

WIGMORE HALL

Friday 17 December 2021 7.30pm

Magdalena Kožená mezzo-soprano

Ohad Ben-Ari piano

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Meine Liebe ist grün Op. 63 No. 5 (1873)

Nachtigall Op. 97 No. 1 (c.1885)

Verzagen Op. 72 No. 4 (1877)

Anklänge Op. 7 No. 3 (1853)

Das Mädchen spricht Op. 107 No. 3 (1886)

Unbewegte laue Luft Op. 57 No. 8 (c.1871)

Ach, wende diesen Blick Op. 57 No. 4 (c.1871)

Vergebliches Ständchen Op. 84 No. 4 (c.1881-2)

Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)

Evening Songs Op. 3 (1876)

*When I gazed at the heavens • The trees have ceased their sighing •
I am that knight from the fairytale • Out of an abundance of love •
I dreamt that you had died*

Interval

Bohuslav Martinů (1890-1959)

New Chap-Book H288 (1942)

*The rich sweetheart • The abandoned lover • Yearning • The inquisitive
girl • The happy girl • The mournful lover • Prayer • The high tower*

Modest Musorgsky (1839-1881)

The Nursery (1868-72)

*With Nanny • In the corner • The beetle • With the doll • Prayer at
bedtime • Matros the cat • Hobby-horse rider*

Béla Bartók (1881-1945)

Falun (Village Scenes) BB87a (1924)

Haymaking • At the bride's • Wedding • Lullaby • Lads' dance

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It's strange to realise how difficult, even harsh, the music of **Brahms** seemed to many people when it was new. The first piece of his to reach England, the song 'Liebestreu' Op. 3 No.1, prompted the eminent critic Henry Chorley to splutter that 'Gratuitous ugliness, uncouthness, difficulty and affectation have hardly ever been more firmly combined and in larger quantities'. What such people presumably wanted was simple, grateful melodies with discreet piano parts that anyone could play. Brahms did actually provide these in his many folksong arrangements, but his 200-odd original songs, composed with regularity throughout his career, offer something far more ambitious.

Brahms aimed for the closest partnership between performers. The word 'accompaniment' hardly does justice to Brahms's piano parts. Their textures may be suggested by some natural feature (the song of a nightingale, the flight of a swallow, the surge of waves and wind); they may provide subtle colouring to express a state of mind; but however passionate the expression, Brahms never relaxes the formal discipline that gives his music such strength.

The eight songs performed this evening are all settings of contemporary (or near contemporary) poets, some of them known personally to the composer. They offer some idea of Brahms's variety, from the near-folk idiom of 'Vergebliches Ständchen' to the intensity of the two Daumer settings from Op. 57, whose sensuality surprised and even disturbed some of the composer's friends.

Dvořák was far less self-conscious than Brahms, both as man and musician. There is a wide range of emotion in his *Evening Songs*, expressed in vocal melody, with the piano part very much designed as accompaniment. Dvořák's opus numbers, particularly of his early compositions, are a hideous muddle and are no guide to chronology. Between 1880 and 1883 12 *Evening Songs* were issued by three different publishers in different groupings with different opus numbers, but all of them were probably composed in 1876, when the 35-year-old composer of four operas and five symphonies was still struggling for more than local recognition. The texts come from an 1859 collection by the Prague poet Vítězslav Hálek (1835-74) which consists of 65 short poems in simple, almost folk style, somewhat influenced by Heine's short lyrics. Smetana also set five poems from this collection, and in 1882 Dvořák made orchestral versions of 'I dreamt that you had died' and 'I am that knight from the fairytale'.

The poems set by Brahms and Dvořák are very much of their time and place, the songs aimed mainly at cultured amateur circles where an extremely high level of musicianship could often be found. The songs in the second part of this recital set more down-to-earth texts.

One of many artists driven from Europe by war, **Martinů** reached New York in 1941. He had little money and less English but found plenty of support from friends and admirers, the most influential of

whom was the conductor Serge Koussevitzky, who commissioned his First Symphony. While composing this in the summer of 1942 he wrote this little cycle on Moravian folk texts. The original *Špaliček* ('Chap-Book') was a 3-act stage work from 1932, described as a 'ballet from folk games, customs and fairytales'. *Nový Špaliček* ('New Chap-Book') was intended for the composer's fellow exiles in dark times, connecting them to a homeland under Nazi occupation from which it was impossible to get reliable news. It is dedicated to Jan Masaryk, Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Czechoslovak government-in-exile and a fine amateur pianist, who performed it with another well-known member of the Czech community in New York, the Metropolitan Opera soloist Jarmila Novotná.

Musorgsky never set out to write an entire cycle concerning childhood. The songs that make up *The Nursery* appeared at different times between 1868 and 1872, the years when he was most involved in the composition and then the wholesale revision of *Boris Godunov*. Two further songs were projected, but never written. The texts are the composer's own. In his search for what he considered artistic 'truth', Musorgsky found inspiration in all sorts of speech patterns. First, there is the Russian language itself, with its particular stresses, wide variety of vowel sounds and groups of consonants. A characteristic of much Russian vocal music, and particularly appropriate here, is that the vocal line is written with strictly one note per syllable. Children don't speak in balanced phrases, so one obvious feature is irregularity of phrase and rhythm. There is no reason to ascribe all the songs to a single child, or to a boy or girl for that matter.

