

WIGMORE HALL

Thursday 2 February 2023
7.30pm

Muse

Elizabeth Watts soprano
Simon Lepper piano

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Ariettes oubliées (1885-7 rev. 1903)

*C'est l'extase • Il pleure dans mon cœur •
L'ombre des arbres • Chevaux de bois •
Green • Spleen*

Richard Wagner (1813-1883)

Wesendonck Lieder (1857-8)

*Der Engel • Stehe still! • Im Treibhaus •
Schmerzen • Träume*

Interval

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Ruhe, meine Seele Op. 27 No. 1 (1894)

Cäcilie Op. 27 No. 2 (1894)

Heimliche Aufforderung Op. 27 No. 3 (1894)

Morgen Op. 27 No. 4 (1894)

Vítězslava Kaprálová (1915-1940)

Morning (1932)

Song on a willow fife from *An Apple from the Lap* Op. 10 (1934-6)

Sung into the Distance Op. 22 (1939)

Song of your absence • Under one's breath • Spring

Bohuslav Martinů (1890-1959)

From *New Slovak songs* (1920)

Tell me • The morning star

From *Songs on 2 Pages* (1944)

The Neighbour's Stable • Hope

At the barracks in Trencín from *New Slovak songs*

Lads of Zvolen from *Songs on 2 Pages*

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Muse

The dictionary entry for 'Muse' begins with a list of the nine Greek goddesses of Mount Parnassus. It is its second definition, however, that seems most appropriate for this evening's programme: 'An inspiring goddess more vaguely imagined'. Musical muses are many, varied, and often only half-painted in the biographies of those who adored them – openly or from afar – and were moved to create because of them.

In 1881, when he was 19, **Debussy** began working for the singing teacher Victorine Moreau-Sainti. Among her amateur pupils was a beautiful high soprano named Marie-Blanche Vasnier – a married woman over a decade Debussy's senior – with whom he fell hopelessly in love. Over the next few years he wrote many songs with her voice in mind, and her influence is also to be felt in his song writing for the rest of the decade. Between 1885 and 1887, he composed *Ariettes, paysages belges et aquarelles*, a collection of Verlaine settings that were completely ignored by the public and critics on their publication in 1888. Five years later, Debussy revised and reissued the set under the title 'Forgotten songs' (*Ariettes oubliées*). It is easy to see the appeal of Verlaine's graceful, evocative and often ambiguous texts. From the sensuous languor of 'C'est l'extase' to the galloping merry-go-round horses of 'Chevaux de bois', and the relentless pattering of 'Il pleure dans mon cœur', Debussy's settings capture the sumptuous imagery and fluid gestures of the poet's *Romances sans paroles* (1874), and the delicately shaded final two texts that Verlaine subtitled 'Watercolour'.

Richard Wagner's *Wesendonck Lieder* were also inspired by passionate adoration for a married woman: but in this case, the muse herself had a hand in the creative process. Whilst in Zurich in the early 1850s, Wagner became friends with the retired silk merchant Otto Wesendonck and his wife Mathilde, who was a keen poet. (Her name was in fact Agnes; Mathilde was the name of Wesendonck's first wife, and he suggested that upon her death and his remarriage, his new bride might take her predecessor's name!)

Mathilde Wesendonck and Wagner rapidly developed an intense relationship and exchanged many heartfelt letters. By 1858, he had set five of her poems to music, and used two of these as studies for his latest opera, *Tristan und Isolde*. The poetry is rich and passionate, from the gentle benediction of the angel in the first, to the extraordinary description of the sun's weeping in 'Schmerzen'. Wagner transforms each into a mini *scena*: we hear the churning wheel of Time in 'Stehe still!', the heavy drops on the leaves in 'Im Treibhaus' – and of course, the magical, floating dreamworld of 'Träume'.

With **Richard Strauss**, we come at last to a composer who was able to build an enduring (and deception-free) relationship with his muse. In 1887, Strauss met the soprano Pauline de Ahna: first as her tutor, and later as her friend and lover. The two became secretly engaged in March 1894 and married that September. Strauss's wedding present to 'meiner geliebten Pauline' was the set

of 4 *Lieder* Op. 27. The juxtaposition of impassioned harmonies and moments of breath-holding stillness in 'Ruhe, meine Seele!'; the overflowing joy of 'Cécilie'; the unabashed love song 'Heimliche Aufforderung', and the magical, intimate ecstasy of 'Morgen' – this was indeed an ardent, open-hearted gift from one superb musician to another.

