniäku,
trepoce krídlama, zamúti vodiäku.

Bouquet of Czech Folk Songs Op.41

4. Zaveden oväák

Pase oväák, pase ovce,
v pôkném zeleném klobouce,
pase na kopeäku v bñeïovém hájeäku.

Pod dubem tu znenadáni dvû panenky
stály.

Oväák jim dal dobr veäer, ony se mu
smály.

Jedna byla celä bílá jako holubiäka,
druhá k nûmu vitofiila jako vlatoviäka.

Poji ovääku, poji ty s náma,

poäkej u nás äï do rána,

a ty tvoje ovce, äë je pase kdo chce.

Vzaly jsou ho za ruäiäku, do hor s nima
zael,

svch oveäek a chaloupky nikdy více
nenael.

5. Úmysl milenáin

Äï odtud pojede, müj holeäku,

jä pûjdu za tebou, pûjdu za vojaäku.

Co bys, má panenka, co bys tam
dûlala?

Vídyè bys mü ve vojsku nepoznala.

Udûlala bych se malm ptáäkem,

Snäela bych se ti nad klobouäkem.

Udûlala bych se vlatoviäkou,

snäela bych se ti nad hlaviäkou.

6. Kalina

Proä kalino v struze stojí?

Zda-li ty se sucha boji?

Kdybych já se sucha bála,

jetû bych já hloubûj stála.

Proä kalino kalin nemá

a jimi se neäervenä?

Jä jsem kalin dosti müla

a jimi se äervenala.

Svrchu ptäci ozobali,

z dûli panny olämały.

Käldä panna hochu svému

a já smutná nemám komu.

Ach, kdybych já komu müla,

byla bych si pñiispiila.

7. äesk Diogenes

Blaze tomu, kdo nic nemá,

nestará se, kam to schová.

Smûle lehne, smûle vstane,

ïädnej mu nic neukradne.

Choral Songs B66

8. Pfievozníäek

(Text: Moravian folk poem)

ly düväätkä na jahody

a to pofiäd podle vody,

nadely tam pfievoñníäka,

pfievarného ohajjäka.

Oj Janiäku, pfievozníäku,

pfievez ty nás pfies vodiäku.

Veäky panny popfieväïal,

jenom svojû milû nechal.

Oj Janiäku, pfievez i mäa,

zaplatím ti jako jinä.

Nemám äluna ani vesla,

vecko mi to voda znesla.

Mä ty älunek a i veslo,

ale tebe blúdí pestvo.

Sedni milä na lodiäku,

pfievezu äa pfies vodiäku.

Jak dojeli prostfied vody,

stupoval jí do slobody.

Nestupaj mnû do slobody

neï mia dovez na kraj vody.

Jak dojeli na krajíäek,

vyhodil ju na trávníäek,

ruce, nohy jí urûbal,

äerné oäi jí vylûpal.

Odeel ju na pûl mäe,

Poäuval ju, ïiva-li je.

Vr plakala, vr zpívala,

vr na Janoka volala:

Ach Janiäku, srdce moje,

kam si podûl nohy moje?

Tam jsû tvoje bílé nohy,

u Dunaja na tom poli.

Ach Janiäku, srdce moje,

kam si podûl ruce moje?

kam si podûl oäi moje?

kam si podûl vlasy moje?

A ty tvoje äerné vlasy

po Dunaju vûtr plaí.

9. Milenka traviäka

(Text: Moravian folk poem)

Ty milotské zvony pûknû vyzváäajû,

lidé povídajû: co to znamenajû?

Jedni povídajû: pûtníäkové idû,

druzí povídajû: pochovávat budû.

Pochovávat budú jednej vdovy syna,

co ho otrávil galanečka milá.

Nesáasná galanko, jak na pohrieb
pújde?

Nesáasná galanko, jak nafiikat bude?

10. Huslafi

(Text: poem by Adolf Heyduk)

Já jsem huslafi přieuboh,

nemám jen tu hfiivnu,

a přiec vudy se mi dafií,

kam irákem k'vnu,

Kam paličku poodlořím,

trávník puří kvûtem,

a kdyř slařk strunky hladí,

radost letí svûtem.

Mé písečky polní kvítí,

ono řadra zdobí,

důvřátka z tûch sladk'ch zvukû

péřečka si robí.

Nedbám vûru o nikoho,

tfieba bez osochu,

je v kytici dozajista

plnch kvûtû trochu.

A v kařdičkém takém kvûtu

pohar umné vûnû,

by se tûil, kdo na lásku

v srdélenu stûnû.

By se tûil, komu slzy

napadaly k líčku,

pro tu milou, miluřičkou

nař svobodíčku.

11. Píseč řecha (B 73)

(Text: poem by Frantiek Jaroslav)

Vacek-Kamenick)

Kde můj je kraj, kde má je vlast?

To jméno má nejvûtř slast!

Není to blud, není to klam,

zemi řeskou za vlast ře mám.

Není zemû jako zemû,

hlas přírody mluví to ke mnû,

a srdce mé volá s plesem,

v řechách ře já jen doma jsem.

Zde jsem zrozen a pûstován,

od matky řeské odchován,

ta pod srdcem mů nosila,

slzami lásky zrosila.

Zde léta jsem prořil mladosti,

zde rajské jsem zařil blahosti.

Protoř volám polem lesem:

v řechách tu já jen doma jsem.

Zde jsem se uřil Boha znát,

co dítû otcem sv'm ho zvát.

Zde můj vzdûláván byl rozum

a zde je můj otcovsk dûm.

Na nûj oko mé rádo patří,

zde sestry mé, moji tu bratřii.

Mnû touha lásky táhne sem,

u nich tu já jen doma jsem.

Five Partsongs Op.27

12. Pomluva

Záhy jsem vstala, vecky zasela

zelené majoránky.

Já řídce sela, hustû mi vzely

a pûknû zpupenûly.

Z jejích jsem listí vila vûnečky

z nař vsi pro důvřátka.

Z jejích jsem kvítkû pletla kytičky

z nař vsi pro mládence.

Jdu, jdu po vesnici, u stûn poslouchám,

s mil'm mne pomlouvají.

Nermuř srdečko, drahá panenka,

polapej ta slovíčka.

Stromoví opadne, drahá panenka,

Nás přiestanou pomlouvat.

Pomofiané

Lajma kfiiří, Lajma ryří,

bosa bûhajíc po horách.

Na horu vystoupivi

uhlédla jsem tfii rybáky

pomofiany blízko mofie.

Nevidûli jste bratřiiřka

na vysokém mofii?

Ej, důvřátko, lilijátko,

u dna mofie hlubokého

utonut spí tvûj bratřiiřek,

písek hryře jeho líce,

vlna vlásky mu promvá.

Pomofiané, kmotřiiřkové,

nevylovíte bratřiiřka

z mofie hlubokého?

Zař jej máme vylovit?

Jednomu dám pás hedvábni,

druhému dám prsten zlat,

tfietímu nemám co dátí,

s tfietím pak se smluvím sama,

s mladm korábníkem.

Korábník je muř stateřn,

umí lodí spravovati

po vûtru i proti vûtru.

Jakŕ se vyhne, uvaruje

pŕied nepŕiáteli svmi?

14. Pŕiŕpovûi lásky

Pŕiŕji, má panenka na jafie v máji,

kdy divy kvetou v matáinû sádku.

Kolem záhonkû zelená routa,

a ve prostŕiedku lilije snûŕné.

V máji utrhnû pestrou kytiáku,

tu já odelu k svému milááku.

Nepodám sama, aniŕ po druŕce,

severnûm vûtrûm dám ji pŕieváti.

Pŕiŕji, mjû milááku, na jafie v máji,

kdy divy kvetou v otcovû sádku.

Kolem zahrádky zelené típky,

a ve prostŕiedku samé jabloaáky.

Potom utrhnû já dvû jablíáka,

ta dvû odelu k svému dûvâátku.

Sám nepodám je, ani po jiném,

teplmi vûtry dám je pŕieváti.

15. Ztracená oveáka

Vâera, vâera za veâera,

ztratila se má ovâiáka.

Hej, kdoŕ mi hledat pomûŕe

mou oveáku jedinkou?

la jsem prosit denici,

mne denice odbvá:

Ráno ohníáek slunci

musím rozdûlávat.

la jsem prosit veâernici,

veâernice mne odbvá:

Musím veâer lûŕko

Pro slunéáko stlávat.

la jsem prosit mûsíáek,

mûsíáek mi odpovídá:

Meáem mne rozpûlili,

smutná je líce moje.

la jsem prosit slunéáko,

Mnû slunéáko odpovídá:

Devûť dní ji hledat budu

a na desátŕ nezajdu.

16. Hostina

I vafiil vrabeáek piviáko, vrabec,

na hostinu vecky si ptááky svolal.

Vrabec tu na skoánu soviáku vyzval,

i lápnul panence sovínce na prst,

Soviáka jde k soudu, do plûtku vrabec,

dam dali dam, dali dam.

Two Irish Songs B601

17. Drah Konnor

Mûj Konnor má tváfie jak âervená rûŕe,

a pŕiŕroda kadefiŕ králŕi mu skrâá.

Jen perla s nûm v léposti závodit mûŕe,

a dech jeho pŕiekoná kvetoucí strâá.

V radosti nûŕné v samotû dlíme,

on po horách krááŕŕ vûdy za stínem mm.

Srdce mé v blahém touŕení, kdyŕ na se zŕííme,

Konnor milááek mûj, on mŕm potûením.

18. Návtûva

Nuŕ, zdobte se kvítím, aè zaplane záfi,

dnes rekovnou vojína uzŕííme tváfŕi.

Aè ŕalu, aè strasti dnes domov ná prost,

k nám zavítá v dnenŕ den ŕelan host.

On do boje spûchá vûdy s potûením,

on útûchu pŕiináŕ porobenŕm.

On domov svûj opoutŕ, by chránil vlast,

tu novinu zvûstujte vem krajinám:

on vítûzem vracŕi se dnes z boje k nám.

Moravian Duets B107

19. Dyby byla kosa nabŕóená

20. ípek

21. Holub na javofie

22. Veleè, vtááku

23. Zelenaj se, zelenaj

24. Domov mûj

(Text: Anonymous; Music: Largo from Dvoŕiák's New World

Symphony; Arrangement: Wouter Tukker)

Domov mûj, vlasti má milá...

Vlasti má milená, je to jako sen

ŕe tû zas spatŕiit mám, nadeel mi den.

Co jsem se nabloudil, proel cel svûť,

co jsem se nastrádal, mnohch zaŕil bûd!

Matiáka nejdraŕe po mnû touŕí tam,

raduj se, srdce mé, vûdy to není klam,

zas tû uzŕíit mám, pokoj srdci dám.

