

**Evening Songs** Original text by Vitězslav Hálek

# Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)

	Večerní písně (Evening Songs), Op. 3 (1876, rev. 1881)	
1	No.1Ty hvězdičky (Those Little Stars)	1. 24
2	No. 2 Mně zdálo se, žes umřela (It seemed to Me That You Had Died)	3. 08
3	No. 3 Já jsem ten rytíř (I am the Fairy Tale Knight)	1. 35
4	No. 4 Když bůh byl nejvíc rozkochán (When God Was in a Happy Mood)	3. 20
	Večerní písně (Evening Songs), (No Op.)	
5	Tak jak ten měsíc (Just Like the Moon)	1. 48
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6	No. 1 Umlklo stromů šumění (The Humming of the Trees Falls Silent)	2.13
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10	No. 3 Jsem jako lípa košatá (I am Like a Linden Tree)	1. 52
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12	No. 5 Ten ptáček (That Little Bird)	2.04

# Bedřich Smetana (1824-1884)

	Večerní písně (Evening Songs), BJ 1:116 (1879)	
13	No.1 Kdo v zlaté struny zahrát zná (He Who Can Play the Golden Strings)	1.26
14	No. 2 Nekamenujte proroky (Do Not Stone the Prophets)	1.20
15	No. 3 Mně zdálo se (I Dreamed)	1. 39
16	No. 4 Hej, jaká radost v kole (What Joy There is In Dancing)	0.50
17	No. 5 Z svých písní trůn Ti udělám (From My Songs I'll Make a Throne for You)	1. 47
Zo	deněk Fibich (1850-1900)	
	Patero písní z Večerních písní (5 Songs from Evening Songs), Op. 5 (1871)	
18	No.1 Umlklo stromů šumění (The Humming of the Trees Falls Silent)	2.09
19	No. 2 Na nebi plno hvězdiček (The Sky is Filled with Little Stars)	1. 49
20	No. 3 Ty dívko zvláště líbezná (My Girl You are So Lovely)	1. 57
21	No. 4 Tvé oko krásné jezero(Your Eye is Like a Lovely Lake)	1. 47
22	No. 5 Přilítlo jaro zdaleka (Spring Came Flying from Afar)	1. 24
Jo	osef Suk (1874-1935)	
23	Noc byla krásná (The Night Was Beautiful)	1. 59
	Total playing time:	45.27

Adam Plachetka, bass-baritone David Švec, piano





#### Dear listener,

Thank you for choosing this album. As 2024 marks many anniversaries of Czech composers - in particular Smetana's bicentenary birthday - I felt the urge to contribute to the celebrations. Art song has always

been close to my heart, and it seemed like the right way to go. Together with David Švec, who joined me in this project at the piano, we were looking for a topic. David suggested evening and night. When we read through many scores, we realized that three Czech composers of significant importance set to music a selection of Vítězslav Hálek's poem book *The Evening Songs*. That looked like a solid dramaturgical line. On top of that, a colleague brought another single song by Suk to our attention, which we gladly added to the album as a bonus of sorts.

I hope you will enjoy listening to this album as much as we enjoyed recording it. And I also hope, that next to the relatively well-known works of Dvořák and Smetana, the compositions by Fibich and Suk will get the spotlight they surely deserve.

Yours Adam Plachetka







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#### **Evening Songs**

At first glance, the Czech song tradition would seem to be quite modest, especially when compared with the German, French and Russian schools. In fact, in the entire repertoire, there is only one song that it widely known, the famous "Songs My Mother Taught Me," from Dvořák's collection "Gypsy Songs." However, as this recording showcases, among the thousands of songs written by Czech composers there are many masterpieces, worthy of standing alongside the best examples of the genre in any language. And of those, many were written to the words of Vitězslav Hálek's "Evening Songs," sixty-five short love poems, published in 1859. While one might not rank Hálek alongside Goethe as an internationally important literary figure, his poems provided ample stimulus to Czech composers analogous to Goethe's for the creation of the German lied. Though occasionally Hálek's poetry

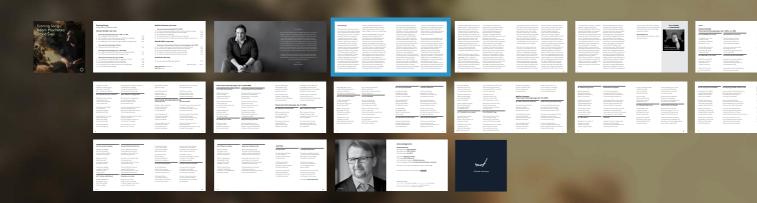
has been criticized for the simplicity of his prosody and the naivete of his subject matter, the composers on this disc found plenty of depth and nuance in *Evening Songs*.

Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904) was a prolific composer of songs, writing more than a hundred, and his settings played a vivid and profound role in his compositional universe, from his recycling of the 1865 Cypresses over decades, to his quotation of "Leave Me Alone" from his Four Songs Op.82 in the Cello Concerto. Contemporary sources reveal that these early settings impressed the critics, and were some of the first of his compositions to be noticed. The history of his Evening Songs remains a bit of a puzzle—it seems unlikely they were meant as a cycle, since they exist in three different opus numbers with one fragment (five songs from Op.3, two from Op.9, and five songs from Op.31). They reveal the composer's skill, his range and his gift of musical depiction. The opening song of Op.3, "Ty hvězdičky," (Those Little Stars) is Schubertian, in

a hymnlike-style illustrating the little stars, while the second, "Mně zdálo se, žes umřela" (It Seemed to Me That You Had Died) is one of the composer's early "great tunes," both simple and yet with unexpected harmonic brightenings. "Já jsem ten rytíř" (I am the Fairy Tale Knight,) is a work of great complexity and subtle interpretation: it begins with a musical portrait of the knight riding, and moves to levels of high drama when the tomb of the beloved is invoked. "Když bůh byl nejvíc rozkochán" (When God was in a Happy Mood) takes it cue from its last verse, where love is half joy and half pain, and the fragment "Tak jak ten měsíc" (Just like the moon in the heavenly vault) is a thoughtful setting, despite the fact that the composer considered it too "weak" to publish. The two songs from Op.9 are deeply felt. "Umlklo stromů šumění" (The Humming of the Trees Falls Silent) is a study in inwardness and mystery, with its staggered triplets reminding us of Schubert's

"The Crow" from Winterreise, and was also set by Fibich as was "Přilítlo jaro zdaleka," (Spring Came Flying From Afar) which follows a pattern in these setting of several verses in an animated style, followed by a reflective final stanza.

Without making any value judgment, the songs of Op.31, written a few years after the first set, seem to be the work of an even more experienced composer. They are by turns heroic, playful, reflective, tragic and haunting. Especially notable are the well-developed accompaniments. "Když jsem se díval do nebe" (When I Looked Up in the Sky) is a powerful opening, with its ardent initial verses, again giving way to reflection. "Vy malí, drobní ptáčkové" (You Tiny Little Birds) with its skipping figure, is a charming song, which also softens only near the end, and reminds us of the composer's love of birds throughout his life and creative work. Jsem jako lípa košatá" (I Am Like a Linden Tree) is another song with a charming



surface and hidden depth, its passionate leaps reminding us of the yearning music the composer penned for the Prince in Rusalka more than two decades later. "Vy všichni, kdo jste stísněni" (All of You Who are Distressed) is a troubling song, perhaps the darkest of the set, as even the lighter poetic images at the end carry a heavy weight. The conclusion, "Ten ptáček, ten se nazpívá" (That Little Bird, it Sweetly Sings) takes birdsong as its primary metaphor, but like so many songs in the set, the last verse provides a thoughtful pause, giving way to a beautiful and extended piano postlude.

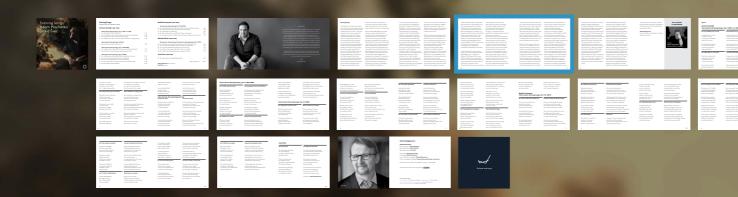
Songs with keyboard were not exactly central to the oeuvre of Bedřich Smetana (1824-1884). In fact, compared to Schubert's 600 songs and Schumann's 400 his contributions may seem slight. However, his cycle Večerní písně (Evening Songs) from 1879 is a powerful collection, which, like his symphonic poems *Ma vlast*, and his operas, was foundational

in the building of a national music. "Kdo v zlaté struny hrát zná" (He Who Can Play the Golden Strings) is a kind of nationally inflected equivalent to Schubert's famous "An die Musik" (To Music). In straightforward and heartfelt music Smetana sets the text with both passion and restraint. Particularly moving and symbolic are the words, "však ze všech trestů největší, když národ nemá písně" (but the greatest punishments of all is when a nation has no songs). That Smetana provided such songs for the nation is not only evident from this cycle, but also from the dozens of gorgeous arias in his operas. Some have seen an autobiographical tinge to the collection, with Smetana as the bard fingering the golden strings in the first song, and the prophet who should not be stoned in the second with its stark G minor unisons. The third song in the cycle, "Mně zdálo se" (It Seemed to Me), begins as a quasi recitative before flowing out into a glorious short tune on the words,