Our final two composers are less well-known to song-lovers. Bohuslav Martinů was a male muse for the much younger **Vítězslava Kaprálová**, whom he met in early 1937. She was 22 that year, a superlative composer and prominent conductor, and she relocated from Prague to Paris to study with Martinů. Kaprálová and Martinů – who was married – began an affair and planned to leave together for the USA. But Martinů dithered over leaving his wife; and in 1940, after a short and brutal illness, Kaprálová died. She was 25 years old.

Several of the songs we hear tonight pre-date Kaprálová's liaison with Martinů. 'Morning' ['Jitro'] Op. 4 No. 1 dates from 1933, a richly evocative and colourful depiction of the day's arrival. 'Song on a willow fife' ['Píseň na vrbovou píšťalku'] is the first of the short cycle *An Apple from the Lap* [*Jablko s klína*] Op. 10, completed in 1936. The harmonies are more mysterious, the sentiment more ambiguous, as befits Jaroslav Seifert's thoughtful poem. We also hear the cycle *Sung into the Distance* [*Zpíváno do dálky*] Op. 22, written in Paris in 1939 when the composer was in close contact with Martinů. 'Song of your absence' ['Píseň tvé nepřítomnosti'] conjures the space and stillness of wide waters separating the speaker from her beloved. Singer and pianist are trembling and restless in 'Under one's breath' ['Polohlasem'], a night-time scene of chilly lovers in the dark. We end in a shining depiction of 'Spring' ['Jarní'], the liveliness of the day marred only by 'lost love'. Yet one is left with a sense that nature, and life, continue regardless, despite such heartbreak.

We close with a clutch of six songs by **Martinů**, who evidently found his intense musical discussions with Kaprálová, as well as their romantic relationship, hugely inspiring and rewarding. Although he spent much of his career away from his homeland, he retained a deep affection for, and interest in, Czech and Slovak folk music and poetry. In 1920, he produced two volumes of folk harmonisations, *New Slovak songs* [*Nové slovenské písně*]. From this we hear from an impatient lover in 'Tell me' ['Povedz že mi, povedz']; a tender goodnight in 'The morning star' ['Vysoko zornička']; and the swaggering 'At the barracks in Trenčín' ['V trenčianskej kasárni']. Martinů's final vocal works are the seven *Songs on 2 Pages* [*Pisničky na dvě stránky*] of 1944, which set Czech traditional texts. 'The Neighbour's Stable' ['Súsedova stajňa'] bounces with optimistic visions of a young man's future. 'Hope' ['Naděje'] is a story of heartbreak, deeply touching and melancholy. But we return to good cheer with 'The Lads of Zvolen' ['Zvolenovci chlapci'], joshing and teasing and talking of love.

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Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Ariettes oubliées (1885-7 rev. 1903)

Paul Verlaine

C'est l'extase

C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des
bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est, vers les ramures
grises,
Le chœur des petites voix.

Ô le frêle et frais
murmure!
Cela gazouille et
susurre,
Cela ressemble au cri doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire ...
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui
vire,
Le roulis sourd des
cailloux.

Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble
antienne
Par ce tiède soir, tout
bas?

**Il pleure dans mon
cœur**

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville;
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

Ô bruit doux de la pluie
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie,
Ô le bruit de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison
Dans se cœur qui s'écœure.
Quoi! nulle
trahison? ...
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi

**It is languorous
rapture**

It is languorous rapture,
it is amorous fatigue,
it is all the tremors of the
forest
in the breezes' embrace,
it is, around the grey
branches,
the choir of tiny voices.

O the delicate, fresh
murmuring!
The warbling and
whispering,
it is like the soft cry
the ruffled grass gives out ...
You might take it for the
muffled sound
of pebbles in the swirling
stream.

This soul which grieves
in this subdued lament,
it is ours, is it not?
Mine, and yours too,
breathing out our humble
hymn
on this warm evening,
soft and low?

**Tears fall in my
heart**

Tears fall in my heart
as rain falls on the town;
what is this torpor
pervading my heart?