Domov mûj...

Co jsem se nabloudil, proel cel svûť,

co jsem se nastrádal, mnohch zaŕil bûd!

Sladká chvíle jŕí opûť je mnû blŕí,

vlasti obraz záfiŕ ve mnû,

a po hroudû rodné zemû touŕí due má.

Matiáka osvûŕí srdce znavené,

ať se zas navrátím tam do vlasti své.

Zdá se mi, že slyím drahé matky hlas,

zdá se mi, líbám zas její hebk vlas.

Matko má, milená, zas tů uziřít mám,

raduj se, srdce mé, vždyť to není klam,

zas tů uziřít mám, pokoj srdci dám.

Domov můj...

English Sungtexts

From a Bouquet of Slavonic Folksongs Op.43*

1. Sorrow

Green is the field of grass, on which
my footsteps tread,

as on it tears of my grief do I often
shed.

Singing is in my mouth, laughter is on
my brow,

but from deep within my sad heart
bitter tears flow.

Not do I sing this song, merry to be
and gay,

but this song I sing is chasing my grief
away.

Grief me haunting, sadness, sorrow,
orphaned, alas,

like dewdrops left by the morning on
the green grass.

Still may a gentle breeze stroke
dewdrops in caress,

but there's none who pities me in my
deep distress!

2. Wondrous Water

In our courtyard, heavens!, wells a
water wetting.

Whoever drinks of it, can not be
forgetting.

Drinking was a gallant, one morning,
that water,

well until Saint John's day, never he
forgot her.

Well until midsummer, well until
September,

none but his maiden sweet did the lad
remember.

3. The Maiden in the Wood

I saw a maid in the green wood amidst
the creeks,

tears were flowing down her face, on
her blushing cheeks,

she would weep with sorrow, wring
her hands in sadness,

she could not give to her sad heart
peace and gladness.

Lost is my heart's treasure, always to
me so near,

just like the turtle-dove that loses its
most dear,

that as it needs drinking, flies towards
the clear source,

flapping its wings, thereby turning the
water coarse.

Bouquet of Czech Folk Songs Op.41

4. The Betrayed Shepherd

Yonder shepherd, herding his sheep,

wears a fine green hat, guard does
keep,

herds on a hillock fair, near a small
birch grove there.

By an oak tree, of a sudden, stood two
maids beguiling.

Greeting to them gave the shepherd,
they were at him smiling.

One maid she was white like a dove,
flying in heaven's blue,

and the other at him twittered, just
like swallow birds do.

Come, you shepherd, leave your
sorrow,

stay with us until the morrow,

and your flock of sheep, hey, let them
herd whoever may.

Then they took him each by one hand,
brought him to the mountain,

and his sheep-flock and his cottage he
saw nevermore again.

5. The Sweetheart's Resolve

When you from here will part, my
prince charming,

hence will I follow you, join you to the
army.

But tell me how would you, my dear
and sweetest heart,

from other soldiers there tell me
apart?

I'd turn myself into one small birdlet,

then I would fly around over your hat.

Turning into a bird I'd follow you,

circling around your head, as swallows
do.

6. The Guelder Rose

Guelder rose, there by the river,

does the dryness make you shiver?

If I would the draught be fearing,

deeper still I'd be appearing.

Guelder rose, why aren't you
blooming,

and where is your ruddy glooming?

I had many flowers growing,

all my ruddy beauty showing.

From above were birds me picking,

from below were maids me plucking.

Flowers each maid to her lad brought,

and I'm sad for I have left naught.

Ah, if I had flow'rs left over,

I would run to give my lover.

7. Czech Diogenes

Blessed he, who owns not a thing,
where to hide it, 's not worrying.
Sleeps without fear, wakes in good
cheer,
none robs him of anything dear.

Choral Songs B66

8. The Ferryman

Maidens fair went picking berries,
going where the river carries,
when a handsome ferry-master
made their steps and hearts go faster.
Oh dear Janík, ferry-trotter,
ferry us across the water.
All the maidens did he ferry,
just his love he would not carry.
Oh my Janík, ferry me too,
like the others I will pay you.
Me my boat and oars won't ferry,
water did those from me carry.
You've a boat and oars you have too,
but your naughtiness deceives you.
Sit, love, in my boat, I bid you,
'cross the stream I'll ferry you too.
As the boat halfway progressed,
then Janík the maid aggressed.
Don't aggress me on the river,
ere ashore you me deliver.
As ashore the boat had landed,
out he threw her and offended,
off her arms and legs he cutted,
and her deep black eyes he gutted.

Half a mile away he took her,

listened if she was hereafter.

Loudly weeping, loudly singing,

was her voice to Janík ringing:

Oh my Janík, sweetheart, dear lad,

where you left those legs I once had?

Your white legs are there, asunder,

by the Danube, in field yonder.

Oh my Janík, sweetheart, dear lad,

where you left those arms I once had?

where you left those eyes I once had?

where you left that hair I once had?

And your hair, once black, long-
growing,

'long the Danube winds are blowing.

9. The Poisoning Sweetheart

Hear, the Milotice bells are lovely
tolling,

and the people wonder: whereto are
they calling?

Some folks will be saying: pilgrims
must be praying,

others folks are saying: I'll respect be
paying.

Let's inter the son of one poor widow
lady,

he was sadly poisoned by his darling
maiden.

Unfortunate maid, will you see his
interment?

Unfortunate maid, your lament will be
torment!

10. The Fiddler

I'm a fiddler, poor, uncaring,

just with gifts anointed,

ev'rywhere yet I'm well-faring,

where my hat is pointed.

Ev'rywhere I lay my stick down,

lawns with flow'rs are sprouting,

as my bow the strings caresses,

Earth for joy is shouting.

Flowers are my songs, on meadows,

bosoms decorating,

maidens are from those sweet noises

plumelets fabricating.

Heedless I'm to all around me,

may it be of no use,

in my bouquet one finds surely

some full flowers to choose.

And in each such flower is a

cup, sparkling and scenting,

it delights whom is love's yearning

heartfelt deep tormenting.

It consoles whose tears of sorrow

down their cheeks are flowing,

for our lovely, dear, beloved

freedom, never bowing.

11. A Czech's Song (B 73)

Where is my home, where is my land?

That name and bliss go hand in hand!

Illusions may others deceive,

Czech's my homeland, I do believe.

No land other could my land be,

here nature's voice is speaking to me,

my heart to me calls, rejoices,

that the Czech land my homeland is.

Born I was and raised was I here,

brought up by my Czech mother dear,

who near her heart me in her had,

tears over me of love she shed.

Here have I passed all my childhood's
time,

here have I lived years of joy divine.

Thus I call on field and forest:

in my Czech homeland I found rest.

My God to know I learned here,

as child to father be Him near.

Educated have I been here,

here is my parents' home so dear.

Glad to see I am, like no others,

my sisters here, and all my brothers.

Strong ties of love to them draw me,

with them at home I here shall be.

Five Partsongs Op.27

12. Village Gossip

With the dawn I arose, and all around I
sowed

marjoram, sweetest herb that blows.

Sparsely I sowed seed, ever it flowered
the more,

beautiful blossoms it bore.

Then of its green leaves, I made a posy
neat,

from my home, for a lassie sweet.

She, from her garden, wove me a
garland fair,

from her home for me to wear.

Strolling our village thro', there I oft do
hear,

how gossips talk, my dear, of me and
you.

Let them not cause you grief, darling
girl of mine,

heed them not, scorn their spite and
fuss.

With the fall of the leaf, darling girl of
mine,

they will cease to talk of us.

13. Dwellers by the Sea

Laima crieth, Laima moaneth,

running barefooted down the cliff.

Mounting the rugged headland,

there I saw three fisher-folk men,

dwellers by the restless ocean.

Tell me, have you seen my brother,

sailing on the high sea?

Aye, my lassie, little lily,

fathoms deep, below the billows,

sleeps your brother, drowned and
dead,

and the sand drifts o'er his visage,

through his hair the heaving tides
wash.

Dwellers by the sea, my kinsmen,

will you not dredge my brother

from the deep sea?

Tell us what you'll pay, my girl?

One shall have my silken girdle,

one shall have my golden bracelet,

for the third I've naught remaining,

with the third one I must bargain,

with the youngest I will plead.

Is not a sailor fearless, brave,

skilled to steer his vessel safely,

through bad weather, through good
weather?

Sharp and canny, quick, resourceful,

sure in tempest and danger?

14. Promise of Love

Come to me, sweetheart, into the May
sunshine,

where the bright blossoms blow, in
mother's garden.

In the sunny borders there, rue and
lad's love grow,

and amid the grass, lilies like white
snow.

There in May I'll pluck posies bright
with color,

these I'll give, gifts of joy, to my own
dear boy.

I'll not take these gifts myself, nor trust
to a friend,

by the true North wind, blossoms fair
I'll send.

Come to me, sweetheart, into the May
sunshine,

where early apples grow, in father's
garden.

In the orchard, row on row, young
green trees grow tall,

in the midst there stands one tree, the
best of all.

One day I will pluck, from its boughs,
two apples,

these I'll send, gifts to greet, her, my
love so sweet.

I'll not take these gifts myself, nor trust
to a friend,

by the soft South wind, my apples I'll
send.

15. The Lost Lamb

Yestereve, as night was falling,

my lost lamb I heard a-calling.

Hey, who will help to find my lamb,

my one lambkin, my only lamb?

First I went to ask the morning star,

but the star of morning answered:

Early, ere the sun is risen,

I must catch his rays and light my fire.

Then I sought the star of evening,

but the star of ev'ning answered:

Not I, for, ere twilight,

I must make an evening bed for the sun.

Next I went to seek the half-moon,

but the silver half-moon answered:

With a sword they have cut me in twain,

and sad and mournful is my face.

Lastly I went to ask the sun,

and to me the sun made reply:

Nine days I will seek your lambkin,

but on the tenth day I won't set.

16. The Sparrow's Party

Once a cock-sparrow did brew some strong cider,

and to his festival all birds invited.

Then for the polka he led out miss outlet,

but clumsily trod on miss outlet's great toe.

She sued for damages, the sparrow went behind bars,

down dilly down, dilly down.

Two Irish Songs B601

17. Dear Connor

My Connor, his cheeks are as ruddy as morning,

the brightest of pearls do but mimic his teeth.

While nature with ringlets his mild brows adorning,

his hair Cupid's bow-strings, and roses his breath.

Smiling, beguiling, cheering, endearing,

together how oft o'er the mountains we strayed.

By each other delighted and fondly united,

I have listened all day to my dear Irish Boy.

18. The Visit

Adorn thee with flowers, let bright shine the light,

today of one hero we witness the sight.