"a já poznávám s bolestí, že slzám konce není," (and I realize through my pain that there will be no end to tears). The fourth song, "Hej jaká radost v kole," (What Joy There is In Dancing!) is a miniature dance channeling the piano polkas of the composer's early years, while the final piece, "Ze svých písní trůn Ti udělám," (From My Songs I'll Make a Throne for You) is something like a full-blown opera aria, pushing the edges of the song genre.

While the Czech national school may now seem to us inevitable, it was not without its battles, some quite vicious. Smetana, now regarded as absolutely essential, spent much of his life battling various opponents, and while from our vantage point Dvořák has clearly emerged as the natural successor to Smetana, there were many musicians and critics who favored Zdeněk Fibich (1850-1900) as the true heir. While his reputation has not survived outside the Czech Lands, with the single exception of his "Poeme,"

Fibich left behind an impressive body of work including orchestral works, operas, chamber and piano works, and even a trilogy of staged melodramas. He also wrote more than 200 songs, including many settings of Goethe. His five songs on texts by Hálek from 1871, when the composer was twenty-one, are a revelation, showing him as a gifted contributor to the genre. From the very beginning we find an original and profound voice. His setting of "Umlklo stromů šumění" (The Humming of the Trees Falls Silent) opens with a single jagged line, followed immediately by a chromatic descent, and then opens and closes with the voice and keyboard playing this same line in unison. While Fibich's opening song lacks any reference to a putative national style-something perhaps accounting for the neglect suffered by his music-the second song, "Na nebi plno hvězdiček," (The Sky is Filled with Little Stars) seems to draw both on Smetana-style fanfares and folk music, all within Fibich's rich and



nuanced harmonic vocabulary, constantly shifting to unexpected resolutions. "Ty dívko zvláště líbezná" (My Girl You are Especially Lovely) begins with a gorgeous broad melodic line which continues throughout the song, but towards the very end, on the words, "which blossoms when it rises," the accompaniment changes, and we get a series of rising and wrenching chord progressions leading us to a final harmonious resolution. The fourth song, "Tvé oko krásné jezero" (Your Eye is a Beautiful Lake) is a merry romp, with a few of Fibich's classic harmonic touches, and the final song, "Přilítlo jaro zdaleka," (Spring Came Flying From Afar,) begins and ends with a kind of rousing figure suggesting the emerging season. But just near the very end, in a marvelous touch, everything stops for a moment of reflection on the words, "v ňadrech v srdci mlaďounkém tam klíčí poupě lásky," (A bud of love sprouts in the heart of the young).

Josef Suk (1874-1935) had everything necessary to be recognized as next in line after Smetana, Dvořák and Fibich in the national pantheon. He was a gifted performer and all-around musician, a profound thinker, and he had actually married Dvořák's daughter, Ottilie, and was a prized pupil of that composer. Although he wrote some of the greatest Czech music in the first third of the 20th century, with symphonic masterpieces such the "Asrael" Symphony, and a beautiful piano cycle, "About Mommy," musically describing Ottilie, who died in 1905, he was somewhat "distracted" by playing more than 4000 concerts all over the world as the head of the Bohemian String Quartet! Despite his gifts for text setting, he wrote no operas, and his song output could be counted on the fingers of one hand. We may find this a pity when we listen to his setting of "Noc byla krasná" (The Night Was Beautiful). It begins with a mysterious chromatic inflection to illustrate the strange beauty

of the night, but it also quickly invokes the kinds of fanfares which are a noted feature of Smetana's style of the kind that figure prominently in Vltava.

#### Michael Beckerman

Carroll and Milton Petrie Professor of Music New York University

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# Lyrics

# Antonín Dvořák Večerní písně (Evening Songs), Op. 3 (1876, rev. 1881)

#### No.1 Ty hvězdičky tam na nebi

Ty hvězdičky tam na nebi, to veliké jsou světy; a já bych jenom věděl rád, jaké tam tvory vsety.

Zda také někdo odtamtud se k nám sem dolů dívá, a jestli tam, jako zde já, o lásce písně zpívá.