When he travelled around Eastern Europe and further afield collecting folksongs, **Bartók** was acutely conscious that the kind of isolated rural societies that had produced them would not long survive the advance of industrialisation and mass communication. In the early 1920s, when the tense political situation made travelling too difficult, he turned to the material he had earlier collected with two aims: to catalogue and preserve it, but also to incorporate it into his own musical language. The five songs for voice and piano comprising *Village Scenes* are based on songs he had heard when travelling in Zólyom county, a mountainous district in the middle of modern-day Slovakia, which until 1920 was part of the Kingdom of Hungary. They were first performed in 1926 by the composer with Mária Basilides, and their composition preceded a burst of such original compositions as the First Piano Concerto and Third String Quartet. The *Village Scenes* are far from being straightforward presentations of the original folk material, the piano parts deriving from various aspects of the vocal line in a very sophisticated manner. In 1926 Bartók arranged the last three songs for a group of female voices and small orchestra.

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Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Meine Liebe ist grün Op. 63 No. 5 (1873)

Felix Schumann

Meine Liebe ist grün wie der
Fliederbusch
Und mein Lieb ist schön wie die
Sonne;
Die glänzt wohl herab auf den
Fliederbusch
Und füllt ihn mit Duft und mit
Wonne.

My love's as green as the lilac
bush,
and my sweetheart's as fair as
the sun;
the sun shines down on the lilac
bush,
fills it with delight and
fragrance.

Meine Seele hat Schwingen der
Nachtigall
Und wiegt sich in blühendem
Flieder,
Und jauchzet und singet vom
Duft berauscht
Viel liebestrunkene Lieder.

My soul has a nightingale's
wings
and sways in the blossoming
lilac,
and, drunk with fragrance,
exults and sings
many a love-drunk song.

Nachtigall Op. 97 No. 1

(c.1885)

Christian Reinhold Köstlin

O Nachtigall,
Dein süßer Schall,
Er dringet mir durch Mark und
Bein.
Nein, trauter Vogel, nein!
Was in mir schafft so süsse
Pein,
Das ist nicht dein, –
Das ist von andern,
himmelschönen,
Nun längst für mich
verklungenen Tönen,
In deinem Lied ein leiser Widerhall.

O nightingale,
your sweet voice
pierces me to the
marrow.
No, dear bird, no!
What causes me such sweet
pain
is not your notes, –
but others, of heavenly
beauty,
long since vanished for
me,
a gentle echo in your song.

Verzagen Op. 72 No. 4

(1877)

Carl von Lemcke

Ich sitz' am Strande der
rauschenden See
Und suche dort nach Ruh',
Ich schau dem Treiben der Wogen
Mit dumpfer Ergebung zu.

I sit by the shore of the raging
sea
searching there for rest,
I gaze at the waves' motion
in numb resignation.

Die Wogen rauschen zum
Strande hin,
Sie schäumen und vergeh'n,

The waves crash on the
shore,
they foam and vanish,

Die Wolken, die Winde darüber,
Die kommen und verweh'n.

the clouds, the winds above,
they come and go.

Du ungestümes Herz sei still
Und gib dich doch zur Ruh;
Du sollst mit Winden und Wogen
Dich trösten, – was weinst
du?

You, unruly heart, be silent
and surrender yourself to rest;
you should find comfort in winds
and waves, – why are you
weeping?

Anklänge Op. 7 No. 3

(1853)

Joseph, Freiherr von Eichendorff

Hoch über stillen Höhen
Stand in dem Wald ein Haus;
So einsam wars zu sehen,
Dort übern Wald hinaus.

High over silent heights
a house stood in the forest;
it was so lonely there,
looking out over the forest.

Ein Mädchen sass darinnen
Bei stiller Abendzeit,
Tät seidne Fäden spinnen
Zu ihrem Hochzeitskleid.

Inside, there sat a girl
at silent eventide,
spinning silken threads
for her wedding dress.

Das Mädchen spricht

Op. 107 No. 3 (1886)

Otto Friedrich Gruppe

Schwalbe, sag mir an,
Ist's dein alter Mann,
Mit dem du's Nest gebaut
Oder hast du jüngst erst
Dich ihm vertraut?

Tell me, swallow,
is it last year's mate
you've built your nest with,
or are you
but recently betrothed?

Sag, was zwitschert ihr,
Sag, was flüstert ihr
Des Morgens so vertraut?
Gelt, du bist wohl auch
Noch nicht lange Braut?

Say, what are you twittering,
say, what are you whispering
so intimately in the morning?
Am I right, you haven't long
been married either?