Of sorrow, of grief let our home now be free,

on this day a dear guest's arrival we see.

He always with eagerness runs to the fight,

and to his oppressed people he brings delight.

He leaves his house, safeguards his homeland so dear,

this message proclaim to all lands far and near:

he's back from the battle, victoriously.

Moravian Duets B107

19. The Slighted Heart

20. The Wild Rose

21. Forsaken

22. Speed thee, Birdie

23. Omens

24. My Home

Home of mine, my sweet homeland...

My beloved homeland, it is like a dream

that I may behold you again, that day has come to me now.

How have I wandered around, crossed the entire world,

how have I suffered, lived through lots of misery!

My dearest mother is there, longing for me,

rejoice, my heart, for it is no illusion,

I may behold you again, giving peace to my heart.

Home of mine...

How have I wandered around, crossed the entire world,

how have I suffered, lived through lots of misery!

That sweet moment is now approaching for me,

the image of my homeland is enlightening me,

and my soul is yearning for its native soil.

My mother will revive my fading heart,

when I return there, back to my homeland.

I imagine hearing the voice of my dear mother,

I imagine kissing her fine hair.

My beloved mother, I may see you again,

rejoice, my heart, for it is no illusion,

I may behold you again, giving peace to my heart.

Home of mine...

CD42

Antonin Dvořák (1841-1904)

Requiem, Op. 89

Antonin Dvořák was born in 1841, the son of a butcher and innkeeper in the village of Nelahozeves, near Kralupy, in Bohemia, and some forty miles north of Prague. It was natural that he should at first have been expected to follow the family trade, as the eldest son. His musical abilities, however, soon became apparent and were encouraged by his father, who in later years abandoned his original trade, to earn something of a living as a zither player. After primary schooling he was sent to lodge with an uncle in Zlonice and was there able to acquire the necessary knowledge of German and improve his abilities as a musician, hitherto acquired at home in the village band and in church. Further study of German and of music at Kamenice, a town in northern Bohemia, led to his admission in 1857 to the Prague Organ School, where he studied for the following two years.

On leaving the Organ School, Dvořák earned his living as a viola-player in a band under the direction of Karel Komzilk, an ensemble that was to form the nucleus of the Czech Provisional Theatre Orchestra, established in 1862. Four years later Smetana was appointed conductor at the theatre, where his operas *The Brandenburgers in Bohemia* and *The Bartered Bride* had already been performed. It was not until 1871 that Dvořák resigned from the orchestra, devoting himself more fully to composition, as his music began to attract favourable local attention. In 1873 he

married a singer from the chorus of the theatre and in 1874 became organist of the church of St Adalbert. During this period he continued to support himself by private teaching, while busy on a series of compositions that gradually became known to a wider circle, particularly with the success of his Hymnus: *Dedicové bílé hory* (The Heirs of the White Mountain) for the Prague Hlahol Vocal Society.

Further recognition came to Dvořák in 1874, when his application for an Austrian government award brought his music to the attention of Brahms and the critic Eduard Hanslick in Vienna. The granting of this award for five consecutive years was of material assistance. It was through this contact that, impressed by Dvořák's Moravian Duets entered for the award of 1877, Brahms was able to arrange for their publication by Simrock, who commissioned the Slavonic Dances, for piano duet. The success of these publications introduced Dvořák's music to a much wider public, for which it held some exotic appeal. As his reputation grew, there were visits to Germany and to England, where he was always received with greater enthusiasm than might initially have been accorded a Czech composer in Vienna.

In 1883 Dvořák had rejected a tempting proposal that he should write a German opera for Vienna. At home he continued to contribute to Czech operatic repertoire, an important element in re-establishing national musical identity. The invitation to take up a posttion in New York was another matter. In 1891 he had become professor of composition at Prague Conservatory and in the summer of

the same year he was invited to become director of the National Conservatory of Music in New York, an institution that was intended to foster American music, hitherto dominated by musicians from Europe or largely trained there. Whatever the ultimate success or failure of the venture, Dvořák's contribution was seen as that of providing a blue-print for American national music, following the example of Czech national music, which owed so much to him. There were musical results in his own work, notably in his Symphony 'From the New World', and chamber music of the period, works that rely strongly on the European tradition that he had inherited, while making use of melodies and rhythms that might be associated in one way or another with America. By 1895 Dvořák was home for good, resuming work at the Prague Conservatory, of which he became director in 1901. His final works included a series of symphonic poems and two more operas, to add to the nine he had already composed. He died in Prague in 1904.

In 1884 Dvořák visited England for the first time, conducting there his Stabat Mater. A second invitation took him back to England, to Worcester, in the autumn, when the Stabat Mater was heard again. 1885 brought a third visit to London and his connection with England continued, particularly in works that were well suited to the flourishing traditions of choral music there. It was, however, the Requiem, written in 1890 and first performed in Birmingham the following year, that matched the success of the Stabat Mater.

The Requiem opens with a setting of the Introit which is to be combined with a very short Kyrie. The cellos start the work with a motif that is to recur. The chorus sings the words of the Introit at first softly, mounting to a climax for Te decet hymnus, words repeated by the solo tenor. The

plea of the chorus for their words to be heard is followed by the same prayer from the soprano and alto soloists, Exaudi orationem meam, then joined by the tenor and bass.

Through the solemn prayers of the chorus come shafts of light at Lux perpetua luceat eis, as harmonies shift, leading from the minor to the tonic major of B flat, as the Christe eleison is sung by the choir, with divided tenors and basses darkening the timbre of the choral writing. The opening motif returns in the Gradual, for solo soprano and chorus, now at a higher pitch and accompanied by the sopranos and altos. Divided tenors and basses end the movement, with a final hushed G major.

The Sequence, the doom-laden prophecy of terror to come, has invited composers to a dramatic treatment of the text. Dvořák set the first two stanzas of the poem as a fierce, four-square march. The Tuba mirum starts with a trumpet triple declaration of the motif, rising a semitone each time, before the entry of the alto soloist, followed by the men's voices, now in E major. The bass soloist continues with the next stanza, followed by the chorus. The tenor soloist adds a modal Libera scriptus, the final words echoed by the basses before an outburst of sound as the Dies irae returns, leading to the return of the Last Trump with a fortissimo Tuba mirum and an abbreviated version of the text, pianissimo, from the men's voices of the chorus. Horns introduce Quid sum miser, the divided sopranos followed by the soprano soloist, the questions of the text repeated by the men's voices, then joined by the tenor and bass soloists. All four soloists are heard in the setting of Rex tremendae majestatis, with echoes, as in the Tuba mirum, of Mozart's setting of these texts. There is a short fugal section, and the chorus leads to a final hushed plea, Salva me, fides piefatis.

The G major Recordare, Jesu pie is scored for the

four soloists in a persuasively beautiful setting. The following Confutatis *ma/edictis* calls down vengeance on sinners in terms recalling Verdi's *Dies irae*, mollified by the succeeding plea for salvation, soon overwhelmed by the return of the opening condemnation, although this movement ends in triumph. The bass soloist introduces the *Lacrimosa*, joined by the alto soloist in the next stanza. The words of the *Lacrimosa* are repeated dramatically by the tenor soloist, continuing with the solo soprano, with the four soloists adding heightened feeling to the final petition for rest, echoed by the chorus.

The F major Offertory will bring together four soloists and chorus, culminating in what must seem an obligatory fugal setting of *Quam oHm Abrahæ promissisti*. Horns introduce the bass soloist, and the alto soloist sings the continuing words of the Offertory, *Hostias et preces tibi, Domine laudis offerimus* to be joined by solo soprano, followed by the bass and tenor. Eventually the fugal setting of *Quam oHm Abrahæ promissisti* returns.

The bass soloist ushers in the *Sanctus*, echoed by a reduced alto section of the chorus. The tenor

follows, then the solo soprano, followed by the chorus.

The voice of the solo soprano soars above the chorus at *Pleni sunt caeli*, continuing with the four soloists and chorus. There is a shift of key for the *Benedictus*, the chorus and solo tenor joined by solo soprano and solo alto. The gentle setting of *Pie Jesu, Domine*, words inserted from the end of the Sequence, is entrusted first to the chorus, followed by the upper three solo voices.

The key changes again for the *Agnus Dei*, which, as so often elsewhere in the Requiem, recalls again the opening motif. The solo tenor leads the petition, followed by the chorus, with the plea then taken up by the solo soprano and then the chorus, with the vocal forces variously deployed, in a setting of the texts of the *Agnus Dei* and of the Communion words, *Lux aeterna luceat eis, Domine*, Let eternal light shine upon them. The chorus sings this final petition in B flat major, answered by the orchestra which, with the pervasive motif, returns briefly to the minor key in which the work had begun.

Keith Anderson

Requiem, Op. 89

Part I

Introitus: Requiem aeternam - Kyrie

Requiem aeternam dona sis Domina,
et lux perpetua luceat eis.

Te decet hymnus Deus in Sion,
et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem:

exaudi orationem meam,
ad te omnis care venial.

Requiem aeternam dona sis Domina,
et lux perpetua luceat eis.

Kyrie eleison.

Christe eleison.

Kyrie eleison.

121 Graduale

Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domina,
et lux perpetua luceat eis.

In memoria aeterna srit justus:

ab auditione mala non timebit.

Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine.

Sequentia

Dies irae

Dies irae, dies ilia,

solvat saecium in favilla,

teste David cum Sybilla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,

quando judex est venturus

cuncta stricte discussurus!

Tubamirum

Tuba mirum spargens sonum,

per sepulchra regionum,

coget omnes ante thronum.

Part I

Introit: Requiem aeternam - Kyrie

Eternal rest grant to them, Lord,

and let perpetual light shine upon
them.

A hymn, O God, is fitting for you in Sion

and a vow shall be paid to you in
Jerusalem:

hear my prayer,

to you all flesh shall come.

Eternal rest grant to them, O Lord,

and let perpetual light shine upon
them.

Lord have mercy.

Christ have mercy.

Lord have mercy.

I Gradual

Eternal rest grant to them, O Lord,

and let perpetual light shine upon
them.

The just will be remembered for ever:

he will not fear from evil report.

Eternal rest grant to them, O Lord.

Sequence

3 Dies irae

Day of wrath, that dreadful day,

the world will melt in ashes

as David and the Sybil foretold.

What trembling there will be

when the Judge shall come

dealing strictly with everything.

Tuba mirum

The trumpet scattering wonderful
sound

through earth's sepulchres

shall bring all before the throne.

8

Mors stupebit et natura,

cum resurget creatura,

judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,

in quo totum continetur,

unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,

quidquid latet apparebit,

nil inultum remanebit.