#### No. 2 Mně zdálo se, žes umřela

Mně zdálo se, žes umřela; slyšel jsem zvonit hrany, a pláče bylo, kvílení a nářku na vše strany.

Tak divně Ti tam ustlali! Na hrob Ti kámen dali

#### Those little stars up in the sky

Those little stars up in the sky, are great worlds that we see; I only wish that I could know, what creatures there might be.

Could anyone from way up there, be looking down on us? Could they be singing songs of love, as I do, singing thus?

#### It seemed to Me That You Had Died

It seemed to me that you had died; I heard the death bells tolling; and there was weeping, wailing too, and lamentation rolling.

They made your bed so strangely there, Put a stone upon your grave.

a abych na něj napsal verš mne vlídně požádali.

Ó lidé, lidé z kamene, zde srdce mé si mějte, a co jsem ještě nezpíval, to do kamene vrejte.

Mé lásce jste nevěřili a zhrdli mými slovy, když bude kámen mluvit k vám, snad vám to lépe poví.

#### No. 3 Já jsem ten rytíř z pohádky

Já jsem ten rytíř z pohádky, jenž hrdě vyjel do světa, abych tu pannu uviděl, jež jako růže vykvétá.

O ní šla zvěst: kdo spatří ji -ten s kletbou prý to odnese, buď že se v kámen promění, buď že mu srdce vyrve se. and then they kindly asked me, Some verses to engrave.

O people, people made of stone! Take my heart into your room. and what song I have not yet sung, Engrave it on the tomb.

You never trusted in my love,
Despised my words to the letter;
But when the tombstone speaks to you,
perhaps you will know better.

#### I am the Fairy Tale Knight

I am the fairy tale knight, who rode into the world, to see the lovely maiden, who blossoms full unfurled.

The legend grew up over time, who beholds her will be cursed, or transformed fully into stone, their heart torn out at worst.



I myslil jsem si u sebe: Snad přec jen někdo vyjmutý. A vyjel jsem a za ten hřích teď -- v zpěváka jsem zakletý. I thought that there might be a chance, in her presence I could linger,
So I went out and saw her face,
Now I'm doomed to be a singer.

#### No. 4 Když bůh byl nejvíc rozkochán

Když bůh byl nejvíc rozkochán, tu lidské srdce stvořil, a pak na věčnou památku v ně svoji lásku vložil.

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

Leč při tom pláči -- do srdce se jedna slza vkradla, jako ta rosa v kalíšek, a na samé dno padla.

A proto láska velký bol, leč bol tak sladký, milý,

#### When God Was in a Happy Mood

When God was in a happy mood, he made the human heart; And for our eternal memory, His love became a part.

And when he saw what he had done, His heart was filled with joy; Tears then did stream down his face, That nothing could destroy.

But one amongst those precious tears, slipped into his heart: like a drop of dew in a flower cup, to the bottom it did depart.

And that's why love is pain, But it is a pain so sweet, že škoda srdcí nastokrát, jež bol ten necítily.

A proto láska štěstí půl a polovice muka, leč když se slza rozvlní, tu leckdy srdce puká. that pity for those who in this life, have never felt its heat.

And half of love is bliss and the other half is pain, but when the tear is shed, the heart will break again.

# Večerní písně (Evening Songs), No Op.

#### Tak jak ten měsíc

Tak jak ten měsíc v nebes báň tak láska v srdce vchází, a tajný bol a tichý žal ji v chůzi doprovází.

A co dřív člověk netušil, v tom šerém světle spatří, a tajný bol a tichý žal se divně v písni sbratří.

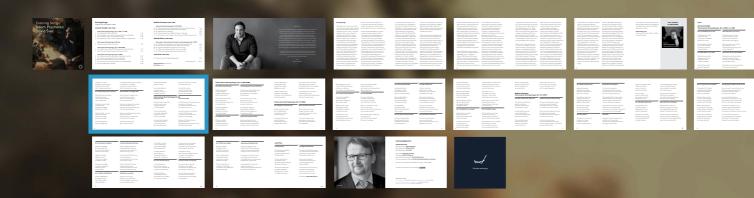
Leč mnohá též se bouře zlá v ubohém srdci shlukne, a než ji v písni vysloví jak mnohé srdce pukne!

#### Just Like the Moon

Just like the moon in the heavenly vault, love enters into the heart; and secret pain and silent sorrow, accompany in their part.

And what one did not know before, in that dim light they see; and secret pain and silent sorrow, combine in song strangely.

But many of the fiercest storms, gather in the heart; and before they can be turned to song, they tear the heart apart.



