

Silenced

UNSUNG VOICES OF THE 20TH CENTURY

IAN KOZIARA

BRADLEY MOORE

CEDILLE


Silenced

UNSUNG VOICES OF THE 20TH CENTURY

IAN KOZIARA TENOR

BRADLEY MOORE PIANO

Franz Schreker (1878–1934):

from Fünf Lieder, Op. 4 (6:52)

- 1 I. Unendliche Liebe (1:52)
- 2 II. Frühling (1:38)
- 3 III. Wohl fühl ich wie das Leben rinnt
(3:16)

Vítězslava Kaprálová (1915–1940):

Dvě písně, Op. 4 (4:31)

- 4 I. Jitro (2:00)
- 5 II. Osířelý (2:28)

Viktor Ullmann (1898–1944):

Drei Lieder, Op. 37 (5:45)

- 6 I. Schnitterlied (1:07)
- 7 II. Säerspruch (1:55)
- 8 III. Die Schweizer (2:36)

Kaprálová: Jablko s klína, Op. 10 (8:06)

- 9 I. Píseň na vrbovou píšťalku (1:25)
- 10 II. Ukolébavka (2:01)
- 11 III. Bezvětrí (1:49)
- 12 IV. Jarní pouť (2:39)

Alexander von Zemlinsky (1871–1942):

Fünf Gesänge, Op. 8 (16:08)

- 13 I. Turmwächterlied (6:36)
- 14 II. Und hat der Tag all seine Qual (3:52)
- 15 III. Mit Trommeln und Pfeifen (1:58)
- 16 IV. Tod in Aehren (3:29)

17 Zemlinsky: Herbsten (1:30)

**18 Ullmann: Schwer ist's, das Schöne
zu lassen (4:27)**

Kaprálová: Navždy, Op. 12 (6:25)

- 19 I. Navždy (2:25)
- 20 II. Čím je můj žal (2:18)
- 21 III. Ruce (1:35)

Ullmann: Hölderlin-Lieder (8:25)

- 22 I. Sonnenuntergang (1:34)
- 23 II. Der Frühling (1:33)
- 24 III. Abendphantasie (5:13)

**25 Kaprálová: Sbohem a šáteček,
Op. 14 (5:46)**

TT: (68:45)

Program Notes

by Roger Pines

As National Socialism emerged in 1930s Germany and grew to horrific proportions during World War II, it ravaged the lives and careers of innumerable musicians in central and eastern Europe. Among these were the four composers to whom this disc pays tribute. Their music has been dismayingly under-recorded (especially that of the least familiar figure here, Vítězslava Káprálová). They all excelled in art song, yet this repertoire is among the least-known areas of their work. Their songs reached heights of expressive eloquence, achieved through stunning musical imagination and acute textual intelligence.

Son of a Jewish father and a Catholic mother, **Franz Schreker** (né Schrecker, 1878–1934) had an unsettled childhood. Due to his father's work as a photographer, he lived in five different countries before the age of five. The family wound up in Linz, Austria, where Schreker spent six years before completing his musical education at the Vienna Conservatory.

As a composer, Schreker moved quickly up the ladder of public recognition. One of his earliest works, the "Ekkehard" overture (1902–1903), was premiered by the Vienna Philharmonic, no less. One of Vienna's most active propagators of new music, Schreker premiered his first opera there: *Flammen* (1902). Having taught in Vienna for several years, he relocated to Berlin in 1920 to become director of the Hochschule für Musik. His tenure there exerted an incalculable influence on the next generation of central European composers.

Schreker thrived professionally throughout the 1920s, but rapidly escalating antisemitism eventually led to his resignation from the Hochschule. Although allowed to teach at Berlin's Preußische Akademie der Künste, he was forced to leave this position in September 1933 and died of a (likely stress-induced) stroke three months later. Only after decades of neglect (starting with a ban on his music during the Third Reich) did his music gain greater notice internationally,

with particular acclaim for his two magnificent operas: *Der ferne Klang* and *Die Gezeichneten*.

A Straussian gift for lyrical outpouring springs instantly to mind in many of Schreker's more than 40 songs, the majority of which date from the closing years of the 19th century. Among the five glorious songs that make up Schreker's opus 4, a special joy is "Unendliche Liebe," with text by Tolstoy. The singer exults that the earth's boundaries cannot restrict his love, which is as wide as the sea. Schreker confirms this declaration with a rippling accompaniment, beautifully supporting the singer's flowing legato. Equally memorable is "Frühling," with its captivating text by a surprising poet: legal scholar Karl Freiherr von Lemayer. A true gift for a radiant, yet full-bodied lyric voice, "Frühling" withstands comparison to any of the many memorable depictions of spring in German Lieder.

The celebrated realist poet Theodor Storm was in an extravagantly emotional mood with the text of the third song, "Wohlühl ich wie das Leben rinnt." Anticipating death, the singer mentions one "last" after another — the last kiss, last magical drink, last sunset, last star — that he'll experience as his life ebbs away.

Schreker continually enhances the fervency of the vocal line with the notably varied piano part, whether in slow chordal movement at the start or, in more vigorous sections later, when the singer indicates that his beloved has offered him "der Jugend letzter Gruß" (youth's last greeting), as the pianist's left hand launches a series of virtuosic 16th-note sextuplets.

Born in Vienna and raised Jewish, **Alexander von Zemlinsky** (1871–1942) trained at his hometown's conservatory. In his early ventures as a composer, he earned gratifying encouragement from Johannes Brahms. His own music represents perhaps the ultimate bridge between the twilight of romanticism and the introduction of the modernism exemplified, above all, by Schoenberg. A profoundly influential teacher (his students included Berg, Krása, Korngold, Weigl, and Webern), Zemlinsky also conducted superbly for the two Vienna opera companies and at Prague's Deutsches Landestheater. He moved to Berlin in 1927 to conduct at the Kroll Opera, while also undertaking engagements with major orchestras across Europe.