Dies irae, dies ilia,

solvat saecium in favilla,

teste David cum Sybilla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,

quando judex est venturus

cuncta stricte discussurus!

Tuba mirum spargens sonum,

per sepulchra regionum,

coget omnes ante thronum.

Quid sum miser

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,

quem patronum rogaturus,

cum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendae majestatis,

qui salvandos salvas gratis,

salva me, fons pietatis.

Recordare, Jesu pie

Recordare Jesu pie,

quod sum causa tuae viae;

ne me perdas ilia die.

Quaerens me sedisti lassus,
redemisti crucem passus;
tantū labor non sit cassus.

9

Death will stand stupefied and nature
when the creature shall rise
to meet the one that judges.

The book written shall be brought out,
in which all is contained
by which the world shall be judged.

When the judge, then, takes his seat

whatever was hidden shall be
revealed,
nothing shall remain unavenged.

Day of wrath, that dreadful day,
the world will melt in ashes
as David and the Sybil foretold.

What trembling there will be

when the judge shall come

dealing strictly with everything.

The trumpet scattering wonderful
sound

through earth's sepulchres

shall bring all before the throne.

[5] Quid sum miser

What am I, wretched man, to say,

whom should I ask to intercede,

when the just are scarcely safe?

King of fearful majesty

who grants salvation to those to be
saved,

save me, fount of mercy.

Recordare, Jesu pie

Remember, merciful Jesus,

that I am the reason for your life

do not destroy me on that day.

Seeking me, you lived in weariness,

suffered the cross and redeemed me.

Let such labour not be in vain.

Juste judex ultionis,

donum fac remissionis,

ante diem ration is.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,

culpa rubet vultus meus;

supplici parce, Deus.

Qui Mariam absolvisti,

et latronem exaudisti;

mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meae non sunt dignae,

sed tu, bonus, fac benigne,

ne perenni cremer 19n8.

Inter oves locum praesta,

et ab hoedis me sequestra,

statuens in parte dextra.

Illiconfutatis

Confutatis maledictis,

flammis acerbis addictis,

voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex et acclinis,

cor contritum quasi cinis

gere curam mai finis.

rm Lacrimosa

Lacrimosa dies ilia,

qua resurget ex favilla

judicandus homo reus.

Huic ergo parce Deus,

pie Jesu Domine,

dona eis requiem,

Amen.

o just judge of vengeance

grant me remission

before the day of accounting.

I groan as an offender,

my face blushes with guilt,

spare the suppliant, O God.

You who absolved Mary

and heard the thief;

you gave hope also to me.

My prayers are unworthy,

but you, in goodness, act kindly,

so that I do not burn in eternal fire.

Grant me a place among the sheep

and separate me from the goats,

putting me on your right hand.

Illi Confutatis

Let the cursed ones be confounded,

committed to harsh flames,

call me among the blessed.

I beg you, suppliant, bowing down,

my contrite heart like ashes,

care for me at my ending.

Lacrimosa

Tearful, that day,

on which shall rise from the ash

guilty man, to be judged.

Therefore, O God, spare this man,

o merciful Lord Jesus,

grant them rest,

Amen.

CD43

Part 2

Offertorium:

Domine Jesu Christe

Domine Jesu Christe, Rex gloriae,

libera animas omnium fidelium
defunctorum

de poenis inferni, et de profundo lacu:

libera eas de ore leonis,

ne absorbeat eas tartarus,

ne cadant in obscurum.

sed signifer sanctus Michael

repraesentet eas in lucem sanctam:

Quam olim Abrahae promisisti,

et semini ejus.

Hostias

Hostias et preces tibi,

Domine, laudis offerimus:

tu suscipe pro animabus illis,

quarum hodie memoriam facimus:

fac eas, Domine,

de morte transire ad vitam.

Quam olim Abrahae promisisti,

et semini ejus.

Quam olim Abrahae promisisti,

et semini ejus.

Sanctus

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus,

Dominus Deus Sabaoth.

Pleni sunt caeli et terra

gloria tua.

Hosanna in excelsis.

Benedictus qui venit in nomine
Domini.

Hosanna in excelsis.

Part 2

Offertory:

Domine Jesu Christe

Lord Jesus Christ, King of glory,

set free the souls of all the faithful
departed

from the pains of hell, and from the
deep pit:

set them free from the lion's mouth,

lest hell swallow them up,

lest they fall into darkness.

But let the holy standard-bearer
Michael

bring them into holy light,

as you once promised to Abraham,

and to his seed.

Hostias

Victims and prayers of praise

we offer you, O Lord;

accept them for those souls

whom we commemorate today;

make them, O Lord,

pass from death to life,

as you once promised to Abraham,

and to his seed.

As you once promised to Abraham,

and to his seed.

3 Sanctus

Holy, holy, holy

Lord God of Sabaoth.

Heaven and earth are full

of your glory.

Hosanna in the highest.

Blessed is he who comes in the name
of the Lord.

Hosanna in the highest.

Pie Jesu

Pie Jesu, Oomine,

dona eis requiem sempiternam.

is Agnus Dei

Agnus Dei,

qui tollis peccata mundi:

dona eis requiem,

Agnus Dei,

qui tollis peccata mundi:

dona eis requiem sempiternam.

Lux aeterna luceat eis, Domine,

cum sanctis tuis in aeternum:

quia pius es.

Agnus Dei,

qui tollis peccata mundi:

dona eis requiem,

Agnus Dei,

qui tollis peccata mundi:

dona eis requiem aeternam,

et lux perpetua luceat eis.

Pie Jesu

o merciful Lord Jesus,

grant them eternal rest.

is Agnus Dei

Lamb of God,

who takes away the sins of the world,

grant them rest,

Lamb of God,

who takes away the sins of the world,

grant them eternal rest.



Let eternal light shine on them
with your saints for ever
because you are merciful.
Lamb of God,

who takes away the sins of the world,
grant them rest.
Lamb of God,
who takes away the sins of the world,

grant them eternal rest,
and let eternal light shine on them.
Antonin Dvorak (1841 - 1904)

Serenade for Strings, Op. 22

As a composer Tchaikovsky represented a happy synthesis of the West European or German school of composition, represented in Russia by his teacher Anton Rubinstein, and the Russian nationalists, led by the impossibly aggressive Balakirev. From Rubinstein Tchaikovsky learned his technique, while Balakirev attempted time and again to bully him into compliance with his own ideals. To the nationalists Tchaikovsky may have seemed relatively foreign. His work, after all, lacked the primitive crudity that sometimes marked their compositions. Nevertheless acceptance abroad was not universal. Hanslick, in Vienna, could deplore the "trivial Cossack cheer" of the violin concerto and other works, while welcoming the absence of any apparent Russian element in the last of the six symphonies. In England and America there had been a heartier welcome, and in the latter country he had been received with an enthusiasm that exceeded even that at home. In his diary of the American concert tour of 1891 he remarked on this and on the curious habit of American critics, who tended to concentrate their attention on the appearance and posture of a conductor, rather than on the music itself. At the age of 51 he was described in the American press as "a tall, gray, interesting man, well on to sixty".

The Serenade for Strings was written in the winter of 1880 to 1881 and dedicated to the cellist Konstantin Albrecht and general factotum of the Moscow Conservatory. The work started as either a symphony or a string quartet, before it took final shape as a suite for strings, the movements of which established a coherent relationship in key and suggested symphonic structure in their arrangement. It was first performed in Moscow in 1882 and won immediate approval from Jupiter, as the composer's former teacher, Anton Rubinstein, was known. It proved pleasing to critics and public in equal measure and has continued to occupy an important place in string orchestra repertoire.

The first movement, described as in the form of a sonatina, opens with a slower introduction, followed by a first subject in which the composer continues, by dividing the sections of the orchestra, to offer a rich texture, contrasted with the livelier

second subject. In the second movement Tchaikovsky reminds us of his particular gifts as a composer of ballet. The waltz melodies bring with them admirably calculated contrasts of key and movement in music that never ceases to be suavely lyrical. This is followed by an Elegie more patently Russian in inspiration, in which the composer's genius for melody is coupled with a remarkably deft handling of string texture and a subtle manipulation of what is fundamentally a simple scale. The Finale in its opening leads gently from the key and mood of the Elegie to a Russian melody, based on a descending scale, a provenance that is emphasised, finally illuminating the origin of the initial bars of the Serenade and the genesis of the whole work.

Dvořák's career won him an international reputation. His visits to England and the resulting choral compositions won him friends in that country and in 1892 he was invited to New York to establish a National Conservatory, in pursuance of the sponsor's aim to cultivate a national American school of composition. At home he had, after Smetana, been largely instrumental in creating a form of Czech music that transcended national boundaries, music that was thoroughly Bohemian in its melodic inspiration and yet firmly within the German classical tradition exemplified by Brahms.

The E major Serenade for string orchestra was written in the first two weeks of May in the year 1873 and performed in Prague on 10th December 1876. It is scored only for strings and has for many years formed a major item in the string orchestra repertoire. The first movement opens with music of delicate charm, breathing something of the spirit of a Schubert quartet, particularly in the middle section of this ternary movement. This is followed by a waltz, with a more restless trio. The scherzo starts with a melody of great liveliness, followed by a second theme of more romantic pretensions and a further melody of considerable beauty, before an extended passage leads back again to the opening melodies. A Larghetto of great tenderness and yearning, recalling in outline the trio of the second movement leads to the finale in which there are references both to the Larghetto and to the first movement. This brings, in conclusion, still more of the spirit of Bohemia, with which the whole Serenade is instilled.