# Večerní písně (Evening Songs), Op. 9 (1879/1880)

#### No. 1 Umlklo stromů šumění

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

Na nebi vzešlo mnoho hvězd a kolem je tak volno, jenom v těch ňadrech teskno tak a u srdce tak bolno.

Ve kvítků pěkný kalíšek se bílá rosa skládá můj bože, a ta rosa též se v moje oči vkrádá.

#### No. 2 Přilítlo jaro z daleka

Přilítlo jaro z daleka a všude plno touhy, vše tlačilo se k slunci ven, že snilo sen tak dlouhý.

#### The Humming of the Trees Falls Silent

The humming of the trees falls silent, The leaves can hardly breathe, the bird sleeps in a lovely dream, Silently beneath.

The stars have risen in the sky, And all around so free, But yet my breast is heavy now, my heart is sore to see.

In a pretty cup of flowers, The white dew is enfolded, My God, and the dewdrops too In my eyes are molded.

#### Spring Came Flying from Afar

Spring came flying from afar, the world was filled with yearning, a dream so long was dreamed then, all things to the sun were turning. Vylítly z hnízda pěnkavy a drobné děti z chýše, a pestré kvítí na lukách přesladkou vůni dýše.

Z větví se lístek tlačí ven, a ptáčkům z hrdla hlásky, a v ňadrech v srdci mlaďounkém tam klíčí poupě lásky. Finches flew out from their nests, And children from their homes; The brightest flowers on the meadow, Breathed their sweet aromas.

A leaf emerges from the branch, as bird song echoes out; and from the young and tender hearts, the bud of love doth sprout.

# Večerní písně (Evening Songs), Op. 31 (1882)

#### No. 1 Když jsem se díval do nebe

Když jsem se díval do nebe skrz ty hvězdičky zlatý, mně zdálo se, žes světice a já že anděl svatý.

Tu vzal jsem harfu do ruky a písně tobě zpíval, že písně svatých umlkly a každý k nám se díval.

#### When I Looked up in the Sky

When I looked up in the sky, through those stars of gold; it seemed to me you were a saint, and I an angel bold.

Then I took my harp in hand, and sang you my songs thus; the saintly songs fell silent then, as all regarded 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.

#### No. 2 Vy malí, drobní ptáčkové

Vy malí, drobní ptáčkové, vy zpěvosniví spáči, zda zpomene si který z vás, že já umírám v pláči?

Měsíčku, postůj na nebi, bych potěšil se v tobě; mé lásky žár je vychladlý, my hodíme se k sobě.

Poslední plamen usíná, mně zbývají jen slova: a přec bych vše zas rozdmychal, bych nešťastným byl znova. For a moment God the Father, stilled his earthly plan; and it seems to me a diamond tear, down his cheek it ran.

#### You Tiny Little Birds

You tiny, tiny little birds, you sleepy songbirds nigh; can any of you remember, that in tears now I must die?

O Moon, do stand still in the sky, from you I take a rest; since my love's heat has turned to ice, we are companions best.

The last flame flickers and dies out, only words remain: and if that fire were rekindled, I'd be sad all over again.

#### No. 3 Jsem jako lípa košatá

Jsem jako lípa košatá, když oděje se k svátku: ty krásná růže májová, pojď sem, do mého chládku.

Zde vůní dýše každý list, zde bzučí včelek roje, večer sem letí ptáčkové, to myšlenky jsou moje.

Ty odletují daleko, jak od domova děti: však Ty-li ke mně zasedneš, již více neodletí.

#### No. 4 Vy všichni, kdo jste stísněni

Vy všichni, kdo jste stísněni, již pojd'te, pojd'te ke mně, zde složte s beder útrap tíž a zapomeňte jemně.

#### I am Like a Linden Tree

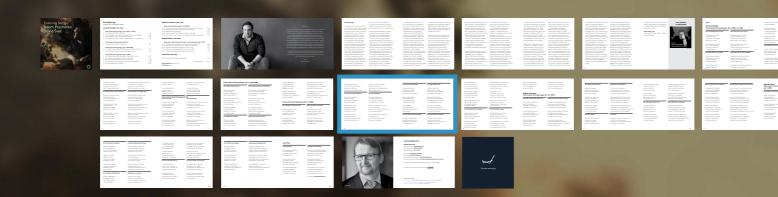
I am like a linden tree, dressed up for a holiday; come here now, into my shade, you beautiful rose of May.

Here every leaf is fragrant, here sounds a swarm of bees; the birds fly here in the evening, my very thoughts are these.