Ah, the soft sound of rain
on the ground and roofs!
For a listless heart,
ah, the sound of the rain!

Tears fall without reason
in this disheartened heart.
What! Was there no
treason? ...
This grief is without reason.

And the worst pain of all
must be not to know why,

Sans amour et sans
haine,
Mon cœur a tant de peine.

without love and without
hate
my heart feels such pain.

L'ombre des arbres

L'ombre des arbres dans la
rivière embrumée
Meurt comme de la fumée
Tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les
ramures réelles,
Se plaignent les tourterelles.

Combien, ô voyageur, ce
paysage blême
Te mira blême toi-même,
Et que tristes pleuraient dans
les hautes feuillées
Tes espérances
noyées!

Chevaux de bois

Tournez, tournez, bons
chevaux de bois,
Tournez cent tours, tournez
mille tours,
Tournez souvent et tournez
toujours,
Tournez, tournez au son des
hautbois.

L'enfant tout rouge et la
mère blanche,
Le gars en noir et la fille en
rose,
L'une à la chose et l'autre à la
pose,
Chacun se paie un sou de
dimanche.

Tournez, tournez, chevaux
de leur cœur,
Tandis qu'autour de
tous vos
tournois
Clignote l'œil du filou
sournois,
Tournez au son du piston
vainqueur!

C'est étonnant comme ça
vous soûle
D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque
bête:
Rien dans le ventre et mal
dans la tête,
Du mal en masse et du bien
en foule.

The shadow of trees

The shadow of trees in
the misty stream
dies like smoke,
while up above, in the real
branches,
the turtle-doves lament.

How this faded
landscape, O traveller,
watched you yourself fade,
and how sadly in the lofty
leaves
your drowned hopes
were weeping!

Merry-go-round

Turn, turn, you fine
wooden horses,
turn a hundred, turn a
thousand times,
turn often and turn for
evermore,
turn and turn to the
oboes' sound.

The red-faced child and
the pale mother,
the lad in black and the
girl in pink,
one down-to-earth, the
other showing off,
each buying a treat with
their Sunday sou.

Turn, turn, horses of their
hearts,
while the furtive
pickpocket's eye is
flashing
as you whirl about and
whirl around,
turn to the sound of the
conquering cornet!

Astonishing how drunk it
makes you,
riding like this in this
foolish fair:
with an empty stomach
and an aching head,
discomfort in plenty, and
masses of fun!

Tournez, dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin	Gee-gees, turn, you'll never need
D'user jamais de nuls éperons Pour commander à vos galops ronds:	the help of any spur to make your horses gallop round:
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin.	turn, turn, without hope of hay.

Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme,	And hurry on, horses of their souls:
Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe	nightfall already calls them to supper
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe	and disperses the crowd of happy revellers,
De gais buveurs que leur soif affame.	ravenous with thirst.

Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours	Turn, turn! The velvet sky
D'astres en or se vêt lentement.	is slowly decked with golden stars.
L'église tinte un glas tristement.	The church bell tolls a mournful knell –
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours!	turn to the joyful sound of drums!

Green

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches	Here are flowers, branches, fruit, and fronds,
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.	and here too is my heart that beats just for you.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches	Do not tear it with your two white hands
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit doux.	and may the humble gift please your lovely eyes.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée	I come all covered still with the dew
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.	frozen to my brow by the morning breeze.
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds reposée	Let my fatigue, finding rest at your feet,
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.	dream of dear moments that will soothe it.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête	On your young breast let me cradle my head
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers;	still ringing with your recent kisses;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,	after love's sweet tumult grant it peace,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.	and let me sleep a while, since you rest.