Brandenburg Gate, Berlin, Germany

With Hitler's rise to power in 1933, Zemlinsky left Germany. He led an itinerant existence until 1938, when he and his wife settled in New York, but he achieved little recognition thereafter. Today, he remains most celebrated for one of the 20th century's greatest works for vocal soloists with orchestra, the *Lyrische Symphonie* (1923). In recent decades, enterprising companies worldwide have produced several Zemlinsky operas successfully, especially *Der König Kandaules* (1936) and two one-act works often paired as a double-bill:

Eine florentinische Tragödie (1917) and *Der Zwerg* (1922).

In Zemlinsky's opus 8 (1899), the tower guard of "Turmwächterlied" addresses his words to people everywhere around him, whether in castles or on the street. Urging them to look heavenward and pray, he asks the Lord to take them into His grace. A certain stirring gravitas invades the song, with its very stately vocal line — initially marked *Langsam* (slowly) and *feierlich* (solemnly) — plus its quiet introduction and heavily chordal accompaniment.

For “Und hat der Tag all seine Qual,” Zemlinsky set a translated text by the short-lived Danish writer and scientist, Jens Peter Jacobsen. The composer aptly marked it *Sehr langsam und leise* (very slowly and quietly), with the singer describing the spirits of heaven who confront all the miseries of the earth that have floated skyward. As the voice flows in legato, Zemlinsky enhances it with the piano’s own separate lyrical line, integrated beautifully with the voice.

“Tod in Ähren” finds Zemlinsky masterfully setting a text by Detlev von Liliencron, one of Germany’s most outstanding lyric poets of the mid- and late-19th century. The picture here is devastating: mortally wounded, a soldier thinks of home as he lies dying in a field of corn, wheat, and poppies. The piano begins by playing heavy chords in dotted rhythms, with equally heavy octaves underneath and an angular vocal line above it. Midway into the song, as the soldier has his final dream, the voice suddenly turns quieter and offers a sweeter legato, yet one punctuated with unexpected intervals. Listen especially for the ascending leap of a ninth and descending leap of a minor sixth in the first phrase.

In “Mit Trommeln und Pfeifen,” another Liliencron text, the singer remembers marching with drummers and pipers in battle — something he can no longer do, owing to his wooden leg. Now he finds the drums’ and pipes’ noise hard to bear, but can still bring himself to cheer for the Emperor and his army. The song is marked *Marschmässig* (march-like), with that feeling emphasized in each bar by the repeated figure of two eighth notes and a quarter note in the piano part, a good match for the assertive vocal line.

With “Herbsten” (1895–1896), Zemlinsky chose to set a melancholy poem by Austrian writer Paul Wertheimer. In music marked *Unruhig bewegt* (uneasily moving), the dark mood emphasized by an F-sharp-minor tonality, tree branches moan in the wind, and all wishes that had bloomed so brightly now sink sadly into “das große, große Sterben” (death). Much of the time, the vocal line moves stepwise in a narrow range, but punctuated by unsettling jumps to high F-sharp.

Austrian Silesia was the birthplace of **Viktor Ullmann** (1898–1944), whose father — to get ahead in the military — converted from Judaism to Catholicism. Having shown obvious musical promise in high school, Ullmann entered the

military himself and did well there, but eventually enrolled as a law student at the University of Vienna, concurrently studying composition under Schoenberg. Mentored by Zemlinsky in Prague, Ullmann worked as a chorus master and opera conductor there while producing a good deal of his own music including, most prominently, his *Symphonic Fantasy* and *Concerto for Orchestra*.

Over the next few years, Ullmann led performances at another Czech opera house, in Ústí nad Labem (then Aussig); triumphed with the Geneva premiere of his *Schoenberg Variations*; and composed extensively for Zürich's Schauspielhaus. Surprisingly, he then halted his musical activities for two years. During that time, in Stuttgart, he ran his own bookstore devoted to anthroposophy, the spiritual movement founded by Rudolf Steiner, a significant influence on Ullmann.

Once Hitler took power, Ullmann resettled in Prague. His most imposing work at the time was his first opera, *Der Sturz des Antichrist*, a work rooted in anthroposophy and a searing response against the increasingly terrifying autocracy of National Socialism.

Ullmann . . . was deported to the Terezin concentration camp in 1942. Miraculously, Ullmann composed more than 20 works there, including his best-known work today, the one-act operatic parable *Der Kaiser von Atlantis*.

Ullmann and his wife sent their children to Britain via the Kindertransport, but the couple was deported to the Terezin concentration camp in 1942. Miraculously, Ullmann composed more than 20 works there, including his best-known work today, the one-act operatic parable *Der Kaiser von Atlantis*. He died two days after being transferred to Auschwitz in October 1944.

Ullmann composed several dozen songs. For his opus 37 (1942), he chose three texts by Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, the 19th-century Swiss poet and novelist. "Schnitterlied" celebrates the young men and women who reap corn in rain or shine. One's ear is struck immediately by the song's exhilarating rhythmic drive, consistently unsettled harmony, and jagged vocal line demanding maximum flexibility and accuracy. Much calmer is the second song, "Säerspruch." Here the sowers are reminded that rest is good for the seeds (a certain ambiguity colors the harmony again, however: one doesn't know whether the seeds will grow or not). Ullmann marked "Die Schweizer" with the adjective *Wuchtig* (massive), entirely suitable, given the almost unrelievedly heavy, foursquare phrasing required for this song of the Swiss

guards. The song's tonality is strikingly indeterminate throughout, with the vocal line presenting another formidable test for the singer's intonation.

The writing of German poet-philosopher Friedrich Hölderlin has attracted composers from Beethoven and Brahms to Henze and Ligeti. Boston-based professor Jennifer Zabelsky has noted that "[Hölderlin's] verses are Classical in syntax and form, but are seen as Romantic because of the mysticism they invoke and his use of topics related to nature." In "Sonnenuntergang," the first of Ullmann's three *Hölderlin-Lieder*, (generally thought to date from 1943 and 1944), the singer wonders where his beloved can be, after the pleasures they've shared. Here Ullmann returns to lyricism, although the song covers a two-octave range within which the vocal line's intervals are, once again, enormously challenging to negotiate. Much the same applies in the next song, "Der Frühling" — if anything, an even more exacting piece for the singer.