Unbewegte laue Luft Op. 57 No. 8

(c.1871)

Georg Friedrich Daumer

Unbewegte laue Luft,
Tiefe Ruhe der Natur;
Durch die stille Gartennacht
Plätschert die Fontäne nur;
Aber im Gemüte schwillt
Heissere Begierde mir;
Aber in der Ader quillt
Leben und verlangt nach Leben.
Sollten nicht auch deine Brust

Motionless mild air,
nature deep at rest;
through the still garden night
only the fountain splashes;
but my soul swells
with a more ardent desire;
life surges in my veins
and yearns for life.
Should not your breast too

Sehnlichere Wünsche
heben?
Sollte meiner Seele Ruf
Nicht die deine tief durchbeben?
Leise mit dem Ätherfuss
Säume nicht, daher zu schweben!
Komm, o komm, damit wir uns
Himmlische Genüge
geben!

heave with more passionate
longing?
Should not the cry of my soul
quiver deeply through your own?
Softly on ethereal feet
glide to me, do not delay!
Come, ah! come, that we might
give each other heavenly
satisfaction!

Ach, wende diesen Blick
Op. 57 No. 4 (c.1871)

Georg Friedrich Daumer

Ach, wende diesen Blick,
wendes dies Angesicht!
Das Innre mir mit ewig neuer Glut,
Mit ewig neuem Harm erfülle nicht!

Ah, turn away that gaze, that
face!
Do not fill my inmost being
with ever new fire and grief!

Wenn einmal die gequälte Seele
ruht,
Und mit so fieberischer Wilde
nicht
In meinen Adern rollt das heisse
Blut,

When once my tormented soul
finds rest,
and my hot blood no longer
courses
through my veins so wildly, so
feverishly,

Ein Strahl, ein flüchtiger, von
deinem Licht,
Er wecket auf des Wehs
gesamte Wut,
Das schlangengleich mich in das
Herze sticht.

a single fleeting ray of your
light
will reawaken the entire rage of
pain
that stings my heart like a
serpent.

Vergebliches Ständchen
Op. 84 No. 4 (c.1881-2)

Anonymus

Er
Guten Abend, mein Schatz,
Guten Abend, mein Kind!
Ich komm aus Lieb zu dir,
Ach, mach mir auf die Tür,
Mach mir auf die Tür!

He
Good evening, my sweetheart,
good evening, my child!
I come because I love you,
ah! open up your door to me,
open up your door!

Sie
Mein Tür ist verschlossen,
Ich lass dich nicht ein;
Mutter, die rät mir klug,
Wärst du herein mit Fug,
är's mit mir vorbei!

She
My door's locked,
I won't let you in;
Mother gave me good advice,
if you were allowed in,
all would be over with me!

Er
So kalt ist die Nacht,
So eisig der Wind,

He
The night's so cold,
the wind's so icy,

Dass mir das Herz erfriert,
Mein Lieb erlöschen wird;
Öffne mir, mein Kind!

my heart is freezing,
my love will go out;
open up, my child!

Sie
Löschet dein Lieb,
Lass sie löschen nur!
Löschet sie immerzu,
Geh heim zu Bett, zur
Ruh,
Gute Nacht, mein Knab!

She
If your love goes out,
then let it go out!
If it keeps going out,
then go home to bed and go to
sleep,
good night, my lad!

Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)

Evening Songs Op. 3 (1876)

Vítězslav Hálek

When I gazed at the heavens (1876)

Když jsem se díval do nebe
Skrz ty hvězdičky zlaty,
Mně zdálo se, žeš svěřice
A já že anděl svatý.

When I gazed at the heavens
through the little golden stars,
you appeared to me as a saint
and I was an angel.

Tu vzal jsem harfu do ruky
A písně tobě zpíval,
Že písně svatých umkly
A každý k nám se díval.

I took up my harp
and sang to you
until the saints ceased their singing
and gazed at us.

Ba sám Bůh Otec na
chvíli
V svých tvůrčích plánech
stanul,
A zdá se mi, a zdá se mi,
Že po tváři mu slzný démant
kanul.

God the Father himself paused
briefly
while carrying out his plans for
creation
and I thought I saw
a diamond tear trickle down his
cheek.

The trees have ceased their soughing (1876)

Umlklo stromů
šumění
A lístek sotva dýše,
A ptáček dřímá krásný
sen
Tak tichounce, tak tiše.

The trees have ceased their
soughing,
the leaves are holding their breath,
and a bird is dreaming a happy
dream
so silently, so peacefully.

Na nebi vzešlo mnoho
hvězd
A kolem je tak volno,
Jenom v těch řadrech teskno
tak
A u srdce tak bolno.

A multitude of stars is twinkling
in the sky
and everything is at ease;
only this breast is wracked with
anguish,
only this heart is in pain.

Ve kvítků pěkný kalíšek
Se bílá rosa skládá -

The pale dew is settling
on the petals of the flowers -

Můj bože, a ta rosa též
Se v moje oči vkrádá.

my God, this dew is also
stealing into my eyes.

I am that knight from the fairytale (1876)

Já jsem ten rytíř z pohádky,
Jenž hrdě vyjel do světa,
Abych tu pannu uviděl,
Jež jako růže vykvétá.

I am that knight from the fairytale
who proudly rode out into the world
to catch a glimpse of that maiden
who blossoms like a rose.

O ní šla věst: kdo spatří
ji –
Ten s kletbou prý to odnese,
Buď že se v kámen
promění,
Buď že mu srdce vyrve
se.

It was foretold that whoever set
eyes on her
would be struck down by a curse:
either they would be turned into
a stone,
or their heart would be torn
from their breast.