Green

Spleen

Les roses étaient toutes rouges Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.	All the roses were red and the ivy was all black.
---	--

Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges, Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.	Dear, at your slightest move, all my despair revives.
--	--

Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre, La mer trop verte et l'air trop doux.	The sky was too blue, too tender, the sea too green, the air too mild.
--	---

Je crains toujours, – ce qu'est d'attendre! – Quelque fuite atroce de vous!	I always fear – oh to wait and wonder! – one of your agonizing departures.
---	---

Du houx à la feuille vernie Et du luisant buis je suis las,	I am weary of the glossy holly, of the gleaming box-tree too,
--	--

Et de la campagne infinite Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas!	And the boundless countryside and everything, alas, but you!
--	---

Richard Wagner (1813-1883)

Wesendonck Lieder (1857-8)

Mathilde Wesendonck

Der Engel

In der Kindheit frühen Tagen Hört' ich oft von Engeln sagen, Die des Himmels hehre Wonne Tauschen mit der Erdensonne,	In the early days of childhood I often heard tell of angels saying, who exchange heaven's pure bliss for the sun of earth,
---	--

The angel

Dass, wo bang ein Herz in Sorgen Schmachtet vor der Welt verborgen, Dass, wo still es will verbluten, Und vergehn in Tränenfluten,	So that, when a sorrowful heart hides its yearning from the world, and would silently bleed away and dissolve in streams of tears,
--	---

Dass, wo brünstig sein Gebet Einzig um Erlösung fleht, Da der Engel niederschwebt, Und es sanft gen Himmel hebt.	And when its fervent prayer begs only for deliverance, that angel will fly down and gently raise the heart to heaven.
--	---

Ja, es stieg auch mir ein
Engel nieder,
Und aufleuchtendem Gefieder
Führt er, ferne jedem
Schmerz,
Meinen Geist nun himmelwärts!

And to me too an angel
descended,
and now on shining wings
bears my spirit, free from
all pain,
towards heaven!

Stehe still!

Stand still!

Sausendes, brausendes Rad
der Zeit,
Messer du der Ewigkeit;
Leuchtende Sphären im
weiten All,
Die ihr umringt den
Weltenball;
Urewige Schöpfung, halte
doch ein,
Genug des Werdens, lass
mich sein!

Rushing, roaring wheel of
time,
you that measure eternity;
gleaming spheres in the
vast universe,
you that surround our
earthly sphere;
eternal creation –
cease:
enough of becoming, let
me be!

Halte an dich, zeugende
Kraft,
Urgedanke, der ewig
schafft!
Hemmet den Atem, stillt
den Drang,
Schweigend nur eine
Sekunde lang!
Schwellende Pulse, fesselt
den Schlag;
Ende, des Wollens ew'ger
Tag!

Hold yourselves back,
generative powers,
Primal Thought, that
always creates!
Stop your breath, still
your urge,
be silent for a single
moment!
Swelling pulses, restrain
your beating;
eternal day of the Will –
end!

Dass in selig süßem
Vergessen
Ich mög alle Wonne
ermessen!
Wenn Auge in Auge wonnig
trinken,
Seele ganz in Seele
versinken;
Wesen in Wesen sich
wiederfindet,
Und alles Hoffens Ende sich
kündet,
Die Lippe verstummt in
staunendem Schweigen,
Keinen Wunsch mehr will das
Innre zeugen:
Erkennt der Mensch des
Ew'gen Spur,
Und löst dein Rätsel, heil'ge
Natur!

That in blessed, sweet
oblivion
I might measure all my
bliss!
When eye gazes blissfully
into eye,
when soul drowns utterly
in soul;
when being finds itself in
being,
and the goal of every
hope is near,
when lips are mute in
silent wonder,
when the soul wishes for
nothing more:
then man perceives
Eternity's footprint,
and solves your riddle,
holy Nature!

Im Treibhaus

In the greenhouse

Hochgewölbte
Blätterkronen,
Baldachine von Smaragd,
Kinder ihr aus fernen
Zonen,
Saget mir, warum ihr klagt?

High-arching leafy
crowns,
canopies of emerald,
you children who dwell in
distant climes,
tell me, why do you lament?

Schweigend neiget ihr die
Zweige,
Malet Zeichen in die
Luft,
Und der Leiden stummer
Zeuge
Steiget aufwärts, süßes Duft.

Silently you bend your
branches,
inscribe your symbols on
the air,
and a sweet fragrance
rises,
as silent witness to your
sorrows.

Weit in sehndem Verlangen
Breitet ihr die Arme aus,
Und umschlinget
wahnbefangen
Öder Leere nicht'gen Graus.

With longing and desire,
you open wide your arms,
and embrace in your
delusion
desolation's awful void.