Longest by far of the three songs is "Abendphantasie." Here the singer feels the evening's calm, yet his aching heart will be comforted only in death. The third verse turns agitated as he wonders



Brno, Czech Republic, where Vítězslava Káprálová was born in 1915.

whether the predictable daily alternation between work and rest will calm his heart. Otherwise the song is all legato and, yet again, exceedingly wide-ranging. Note especially the most welcome (and exquisitely beautiful) F major that enters the harmony at "Komm, sanfter Schlummer" in the last verse.

The precocious child of musical parents, **Vítězslava Káprálová** (1915–1940)

began composing at a very young age. Eventually studying composition at the Brno and Prague conservatories, she was equally gifted as a conductor and learned from some of the best: Zdenek Chalabala and Václav Talich in Czechoslovakia and, in Paris, Charles Munch, who began teaching her in 1937.

The first Czech woman to become a professional conductor, Káprálová

was also the first woman to lead a performance with the Czech Philharmonic, with which she conducted her own *Military Sinfonietta*. That work also graced her debut with the BBC Symphony Orchestra in 1938. Among Kaprálová's other major works are two piano concertos, a large-scale cantata, diverse choral and chamber music, and works for solo piano. When her scholarship to work in France was revoked by the Nazis, she chose to stay nevertheless, composing with almost maniacal intensity before succumbing to typhoid fever (or, in some accounts, possibly tuberculosis) in Montpellier at age 25.

The poetry for Kaprálová's opus 4 is by a writer known pseudonymously as "R. Bojko." In "Jitro," the first of the two opus 4 songs, the 17-year-old Kaprálová already displays an astonishing instinct for vocal writing. Setting a text that depicts a lovely morning scene, she gives the singer moments of near-Straussian expansiveness. A great contrast can be heard in the melancholy Kaprálová achieves with the text of the second song, "Osiřely." There are highly distinctive images in this poem, such as when the lover, longing for his beloved, observes

that "silvery arms of white rivers" were rising "for a kiss from the stars."

For opus 10, Kaprálová set texts of Jaroslav Seifert, the 20th century's best-loved Czech poet, who expressed vehement public opposition to the Nazis and, later, the Communists (In 1984, he became the first Czech to receive the Nobel Prize for Literature). These poems' sentiments are instantly accessible, and not at all grand-scale. In the first song, there's the hope that God will care for even the world's littlest creatures. Then comes a lullaby, in which the singer tells the child to go to sleep and not think about his absent father. The third song finds the singer dreaming in the streets of Nineveh. Then comes the delightful last song, instantly communicating the appeal of a spring fair. Kaprálová's music illuminates each text, particularly in the lulling of eighth notes supporting the floating vocal line of the second song. Also notable are the somber, almost eerie, aura of mystery pervading No. 3 and the scintillating piano part in No. 4, perfectly evoking the fair's giddy atmosphere.

For the first two songs of her opus 12, Kaprálová turned to poetry by another

compatriot, Jan Čarek. In the first song, the composer gracefully evokes the image of south-flying geese overhead. Considerable intensity colors the second song, as the singer asks, "What is my grief against your seas, what is my pain against the sand of your deserts?" Kaprálová turned again to Seifert for the last song; here the lover's increasingly passionate phrases rise to a spectacular climax on a series of high As at the conclusion. The singer's smooth legato is excitingly supported by the piano's coruscating quintuplets and sextuplets.

In the language of another distinguished Czech poet from the first half of the 20th century, Vítězslav Nezval, Kaprálová found her text for "Waving Farewell" (opus 14). The lover imagines what might follow his final goodbye to his beloved, concluding that if they are indeed meant to see each other again, they should at this moment say nothing, and instead, simply wave. Sweetness and tenderness turn to passion, only to have a return to calm in the song's final pages. One hears all the expressive variety and technical virtuosity (not just in the voice but also in the piano part) that will cause listeners genuine grief that Kaprálová's gifts had so little time to flower.

One can't help feeling overwhelmed by sadness when listening to this recital. And yet, at the same time, these four courageous, sublimely gifted composers all remind us that we must continue to express our outrage whenever we see artistic freedom compromised — or even destroyed altogether — by any authoritarian regime. We're fortunate indeed that, with their performances here, Ian Koziara and Bradley Moore can introduce this extraordinary music to new audiences, inspiring in them a thrilling sense of discovery.

Roger Pines has contributed program notes to eight major recording companies, among them Decca, Sony Classical, Deutsche Grammophon, and Erato. His feature articles and reviews have appeared in Opera News, Opera magazine (U.K.), Das Opernglas (Germany), and many opera-company programs. He has been a faculty member in the voice and opera department of Northwestern University's Bienen School of Music since 2019.

Ian Koziara



About a recent performance in Belgium, *La Libre* raved “a tenor is born. Ian Koziara is not only a born performer capable of conveying all his character’s

complex contradictions, but also an incredible voice with rich and substantial highs, a generous middle range, and resonant lows, all with remarkable cohesion and agility.” A Chicago native, Ian made his Metropolitan Opera debut in 2017 as Enrique in Thomas Ades’ *The Exterminating Angel*. He enjoys a rich and varied operatic career, specializing in German Romantic opera as well as the heroic roles of Mozart and Handel. His repertoire includes lesser-known but formidable works such as Rudi Stephan’s *Die ersten Menschen* and Franz Schreker’s *Der ferne Klang*, as well as the title roles of more familiar masterpieces such as *Idomeneo* and *Parsifal*, with

artistic organizations ranging from The Met, LA Phil, and Carnegie Hall to Oper Frankfurt, the National Opera of Wallonia, and Teatro La Fenice. Described as “an exciting Wagner tenor” (*New York Times*), “a wonderful artist” (*Washington Post*), and a “title role tour-de-force” (*La Libre*) for his many and varied performances around the world, Ian has worked with many of the world’s greatest conductors, including Gustavo Dudamel, James Levine, and Bertrand de Billy. Equally at home in concert as in opera, Ian enjoys a wide non-operatic repertoire, including major works by Monteverdi, Honegger, Stravinsky, Schubert, and Elgar.

