

Czech Songs

Magdalena Kožená

CZECH PHILHARMONIC · SIR SIMON RATTLE



Czech Songs

Bohuslav Martinů (1890-1959)

Nipponari, H. 68, "Japanese Folk Songs"

| | | |
|---|---|-------|
| 1 | No. 1, Modrá hodina (The Blue Hour) | 1. 58 |
| 2 | No. 2, Stáří (Old Age) | 4. 01 |
| 3 | No. 3, Vzpomínka (A Memory) | 2. 11 |
| 4 | No. 4, Prosněný život (Life in Dreams) | 3. 12 |
| 5 | No. 5, Stopy ve sněhu (Footsteps in the Snow) | 2. 34 |
| 6 | No. 6, Pohled nazpět (A Look Back) | 3. 52 |
| 7 | No. 7, U posvátného jezera (By the Sacred Lake) | 2. 09 |

Songs on One Page, H. 294*

| | | |
|----|--|-------|
| 8 | No. 1, Rosička (Dew) | 1. 03 |
| 9 | No. 2, Otevření slovečkem (Unlocking with a single word) | 0. 34 |
| 10 | No. 3, Cesta k milé (Journey to the Beloved) | 1. 39 |
| 11 | No. 4, Chodníček (The Footpath) | 0. 34 |
| 12 | No. 5, U maměny (At Mother's) | 1. 24 |
| 13 | No. 6, Sen Panny Marie (The Virgin Mary's Dream) | 1. 48 |
| 14 | No. 7, Rozmarýn (Rosemary) | 1. 16 |

Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)

Evening Songs, Op. 3

| | | |
|----|--|-------|
| 15 | No. 7, Když jsem se díval do nebe (When I looked into the sky)** | 1. 54 |
| 16 | No. 1, Umlklo stromů šumění (The trees fell silent)** | 2. 43 |

| | | |
|----|--|-------|
| 17 | No. 2, Mně zdálo se (I dreamt last night) | 4. 30 |
| 18 | No. 3, Já jsem ten rytíř (I am that knight) | 1. 55 |
| 19 | No. 4, Když Bůh byl nejvíc rozkočán (When God was in a happy mood)** | 3. 35 |

Songs, Op. 2**

| | | |
|----|--|-------|
| 20 | No. 2, Ó byl to krásný zlatý sen (Oh, it was a lovely, golden dream) | 2. 45 |
| 21 | No. 6, Mé srdce často v bolesti (My heart often broods in pain) | 3. 35 |

Hans Krása (1899-1944)

Four Orchestral Songs, Op. 1

| | | |
|----|--|-------|
| 22 | No. 1, Geiß und Schleiche | 2. 06 |
| 23 | No. 2, Nein! | 1. 50 |
| 24 | No. 3, Der Seufzer | 2. 38 |
| 25 | No. 4, Galgenbruders Lied an Sophie, die Henkersmaid | 2. 14 |

Gideon Klein (1919-1945)

| | | |
|----|-----------|-------|
| 26 | Lullaby** | 3. 10 |
|----|-----------|-------|

Total playing time: 61. 20

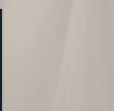
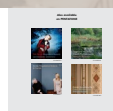
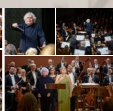
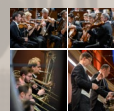
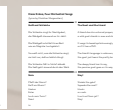
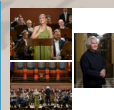
* orchestrated by Jiří Teml

** orchestrated by Jiří Gemrot

Magdalena Kožená, mezzo-soprano

Czech Philharmonic

Conducted by Sir Simon Rattle





If the European art song is associated with the intimacy of the domestic salon and the sociability of chamber music, then in its orchestral guise, it often invites listeners to embark on imaginative journeys around the world to new and unfamiliar locales. In his *Shéhérazade* (1903), Maurice Ravel produced a gorgeous musical travelogue that conveys more about how the “East” was perceived from *belle époque* Paris than about Asia itself. In *Das Lied von der Erde* (1908-9), Gustav Mahler turned to an anthology of very free German imitations of classical Chinese poetry in order to explore some of his most deeply held thoughts and feelings. Czech composers were no less susceptible to song as vehicle for artistic exploration, and the works performed here by Magdalena Kožená, Sir Simon Rattle and the Czech Philharmonic evoke journeys real and imagined, elective and — tragically — enforced.