Wohl, ich weiss es, arme
Pflanze;
Ein Geschicke teilen wir,
Ob umstrahlt von Licht und
Glanze,
Unsre Heimat ist nicht hier!

I am well aware, poor
plant;
we both share a single fate,
though bathed in
gleaming light,
our homeland is not here!

Und wie froh die Sonne
scheidet
Von des Tages leerem Schein,
Hüllet der, der wahrhaft
leidet,
Sich in Schweigens Dunkel
ein.

And just as the sun is
glad to leave
the empty gleam of day,
the true sufferer veils
himself
in the darkness of silence.

Stille wird's, ein säuselnd
Weben
Füllet bang den dunklen
Raum:
Schwere Tropfen seh ich
schweben
An der Blätter grünem Saum.

It grows quiet, a whirring
whisper
fills the dark room
uneasily:
I see heavy droplets
hanging from
the green edge of the
leaves.

Schmerzen

Sonne, weinest jeden
Abend
Dir die schönen Augen
rot,
Wenn im Meeresspiegel
badend
Dich erreicht der frühe Tod;

Doch erstehst in alter
Pracht,
Glorie der düstren Welt,
Du am Morgen neu
erwacht,
Wie ein stolzer
Siegesheld!

Ach, wie sollte ich da klagen,
Wie, mein Herz, so schwer
dich sehn,
Muss die Sonne selbst
verzagen,
Muss die Sonne untergehen?

Und gebietet Tod nur
Leben,
Geben Schmerzen Wonne nur:
O wie dank ich, dass
gegeben
Solche Schmerzen mir Natur!

Träume

Sag, welch wunderbare
Träume
Halten meinen Sinn umfassen,
Dass sie nicht wie leere
Schäume
Sind in ödes Nichts
vergangen?

Träume, die in jeder
Stunde,
Jedem Tage schooner
blühn,
Und mit ihrer
Himmelskunde
Selig durchs Gemüte
zieh'n!

Träume, die wie hehre
Strahlen
In die Seele sich versenken,
Dort ein ewig Bild zu
malen:
Allvergessen,
Eingedenken!

Agonies

Every evening, sun, you
redden
your lovely eyes with
weeping,
when, bathing in the
sea,
you die an early death;

Yet you rise in your old
splendour,
the glory of the dark world,
when you wake in the
morning
as a proud and
conquering hero!

Ah, why should I complain,
why should I see you, my
heart, so depressed,
if the sun itself must
despair,
if the sun itself must set?

If only death gives birth to
life,
if only agony brings bliss:
oh how I give thanks to
Nature
for giving me such agony!

Dreams

Say, what wondrous
dreams are these
embracing all my senses,
that they have not, like
bubbles,
vanished to a barren
void?

Dreams, that with every
hour
bloom more lovely every
day,
and with their heavenly
tidings
float blissfully through
the mind!

Dreams, that with
glorious rays
penetrate the soul,
there to paint an eternal
picture:
forgetting all,
remembering one!

Träume, wie wenn
Frühlingssonne
Aus dem Schnee die Blüten
küsst,
Dass zu nie geahnter
Wonne
Sie der neue Tag begrüsst,

Dass sie wachsen, dass sie
blühen,
Träumend spenden ihren
Duft,
Sanft an deiner Brust
verglühen,
Und dann sinken in die Gruft.

Dreams, as when the
Spring sun
kisses blossoms from the
snow,
so the new day might
welcome them
in unimagined bliss,

So that they grow and
flower,
bestow their scent as in a
dream,
fade softly away on your
breast
and sink into their grave.

Interval

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Ruhe, meine Seele

Op. 27 No. 1 (1894)

Karl Friedrich Henckell

Nicht ein Lüftchen,
Regt sich leise,
Sanft entschlummert
Ruht der Hain;
Durch der Blätter
Dunkle Hülle
Stiehlt sich lichter
Sonnenschein.
Ruhe, ruhe,
Meine Seele,
Deine Stürme
Gingen wild,
Hast getobt und
Hast gezittert,
Wie die Brandung,
Wenn sie schwillt!
Diese Zeiten
Sind gewaltig,
Bringen Herz und
Hirn in Not –
Ruhe, ruhe,
Meine Seele,
Und vergiss,
Was dich bedroht!

Rest, my soul!