Ian attended the Lawrence University Conservatory and Rice University Shepherd School of music. He was a three-season member of the Lindemann Young Artist Development Program at the Metropolitan Opera and performed summer residencies at Wolf Trap Opera, the Ravinia Festival, and the Glimmerglass Festival. Ian lives just outside Chicago with his husband and two cats.

iankoziara.com

Bradley Moore



Bradley Moore has appeared in recital with Renée Fleming, Susan Graham, Ian Koziara, Ryan Speedo Green, Jamie Barton, Christine Goerke,

Angela Meade, Eric Owens, and Eric Cutler, among others. He has been a piano soloist with orchestras including the National Symphony Orchestra and Buffalo Philharmonic. He performed the Martinu Harpsichord Concerto with the San Francisco Ballet for the world premiere of Mark Morris' *Beaux*, and has also been heard as a recitative accompanist and continuo player with the Met Orchestra, Wiener Philharmoniker, Los Angeles Philharmonic, and Met Chamber Ensemble. His discography includes *The House Without A Christmas Tree* and a recital with Melody Moore for Pentatone, recitals with Eric Cutler for EMI Classics and clarinetist Julian Bliss on

Signum Classics, and a recital of songs by Daron Hagen on Arsiv Audio.

Mr. Moore conducted the world premieres of Ricky Ian Gordon's *The House Without a Christmas Tree* and Laura Kaminsky's *Some Light Emerges* at the Houston Grand Opera, and led the company's revival of Rachel Portman's *The Little Prince*, as well as performances of *Tosca*, *L'elisir d'amore*, and *The Magic Flute*. He conducted *Ariadne auf Naxos*, *Dead Man Walking*, *The Cunning Little Vixen*, and *The Crucible* at the Miami Music Festival and *Madama Butterfly* at the Castleton Festival. He has been Associate Music Director at the Houston Grand Opera and assistant conductor at the Metropolitan Opera, Salzburg Festival, Opéra National de Paris, Canadian Opera Company, and Los Angeles Opera.

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UNsung VOICES OF THE 20TH CENTURY

Song Texts

ÇEDILLE

Franz Schreker: from Fünf Lieder, Op. 4

I. Unendliche Liebe

Ich sehe Thränen im Aug' dir glänzen,
O härm' dich nicht, du bist mein höchstes Gut.
Denn meine Liebe kennt keine Grenzen,
umschliesst den Erdball, wie des Weltmeers Flut.

O härm' dich nicht,
bald wird dein Kleinmut schwinden,
Du bist mein höchstes Gut!
Denn in der ew'gen Himmelsliebe Bahn
muss alle ird'sche Liebe münden,
wie alle Ströme in den Ozean,
wie alle Ströme in den Ozean.

Text by Leo Tolstoy

I. Endless Love

I see tears in your shining eyes,
Oh, don't be upset, you are my greatest
treasure.
My love knows no boundaries,
Circling the globe, like the ocean's tide.

Oh don't worry yourself,
your faintheartedness will soon disappear,
You are my greatest treasure!
Because in the eternal way of heavenly love,
all earthly love must end,
like all rivers in the ocean,
like all rivers in the ocean.

II. Frühling

Frühling schimmert in den Lüften,
Gleißet in der Sonne Glanz,
Spielt in süßen, lauen Düften,
Spielt im wirren Mückentanz.

Frühling blüht auf allen Stegen,
Jauchzet in der Lerche Lied
Und auf hohen Himmelswegen
Er in hellen Wolken zieht.

Doch im jungen Menschenherzen
Blüht's noch lichter als im Tal,
Blüh'n der Liebe süße Schmerzen,
Aufgeküßt vom Frühlingstrahl.

Text by Karl Freiherr von Lemayer

II. Spring

Springtime shimmers in the air,
Glistens in the sunshine,
plays among the sweet, balmy fragrances,
Plays in the wild dance of the mosquitoes.

Springtime blooms on all the trails,
Rejoices in the lark's song
And in the high pathways of the heavens,
It moves in the bright clouds.

But, in the hearts of the young,
It blooms even brighter than in the valley;
The sweet pain of love blooms,
Kissed by the rays of spring's splendor.

III. Wohl fühl' ich wie das Leben rinnt

Wohl fühl ich, wie das Leben rinnt,
Und dass ich endlich scheiden muss,
Dass endlich doch das letzte Lied
Und endlich kommt der letzte Kuss.

Noch häng' ich fest an deinem Mund
In schmerzlich bangender Begier,
Du gibst der Jugend letzten Gruss,
Die letzte Rose gibst du mir.

Du schenkst aus jenem Zauberkelch
Den letzten goldnen Trunk mir ein,
Du bist aus jener Märchenwelt
Mein allerletzter Abendschein.

Am Himmel steht der letzte Stern,
O halte nicht dein Herz zurück;
Zu deinen Füßen sink ich hin,
Ich fühl's, du bist mein letztes Glück!

Text by Theodor Storm

III. I feel keenly how life slips away

I feel keenly, how life slips away,
And that I must finally depart,
That finally the last song
And finally the last kiss have come.

I'm still clinging to your mouth
In painful anxious desire,
You give Youth the last greeting,
You give me the last rose.

From that magic chalice, you gift
the last golden drink to me,
You are from that fairytale world
My very last evening light.

The last star is in the sky
O do not hold your heart back;
I sink down at your feet,
I feel it, you are my last happiness!

Vítězslava Kapralová: Dvě písně, Op. 4 *Texts by R. Bojko*

I. Jitro

Jitro zpívá kol a ve mně,
zlatý pták, jenž přelét hory,
smavé dítě dne a zory,
růžový sen bílé země, země.

Jitro, sběratel snů bosý,
světla rozsévač a rosy,
vlídný pozdrav boha světa.

Jitro se skřivany, kosal,
rozprostírá křídla k letu,
duše, bílá sestra květů.

Jitro září kol a ve mně, září, září kol.

*Czech Translations by Karla Hartl,
courtesy of The Kapralova Society
(www.kapralova.org)*

I. Morning

Morning sings around and in me,
a gold bird that flew over the mountains,
the smiling child of the day and the dawn sky,
a rosy dream of the white earth, the earth.

The morning, collector of barefooted dreams,
sower of light and dew,
the kind greeting of God to the world.

The morning with larks, with blackbirds
spreads its winds toward flight,
the soul, white sister of flowers.