CD 44

Rusalka Op.114

Opera in three acts · Libretto by Jaroslav Kvapil

1. JEDNÁNÍ	ve tvou sínku stříbrnou!	Jakz, je tam smutno
1 Predehra	(Tancí.)	bujným slecinkám?
Palouk na pokraji jezera. Kolkolem lesy,	Hou, hou, hou,	Mám dole na dne
v nich na brehu jezera chalupa Jezřibaby.	mesíc bloudí nad vodou!	samu nádheru
Meesíc svítí.	Echo	a zlatý'ch rybek na pytle tam mám —
(Na staré vrbe, jez se sklání k jezeru, sedí	... nad vodou!	(Lapá rukou po zínkách, které mu
Rusalka, smutne zamyslenu. Tri lesní	Lesní zínky	pokazdē uklouznou.)
zínky, držíce se za ruce, lehký'm tanecním	Po jezere tanc'í vánek,	rákosím se kmitnu,
krokem v popředí jevise se pohybují.)	probudil se hastrmánek,	ruku svou jen napnu,
Lesní zínky	hastrmánek tatrmánek,	po slecince chnapnu,
2 Hou, hou, hou,	hou, hou, hou,	za nozky ji chytanu,
hou, hou, hou,	bublinky uz ze dna jdou.	stáhnu si ji k nám!
stojí mesíc nad vodou!	Hou, hou, hou,	(Lapá nemotorne po zínkách.)
Echo	hastrmánek nad vodou!	Lesní zínky
... stojí mešíc nad vodou!	(Vodník se vynorí,	Hastrmánku, heja hej,
Lesní zínky	mne si oci a dívá se na tancící.)	tedy si nás nachytej!
Zvedave se v hloubku dívá,	Hastrmánek chce se zenit,	Hou, hou, hou!
po kameni ke dnu sply'vá,	kteřá z vás chce vodu penit,	Hou, hou, hou!
hastrmánek hlavou ky'vá,	dedka cesat, loze zmenit,	Hastrmánku, heja hej,
hou, hou, hou,	hou, hou, hou,	tedy si nás nachytej!
starou hlavou zelenou.	s babkou hastrmanovou?	(Lesní zínky při tomto zpevu couvají ode
(Tancí.)	Hou, hou, hou,	jezera stále poskakujíce a dovádejíce.)
Hou, hou, hou,	s babkou hastrmanovou?	Kterou chytíš' muzicku,
hou, hou, hou,	(Skotací kolem vodníka,	dá ti peknou hubicku!
kdo to chodí nocí tou?	který' z vody nemuze a jen po pás vycnívá	Ale zena, ha ha ha,
Hou, hou, hou!	nad hladinu.)	za usi ti vytahá!
Hastrmánku, mesíc stoupá,	Hou, hou, hou!	Ha ha, ha ha,
uz se tobe v okne houpá,	Vodník (dobromyslnē a jakoby zertem)	za usi ti vytahá!
za chvíli se k tobe vloupá,	I pekne vítám, pekne vítám	Heja, hej!
hou, hou, hou, hou,	z lesa k jezeru!	Tedy si nás nachytej!

(Rozutekou se.)

Vodník

Ulicnická havet'!

Kterak zbrkle pádí!

Horem, dolem, dolem polem —

inu, mládí, mládí!

(Rusalka, která jiz od počátku sedí na

vrbe nad jezerem, zavolá teskne na

vodníka.)

Rusalka

3 Hastrmáňku, tatíčku!

Vodník (jenz ji dříve nevidel, obrátí se

prekvapen a ptá se vesele)

Ky'ho s'ľaka, dítě —

snad mi tady v mesíčku

nesusíš mé síte'?

Rusalka

Hastrmáňku, tatíčku,

nez se vody zpení,

seckej se mnou chvilicku,

at' mi smutno není!

Vodník

I vida, smutno!

Rusalka

Vsechno reknu ti!

Vodník

A dole taky?

Rusalka

Smutno k zalknutí!

Vodník

Dole, kde je samý' rej?

Není možná! Povídej!

Rusalka

Chtela bych od vás,

hlubin tech se zby'ti,

clovekem by't

a v zlatém slunci zítí!

Clovekem by't

a v zlatém slunci zítí!

Chtela bych od vás,

hlubin tech se zby'ti.

Vodník

Mohu-liz verit vlastním us'ím svý'm?

Clovekem by'ti? Clovekem by'ti?

Tvorem smrtelný'm?

Rusalka

Sám vyprávě'ls ty zve'sti neznámé,

ze mají dusi, které nemáme,

a duse lidí ze jde nebi vstríc,

kdyz clovek zhyne

a kdyz znikne v nic!

V nic! v nic!

Vodník

Dokud rodná kolébá te vlna,

nechtej dusi,

ne, ta je hríchu plna.

Rusalka

A plna lásky!

Vodník

Vodo praveká —

snad nemilujes,

dítě, cloveka?

Rusalka

4 Sem casto prichází

a v objetí mé stoupá,

sat shodí na hrázi

a v loktech my'ch se koupá.

Lec pouhou vlnou jsem,

mou bytost nesmí zřít.

Ó vím, z'e clovekem

drív musila bych by'ti,

jak já jej objímám

a vinu já jej v ruce,

by on mne objal sám

a zulíbal mne prudce!

Vodník

Díte, dítě, z noci do noci

tvoje sestry budou pro te plakat,

uz ti není, není pomoci,

clove'k-li te' v svou moc doved' zlákat!

Rusalka

Hastrmáňku, muzíčku,

on mne musí zocit,

povez, povez, tatíčku,

co mám, smutná, pocit?

Vodník

Ztracena, ztracena do věku,

prodána, prodána cloveku!

Marno je lákat te

dolu v rej —

Jezibabu si zavolej,

ubohá Rusalko bledá!

(Potápí se.)

Beda! Be'da! Be'da!

(Zmizí pod vodou.)

Rusalka

(zpívá, hledíc k měsíci, jenz zatím ozáril

celou krajinu. Je krásná letní noc.)

5 Mesíčku na nebi hlubokém,
svetlo tvé daleko vidí,
po svete bloudíš širokém,
díváš se v příbytky lidí.
Po svete bloudíš širokém,
díváš se v příbytky lidí.
Mesíčku, postuj chvíli,
rekni mi, kde je muj milý!
Mesíčku, postuj chvíli,
rekni mi, kde je muj milý!
Rekni mu, stříbrný mesíčku,
mé ze jej objímá ráme,
aby se alespon chvilicku
vzpomenul ve snení na mne.
Aby se alespon chvilicku
vzpomenul ve sneň ní na mne.
Zasvet' mu do daleka,
rekni mu kdo tu nan čeká!
Zasvet' mu do daleka,
rekni mu kdo tu nan čeká!
O mne-li, dus' e lidská sní,
at' se tou vzpomínkou vzbudí;
mesíčku, nezhasni, nezhasni!
(Mesíc zmizí v mracích.)
Ta voda studí, studí!
(Zachveje se úzkostí.)
Jezibabo! Jezibabo!
(V chate Jezibaby vzplane ohen.)
Vodník (hluboko pod vodou)
Ubohá Rusalko bledá!
Beda! Beda! Beda!
Rusalka (úpenlive)
Jezibabo! Jezibabo!

Jezibaba
(vyjde z chalupy a rozhlíží se)
Lkáním, stkáním, naríkáním
kdo mne budí pred svítáním?
Rusalka
Jezibabo, léku dej mi,
vodní kouzlo se mne sejmi!
Jezibaba
Slyším cosi, cichám cosi,
ozvi se a poveď, kdo jsi!
Rusalka jsem, vodní víla,
dej mi léku, tetko milá!
Jezibaba
Jsi-li víla, zjev se hbite,
ukaz se mi, krásné díte!
Rusalka
Vlnami jsem upoutána,
do leknínu zamotána.
Jezibaba
Vytrhni se, cupy hupy,
pospes ke mne do chalupy,
pust' ji, vlnko, pust' ji ke mne,
az se noz'ky dotknou zeme!
(Rusalka se snese s vrby a namáhave tápe
k Jezibabe.)
Jezibaba
(jakoby carovala)
Nozicky, neste ji,
nozicky, drzte ji,
vida, jak nozicky chodit uz umejí!
Rusalka (klesne k nohám Jezibaby)
Jezibabo! Jezibabo!
Pomoz, pomoz, pomoz!

6 Staletá moudrost tvá všechno ví,
proniklas přírody tajemství,
za noci hluboký'ch
o lidech snís,
odveky'm zivlum rozumís,
pozemské jedy, paprsky měsíce
dovedes svarit na léku tisíce,
dovedes spojit, dovedes borit,
dovedes usmrтит, dovedes stvorit,
cloveka v príseru,
príseru v cloveka
dovede proměnit moudrost tvá odveká.
Rusalky za noci hrozbou svou strasís,
pro lidské strasti
divné léky snásís,
pro nás i pro lidi
ve svete dalekém
sama jsi zivlem,
sama jsi clovekem,
se smrtí vecnost je veno tvé,
pomoz mi, pomoz mi, zázracná zeno!
Pomoz mi!
Jezibaba (s d'ábelský'm smíchem)
To já znám, to já znám,
s takovou se chodí k nám!
To já znám, to já znám,
s takovou se chodí k nám!
Ale slys, pilne slys,
nezli léku okusís:
perly más, krásu más,
pomohu-li, co mi dás?

Rusalka

Vse, co mám, si vem,
ale udelej mne clovekem!

Jezibaba

A nic víc? Pranic víc?
A nic víc?
Proto prislas úpejíc?
(s humorem, ale stále jízliveji)
Voda te uz omrzela,
lidského jsi lacna tela,
milování, laskování,
hubicek a cukrování,
to já znám, to já znám,
s takovou se chodí k nám!

Rusalka

Tvoje moudrost vsechno tusí,
dej mi lidské telo, lidskou dusí!

Jezibaba

Dám ti, dám,
vez to rarach sám!
Ale ty mi musíš dát
prusvitný svuj vodní sat —
a kdyz lásky neokusíš na svete,
zavrzena zítí musíš
v hlubinách zas proklete.
Ztratíš-li tu lásku,
po ní cit tvuj prahne,
kletba vodních mocí
zas te v hloubku stáhne,
a nez nabudes jí,
trpet budes téz,
pro vsechen lidský sluch
nema zustanes.

Chces by't nema, chces,
pro toho, jež milujes?

Rusalka

Jeho-li lásku poznat smím,
ráda, ver, ráda pro nej onemím!

Jezibaba

Strez si ho, strez,
a vez to, vez:
prokleta-li se vrátíš
ve vodníkovu rís,
milácka svého také zahubíš,
stane se navzdý obetí
vecného, vecného tvého prokletí!

Rusalka

Cistou dusí, cistou lidskou dusí
moje láska vsechna kouzla zrusí!

Jezibaba

Tedy pojd', honem pojd',
do chaty mne vyprovod'!
V krbu jedy uvaríme,
Rusalku tím napojíme —
ale potom ani muk,
cury mury fuk!
(Vejdou do chalupy, v jejímž okénku
zaplane červená záre. Proud jisker vyrazí
komínem. Za chvíli lze slyset sykot v
kotli. Do toho se mísí zaklínání
Jezibaby.)

Jezibaba

7 Cury mury fuk,
cury mury fuk,
bílá pára vstává z luk!
(Lesní zínky slyšice to vybíhají z lesa

a postrasene nahlízejí okénkem do
chalupy.)

Kapka krve drací,
deset kapek zluce,
teplé srdce ptací,
pokud jeste tluce!

Skoc, muj mourku, skoc a skoc,
varem v kotli pozatoc!
Skoc, muj mourku, skoc a skoc,
varem v kotli pozatoc!

Cury mury fuk,
cury mury fuk,
nelekej se vetsích muk!