I myslil jsem si u sebe:
Snad přec jen někdo vyjmutý.
A vyjel jsem a za ten
hřích
Teď -- v zpěváka jsem zakletý.

But I thought to myself:
perhaps some escape the curse.
And so I sallied forth, and for
that sin
I'm now doomed to be a singer.

Out of an abundance of love (1876)

Když bůh byl nejvíc rozkochán,
Tu lidské srdce stvořil,
A pak na věčnou
památku
V ně svoji lásku
vložil.

Out of an abundance of love,
God created human hearts,
and then as an everlasting
keepsake,
he implanted his love in those
hearts.

A když pak na něm utkvělo
To oko jeho věstí,
Radostí až se rozplakal,
Když viděl vše to
štěstí.

He then had a vision of how love
would transform the world,
and wept tears of joy
at the prospect of so much
happiness.

Leč při tom pláči -- do srdce
Se jedna slza vkradla,
Jako ta rosa v kalíšek,
A na samé dno padla.

But as he was weeping,
a tear stole into his heart
like dew dropping into a chalice,
and fell to the very depths.

A proto láska velký bol,
Leč bol tak sladký, milý,
Že škoda srdcí nastokrát,
Jež bol ten necítily.

Though love brings great pain,
the pain is sweet and cherished;
the hearts that do not feel this pain
are the truly deprived ones.

A proto láska štěstí půl
A polovic je muka,
Leč když se slza rozvlní,
Tu leckdy srdce puká.

And so love is equal parts
happiness and torment;
but when tears begin to flow,
the heart may break.

I dreamt that you had died (1876)

Mně zdálo se, žes umřela;
Slyšel jsem zvonit hrany,
A pláče bylo, kvílení
A náhku na vše strany.

I dreamt that you had died.
I heard the death knell tolling,
and there was weeping, wailing,
and lamenting on all sides.

Tak divně Ti tam ustlali!
Na hrob Ti kámen dali
A abych na něj napsal verš
Mne vlídně požádali.

How strangely they laid you to rest!
They placed a stone on your grave
and kindly asked me
to write an inscription for it.

Ó lidé, lidé z kamene,
Zde srdce mé si mějte,
A co jsem ještě nezpíval,
To do kamene vřejte.

O people, people of stone,
you may take my heart,
and the words I have not yet sung
can be inscribed on the stone.

Mé lásce jste nevěřili
A zhrdli mými slovy,
Když bude kámen mluvit k vám,
Snad vám to lépe poví.

You doubted my love
and scorned my words,
but if a stone speaks to you,
perhaps you will understand it
better.

Interval

Bohuslav Martinů (1890-1959)

New Chap-Book H288 (1942)

Traditional

The rich sweetheart

Dybych věděl já, že nebudeš má,
Osedlal bych si koníčka, ty
děvečko, ty malúčká,
Jel bych do pola.

If I knew you wouldn't be mine,
I'd saddle the horse, my
girl,
and ride away.

Mezi vojáky, mezi
sedláky,
Nevyplatíš mě, milenko,
Pěkné zlaté mé srdenko
Štyrma dukáty.

Won't you pay me off among the
soldiers,
among the farmers, my love,
my golden little heart,
with four ducats?

Dybys chodila, pěkně prosila,
V pěkném, bílém fěrušečku,
Zlato nosila.
A já bych ráda, můj synečku,
Vyplatila, sto
tolarama.

If you were to go and ask nicely,
wearing a nice white pinafore,
bearing gold.
I'd love to, my boy,
love to pay a hundred thalers
for you.

The abandoned lover

Ach, vychodí, vychodí nad
Jaborníkem hvězda, proč se
ti, děvečko, moja láska nezdá?
Ach, proč se ti, děvečko, ma
láska nelubí, dyť sme my
sedávali jako dva holubi.

Oh, a star is rising above
Jaborník, why don't you, my
girl, love me?
Oh, why don't you like my loving
you, we used to huddle like
two doves.

Yearning

A já mám doma bratra rybáře,
čo mne on každú rybu ukáže,
A já se stanem drobnu rybečku,
budu plavati bystru vodičku.
A mám já doma bratra vězdáře,
co on mi každú vězdu ukáže.
A já se stanem vězdu na nebi, a
svítit budu po celé zemi.

And I have a brother at home, an
angler, he shows me every fish,
and I'll be a little fish, swimming
in the swift stream.
And I have a star-gazer brother at
home, he shows me every star.
And I'll be a star in the sky, and
shine on the whole world.

The inquisitive girl

Dievča umíralo, ešte zavolalo: či
na druhem svetě mladenci
budětě?
Buděme, buděme, sivá
holubička, buděme miluvat tvě
červené líčka.

A girl was dying, she still called:
lads, are you going to be on
the other side?
We will be, we will, grey little
dove, we'll love your red little
cheeks.

The happy girl

Dybych já měla sukňu, červenú,
vdávala bych sa každú nedělu.
Dybych já měla červený šátek,
vdávala bych sa každíčký svátek.

If I had a red skirt, I'd be wed
every Sunday.
If I had a red scarf, I'd be wed
every, every feast day.