Morning shines around and in me, shines,
shines around.

II. Osirely

Jde bílý měsíc po lukách
a prsty třpytné, zařivé
na trávy klade bážlivé
a sklouzá tiše po rosách.

Ó, bych tě měl zde na dosah.

Mátožně sladké postavy,
v tyl zahaleny bělavý
rukama kynou v doubravy.

Vzdech nový vane od pasek.
Stříbrné paže bílých řek
se zvedly pro hvězd polibek,
Zem kolébá se na osách.

Ó, bych tě měl zde na dosah.

II. Orphaned

The white moon goes along the meadows
and it sets glistening, shining,
timid fingers on the grasses
and glides calmly along the dews.

Oh, were I to have you here within reach.

Feebly, sweet figures
shrouded in creamy tulle,
beckon with their hands to oak groves.

A yearning sigh wafts from the clearings.
Silvery arms of white rivers
Arose for a kiss from the stars.
The earth is rocking on its axes.

Oh, were I to have you here within reach.

Viktor Ullmann: Drei Lieder, Op. 37 *Texts by Conrad Ferdinand Meyer*

I. Schnitterlied

Wir schnitten die Saaten,
wir Buben und Dirnen,
mit nackenden Armen
und triefenden Stirnen,
von donnernden dunkeln
Gewittern bedroht.
Gerettet das Korn!
Und nicht Einer, der darbe!
Von Garbe zu Garbe
ist Raum für den Tod.
Wie schwellen die Lippen
des Lebens so rot!

Hoch tronet ihr Schönen,
auf güldenen Sitzen,
in strotzenden Garben,
umflimmert von Blitzen.
Nicht eine, die darbe,
Wir bringen das Brot!
Zum Reigen, zum Tanze,
Zur tosenden Runde!
Von Munde zu Munde
ist Raum für den Tod.
Wie schwellen die Lippen
des Lebens so rot!

I. Song of the Reapers

We mowed the corn,
we lads and lasses,
with our arms bare
and dripping brows,
while thunderous dark
storm-clouds loomed.
The crop has been saved!
And not one jot was lost!
Between sheaf and sheaf
there is room for death.
How the lips of Life
swell so red!

Aloft you sit, beauties,
on golden thrones,
in brimming sheaves,
surrounded by lightning flashes.
Not one jot was lost!
We are fetching the bread in!
Come to the round-dance! come!
To the boisterous round!
Between mouth and mouth
there is room for death.
How the lips of Life
swell so red!

II. Säerspruch

Bemest den Schritt, Bemest den Schwung.
Die Erde bleibt noch lange jung!
Hier fällt ein Korn, das stirbt und ruht.
Die Ruh' ist süß, es hat es gut.
Dort eins, das aus der Scholle bricht.
Es hat es gut, süß ist das Licht.
Und keines fällt aus dieser Welt
Und jedes fällt, wie's Gott gefällt.

II. The Sower's Saying

Measure your stride, Measure your sweep.
The earth will remain young for a long time yet!
There a grain falls, dead and at rest.
The quiet is sweet, it is good.
There is one that has broken through the soil.
It is good, the light is sweet.
And not one falls from this world
And each one falls as God desires.

III. Die Schweizer

Sie kommen mit dröhnenden Schritten entlang
Den von Raphaels Fresken verherlichten Gang
In der puffigen alten historischen Tracht
Als riefte das Horn sie zur Murtenener Schlacht:
„Herr Heiliger Vater, der Gläubigen Hort,
So kann es nicht gehn und so geht es nicht fort!
Du sparst an den Kohlen, du knickerst am
Licht —
An deinen Helvetiern knaus're du nicht.

III. The Swiss

They traverse with thundering steps
The hallway embellished by Rapahel's frescoes
In their puffy, old, historic garb
As if the bugle called them for battle of Murten:
“Holy Father, haven of worshippers,
It does not work this way and cannot continue!
You skimp on briquettes and you are stingy with
light—
But don't cut short your Helvetians.

Wenn den Himmel ein heiliger Vater gewann,
Er gibt es zwölf Taler für jeglichen Mann!
So war's und so bleibt's von Geschlecht zu
Geschlecht,
Wir pochen auf unser historisches Recht.

Herr Heiliger Vater, du weißt, wer wir sind,
Bescheidene Leute von Ahne zu Kind.
Doch werden wir an den Moneten gekürzt,
Wir kommen wie brüllende Löwen gestürzt!

Herr heiliger Vater, die Taler heraus,
Sonst räumen wir Kisten und Kasten im Haus,
Pötz Donner und Hagel und höllischer Pfuhl,
Wir versteigern dir den apostolischen Stuhl."

Der heilige Vater bekreuzt sich entsetzt
Und zaudert und langt in die Tasche zuletzt.
Da werden die Löwen zu Lämmern im Nu —
„Herr Heiliger Vater, jetzt segne uns du!"

Whenever a Holy Father won heaven,
Twelve Talers are given to each man!
That's how it was and so it remains from
generation to generation,
We will insist on our historic rights.

Holy Father, you know who we are,
Modest people, old and young alike.
But when we are shortened in our monetary
rewards
We come running roaring like lions!

Holy Father, out with the Taler,
Otherwise we will move boxes and crates in
your house,
Oh thunder and hail and hellish cesspool,
We'll auction off your apostolic chair."

Terrified, the Holy Father crosses himself,
Hesitates and reaches into his bag at last.
Right then the lions turn into lambs —
"Holy Father, give us your blessing now!"

Kaprálová: Jablko s klína, Op. 10 (An Apple From the Lap)

Texts by Jaroslav Seifert

I. Písen na vrbovou pistalku

Už na nás prší z jehněd pel
a na kře letí jaro horempádem,
zpod křídel kvočny vyletěl
houf kuřat, pípajících hladem.
Bože, ať i to nejmenší z nich
zrníčko najde na tvé jarní zemi!
To jenom člověk v dobách zlých
může se živit sny a nadějemi.