Tot' tvé lidské veno,

a to musíš pítí,
tím, co uvareno,
jazyk zdrevení ti.

Skoc, muj mourku, hola hej,
v hrdlo jí tu st'ávu vlej!
Skoc, mu'j mourku, hola hej,
v hrdlo jí tu st'ávu vlej!

Cury mury fuk,
cury mury fuk —

ale ted' uz ani muk!

(Divoky sykot v chalupe zvolna slábne.
Lesní zínky se rozpřchly. Obloha se jasní,
z daleka znejí lovecké rohy.
Nad jezerem rdí se jitřní záre.)

Vodník (hluboko pod vodou)

Ubohá Rusalko bledá!
Beda! Beda! Beda!
(Lovecké rohy znejí stále zřetelneji, lovci
se blíží. Je slyset princova lovce, an

zpívá.)

Lovec (z daleka)

Jel mladý lovec, jel a jel,

Ian bílou v lese uvidel.

Hluboké oci ta mela.

– Zda-li ji stihne má strela?

Ó, mladý lovec, dále spej,

tu bílou lanku nestrílej!

Varuj se jejího tela!

– Zda-li ji stihne má strela?

(Lovecké rohy znovu znejí. Princ s kusí
vruce vybehne z lesa a rozhlíží se.)

Princ

8 Zde mihla se

a zase zmizela!

Horem a dolem,

lesem a polem

podivná zver ta mihá

se kolem,

a tady stopa

znikla docela!

A tajemný m vlnením potají

ty vody mne v lokty své lákají,

jak bych měl divoky' lovu cit

v objetí jejich zas ochladit.

Krok vážne mi,

stesek cítím neznámy',

zbran z unavené ruky padá mi,

sotva lov začal,

unavil mne vráz,

divné to kouzlo

zajalo mne zas!

Lovec (nablízku)

Lan nebyla to, lovce, stuj,

Buh tvoji dusi opatruj!

Srdce tvé smutno je zcela!

Koho ti stihla tvá strela?

(Nekolik lovcu vyjde z lesa.)

Princ

9 Ustane v lovu, na hrad vrat'te se,

podivné cáry bloudí po lese,

divnejsí cáry

v dusi mám;

domu vrat'te se, chci by'ti sám!

(Lovci odcházejí. Princ usedne na brehu

jezera, ale když vzhledne, spatří Rusalku,

ana před ním stojí. Rusalka vysla z

chalupy. Je bosa, v popelavý'ch satech

nuzného dítěte. Krásné její zlaté vlasy

hluboko sply'vají. Je nema.)

(Princ vyskocí)

Vidino divná, presladká,

jsi-li ty clovek nebo pohádka?

Prisla jsi chránit vzácné zveri,

kterou jsem zahléd' v lesa seri?

Prisla-lis prosit za ni,

sestricko bílý'ch laní?

Anebo sama, jak vstríc mi jdes,

koristí lovcovou by'ti chces'?

(Rusalka vztáhne k nemu své ruce,

nemohouc promluvit.)

Svírá ti ústa tajemství,

ci nav'ď dy jazyk tvuj ztich'?

Nema-li ústa tvá, Buh to ví,

vylíbám odpoved' s nich!

Odpoved' záhadám,

jez mne sem lákaly,

jez mne sem volaly

pres trní, pres skály,

abych tu konecne

v blazený' dnesní den,

díte, tvý'm pohledem

náhle byl okouzlen!

Co v srdci tvém je ukryto,

más-li mne ráda, zjev mi to!

(Rusalka mu padne do náručí.)

Rusalky (pod vodou)

Sestry, sestry, sestry,

jedna schází z nás!

(Rusalka polekána se vzchopí a

naslouchá.)

Sestricko, sestricko,

kam odeslas?

(Rusalka se chveje nerozhodností a

bázní.)

Vodník (pod vodou)

Pres hory, doly a lesy!

Rusalky

Sestricko, sestricko, kde jsi?

(Rusalka se stulí v svrchované úzkosti v

náruc princovu.)

Princ

10

Vím, ze jsi kouzlo,

které mine

a rozplyne se v mlzný' rej,

lec dokud cas nás neuplyne

ó pohádka má, neprchej!

Muj skoncen lov,

nac myslit nan?

Tys nejvzácnější moje lan,

tys hvězdicka zlatá v noc temnou —

pohádka má, pojd' se mnou!

Pojd' se mnou, pohádka má!

(Princ zahaliv zatím Rusalku ve svuj

plášt', odvádí ji do lesa.)

2. JEDNÁNÍ

Sad na zámku princove. V pozadí

slouporadí a slavnostní sín hodovní. V

popředí pod starými stromy rybník.

Odpoledne, chýlí se zrovna k večeru a

pak noc.

(Hajný přichází s kuchtíkem.)

Hajny

11

Járku, jáрку, klouce milé,

dopovez, dopove, dopovez,

jaká ze to kratochvíle

na zámku se strojí dnes?

To je hostí na síni,

to je práce v kuchyni,

na stolích a na policích

podivného náčiní!

Kuchtík (s naivním úsmevem)

Máme ti teď šán

mily' strýce Vanku,

do večera od svítání

neustanem v práci ani,

do večera od svítání

neustanem v práci ani!

Pomysli si, pomysli si,

zdas to, strýcku, slyšel kdysi?

Princ ti naseľ v lese

divné stvoření,

a s ním, podivme se,

snad se ození!

Naseľ pry' ji v lesích tvý'ch,

ve tvý'ch lesích hluboký'ch,

ale at' ji vzal, kde vzal,

já bych se jí, strýcku, bál!

Holka je ti nemá,

kapky krve nemá,

chodí jako vyjevená,

to by byla čistá zena!

Hajny

Je to pravda v skutku,

co se mluví vsude?

Muj ty mily' smutku,

uz to takhle bude!

Muj ty mily' smutku,

uz to takhle bude!

At' nás Pánbuh chrání,

myslivec jsem starý,

ze v tom milování

vezí divné cáry!

U nás v lese strasí

slakovité moci,

lesem divný brasi

chodí o pulnoci.

Je-li v tele duše slabá

uhrane ji Jezibaba,

pode hrází tuze snadno

hastrman te stáhne na dno.

A kdo vidí lesní zínky

bez kosilky, bez sukynky,

omámí ho lásky chtíc,

Pánbuh s námi a zlé pryč!

Kuchtík (s úzkostí)

Strýcku, strýcku, já se bojím!

Hajny

Inu, není div,

Pánbuh hráchum tvojm

budiz milostiv!

Kuchtík

Nás princ vzdy tak svarný' byl,

kterak se teď promení!

Není, jaký' býval, není,

bloudí jako omámen,

stará Háta na modlení

dává za něj den co den.

A pan farár, jak to slyšel,

varovat ti prince prisel,

ale princ ne a ne,

holka pry' tu zustane!

Hajny

Proto jsou tu hosté jiz!

Proto se tak prázdní spíz!

Proto jsem honem vlek'

plno zvere na zámek!

Kuchtík

Na stesť, jak zdá se

nemelo to bý't,

vsecko muze zase,

zase jiná pokazit!

Stará Háta vypráví,

jak pry' je princ vrtkavý,

uz pry' jeho láska mizí,

jinou pry' zas v mysli má,

po jakési knezne cizí

háží pry' uz ocima!

Hajny

Pánbuh dej, Pánbuh dej,

ve zdraví ho zachovej!

Já by't princem, bez okolku

vyhnal bych tu cizí holku,

nez mne v peklo zamotá:

at' se klidí, zebrota!

Kuchťík (náhle)

Hu, tam si vede princ

tu obludu!

(Utece.)

Hajny

Já na ni také cekat nebudu!

(Utece jinudy.)

(Princ přichází s Rusalkou. Rusalka

krásne odeřna, ale stále smutná a bledá.)

Princ

12

Jiz ty'den

dlís mi po boku,

jak z báj zjev dlís prede mnou,

a marne v ocí hluboku

tvou bytost hledám tajemnou;

a marne v ocí hluboku

tvou bytost hledám tajemnou!

Má sntek dát mi teprve,

co láska dávno chtěla,

by rozhorela jsi do krve

a byla ženou mou zcela?

(Knezna vyjde pozadím a s hnevivou zástí

pozoruje prince.)

Proc chladí tvoje objetí,

vzplát vášní proc se bojí?

Proc úzkostí jen zachveti

mám v náruči se tvojí?

A marne, marneř dusím smutný cit,

z náruče tvé se nelze vyprostit,

byť stokrát bylas chladná, nesmelá,

mít musím tebe, musím tebe mít docela!

Knezna

Ne, není to láska,

hnevivý je to cit,

ze jiná dlí, kde já jsem chtěla by't,

a ze jsem jeho míti nemeřla,

at' stestí obou

zhyne docela!

Princ

Mít musím tebe,

tebe mít docela,

byť stokrát bylas chladná,

nesmelá,

mít musím tebe docela!

Knezna (jde ve popředí)

Zda na chvíli princ

vzpomene si prec,

ze hostitelem též je milenec?

(svudne)

Má na to stestí, jímžř vás blazí svet,

též cizí host

jen neme pohlízet?

(Stane mezi princem a Rusalkou.)

Princ

(vzrusí se, sotvaze spatřil kneznu)

Ach, vy' citka to veru včasná

a s vasich rtíku rád ji snásím:

i zenich veru, knezno krásná,

je př'edevsřím jen sluhou vasřím!

Knezna

(Jízlive, pohlédnouc na Rusalku)

A vase kráska, citu vasich paní,

vás nepokará

za to slovem ani?

(Rusalka na ni pohlédne s hnevnou

bolestí.)

Ci v pohledu svém tolik nehy má,

ze mluví s vámi

pouze ocima?

Princ (v rozpacích)

Lec oci její říci zapomnely,

ze hostitel se nepozorný'm stal.

Necht' nahradí ted' rychle, svolíte-li,

co roztržit jen chvíli zanedbal.

(Podává knezne ruku. Rusalka pokrocří

a krecoviteř se chytne ruky princovy.)

Nac rozpaky tvoje,

a proc se tolik chvejesř?

V svou komnatu pospes

a stroj se k plesu jiz!

Knezna

(k Rusalce, s vítěznyřm úsmeskem)

Ó, vystrojte se v saty prebohaté,

mám dvornost jeho,

vy však srdce máte!

(Princ odvádí kneznu. Rusalka ztrnule
hledí za nimi, jako by pohledem chtěla
prince zadržet, ale pak smutná a zlomená
odchází sama sloupodřím. Zatím se
stále serí, večer hasne a později zasvitne
měsíc.)