They fly so very far away, like children from their home: but if you will come and sit with me, no more shall they roam.

#### All of You Who Are Distressed

All of you who are distressed, come now, come to me; lay down the weight of all your pain, forgetting what you see.



Já lásky říš zde založil, kde druh se k druhu vine, a vše co má kdo na srdci, to v pěkných písních plyne.

Zde nezná soka závistník, zde řeč jak píseň sladká, zde lev je krotký beránek a dravci holoubátka.

Zde léky všechněm útrapám, zde srdce věčně mladne, zde neopadá růže květ, a nepřátelství žádné.

#### No. 5 Ten ptáček, ten se nazpívá

Ten ptáček, ten se nazpívá, jak by byl píseň živá; ba kdo v svém srdci lásku má, nedivte se, že zpívá!

A ptáček ten tak od srdce a k srdci mluvit umí, že div by člověk neplakal, když srdcem porozumí. I have founded here a realm of love, where love twines with another, and everything that is in my heart, turns into lovely songs.

Here there is no envy, and speech is like a song; here the lion is like a lamb, and the falcons do no wrong.

Here is the cure for all our woes, the heart forever young; the rose's blossom never fades, no enmity is sung.

#### That Little Bird, It Sings

That little bird, it sings it sings, as if the song were living, whosoever loves in their heart, marvel not that birds are singing!

And that bird knows how to speak, from one heart to the next, It is a wonder we do not cry, when we understand that text.

Ba často mně to připadá, že jsem mu druhem v lkání, neb i ty moje písně jsou jen jemné naříkání. Indeed, it often seems to me, I'm his companion in lamenting, for even my songs are in fact, a soft complaint presenting.

# Bedřich Smetana Večerní písně (Evening Songs), BJ 1:116 (1879)

#### No. 1 Kdo v zlaté struny zahrát zná

Kdo v zlaté struny zahrát zná, jej ctěte víc než sebe, neboť vás tak bůh miloval, že poslal vám ho s nebe.

Hrozné, když bůh neúrodou a morem trestá přísně; však ze všech trestů největší, když národ nemá písně.

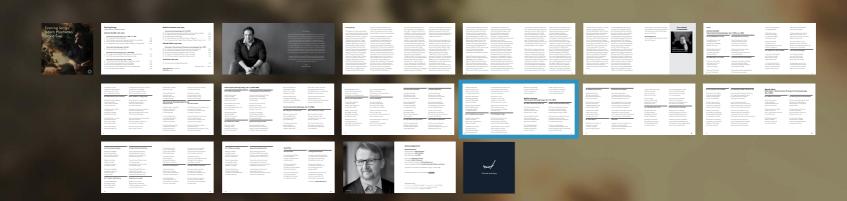
Ten národ ještě nezhynul, dokud mu věštec zpívá, Jeť píseň v nebi zrozená a ve smrt život vlívá.

#### He Who Can Play the Golden Strings

He who can play the golden strings, honor them more than yourself; for God above loved you so deeply, he sent them from heaven himself.

God's sanctions are replete with horror, the plague and other wrongs; yet worse than all those put together, is a nation without songs.

A nation will endure forever, as long as the bard keeps his breath; and the song which is born out of heaven, also pours life into death.



#### No. 2 Nekamenujte proroky

Nekamenujte proroky. Neb pěvci jsou jak ptáci; kdo hodil po něm kamenem, k těm víc se nenavrací.

Soud boží na se národ zve, jenž pěvce své ctít neví, a nejstrašnější kletbou jest, když bůh odejmul zpěvy.

Jeť srdce pěvců nejčistší a všeho hněvu prosté, a co vám zpíval od srdce, to ve svém srdci noste.

#### No. 3 Mně zdálo se

Mně zdálo se: "bol sestár' už a bude s ním už amen, a slzí těch už vyteklo, že vysch' už jejich pramen."

#### Do Not Stone the Prophets

Do not stone the prophets, for singers are like birds in the sky; If you stone them, you can be certain, You will never again see them fly.

God's judgment falls on those nations, where bards are not honored today; the most horrible curse of them all, Is when God takes all songs away.

For the hearts of the singers are purest, and free from all anger and hate; when songs come to you from their hearts, in your own heart carry that weight.

#### I Dreamed

I dreamed: "the pain had gotten old, and that shortly it would die; the tears have already flowed so much, the spring of tears ran dry." Tu jsem si vzpomněl na Tebe, a duše má se chvěla, a cosi v ní se ozvalo, jak by Tě ztratit měla.