The mournful lover

Ej, smutno je mně, smutno,
veselo mně není, ej, že mně
vypovídá moje potěšení.
Ej, už mně tak nebude, jak mně
bývalo, ej, když mně z hory
z doly slunko svítívalo.
Ej, už mně tak nebude, jak mně
bylo vloni, vyrost mně
hřebíček na suchej jabloni.
Ej, smutno je mně, smutno, na
mojím srdečku, jak dyby ho
svázal hedbávnú šňurečku.
Ja, hedbávná šňurečka, ta je
tuze tenká, ja, ona se vřezala
do mého srdenka.

Ey, I am sad, sad, I'm not happy
that my girl wants me no
more.
Ey, I'll never feel like I used to,
when the sun shone from hill
and dale on me.
Ey, I'll never feel like I did last
year; the dry apple tree has
sprouted a nail for me.
Ey, I am sad, sad, in my heart,
as if it were bound by a silken
thread.
Yes, a silken thread,
so thin, it has cut
my heart.

Prayer

Dej mně, Bože, ten dar, co
se mně v noci zdál, pod
naším vokénkem, hezké
šohajek stál.
Černooký synek, jako
rozmarýnek, co se mně
naprosil, o zlaté prstýnek.
O zlaté prstýnek, o zelený vínek,
abych mu ho dala, že je hodný
synek.

Grant me, God, the gift I dreamt
about in the night, under our
window, a pretty boy was
standing.
A black-eyed boy like rosemary,
begging a gold little ring off
me.
A golden ring, a green
wreath, because he was a
good boy.

The high tower

Aj, veža veža, vysoká veža,
ztratil jsem pérko od milej
beža.
A kdo ho našel, nech mně ho
vrátí, šak mu milenka dobře
zaplatí.

Oh, tower, tower, tall tower, I
lost a feather running from
my lover
And whoever has found it, let
him give it back, she'll sure
well repay him.

Modest Musorgsky (1839-1881)

The Nursery (1868-72)

Modest Musorgsky

With Nanny

Rasskazhi mne, nyanyushka,
Rasskazhi mne, milaya,
Pro togo, pro buku
strashnogo
Kak tot buka po lesam
brodil,
Kak tot buka v les detei
nosil,
I kak gryz on ikh belye kostochki
I kak deti te krichali, plakali.

Tell me please, Nanny, tell me,
all about the dreadful bogey-man:
how the bogey-man roamed
about the woods,
how he carried children off into
the forest,
and how he gnawed at their
little white bones,
and how the children cried
and screamed aloud!

Nyanyushka! Vyed za to ikh,
Detei-to, buka sel,
Chto obideli nyanyu
staruyu,
Papu s mamoi ne
poslushali;
Ved za to on sel ikh
Nyanyushka?

Nanny dear! Surely the reason
the bogey-man ate the children
is because they were bad to
their old nanny,
they didn't listen to their daddy
and mummy;
wasn't that why he ate them,
Nanny dear?

Ili vot shto;
Rasskazhi mne luchshe pro
tsarya s tsaritsej,
Chto za morem zhili v teremu
bogatom.

Or perhaps, instead,
you could tell me about the King
and Queen,
who lived beside the sea in a
splendid castle?

Yeshchyo tsar vsyo na nogu
khromal;
Kak spotknyotsya, tak grib
vyrastyot.
U tsaritsy vsyo nasmork
byl,
Kak chikhnyot styokla
vdrebezgi!

Yet the King was very lame, and
wherever
he stumbled mushrooms grew
up.
And the Queen always had a
cold in the head,
and when she sneezed the
glasses were smashed to bits!

Znayesh, Nyanyushka,
Ti pro buku-to uzh ne
rasskazyvai,
Bog s nim, s bukai!
Rasskazhi mne, Nyanya,
Tu smeshnuyu-to!

You know, Nanny dear,
don't tell me anything about the
bogey-man.
Let's forget all about him!
Tell me a story, Nanny,
that will make me laugh!

In the corner

Akh ty, prokaznik!
Klubok razmotal,
Prutki rasterya!
Akh ty! Vsye petli
spustil!
Chulok yes zabryzgal
chernilami!
V ugol! V ugol!
Poshol v ugol! Prokaznik!

Oh, you little rascal!
You've unwound my ball of wool,
and you've lost my needles!
Oh dear! You've dropped all the
stitches!
And the stocking's all splattered
with ink!
Into the corner! Into the corner!
Stand in the corner! You rascal!

Ya nichego ne sdela, Nyanyushka,
Ya chulochek ne trogal,
Nyanyushka!
Kluboček razmotal
kotyonoček,
I prutochki razbrosal
kotyonoček.
A Mishenka byl
painka,
Mishenka byl umnista.
A Nyanya zlaya, staraya,
A u Nyani nosik-to zapachkannyi
Misha chistyenkii,
prichyosannyi
A u Nyani chepchik na boku.
Nyanya Mishenku obidela,
Naprasno v ugol
postavila;
Misha bolshe ne budet lyubit
svoyu Nyanyushku
Vot chto!

I didn't do anything, Nanny dear.
I didn't touch the little stocking,
Nanny dear.
It was the kitten who unwound
your little ball of wool,
and the kitten who pulled your
little needles out.
But little Misha has been a good
boy,
little Misha has been a clever boy.
And Nanny is old and bad,
and Nanny has a dirty nose.
Misha is a clean little boy, and
his hair is neatly combed,
but Nanny's cap is all crooked.
Nanny has been bad to little Misha,
to make him stand in the corner
for nothing.
And Misha won't love his Nanny
any more,
so there!