I. Song on the Willowpipe

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

II. Ukolébavka

Tatínek přijde, snad již za chvílku,
kde ho zas čerti berou!
Cožpak mi musí každou vzpomínku
ztrpčiti nedůvěrou?
Spí v krajkách jako brouček v kapradí,
tma oči uzamyká.
Tatínka nechme, ať si vyvádí,
svět jeho je již jiný.
Člověk i na pláč zvyká.

II. Lullaby

Your daddy is coming, maybe at any moment,
where the devil is he!
I wonder, must he embitter my every memory
with mistrust?
Sleep in your lace calmly, like a bug in a rug,
darkness locks your eyes.
Let's not mind daddy, let him have his good time,
his world is now different.
People even get used to crying.

III. Bezvětrí

V bezvětrí starých ran,
v krajkové ctnostné špíny,
pod křídlem líných vran,
jež slétly do roviny,
žiji sny tesklivé:
mrtvý se dívá z hlíny
do světa na živé
a na tančící stíny
v ulicích Ninive.

III. Calm

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

IV. Jarní pouť

Střelnice, houpačky a kolotoče
probudily časně z jara spáče.

Kde je má dýmka a mé zápalky,
půjdu si koupit fialky.

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

Lod'ky na houpačkách mají jména:

Marta, Marie, Helena, Zdena;

miloval jsem v jiném pořadí,

na posteli, v mechu, v kapradí.

Osud jinak rozhodil mně kartu:

Zdenu, Helenu, Marii, Martu;

jméno páté nevíme;

pláči jí právě na klíně.

Každá přichází konec konců

zmuchlaná trochu od milenců,

od polibků opuchlý má ret,

co mně bude o tom vyprávět.

IV. Spring Fair

Rifle ranges, swings, and carousels
awoke the sleepers early in Spring.

Where's my pipe and my matches,
I'll go buy violets.

On the shooter is a lion and a string of pipes,
in five minutes my snapshot is ready,

I have lips swollen from kisses,

but I don't have to tell you the details.

The little boats on the swings have the names

Marta, Marie, Helena, Zdena;

I loved them in a different order,

on the bed, in the moss, in the ferns.

Fate dealt my cards differently,

Zdena, Helena, Marie, Marta;

the fifth name we don't know;

I cry right now on her lap.

Each girl arrives after all

tousled a little from their sweethearts,

she has lips swollen from kisses,

but she doesn't have to go into details.

Zemlinsky: Fünf Gesänge, Op. 8

I. Turmwächterlied

Nacht ist es jetzt,
Und das Gestirn, das Gott gesetzt
Als Grenze (eh die Zeit noch war)
Zwischen des Lichtes klarem See
Und der Finsternisse Meer,
Die Sonne wich von ihrem Ort,
Doch bald erstrahlt sie wieder
So hoffen wir in Demuth.

Ihr Leut' in Burg und Feste,
Ihr, die ihr auf den Straßen zieht,
Und ihr auf salzigem Meer,
Ihr alle solltet beten,
Eh des Tages Ringen
Oberhand gewinnt.
Und wendet die Gedanken
Ab von Haus und Heim
Und lasst sie aus den Herzen
Ziehen himmelwärts,
Denn der Herr ist gut und barmherzig
Jetzt und ewiglich.

Herr, nun kommen sie alle,
Gut und Böse,
Siche und Heile,
Mit Ruf und Rede,

I. The Tower Watchman's Song

It is night now,
and the star that God has set
as a boundary (before time yet existed)
between the clear sea of light
and the ocean of darkness;
The sun has moved away from its place —
but soon it will shine again,
so we humbly hope.

You people in castles and fortresses,
You, who move about the streets,
and you on the salty ocean —
you should all pray
before the struggle of the day
wins the upper hand.
And turn your thoughts
from house and home
and let them from your hearts
fly heavenwards,
For the Lord is good and merciful
now and forevermore.

Lord, now they are all coming —
the good and the bad,
the ill and the healthy,
with calls and speeches,

Seufzend im heiligen
Zeichen des Kreuzes.
Höre sie alle in deiner Gnade,
Gewähre ihnen nach deinem Willen.
Lass sie christlich beten.

Text by Jens Peter Jacobsen

sighing at the sacred
sign of the cross.
Listen to them all in your grace,
grant them their wishes according to your will.
Let them pray like Christians.

II. Und hat der Tag all seine Qual

Und hat der Tag all seine Qual
Thauthränend ausgeweit,
Dann öffnet Nacht den Himmelssaal
In ewigen Trübsinns stiller Qual.
Und eins und eins
Und zwei und zwei
Zieht fremder Welten Genienchor
Aus dunklem Himmelsgrund hervor,
Und über irdischen Lüsten und Schmerzen,
In Händen hoch die Sternen kerzen,
Schreiten sie langsam über den Himmel hin.
Tieftraurig gehen sie,
Treu dem Gebot
Verwunderlich wehen,
Von des Weltraums kalten Winden bedroht,
Der Sternen kerzen flackernde Flammen.

Text by Jens Peter Jacobsen

II. And Once All the Miseries of the Day

And once all the miseries of the day
have been wept away in dewy tears,
then Night opens the hall of Heaven
in the eternal Gloom's quiet misery.
And one by one
and two by two
spirit-choirs of distant worlds
rise up from the depths of the heavens,
and over earthly joys and sorrows,
holding star-candles high in their hands,
they slowly stride across the heavens.
Deep in sorrow do they go,
true to their orders
and with astonishment,
threatened by the cold winds of the world,
the flickering flames of the star-candles sigh.

III. Mit Trommeln und Pfeifen

Mit Trommeln und Pfeifen bin ich oft marschiert,
Neben Trommeln und Pfeifen hab' ich oft
präsentiert,

Vor Trommeln und Pfeifen bin ich oft avanciert
In den Feind, hurra!

Die Trommeln und Pfeifen, die hör' ich nicht
mehr,

Und Trommeln und Pfeifen, rückten sie her,
Hinter Trommeln und Pfeifen hinkte zu schwer
Mein Stelzfuß, o weh!

Wenn Trommeln und Pfeifen mir kämen in Sicht,
Gegen Trommeln und Pfeifen mein Ohr hielt'
ich dicht,

Die Trommeln und Pfeifen ertrüg' ich nicht,
Mir bräche das Herz.