Not even
a soft breeze stirs,
in gentle sleep
the wood rests;
through the leaves'
dark veil
bright sunshine
steals.
Rest, rest,
my soul,
your storms
were wild,
you raged and
you quivered,
like breakers,
when they surge!
These times
are violent,
cause heart and
mind distress –
rest, rest,
my soul,
and forget
what threatens you!

Cäcilie Op. 27 No. 2

(1894)

Heinrich Hart

Wenn Du es wüsstest,
Was träumen heisst
Von brennenden Küssen,
Vom Wandern und Ruhen
Mit der Geliebten,
Aug' in Auge
Und kosend und plaudernd –
Wenn Du es wüsstest,
Du neigtest Dein Herz.

Wenn Du es wüsstest,
Was bangen heisst
In einsamen Nächten,
Umschauert vom Sturm,
Da Niemand tröstet
Milden Mundes
Die kampfmüde Seele –
Wenn Du es wüsstest,
Du kämest zu mir.

Wenn Du es wüsstest,
Was leben heisst
Umhaucht von der Gottheit
Weltschaffendem Atem,
Zu schweben empor
Lichtgetragen,
Zu seligen Höh'en –
Wenn Du es wüsstest,
Du lebstest mit mir.

Heimliche Aufforderung Op. 27 No. 3 (1894)

John Henry Mackay

Auf, hebe die funkelnde
Schale empor zum Mund,
Und trinke beim
Freudenmahle dein Herz
gesund.

Und wenn du sie hebst, so
winke mir heimlich zu,
Dann lächle ich, und dann
trinke ich still wie du...

Und still gleich mir betrachte
um uns das Heer
Der trunknen Schwätzer –
verachte sie nicht zu sehr.

Nein, hebe die blinkende
Schale, gefüllt mit Wein,
Und lass beim lärmenden
Mahle sie glücklich sein.

Cecily

If you knew
what it is to dream
of burning kisses,
of walking and resting
with one's love,
gazing at each other
and caressing and talking –
if you knew,
your heart would turn to me.

If you knew
what it is to worry
on lonely nights,
in the frightening storm,
with no soft voice
to comfort
the struggle-weary soul –
if you knew,
you would come to me.

If you knew
what it is to live
enveloped in God's
world-creating breath,
to soar upwards,
borne on light
to blessed heights –
if you knew,
you would live with me.

Secret invitation

Come, raise to your lips
the sparkling goblet,
and drink at this joyful
feast your heart to
health.

And when you raise it,
give me a secret sign,
then I shall smile and
drink as quietly as you...

And quietly like me, look
around at the hordes
of drunken gossips – do not
despise them too much.

No, raise the glittering
goblet, filled with wine,
and let them be happy at
the noisy feast.

Doch hast du das
Mahl genossen, den
Durst gestillt,

Dann verlasse der lauten
Genossen festfreudiges Bild,

Und wandle hinaus in
den Garten zum
Rosenstrauch, -
Dort will ich dich dann erwarten
nach altem Brauch,

Und will an die Brust
dir sinken, eh du's
gehofft,
Und deine Küsse trinken, wie
ehmals oft,

Und flechten in deine Haare
der Rose Pracht –
O komm, du wunderbare,
ersehnte Nacht!

But once you have
savoured the meal,
quenched your
thirst,
leave the loud company
of happy revellers,

And come out into the
garden to the rose-
bush, -
there I shall wait for you
as I've always done,

And I shall sink on your
breast, before you
could hope,
and drink your kisses, as
often before,

And twine in your hair the
glorious rose –
Ah! come, o wondrous,
longed-for night

Morgen Op. 27 No. 4

(1894)

John Henry Mackay

Und morgen wird die Sonne
wieder scheinen
Und auf dem Wege, den ich
gehen werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie
wieder einen,
Inmitten dieser
sonnenatmenden Erde ...

Und zu dem Strand, dem
weiten, wogenblauen,
Werden wir still und langsam
niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die
Augen schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des
Glückes stummes
Schweigen ...

Tomorrow! ...

And tomorrow the sun
will shine again
and on the path that I
shall take,
it will unite us, happy
ones, again,
amid this same sun-
breathing earth ...

And to the shore, broad,
blue-waved,
we shall quietly and
slowly descend,
speechless we shall gaze
into each other's eyes,
and the speechless
silence of bliss shall fall
on us ...