A oči se mi zalily, radost se v pláč mi mění, a já poznávám s bolestí, že slzám konce není.

#### No. 4 Hej, jaká radost v kole

Hej, jaká radost v kole a v náručí mít holku! Pojď bledý hochu tančit já dám Ti zahrát polku.

Aj bledý hoch se zachvěl, jak mráz by mu vjel v oudy, a po těch bledých tvářích mu tekly slzí proudy. I then remembered you my dear, my soul it trembled through; and something in me echoed, as if I were losing you.

My eyes then fully overflowed, my joy turns into weeping, and I realize with the greatest pain that tears are never ceasing.

#### What Joy There is in Dancing

What joy there is in dancing! To have a young girl on your arm! Come pale boy let's go dancing, A polka I'll play filled with charm.

And then the pale boy shuddered, as if his bones were invaded by chill, and streams of his tears began flowing, down his face so pale and still.



#### No. 5 Z svých písní trůn Ti udělám

Z svých písní trůn Ti udělám za velkých pěvců příkladem, za žezlo Ti své srdce dám a slávu svou za diadém.

Za zákon lásku provolám, svou písní oslavím Tvůj den, v Tvou duši vleju lásky slast, a sladkou touhu ve Tvůj sen.

Ptáčků Ti písně přivolám, máj nastele Ti k nohám květ, a nebes hvězdám rozkaz dám a v nebe změním celý svět.

A srdce všech Ti podmaním, ráj vyzpívám Ti z hrobu zpět, a královnou Tě provolám, kam široširý sahá svět.

#### From My Songs I'll Make a Throne for You

From my songs, I'll make a throne for you, With singers great presenting them; I'll make my heart Your scepter, and my glory Your diadem.

Love is proclaimed as the law, And I'll honor Your day with my song, Love's sweetness I'll pour into Your soul, And love in Your dreams all day long.

I'll summon the songbirds to sing, carpet Your feet with sweet blooms, command all the stars in the sky, and transform the whole world with my tunes.

I'll conquer all hearts just for You, sing a paradise back from the grave, and proclaim You forever queen, wherever the wide world extends.

# Zdeněk Fibich Patero písní z Večerních písní (5 Songs from Evening Songs), Op. 5 (1871)

#### No. 1 Umlklo stromů šumění

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

Na nebi vzešlo mnoho hvězd a kolem je tak volno, jenom v těch ňadrech teskno tak a u srdce tak bolno.

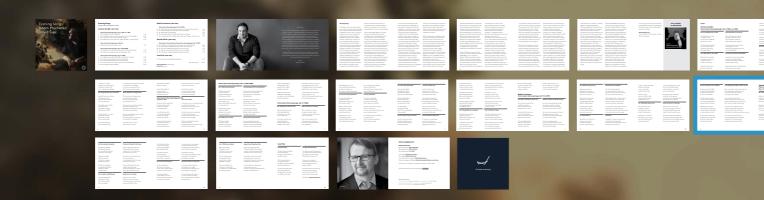
Ve kvítků pěkný kalíšek se bílá rosa skládá můj bože, a ta rosa též se v moje oči vkrádá.

#### The Humming of the Trees Falls Silent

The humming of the trees falls silent, the leaves can hardly breathe; the bird sleeps in a lovely dream, silently beneath.

The stars have risen in the sky, and all around so free; but yet my breast is heavy now, my heart is sore to see.

In a pretty cup of flowers, the white dew is enfolded; my God, and the dewdrops too, in my eyes are molded.



#### No. 2 Na nebi plno hvězdiček

Na nebi plno hvězdiček jak z jara sedmikrásky; ba na tom božím světě zde má vše svou mluvu lásky.

Fialka plna vůně jest, kalíšek rosou máčí, a slavík ten se nazpívá, div hrdélko mu stačí.

Na nebi plno hvězdiček ve velebném světle kráčí, a lidé tady na zemi ti zpívají a pláčí.

#### No. 3 Ty dívko zvláště líbezná

Ty dívko zvláště líbezná, jíž v světě rovné není, mně v Tobě se zalíbilo a Ty's mé potěšení.

### The Sky is Filled with Little Stars

The sky is filled with little stars, like spring daisies there above; indeed, here in this world divine, all have their song of love.

The violet's cup is filled with dew, it has a lovely scent; the nightingale doth trill its song, until its throat is spent.

The sky is filled with little stars, majestic light they bring; and all the people here on earth, They weep and then they sing.