13

Balet

(V síni zazní slavnostní hudba a zaplanou
svetla. Je vidět v pozadí slavnostní ruch,
hosté se scházejí a tvoří skupiny. Později
zpev v a tanec.)
(Vodník se vynorí z rybníka a dívá se do
síně, kde víří veselí.)

Vodník

Beřda! Beřda!
Ubohá Rusalko bledá,
v nádheru sveřta zakletá! Beřda!

CD45

1 Celyř svet nedá ti, nedá,
vodní cím říše rozkvětá!
Stokrát bys byla clovekem,
ve jhu jsi spjatá odvekém.
Byť mel te clovek supoutat!
(V loggii mihnou se tancící páry
a zase zaniknou v síni.)
Ubohá Rusalko bledá, zajatá v kouzlo
lidských pout!
Voda tvá vsude te hledá,
nadarmo chce te obejmout!
Az se zas vrátíš k družkám svym,

budes jen zivlem smrtícím,
vrátíš se zitím uvadlá,
prokletí zivlu jsi propadla!
Ubohá Rusalko bledá,
v nádheru sveřta zakletá!
Hosté (zpev v síni)

2 Kvetiny bílé po ceste,
po ceste vsude kvetly,
hoch jel a jel k své neveste
a den se smál tak svetlyř.
Kvetiny bílé po ceste, atd.
Nemeskej, hochu, k milé spes,
dorostes záhy v muze,
zpátky azř tudy pojedes,
pokvetou rudé ruřze.
Kvetiny bílé nejdrive

úpalem slunce zasřly,
ale ty ruze ohnivě
svatební loze kráslí.
Kvetiny bílé po ceste, atd.

(Princ se objeví chvílemi v slavnostním
ruchu, jenž víří sálem, a dvorí se okázale
cizí knezne, nevsímaje si Rusalky.)

Vodník

Ubohá Rusalko bledá,
v nádheru sveta zakletá!
Beda! Beda!
Na vodách bílý leknín sní
smutnýřm ti druhem bude —
pro tvoje lozře svatební
nekvetou ruzrudé!

Hosté

Kvetiny bílé po ceste,

po ceste vsude kvetly,
hoch jel a jel k své neveste
a den se smál tak svetlyř.
Nemeskej, hochu, k milé spes,
dorostes záhy v muze,
zpátky azř tudy pojedes,
pokvetou rudé ruřze.
Kvetiny bílé nejdrive
úpalem slunce zasřly,
ale ty ruze ohnivě
svatební loze kráslí.
Kvetiny bílé po ceste, atd.
(Rusalka vybehne zoufalá ze síně do sadu
a zmatena, nevedouc kudy kam, rozbehne
se k vode.)

Vodník

3 Rusalko, znás mne, znás?

Rusalka

(zprvu jako by nemohla, ale pak se z ní
vyderou slova a náhle vykrikne)
Vodníku, tatícku drahýř!
Vodníku, tatícku drahýř!

Vodník

Proto jsem prřisřel v zámek vásř,
bych zrřel teř truchlit tak záhy?

Rusalka

Tatícku, vodnícku, spas mne, spas,
úzkost mne pojala hrozná!
Beda, ze chtěla jsem zradit vásř,
beda, kdo cloveka pozná!
Beda, beda Beda, kdo cloveka pozná!
Beda, beda!
Jiná jej krásou jala vrázř,

divokou lidskou krásou,
a mne už nezná, nezná zas,
Rusalku prostovlasou!

Vodník

On ze te zavrhl',
jenž mel te rád?

Musíš teď', musíš vytrvat!

Rusalka

Ó marno, ó marno!

Ó marno to je

a prázdnota je v srdci mém,

jsou marny všechny vdeky moje,

když zpola jsem jen člověkem!

Ó marno to je, mne už nezná zas,

Rusalku prostovlasou.

Ó marno to je,

jsou marny všechny vdeky moje!

Jí horí v očích vášně síla,

té lidské vášně prokleté,

jí horí v očích vášně síla,

té lidské vášně prokleté,

mne voda chladná porodila

a nemám, nemám vášně té!

Ó marno, ó marno...

Prokleta vámi, pro nej ztracena,

odvěky ch zivlu hluchá ozvena.

Zenou ni vílou

nemohu být,

nemohu zemřít, nemohu žít,

nemohu zemřít, nemohu žít!

(Kleká k rybníku. Princ přichází s

kneznou z hodovní síně do sadu.)

Vidíš je, vidíš? Jsou tu zas,

tatíčku, tatíčku!

Spas mne, spas!

Knežna (princem provázena)

4 Vám v očích divný zář se zrací

a naslouchám vám záměna.

Jste stále vřelejší a sladší,

ó princí, co to znamená?

Kam prchla vaše vyvolená,

ta bez řeči a beze jména,

kam prchla, aby viděla,

že princ je změněn docela?

Princ

Kam prchla? Milý Bůh to ví!

Lec změnou mou jste sama vinna.

A letní noc to nepoví,

že zajala mne kouzla jiná!

Ó, nazvete to rozmarem,

že miloval jsem jinou chvíli,

a buďte zhavým pozářem,

kde dosud luny svit plál bílý!

Knežna

Až pozár můj vás popálí

a všechny vaše vášně zdesí,

az odejdu vám do dále,

co s leskem luny pocnete si?

Až obejmou vás lokty slíčné

té němé krásy námeščné,

čím k vášni hrát se budete?

Ó, škoda, škoda vášně té!

Princ

A kdyby celý svět

chtel klnout mojí touze,

vy jste ten zhavý květ,

byť květ chvíli pouze!

Vy jste ten zhavý květ,

byť květ chvíli pouze!

Ted' teprve to vím,

čím mřelo moje tělo,

když lásky tajemstvím

se uzdraviti chtělo!

(náhle obejmě knežnu)

Co z lásky oně zbude,

žij v osídle jsem pad'?

Rád strhám všechny svazky,

bych vás mohl milovat!

Knežna

Ó, teprve teď poznávám,

že námluvy

mi náhle kynou,

pan ženich, zdá se, neví sám,

že namlouvá si mne cizinkou!

(Rusalka náhle se vytrhne vodníkovi,

zoufale vybehne a vrhne se v náruč

princevu.)

Princ (na smrt poděšen)

Mrzí mne tvoje ramena,

bílá ty krásno studená!

(Odstrčí Rusalku.)

Vodník (zjeví se v plném světle měsíčním

nad rybníkem)

V jinou spěs náruč, spěs a spěs,

objetí jejímu neujdeš!

(Strhne Rusalku do rybníka.)

Princ (omráčen a nic nechápaje)

Z objetí moci tajemné

spaste mne, spaste mne, spaste mne!

(Vrhá se knezne k nohám a klesne na
zemi omráčen.)

Knezna (s divoký'm smíchem)

V hlubinu pekla bezejmennou
pospeste za svou vyvolenou!

(Odchází.)

3. JEDNÁNÍ

Palouk na pokraji jezera, jako poprvé.

Chy'lí se k večeru, obloha je pod mrakem,
ale později zaplanou cervánky, a konečně
nastane měsíčná noc.

(Rusalka sedí nad jezerem, kde prve
sedela. Vsecka je bílá a bledá. Vlas její
zpopelavel, oci pohasly.)

Rusalka

5 Necitelná vodní moci,
stáhlas mne zas v hlubinu,
proc v tom chladu, bez pomoci
nezhynu, ach, nezhynu?
Proc nezhynu, ach, proc nezhynu?
Mladosti své pozbavena,
bez radosti sester svý'ch,
pro svou lásku odsouzena
teskním v proudech studený'ch.

Mladosti své pozbavena,
bez radosti sester svý'ch,
pro svou lásku odsouzena
teskním v proudech studený'ch.

Ztrativš'í svu'j pu'vab sladký',
miláckem svý'm prokleta,
marne touzím

k sestřám zpátky,

marne touzím do světa.

Kde jste,

kouzla letních nocí

nad kalichy leknínu?

Proc v tom chladu bez pomoci

nezhynu, ach, nezhynu?

Ach, necitelná vodní moci,

stáhlas mne zas v hlubinu, atd.

Jezibaba (vyjde z chalupy)

6 Aj, aj? Uz jsi se navrátila?

No, tos tam dlouho nepobyla!

A jak máš bledé tvářicky,

a jak tu truchlís o samotu!

Coz nechutnaly hubicky

a lidské loze nehrálo te?

Rusalka

Ach, beda, beda, tetko rozmilá,
vs'e zradilo mne, vs'e jsem ztratila!

Jezibaba

Krátké bylo milování,
dlouhé bude naríkání,
po hubickách
muzský'ch úst
nekonečný', vecný' pust!

Clovek je clovek,

živlu vyvrhel,

z korenu zeme

dávno vyvrácen,

beda kdo jeho lásku

poznat chtel,

jeho kdo zradou je ted' zatracen!

Rusalka

Tetko má moudrá, tetko, rci,

není mi, není pomoci?

Jezibaba

Miláček te zavrhl', prestal te mít rád,

a ted' Jezibaba

má zas pomáhat?

Po záletech svetský'ch, dcerko rozmilá,

bys ted' k sestřám

ráda se zas vrátila?

Inu, mám já radu, dobrou radu mám,

ale poslechnes-li, ví to rarach sám,

ví to rarach sám!

Lidskou krví musíš smý'ti

živlu prokletí

za lásku, jiz chtelas mít

v lidském objetí.

Budes zas, címs byla prve,

nez te zklamal svet,

ale horkem lidské krve

lze jen ozdravet.

Opustí te vsechna muka,

budes st'astna, budeš hned,

zahubí-li tvoje ruka

toho, jenz te oklamal,

zahubí-li tvoje ruka

toho, jenz te sved'!

Rusalka (udesene)

Jezibabo, beda, co to chces?

Jezibaba

(podává jí nuz ze zánadrí)

Ten vezmi nuz a slib,

z'e poslechnes'!

Rusalka

Jde z tebe hruza,

nech mne, nech!

(zahodí nuz do jezera)

Chci vecne trpet v úzkostech,

chci vecne cítit kletbu svou,

svou celou lásku zhrzenou,

svou beznadej chci vsechnu zřít,

lec on, on musí st'asten bý't!

Jezibaba (rozchechtá se)

V lidský život potmesily

touha tvá te vábila,

a teď nemáš tolik síly

bys krev lidskou prolila?

Clovek je clovekem teprve,

v cizí krev ruku kdyz stopil,

zbrocen kdyz vásní do krve

blizního krví se opil.

A ty zes chtěla clovekem bý't

a cloveka vásní omámit?

Prázdna ty vodní bublinecko,

mesícní bledá zahalecko,

jdi, trp, trp si z věku do věku —

a seschni touhou po svém cloveku!

(Odbelhá se do chalupy.)