Texts continue overleaf

Vítězslava Kaprálová (1915-1940)

Morning (1932)

R Bojko

Jitro zpívá kol a ve mně, zlatý pták, jenž přelét hory,	The morning is singing within me, a golden bird which flew over the mountains,
Smavé dítě dne a zory, růžový sen bílé země.	a laughing child of the day and the morning star, a pink dream of the white Earth.
Jitro, sběratel snů bosý, světla rozsévač a rosy,	The morning, a barefoot collector of dreams, a seedsman of the light and the dew,
Vlídny pozdrav boha světa.	a gentle greeting of the God to the world.
Jitro se skřivany, kosy, rozprostírá křídla k letu,	The morning, is spreading its wings to flight together with the larks and black birds,
Duše, bílá sestra květů.	a soul, white sister of the flowers.
Jitro září kol a ve mně, září, září kol.	The morning is shining all around.

Song on a willow fife from *An Apple from the Lap Op. 10* (1934-6)

Jaroslav Seifert

Už na nás prší z jehněd pel a na kře letí jaro horempádem,	The pollen from the catkins is already raining down on us and the summer is tumbling towards us on an iceberg,
Zpod křídel kvočny vyletěl houf kuřat, pipajících hladem.	a flock of chicks has flown from under the hen's wings tweeting with hunger.
Bože, ať i to nejmenší z nich zrníčko najde na Tvé jarní zemi,	God, may even the tiniest one of them find a little grain on Your spring earth,
To jenom člověk v dobách zlých může se živit sny a nadějemi.	as only a human can live off dreams and hopes in troubled times.

Sung into the Distance Op. 22 (1939)

Viktor Kripner

Song of your absence

Moře mi není mořem bez Tebe, lásko má.	The sea is not a sea to me without you, my love.
Tys mi však stále Tebou, blízká neb vzdálená.	But you are still yourself to me, whether near or distant.

Jsi nade mnou jak oblak, jak věčný racek nad vodou,

You are above me like a cloud, like an eternal seagull above the water,

Zatím co v tremolo dešťů se stíny v plavý písek trou.

and meanwhile in the tremolo of the rains the shadows rub them themselves into the fawn sand.

Jsi nade mnou jak záře.

You are above me like a glow.

Moře mi není mořem bez Tebe, lásko má.

The sea is not a sea to me with you, my love.

Tys mi však stále Tebou, blízká neb vzdálená.

But you are still yourself to me, whether near or distant.

Under one's breath

Vítr vane, chvěje se lampy svit.

The wind is blowing, the lamp light is trembling.

Jej střeží dvě ruce milované.

It's being sheltered by two beloved hands.

Na lampu, jež zimomřivě plane, štěrbinami dveří, skulinami oken vítr vane.

The wind keeps blowing on a feverishly shining lamp through the chinks in the doors and the gaps in the windows.

Až k ránu lampa pohasne a zůstaneme sami.

When the lamp extinguishes in the morning we will remain alone.

Tvé srdce zazní, hrací hodiny.

Your heart will resound like a clockwork.

Vdechnuvše věčnost, vtělíme ji dlouze v polibek jediný.

Having breathed in the eternity, we will embody it languorously in a single kiss.

Spring

Den s motýli, sluncem a kvítím, s jáсотem dětských her zasvit nám z pavučin, z pavučin.

A day with the butterflies, the sun, and the flowers, with exultation of children's games has shone to us from the cobwebs.

Ptáci výškami táhli na sever.

The birds were flying north through the heights.

Záhy však stali se kapkami stříbra, jež tichounce skanuly k zemi, slzy tvé ztracené lásky.

But soon they've turned into droplets of silver which quietly trickled to the ground:

Den s motýli, sluncem a kvítím, s jáсотem dětských her zasvit nám z pavučin, z pavučin.

the tears of your lost love.

Bohuslav Martinů (1890-1959)

From *New Slovak songs* (1920)

Traditional

Tell me

Povedz že mi, povedz zelený borovec	Tell me tell, tall pine tree:
Či môj milý príde na večer od oviec?	will my beloved come to me this evening from his sheep?
Príde on mi príde, na vranom koničku	He'll come, he will, on a black horse,
Uviaže koníka o našu jedličku.	he'll tie the horse by our pine tree.
Tá naša jedlička, pekne vyrastená, či v lete, či v zime,	Our pine tree is nicely grown, whether in summer or winter
Vždycky je zelená.	it's always nicely green.