Und Trommeln und Pfeifen, das war mein Klang,
Und Trommeln und Pfeifen, Soldatengesang,
Ihr Trommeln und Pfeifen, mein Leben lang
Hoch Kaiser und Heer!

Text by Detlev von Liliencron

III. With Drums and Fifes

With drums and fifes I have often marched,
beside drums and fifes I have often presented
arms.

Before drums and fifes I have often advanced
toward the enemy - hurrah!

The drums and fifes, I hear them no longer,
and if the drums and fifes came closer,
behind the drums and fifes my wooden leg
would hobble too heavily, o woe!

If drums and fifes came into my sight,
I would cover my ears against those drums
and fifes,

for drums and fifes I cannot endure -
they would break my heart.

Drums and fifes, they were my sound -
drums and fifes, a soldier's song;
You drums and fifes, my whole life long,
cheer for Emperor and Army!

IV. Tod in Aehren

Im Weizenfeld, in Korn und Mohn,
Liegt ein Soldat, unaufgefunden,
Zwei Tage schon, zwei Nächte schon,
Mit schweren Wunden, unverbunden.

Durstüberquält und fieberwild,
Im Todeskampf den Kopf erhoben.
Ein letzter Traum, ein letztes Bild,
Sein brechend Auge schlägt nach oben.

Die Sense rauscht im Ährenfeld,
Er sieht sein Dorf im Arbeitsfrieden,
Ade, ade, du Heimatwelt —
Und beugt das Haupt und ist verschieden.

IV. Death Among the Corn

In the wheatfield, among corn and poppies,
lies a soldier, undiscovered
now for two days already, and two nights;
with heavy wounds, unbound.

Tormented by thirst and wild with fever,
in the throes of death, he lifts his head.
A last dream, a last image,
he rolls his breaking eyes upwards.

The scythe whispers in the cornfield,
he sees his village in peaceful toil,
adieu, adieu, you world of home —
and bows his head and departs.

Zemlinsky: *Herbsten* (Harvest)

Klagend weint es in den Zweigen,
Grelle Blätter, windgewiegt,
Jäh von tollem Sturm besiegt,
Tanzen müd im Todesreigen.

Und die Wünsche, die aus herben
Wurzeln an das Licht geblüht,
Sinken klagend, sinken müd
In das grosse, grosse Sterben.

Text by Paul Wertheimer

The boughs lament and weep,
Garish, wind-tossed leaves
Suddenly conquered by a raging storm,
Wearily perform the dance of death.

And those desires, that blossomed
From bitter roots towards the light,
Sink plaintively, sink wearily
Into the great, great Death.

Ullmann: Schwer ist's, das Schöne zu lassen (It is hard to let go of beauty)

Schwer ist's, das Schöne zu lassen,
das in Bewegungen aufsteigt,
und Gesichtern und Bäumen und Blumen,
die sich herbiegen aus goldener Vorzeit,
auch Tönen, in denen noch Sterne erstrahlen
und Worten, Götter getragen,
und Engeln, die uns umarmen,
geschwisterlichen Kusses Süße der Seele
schenkend.

Aber andere Wesen weilen in dorrendem Walde,
es tropft nicht die Frucht, sie zu tränken.

Und des Todes Trommelwirbel über das Feld hin
sammelt Gespenster bei der Verwesung.

Und ich bei den Toten, mit den Bildern des
Lebens,

habe die Macht, die Hölle zu übergeben sich
selber.

Und weiß nicht die Schmerzen zu scheuchen
und muß sie tragen bis ans Ende der Welt.

Denn der Schweiß rinnt immer
von der Stirne der Sterbenden,
und meine Seele ist unwert
mehr als ein Laken zu sein,
ihn wegzuwischen.

It is hard to let go of Beauty,
who moves upward,
And the faces and trees and flowers,
bending toward her from former golden times,
and to sounds, in which stars still shine,
and to words, god-given,
and to angels, who embrace us,
sweetness of soul with a sisterly kiss.
But different beings dwell in desiccating forests,
fruit does not drip to quench their thirst
And the drumroll of death across the fields
collects ghosts as they decay.
And I, being with the dead, holding images of life,
Possess the power to leave hell to itself.
And I am incapable of shooing off the pain
And must carry it to the end of the world.
For sweat always runs
Off the brow of the dying,
and my soul is not worthy,
to be more than the shroud
that wipes it off.

Kaprálová: Navždy, Op. 12

I. Navždy

Divoké husy táhnou k jihu,
někdo odejde a zas se vrátí,
někdo odejde a už se nevrátí.

Nevím, je-li někde nebe krásnější než u nás,
u nás ale více hvězd bys nikde nenapočítal
když je noc jasná, jasná.

Divoké husy táhnou k jihu,
někdo odejde a zas se vrátí,
někdo odejde a už se nevrátí.

Text by Jan Čarek

I. Forever

Wild geese are flying south,
someone will leave and again will return,
someone will leave and will never return.

I don't know if somewhere the sky is more
beautiful than here,

but here you would not count anywhere
more stars when the night is clear, clear.

Wild geese are flying south,
someone will leave and again will return,
someone will leave and will never return.

II. Čím Je Můj Žal

Čím je můj žal proti tvým mořím,
čím je má bolest proti písku tvých pouští?

Milosrdné stromy a klasy poslušné,
zvlněná rouna vod dal jsi mým snům.

Možná, že jednou uhasne pochodeň vržená
v bláto,
netopýrů křídla víří,
netopýrů křídla víří,
těžká hlína dnů zavaluje srdce, bijící srdce,
srdce.

Čím je můj žal proti tvým mořím,
čím je má bolest proti písku tvých pouští?

Až jednou mávneš dechem své dlaně, ach,
opadají listy hvězd.
Vichřice zbožnosti až k zemi ohni obilí me
pýchy.

Text by Jan Čarek

II. What Is My Grief

What is my grief against your seas,
what is my pain against the sand of your
deserts?

Merciful trees and obedient ears of grain,
the rippling surface of the waters, you gave
these to my dreams.

It is possible that one time the torch thrown
in the mud will go out,
the wings of bats swirl
the hard clay of the days overwhelms hearts,
beating hearts, hearts.

What is my grief against your seas,
what is my pain against the sand of your
deserts?