The beetle

Nyanya, nyanyushka!
Chto sluchilas, Nyanya,
dushenka!

Nanny, Nanny dear!
Here's what happened, Nanny
darling!

Ya igral tam na
pesochke,
Za besedkoi, gde beryozki,
Stroil domik iz luchinockek
klenovikh,
Tekh, chto mne Mama, sama
Mama nashchepala.
Domik uzh sovsem postroil
Domik s kryshkoi,
Nastoyashchi domik. Vdrug!

I was playing there in the sand
behind the summer-house,
near the birch-trees,
and I was building a little house
out of little strips of maple –
the bits that Mama herself
picked out for me.
The little house was just finished,
a little house with a roof as well,
a real little house. But – then!

No samoi kryshke zhuk sidit,
Ogromnyi,
Chyornyi, tolstoi takoi,
Usami shevelit
Strashno tak
I pryamo na menya vsyo smotrit!

Right on the roof of my house
sat a beetle,
huge, and black, and very fat.
He bristled his moustaches –
it was awful –
and he glared straight at me!

Ispugalsya ya!
A zhuk gudit, zlitsya,
Krylya rastopyril skhvatit menya
khochet!..
I naletel, v visochek menya udaril!

I was terrified!
Then the beetle buzzed,
and lost his temper; he spread
his wings,
and made straight for me!

Ya pritailsya, Nyanyushka,
Prisel, boyus
poshevelnutsya!
Tolko glazok odin chut-chut
otkryl!
I chto zhe?
Poslushai, Nyanyushka.

I kept very still, Nanny dear,
I cowered there, afraid to move
an inch!
Only one eye I opened a very
little,
and what do you think?
Listen, Nanny dear!

Zhuk lezhit, slozhivshi
lapki,
Kverkhu nosikom, naspinke,
I uzh ne zlitsya,
I usami ne
shevelit,
I ne gudit uzh,
Tolko krylyshki drozhat!
Chto-zh, on umer?
Il pritvorilsya?
Chto-zh eto, chto-zhe,
Skazhi mne, Nyanya,
S zhukom-to stalos?

The beetle was lying with his
legs folded,
with his feet in the air, on his back,
and he wasn't angry any more,
and he wasn't bristling his
moustaches,
and he wasn't even buzzing,
only his little wings were quivering.
Do you think he was dead?
Or just stunned a little?
What do you think, Nanny,
tell me please,
what has happened to the beetle?

Menya udaril,
A sam svalilsya!
Chto-zh eta s nim stalos, s
zhukom-to?

He came and hit me,
but he knocked himself out!
What has happened to him, to
that beetle?

With the doll

Tyapa, bai, bai, Tyapa,
Spi, usni, ugomon tebya vozmi!

Dolly, bye bye, Dolly,
go to sleep, settle down quietly!

Tyapa, spat nado ! Tyapa, spi,
usni!
Tyapu buka syest,
Seryi volk vozmyot,
V tyomnyi les snesyot,
Tyapa, spi, usni!
Chto vo sne uvidish,
Mne pro to rasskazhesh
Pro ostrov chudnyi,
Gde ni zhnut, ni seyut,
Gdye tsvetut i zreyut grushi
nalivnye,
Den i noch poyut ptichki
zolotye!

Bai, bai, bayu, bai, bai, bai,
Tyapa!

Prayer at bedtime

Gospodi, pomilui Papu i Mamu
I spasi ikh, Gospodi!
Gospodi, pomilui brattsya Vasenku
I brattsya Mishenku!

Gospodi, pomilui Babushku
starenkuyu,
Poshli ty yei dobroye zdorovitse,
Babushke dobrenkoi,
Babushke starenkoi, Gospodi!

I spasi, Bozhe nash: Tyotyuu
Katyuu,
Tyotyuu Natashuu, Tyotyuu Mashuu,
Tyotyuu Parashuu,
Tyotei Lyubuu, Varyuu,
Sashuu,
I Olyuu, i Tanyuu, i Nadyuu;
Dyadei Petyuu i Kolyuu,
Dyadyei Volodyuu, i Grishuu, i
Sashuu,
I vsekh ikh, Gospodi,
Spasi, i pomilui.
I Filkyuu, i Vankuu, i Mitku, i
Petku,
I Dashuu, Pashuu, Sonyuu,
Dunyushku ...

Nyanya, a Nyanya!
Kak dalshe, Nyanya?

“Vish ty, prokaznitsa kakaya!
Uzh skolka raz uchila!
Gospodi, pomilui i menya
greshnuyu!”

Dolly, you have to sleep, Dolly
go to sleep!
The bogey-man will eat Dolly,
the grey wolf will seize her and
carry her off into the dark forest!
Dolly, go to sleep!
And what you see in your dreams
you can tell me all about it:
about the magic island,
where no-one reaps or sows,
and where the juiciest pears
flower and ripen,
and where golden birds sing all
day and night.

Bye, bye, ba-yoo, bye, bye, bye,
Dolly!