The morning star

Vysoko zornička, Dobrú noc Anička, Ešte vyššie nebe, Daj Pán Boh i tebe.	High up is the morning star: good night, Annie dear, even higher is the sky: may God grant you good night.
Dobrú noc, dobrú noc, ale nie každému,	Good night, but not to everyone:
Len tomu dievčatku, čo ja chodím k nemu.	only to that young girl whom I am courting.

From *Songs on 2 Pages* (1944)

Traditional

The Neighbour's Stable

U súseda nová stajňa a v tej stajni koně vrané,	The neighbours have a new stable, and in that stable there are black horses.
A kdo na ně sedat bude, kdo by jiný jak syneček?	Who will ride them, who else but the young lad?
A čím on jich krmit bude, pěknú drobunkú sekankú,	And what will he feed them: a nice finely cut hay,
Z čeho on jich pojit bude, z pěkné, ze zlaté putenky?	and from what will he water them: from a nice golden pail.
Kaj su na nich jezdit bude, v čirém poli chytat laňky,	He will ride them in the clear field catching does,
Chytl on tam pěknú laňku, laňku, laňku, jménem Anku.	he caught there a nice doe called Anka.

Měla ona zlaté rožky, rožky a stříbrné nožky,

She had golden little horns and silver little hoofs.

Ty rožky jí ulomíme a džbánku z nich nalat dáme.

We will break off those little horns and make them into goblets.

Kdo z tých džbánkú pijať bude, kdož by jiný jak syneček.

Who will drink from those goblets, who else but the young lad,

A co on z nich pijať bude, což by jinší jak vínečko.

and what will he drink from them, what else but the wine!

Hope

Hlavěnka mě bolí, srdéčko ve mě hrá, že můj šohajíček jiné panenka má.

My head is aching, my heart is stirred because my beloved has another girl.

Jiné panenka má, jiné dary nosí, a já mám nádej, že se mě naprosí.

Another girl he has, he brings her gifts, and I just hope that he will beg me to take him back.

Že se mě naprosí, na kolínka klekne, nebude na tom dost, ješče klobók smekne.

He will beg me falling on his knees, and on a top of it he will take his hat off.

Nesmeké, synečku, nesmeké klobóka, ať lidi neřeknú, že jsu Boží muka.

Don't take your hat off my boy so that people won't say that I am like wayside cross,

Že jsu Boží muka, co na poli stojí, že za mnó pacholek černooké chodí.

a way side cross standing in the field, and that a black eyed young lad comes courting me.

At the barracks in Trenčín from *New Slovak songs*

Traditional

V trenčianskej kasárni široký dvor,

In the Trenčín barracks there's a wide yard,

Po ňom sa prechodí ten milý mój,

over it strolls my darling boy,

Po ňom sa prechodí, šablenka mu hrká,

over it he strolls, his sabre is rattling,

A jeho najmilšej srdce puká.

and his beloved girl's heart is breaking.

Texts continue overleaf

Lads of Zvolen from *Songs on 2 Pages*

Traditional

Zvolenovci hezcí chlapci, nosí každý šátek v kapsi.	The handsome young men of Zvolen carry each a kerchief in their pocket.
A šáteček pěkný bílý, a kraje má malovaný.	That kerchief is nicely white with painted hems.
Kerý dáme mládencovi, Horákovému Frantovi?	'Which one will we give to young lad, Franta Horák?'
Dáme my mu ten růžový, od Kačenky Chaloupkovy.	We will give him the pink one from Katie Chaloupková.
To je děvče jako kvítek, dáme za ni dvacetníček.	That's a girl like a fresh bloom, we will give twenty coins for her.
Estli vy to dobře víte, dvacetníček dostanete!	'If you know this well, you will get the twenty coins.'
Jak bychom to nevěděli, dyž sme vás spolu viděli,	How would we not know about it, when we've seen you together:
V tej komůrce ste seděli, spolu ste se milovali!	you were sitting in that back room making out.

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