Rusalka

7 Vyrvána životu

v hlubokou samotu

bez družek, bez sester mám se brát;

miláčku, vím to, vím,

nikdy víc te nespatřím,

ó beda, ó beda nastokrát!

(Ponorí se do jezera.)

Rusalky (pod vodou)

Odesla jsi do světa,

uprchla jsi našim hrám,

sestricko ty prokletá,

nesestupuj k nám!

V nase tance nesmí sem,

koho clovek objal jiz,

rozprchnem se, rozprchnem,

jak se přiblíží!

Z tvého smutku vane strach

v radostný nás hravý rej,

s bludickami v bazinách

za nocí si hrej!

Lákej lidi svitem svým,

na rozcestích tekej teď,

svetýlkem svým modravým

do hrobu jim svět!

Na hrobech a rozcestích

jinych sester najdes rej,

v reje vodních sester svých

uz se nevracej!

(Ticho. Na západe rudnou cervánky.

Hajný privádí kuchtíka.)

Hajny

8 Ze se bojís? Tresky, plesky,

vsak tu jiní byvávali!

Zaklepej a povez hezky,

co ti doma prikázali!

Princ ze nosí tezkou dumu,

ze se poplet' na rozumu,

jakás pekla stvura klatá

ze k nám prisla do hradu,

a ze prosí stará Háta

Jezibabu o radu!

Kuchtík (se vzpouzí)

Mne uz chromne noha,

vlcí mlhu mám,

pro živého Boha,

stryčku, jdi tam sám!

Hajny

Kolikrát jsem tudy sel,

temno leckdy bývalo jiz,

tys mi cistý straspytel,

zě se staré babky bojís!

Kuchtík

Ondy, kdyz jsi u nás byl,

sáms mne, stryčku, postrasil,

nediv se teď, mily' brachu,

ze mám v lese plno strachu;

nediv se, nediv se, nediv se!

Hajny

Reci sem, reci tam,

to tak nekdy přidávám!

Ale teď honem hled'

vyzvedeti odpověď!

Vzmuz se, hej, zaklepej,

na radu se babky ptej!

Kuchtík

Já bych jiste breptal,

jakou úzkost mám,

abys tedy zeptal

se jí na to sám!

Hajny

Stydel bych se, stydel

bý't já otcem tvým!

Ale abys videł,

ze se nebojím!

Jezibabo, Jezibabo,

hola, hola, hola!

(Jezibaba vyjde z chalupy.)

Jezibaba

Kdo to hlucí? Kdo to volá?

(Kuchtík se skryvá za hajného.)

Hajny

Stará Háta k tobe posílá,

abys, Jezibabo, radila!

Jezibaba

Za tu radu, za rozumu spetku

tohle vyzle posílá mi k snedku?

(Sáhne na kuchtíka.)

Jen co vykrmí se, chudinka,

bude z neho pekná pecínka!

Kuchtík (zoufale se brání)

Pust' mne! Pust' mne!

Pust' mne z techto míst!

Stry'cku, stry'cku, ona mne chce sníst!

Jezibaba (chechtá se)

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

I ty malý' zmetku,

hloupé stvor'ení,

to bych mela k snedku

cistou peceni!

Pro peklo at' roste prokletý' rod vás!

A ted' povez honem,

co mi r'íci más'?

Kuchtík (s úzkostí)

Nás princ tezce stune, prevelice,

uhranula srdce jeho

jakás kouzelnice!

Prived' si ji na hrad, vse jí dal,

jako vlastní zivot sám ji miloval.

Jeho zenou byla by se stala,

ale krásná kouzelnice

svatby nedockala.

Prince kdyz uz zmátla docela,

neverná ta kouzelnice zmizela.

Cely' hrad je

kouzlem zmámen podnes,

d'ábel sám tu kouzelnici

do pekla si odnes'!

(Vodník vynorí se rázem z jezera.)

Vodník

Kdo ze ji odnes'?

Koho ze zradila?

Prokleté pléme,

jez vás sem posílá,

tvorové bídni,

on sám ji zradil,

uvrh' ji v prokletí!

Hajny (o prekot utíká)

Hastrman! Hastrman!

Kuchtík (utíká za ním)

Stry'cku! Stry'cku! Pro Boha, stry'cku!

Vodník

Pomstím se, pomstím,

kam rís má dosahá!

(Ponorí se.)

Jezibaba

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

(Odbelhá se do chalupy.)

(Zatím zhasly jiz cervánky na západe,

setmelo se a záhy vyjde mesíc. Na

polouku sbíhají se lesní zínky.)

První lesní zínka (tancíc)

9 Mám, zlaté vlásy mám,

svatojanské musky slétají se k nim,

ruka moje bílá vlásy rozpustila,

mesícek je cese

svitem stříbrný' m.

Mám, zlaté vlásy mám!

Druhy' zínka (tancíc)

Mám, bílé nozky mám,

probehla jsem palouk celicky',

probehla jsem bosa,

umyla je rosa,

mesíc'ek je obul

v zlaté strevícky.

První zínka

Mám, zlaté vlásy mám,

svatojanské musky slétají se k nim,

ruka moje bílá vlásy rozpustila,

mesícek je cese svitem stříbrný' m.

Mám, zlaté vlásy mám!

Druhy' zínka

Mám, bílé nozky mám,

probehla jsem palouk celicky',

probehla jsem bosa,

umyla je rosa,

mesícek je obul

v zlaté strevícky.

Mám, bílé nozky mám!

Tretí zínka

Mám, krásné tílko mám,

na palouku v noci svítí jeho vdek,

kudy bezím, vsudy moje bílé údy

do stříbra a zlata satí mesícek.

Mám, krásné tílko mám!

Lesní zínky

Do kola, sestricky, do kola,
v lehounky' nocní vánek,
za chvíli z rákosí zavolá
zelený' hastrmánek!

Do kola, sestricky, do kola,
v lehounky' nocní vánek,
za chvíli z rákosí zavolá
zelený' hastrmánek!

(vidouce Vodníka)

Uz tu je, uz tu je,

uz si síte spravuje!

(tancíce kolem neho)

Hastrmánku, heja hej,

honem si nás nachejtej,

kterou chytíš, muzíčku,

dá ti peknou hubicku.

Ale zena, hahaha,

hastrmánku, hahaha,

za usí ty vytáhá!

Hastrmánku, heja hej,

honem si nás nachejtej!

Vodník

Nelaskujte plase,

deti zlatovlasé,

rodná voda nase

lidský'm rmutem zkalila se.

Lesní zínky

Coze nám rusí veselé' rej?

Povídej, muzíčku, povídej!

Vodník

Hluboko na dne sténá,

sestrami zavržená,

ubohá Rusalka bledá!

Beda! Ó beda! Ó beda!

(Ponori se do jezera. Měsíc zajde v
mraky.)

První zínka

Cítím slzu ve zraku,

chlad mne náhle ovál.

Druhy' zínka

Do sedivý'ch oblaku

měsíček se schoval.

Třetí zínka

Tma se tiskne v skránémé,

sestry, sestry, prchneme!

(Rozprchnou se. Princ vybehne pomaten
z lesa.)

Princ

10 Bílá moje lani! Bílá moje lani!

Pohádko! Nemy' prelude!

Mému naríkání, spechu bez ustání

konec uz nikdy nebude?

Ode dne ke dni touhou stván

hledám te v lesích udy' chán,

noc-li se blízí, tusím te v ní,

chytám te v mlze měsíční,

hledám te siré po zemi,

pohádko, pohádko!

Vrat' se mi!

(Stane. Poznává krajinu z prvního dejství.

Pojednou se mu rozum rozjasnuje.)

Tady to bylo,

mluvte, nemé lesy!

Vidino sladká, milenko má, kde jsi?

Bílá moje lani! kde jsi, kde jsi?

Pri vsem, co v mrtvém srdci mám,

nebe i zemi zaklínám,

zaklínám Boha i besy,

ozvi se, ozvi, kde jsi!

Milenko má!

(Měsíc vyjde z mraku°. Rusalka se zjeví v
měsíčním svitu nad jezerem.)

Rusalka

11 Miláčku, znás mne, znás'?

Miláčku, jestezpomínás?

Princ (uzasne)

Mrtva-lis dávno, znic mne vráz —

ziva-lis jeste, spas mne, spas!

Rusalka

Ziva ni mrtva,

zena ni víla,

prokleta bloudím

mátohou!

Marne jsem chvíli v loktech tvý'ch snila

ubohou lásku, lásku svou,

milenkou tvojí kdysi jsem byla,

ale ted' jsem jen smrtí tvou!

Princ

Bez tebe nikdy nelze z'ít,

muzes mi, muzes odpustit?

Rusalka

Proc volal jsi mne v náruč svou,

proc ústa tvoje lhala?

Ted' měsíční jsem vidinou

v tvá muka neskonala.

Ted' tebe sálím v nocních tmách,

je zneucten muj klín

a s bludickami na vodách

te svedu do hlubin!

Proc volal jsi mne v náruč svou,

proc ústa tvoje lhala?

Tys hledal vásen, vím to, vím,

jíz já jsem nemela,

a teď'-li te políbím,

jsi ztracen docela.

Princ (potácí se k ní)

Líbej mne, líbej, mír mi prej,

nechci se vrátit ve sveta rej,

do smrti treba mne ulíbej!

Rusalka

A tys mi, hochu muj, tolik dal,

proc jsi mne, hochu muj, oklamal?

(Rozpíná náruc.)

Zda to víš, hochu, zda to víš,

z loktu my'ch ze se nevrátíš,

ze zkázou to

v loktech my'ch zaplatíš?

Princ

Vsechno chci ti, vsechno chci ti dát,

líbej mne, líbej tisíckrát!

Nechci se vrátit, zemru rád,

líbej mne, líbej, mír mi prej,

nechci se vrátit, zemru rád,

nemyslím, nemyslím na návrat!

Rusalka

Láska má zmrazí vsechen cit —

musím te, musím zahubit,

musím te v lednou náruc vzít!

(Obejme jej a líbá.)

Princ (omdlévaje)

Líbej mne, líbej, mír mi prej!

Polibky tvoje hrách muj posvetí!

Umírám st'tasten,

umírám ve tvém objetí!

(Zemre.)

Vodník (hluboko pod vodou)

Nadarmo v loktech zemre ti,

marny jsou vsechny obeti,

ubohá Rusalko bledá!

Beda! Beda! Beda!

(Rusalka políbí naposled mrtvého

prince.)

Rusalka

Za tvou lásku, za tu krásu tvou,

za tvou lidskou vásen nestálou,

za vecko, čím klet jest osud muj,

lidská due, Buh te pomiluj!

Buuh te pomiluj!

(Ponorí se do jezera.)

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