God bless Daddy and Mummy,
and keep them safe, O Lord.
God bless brother Vasenka
and brother Mishenka.

God bless my dear old
Grandma,
give good health
to my dearest Grandma,
my old Grandma, O Lord.

And keep safe, O Lord, auntie
Katya,
auntie Natasha, auntie Masha,
auntie Parasha, and all
my aunties – Lyuba and Varya
and Sasha,
and Olya and Tanya and Nadya;
uncle Petya and uncle Kolya
and all my uncles – Voldya and
Grisha and Sasha;
and all of them, O Lord,
keep safe and bless.
And Filka and Vanka and Mitka
and Petka
and Dasha, Pasha, Sonya,
Dunyushka ...

Nanny, oh Nanny!
What else, Nanny?

Look you, what a little rascal!
How many times have I told you:
O Lord, forgive me my
sins!

Gospodi, pomilui i menya
greshnuyu!
Tak? Nyanyushka?

Matros the cat

Ai, ai, ai, ai, Mama, milaya
Mama!

Pobezhala ya za zontikom, Mama,
Ochen ved zharka,
Sharila v komode i v stole
iskala!
Net, kak narochno!
Ya vtoropyakh k oknu
Podbezhalo, mozhet
byt,
Zontik tam pozabyala...
Vdrug vizhu, na
okne-to,
Kot nash Matros,
Zabravshis na kletku,
skrebyot!
Snegir drozhit,
Zabilsa v ugol, pishchit.

Zlo menya vzyalo!
„E, brat, do ptichek
Ty lakom!
Net! Postoi, popalsa.
Vish ty, kot!”

Kak ni v chom ne byvala, stoyu ya,
Smotryu v storonku,
Tolko glazom odnim podmechayu,
Stranno chto-to!
Kot spokoino v glaza mne
smotrit,
A sam uzh lapu v kletku
zanosit;
Tolko chto dumal skhvatit
snegirya,
A ya yego chlop!

Mama, kakaya tvoyordaya kletka!
Paltsam tak bolno,
Mama!
Vot v samykh konchikakh,
Vot tut, tak noyet, noyet tak...
Net! kakov kot-to, Mama ...
a?

O Lord, forgive me my
sins!
Like that? Nanny dear?

Oh, oh, oh, oh, Mama, dearest
Mama!

I ran to find your parasol, Mama,
since the sun's so hot;
I rummaged around in the chest
of drawers,
and looked on the table –
no! what a business!
I hurried over to the window –
perhaps
it was there I left the parasol ...
Then suddenly I saw, over by
the window,
our cat Matros,
perched upon the birdcage,
snarling!
The bull-finch was trembling,
cowering in a corner and cheeping.

It made me very angry!
Oho, brother, you think the
little bird will be a dainty dish!
No! Just wait! I'll get you, cat,
you'll see!

I acted as if nothing was wrong,
I turned away,
but still kept one eye on him.
It was a funny thing!
The cat looked at me quite
calmly,
but still pushed his paw into the
birdcage;
and just when he thought he
would seize the bull-finch
I gave him a smack!

Mama, what a hard birdcage that is!
Mama, it hurt my fingers so
badly, Mama!
There, right at the tips,
just there, it hurts, it hurts so ...
No! What do you think of that
cat, Mama ... eh?

Hobby-horse rider

Gei! Gop, gop, gop! Gop, oi!
Gey, podi! Gei! Gei! Geo, podi!
Gop, gop, gop! Gop, gop!
Gop, Gop! Gei! Gei, gei!
Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta!
Tpru ... stoi!

Vasya, a Vasya!
Slushai, prikhodi igrat
segodnya;
Tolko ne pozdno!

Nu ty gop! Gop, gop!
Proshchai, Vasya!
Ya v Yukki poyekhal...
Tolko k vecheru
Nepremenno budu...
My ved rano, ochen rano
Spat lozhimsa...
Prikhodi zh smotri!

Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta!
Gei! Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-
ta-ta!
Podi! Gei! Gei, prodi! Gei, gei,
podi!
Gei, gei! Razdavlyu!
Oi!

Oi, bolno! Oy, nogu!

“Milyi moi, moi malchik, chto za
gore?
Nu, polno plakat!
Prodyot, moi
drug!
Postoi-ka, vstan na nozhki pryamo:
Vot tak, ditya!
Posmatri, kakaya prelest!
Vidish! V kustakh nalevo?
Akh, Chto za ptichka divnaya!
Shto za pyoryshki!
Vidish?.. Nu Chto?
Proshlo?”

Proshlo!
Ya v Yukki syezdil, Mama!
Teper domain toropitsya
nado ...
Gop, gop! Gosti budut ... Gop!
Toropitsya nado!..

Hey! Clop, clop, clop! Clip – clop!
Hey, giddy-up! Hey! giddy-up!
Clop, clop, clop! Clip – clop!
Clop, clop, clop! Hey! Hey!
Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta!
Whoa! Stop!

Vasya, hey Vasya!
Will you come and play with me
today?
Only don't be late!

Now, giddy-up! Clip – clop!
Goodbye, Vasya!
I'm off to Yuky ...
but towards evening ...
I shall certainly be back ...
since it's early, very early,
when they put us to bed ...
come and you'll see!

Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta!
Hey! Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-
ta-ta!
Giddy-up! Hey! Hey, giddy-up!
Giddy-up!
Hey, hey! I'll knock them all
down! Oh!

Oh, its sore! Oh, my foot!

My darling one, my little boy,
how terrible!
But don't cry any more;
it'll soon be better, my little
horseman;
stand up straight on your feet,
that's it, little one!
Look, how pretty! Do you see?
On the bushes, there on the left?
Oh, what a beautiful bird!
Such little feathers!
You see? How's your foot?
Better?

Better!
I've been to Yuky, Mama;
now ... home ... I have to hurry
... clip – clop!
My friends will be there ...
I have to hurry ...

Béla Bartók (1881-1945)

Falun (Village Scenes) BB87a (1924)

Traditional

Haymaking

Ej! Hrabaj zelen, hrabaj
To zelenô seno!
Ej! Ja by ho hrabala,
Nemám nakoseno.

Ej! Hrabala, hrabala,
Čerta nahrabala;
Ej! Od vel'kého spania
Hrable dolámala.

Hey! Rake it now, rake it now,
rake up the new-mown hay!
Ai! I'd gladly rake it now,
if you had mown some more.

Hey! Don't you stop raking now,
you have not done your work,
all because, from sleepiness,
you went and broke your rake.

At the bride's

Letia pávy, letia,
Drobnô peria tratia,
Devča si ho sbiera
Mesto svojho peria.
Sbieraj siho, sbieraj, ej,
Vedti treba bude,
Janikovo líčko
Na ňom líhať bude.

Proud the peacocks flutter.
Ai! Shimmering fall their feathers,
pretty girl takes them,
fills the clean white pillows.
Take them, girl, take them, hey!
You'll soon need these feathers,
for upon these pillows
your lover's head will rest.

Wedding

A ty Anča krásna,
Už vo voze kasňa,
Na kasni periny:
Už ťa vyplatili.

A z tejto dediny
Na druhú dedinu
Ideme opáčiť
Novotnú rodinu.

Kasňa je z javora,
Perina z pápera,
A to švarnô devča
Už nemá frajera,

Keď nemá frajera,
Ale bude muža,
Nebude prekviatať,
Ako v poli ruža.

Ruža som ja, ruža,
Pokým nemám muža,
Keďbudem mať muža,
Spadne so mňa ruža.

Annie, in your boxes
carried on the wagon,
there's fine clothes and bedding,
all for when you're married.

To the bridegroom's village,
fast as we are able,
we will drive, see his place,
get to know his people.

Finest maple boxes,
pillow stuffed with feather,
Annie, pretty girl,
now you have no lover.

Now she has a husband;
though she's lost a lover,
she will not, like a rose,
fade away and wither.

I'm a rose, a rose,
but only when I'm single,
when I have a husband,
petals drop and shrivel.

Teraz sa ty, Anča,
Teraz sa oklameš:
My pôjdeme domov
A ty tu ostaneš.

Say farewell, dear Annie,
say farewell and leave them:
off they go, full of joy,
you must not go with them.

Lullaby

Beli žemi, beli
Moj syn premilený!
Číma budeš chovať,
Ej, na moje starie dni?

Slumber, darling, slumber,
darling little baby!
When your mother grows old,
will you then take care of her?

Budem, manko, budem,
Kým sa neožením;
Akeď sa ožením,
Ej, potom vás oddelím.

I will take care of you, mother,
while I'm single;
but when I am married,
I'll go off and leave you.

Búvaj že mi, búvaj,
Len ma neunúvaj!
Čo ma viac unúvaš,
Menej sa nabúvaš.

Slumber, darling, slumber,
don't give me more trouble,
soon you'll quietly slumber,
darling keep quiet, be still.

Belej že sa, belej
Na hori zelenej,
Na hori zelenej,
V košielki bielenej.

Go into the green wood,
wear your white shirt,
and let your white shirt twinkle
through the dark green branches.

Košelôčka biela,
Šila ju Mariška,
Šila ju hodbábom
Pod zeleným hájom.

Your white shirt that twinkles,
our old Mary sewed it
for you in the green fields.
She embroidered it with silk.

Beli že mi, beli
Moj andelik biely,
Len mi neuletej,
Ej, do tej čiernej zemi!

Darling, slumber, darling,
baby, little white angel,
don't you ever leave me,
darling, never fly away.

Lads' dance

Poza búčky, poza peň,
Podže bratu, podže sem!
Poza búčky a klady,
Tancuj šuhaj za mladý!

Little oak tree, grow up strong,
dance, young fellow, dance along!
Little oak tree breaks in two,
dance, while life is free and new!

Štyri kozy, piaty cap,
Kto vyskočí, bude chlap!
Jab y som bol vyskočil,
Ale som sa
potočil.

Hey, old goat, old Billy, dance,
if you can, stand up and prance!
I tried prancing ere I could,
tripped and tumbled; it was no
good.

Hojže, hojže, od zeme!
Kto mi kozy zaženie?
A ja by ích bol zahnal,
Ale som sa vlka bál.

Now my lad, the time has come,
get the goats and drive them home!
Yes, I'd gladly drive them if
old wolf hadn't scared me stiff.

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