#### My girl you are so lovely

My girl you are so lovely, like none other on this earth; I've fallen so deep in love with you, my soul is filled with mirth. Ty's čistá jak ta rosička, co ráno s nebe splývá, a jemná jak ta hrdlička, když svoji píseň zpívá.

Ty's pěkná jako lilium, jenž vůní odívá se, a vznešená's jak denice, když vzchází - rozdnívá se.

#### No. 4 Tvé oko krásné jezero

Tvé oko krásné jezero, jež v šeru tam se houpá; v něm nočních světel milá zář s modrým se nebem koupá.

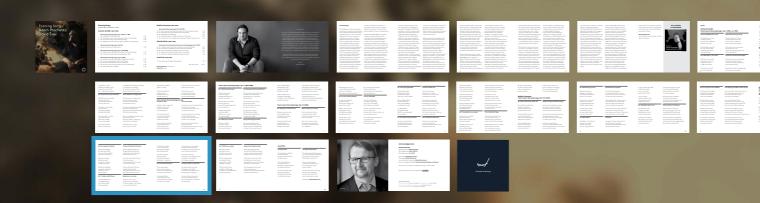
A čisté jako křišťál je, v něm vidět je až na dno leč hloub kdo do něj nahlídne, ten utone v něm snadno. You are as pure as morning dew, that falls from the sky above; and gentle as the morning thrush, when it sings its song of love.

As beautiful as the lily, which blooms with fragrance sweet; as majestic as the rising sun, with radiance complete.

## Your Eyes are like a Lovely Lake

Your eyes are like a lovely lake, that ripples in the twilight. and mixes with the deep blue sky, the lovely glow of night light.

And clear the lake, like crystal is, you can see all the way down; but whosoever looks to its depths will easily drown.



#### No. 5 Přilítlo jaro z daleka

Přilítlo jaro z daleka a všude plno touhy, vše tlačilo se k slunci ven, že snilo sen tak dlouhý.

Vylítly z hnízda pěnkavy a drobné děti z chýše, a pestré kvítí na lukách přesladkou vůni dýše.

Z větví se lístek tlačí ven, a ptáčkům z hrdla hlásky, a v ňadrech v srdci mlaďounkém tam klíčí poupě lásky.

#### Spring Came Flying from Afar

Spring came flying from afar, the world was filled with yearning; a dream so long was dreamed then, all things to the sun were turning.

Finches flew out from their nests, and children from their homes; the brightest flowers on the meadow, breathed their sweet gromas.

A leaf emerges from the branch, as bird song echoes out; and from the young and tender hearts, the bud of love doth sprout.

#### **Josef Suk**

#### Noc byla krásná

Noc byla krásná, průhledná až v nebe vidět bylo; ten zpěv, ta vůně a ten šum až srdce okouzlilo.

Ó žel, že nejsi přítomná, bys uslyšela se mnou, jak všechno, všechno kolkolem řeč rozpráví tak jemnou.

Jak celý vesmír jeden zpěv, jenž z všeho ňader řine, jak slabounký to ohlas jen, co z lidských srdcí plyne.

# The Night Was Beautiful

The night was beautiful, gossamer, you could see all the heavens above; the singing, scent and rustling, filled my heart up with love.

Alas you are not present, to hear those sounds with me; how everything all around, speaks so gently.

How the universe is but one song, that flows from everything; how faint an echo that it is, what human hearts can sing.

Translations: Michael Beckerman





# Acknowledgements

#### **PRODUCTION TEAM**

Executive producer **Adam Plachetka**Recording producer **Milan Puklický**Recording engineer **Jan Lžičař** 

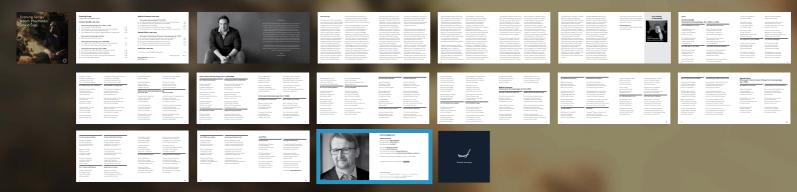
Cover design Marjolein Coenrady
Photography Marek Olbrzymek
Liner notes & lyrics translations Michael Beckerman
Product management & Design Karolina Szymanik & Kasper van Kooten

This album was recorded at the Rudolfinum, Prague, in March 2024.

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#### **PENTATONE TEAM**

Vice President A&R **Renaud Loranger** | Managing Director **Sean Hickey** Director Marketing & Business Development **Silvia Pietrosanti** Director Catalogue & Product **Kasper van Kooten** 



























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