Perhaps one time you will wave your palms with
your breath ah, the leaves of stars will fall.
Oh tempest of adoration, bend to the earth
the grains of my pride.

III. Ruce (Hands)

Pět prstů ruky mé je lyra
tichá a nesmělá,
chvilíčku lyru a chvílku hřeben,
vlasy ti spadly do čela.

Pět půlměsíčků bílých nehtů
líbal jsem zkroušený,
zatímco hvězdy plné smoly
rudými žhnuly plameny.

Svět padal s námi do propasti,
my neslyšeli hran,
poslední jsme pili kapky vína,
jež zbylo ještě v Kanaán.

Text by Jaroslav Seifert

III. Hands

The five fingers of my hand are a lyre
gentle and shy,
for a little while a lyre and for a while a comb;
your hair fell to your forehead.

The five white half moons of fingernails
I kissed penitent,
while the stars, full of resin,
glowed with deep red flames.

The world fell with us to the abyss,
we did not hear the knell,
we drank the last drops of wine
that still remained in Canaan.

Ullmann: Hölderlin-Lieder (Hölderlin Songs) *Texts by Friedrich Hölderlin*

I. Sonnenuntergang

Wo bist du? Trunken dämmert die Seele mir
Von all deiner Wonne! Denn eben ist's,
Daß ich gelauscht, wie, goldner Töne
Voll der entzückende Sonnenjüngling
Sein Abendlied auf himmlischer Leier spielt.
Es tönten rings die Wälder und Hügel nach.
Doch ferne ist er zu frommen Völkern,
Die ihn noch ehren, hinweggegangen.

I. Sunset

Where are you? Drunkenly, my soul awakens
from all your pleasures! I harken now,
to the golden sounds
as the enchanting sunbathed-boy
plays his evening-song on the heavenly lyre.
His song rings through the hills and forests,
though he is far away from the good folk,
who still honor him in his absence.

II. Der Frühling

Wenn auf Gefilden neues Entzücken keimt
Und sich die Ansicht wieder verschönt und
sich

An Bergen, wo die Bäume grünen,
Hellere Lüfte, Gewölke zeigen,

O! welche Freude haben die Menschen! froh
Gehn an Gestaden Einsame. Ruh' und Lust
Und Wonne der Gesundheit blühet,
Freundliches Lachen ist auch nicht ferne.

II. The Spring

When on fields new delight sprouts forth,
and the view becomes beautiful again,
and on mountains where trees become green,
brighter breezes and clouds appear,
oh, what joy human beings have! Happily
going on lonely shores. Calm and joy
and the delight of health blossom,
joyful laughter is also not far away.

III. Abendphantasie

Vor seiner Hütte ruhig im Schatten sitzt
Der Pflüger, dem Genügsamen raucht sein
Herd.

Gastfreundlich tönt dem Wanderer im
Friedlichen Dorfe die Abendglocke.

Wohl kehren jetzt die Schiffer zum Hafen auch,
In fernen Städten fröhlich verrauscht des
Markts

Geschäftiger Lärm; in stiller Laube
Glänzt das gesellige Mahl den Freunden.

Wohin denn ich? Es leben die Sterblichen
Von Lohn und Arbeit; wechselnd in Müh und
Ruh

Ist alles freudig; warum schläft denn
Nimmer nur mir in der Brust der Stachel?

Am Abendhimmel blühet ein Frühling auf;
Unzählig blühen die Rosen, und ruhig scheint
Die goldene Welt; o dorthin nehmt mich,
Purpurne Wolken! und möge droben
in Licht und Luft zerrinnen mir Lieb' und Leid'!

III. Evening Fantasy

Before his cottage, in the shade,
the plowman sits, his hearth smoking
contentedly.

The evening bells welcome the traveler
to the peaceful village.

Now the boatmen turn too toward the harbor,
and in far-off towns
the merry bustle of the marketplaces
die down; in the quiet grove
a companionable meal beckons the friends.

Where then shall I go? Do not mortals live
by wages and work; alternating labor with rest
makes everything well; why then will
the sting of this thorn in my breast never
sleep?

Up in the evening sky a token of Spring
blossoms;
infinite roses bloom, and the golden world
seems
at peace; o take me there,
purple clouds! and up there
into light and air may my love and grief melt
away!

Doch, wie verscheucht von törriger Bitte,
flieht
Der Zauber; dunkel wirds und einsam
Unter dem Himmel, wie immer, bin ich.

Komm du nun, sanfter Schlummer! zu viel
begehrt
Das Herz; doch endlich Jugend, verglühst
du ja!
Du ruhelose, träumerische!
Friedlich und heiter ist dann das Alter.

But, as if my silly plea had scared it away,
the magic flees; it grows dark. Alone
beneath the sky I stand, as always.

Come now, mild Slumber! too much does the
heart demand;
but finally, youth, will are burning up!
You restless, dreamy thing!
and my old age will be peaceful and serene.

Kaprálová: Sbohem a šáteček, Op. 14 (Waving Farewell)

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

Bylo to překrásné žel všecko má svůj konec
Mlč umíráčku mlč ten smutek já už znám
Polibek kapesník siréna lodní zvonec
Tři čtyři úsměvy a potom zůstat sám

Sbohem a kdybychom si neřekli už více
Ať po nás zůstane maličká památka
Vzdušná jak kapesník prostší než pohlednice
A trochu mámivá jak vůně pozlátka

A jestli viděl jsem co neviděli jiní
Tím lépe vlašťovko jež hledáš rodný chlév
Ukázalas mi jih kde máš své hnízdo v skříni
Tvým osudem je let mým osudem je zpěv

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

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

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

And if I saw what others did not see,
that is better, oh swallow, who looks for its
native shed.
You showed me the south,
where you have your nest in a closet,
your fate is flight, my fate is song.

Sbohem a bylo-li to všecko naposledy
Tím hůře mé naděje nic vám už nezbude
Chcem-li se setkati nelučme se radš tedy
Sbohem a šáteček Vyplň se osude!

Text by Vítězslav Nezval

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

If we want to meet each other again, then it is
better that we not say goodbye.

A waving farewell. Carry on, fate!