Bohuslav Martinů was born in a bell tower in Polička, a small town on the border

between Bohemia and Moravia, in 1890. He showed great promise as a violinist, so the local townspeople gathered together to fund his studies in Prague. He enrolled at the conservatory there in 1906, although he was expelled just four years later for “incorrigible negligence”. Yet he had not been idle; his encounter with Claude Debussy’s *Pelléas et Mélisande* in 1908 opened up a whole new world of sonorities and story-telling that left an immediate mark on his own compositional style. *Nipponari* dates from 1912, and as its title suggests, it was inspired by the European vogue for all things Japanese. *Japonisme*, as it was known, may have been associated mainly with Paris, but it exerted a powerful influence throughout Central Europe too. In 1905, the German translator, Paul Enderling, published his *Japanische Novellen und Gedichte* (*Japanese Tales and Poems*). These then formed the basis of *Nipponari: Ukázky žaponské lyriky* (*Nipponari: Examples of Japanese Verse*) that the decadent poet,



| Track | Composer | Lyricist | Language | Duration |
|---------------------------|---------------|--------------------|----------|----------|
| 1. The Song of the Earth | Gustav Mahler | Walter Hasenclever | German | 12:00 |
| 2. The Song of the Earth | Gustav Mahler | Walter Hasenclever | German | 12:00 |
| 3. The Song of the Earth | Gustav Mahler | Walter Hasenclever | German | 12:00 |
| 4. The Song of the Earth | Gustav Mahler | Walter Hasenclever | German | 12:00 |
| 5. The Song of the Earth | Gustav Mahler | Walter Hasenclever | German | 12:00 |
| 6. The Song of the Earth | Gustav Mahler | Walter Hasenclever | German | 12:00 |
| 7. The Song of the Earth | Gustav Mahler | Walter Hasenclever | German | 12:00 |
| 8. The Song of the Earth | Gustav Mahler | Walter Hasenclever | German | 12:00 |
| 9. The Song of the Earth | Gustav Mahler | Walter Hasenclever | German | 12:00 |
| 10. The Song of the Earth | Gustav Mahler | Walter Hasenclever | German | 12:00 |



Album Information

Label: Deutsche Grammophon

Release Date: 2023

Recording Location: Prague, Czech Republic

Conductor: Sir Simon Rattle

Orchestra: Czech Philharmonic

Artist: Magdalena Kožená

Track 1: The Song of the Earth

Composed by Gustav Mahler, this song is a powerful expression of the human condition. It is based on the poem 'Das Lied von der Erde' by Walter Hasenclever. The music is characterized by its lush, romantic style and its ability to evoke a sense of longing and hope.

Track 2: The Song of the Earth

This track is a beautiful example of Mahler's ability to create a sense of atmosphere and drama. It features a range of vocal colors and is supported by a rich orchestral texture.

Track 3: The Song of the Earth

The music in this track is both tender and powerful, capturing the essence of the human experience. It is a testament to the composer's genius and the skill of the performers.

Track 4: The Song of the Earth

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Track 7: The Song of the Earth

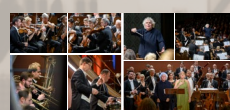
The music in this track is both tender and powerful, capturing the essence of the human experience. It is a testament to the composer's genius and the skill of the performers.

Track 8: The Song of the Earth

This track is a beautiful example of Mahler's ability to create a sense of atmosphere and drama. It features a range of vocal colors and is supported by a rich orchestral texture.

Track 9: The Song of the Earth

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Track 10: The Song of the Earth

Composed by Gustav Mahler, this song is a powerful expression of the human condition. It is based on the poem 'Das Lied von der Erde' by Walter Hasenclever. The music is characterized by its lush, romantic style and its ability to evoke a sense of longing and hope.

Track 11: The Song of the Earth

This track is a beautiful example of Mahler's ability to create a sense of atmosphere and drama. It features a range of vocal colors and is supported by a rich orchestral texture.

Track 12: The Song of the Earth

The music in this track is both tender and powerful, capturing the essence of the human experience. It is a testament to the composer's genius and the skill of the performers.



Emanuel Lešehrad, published in Prague in 1909, and from which Martinů fashioned his cycle of seven songs.

For a composer barely in his early twenties, Martinů seems to have been drawn to poems suffused with stoic philosophy and an exquisite sense of melancholy, even mortality. Common themes are the fleeting nature of beauty, the turning of the seasons, and the passing of time. As well as their debt to Debussy, they are full of stylised impressions of Japanese traditional music as reimagined for a modern European chamber ensemble. Martinů combines and recombines the instruments at his disposal – flute, cor anglais, harp, solo violin, four violas and four cellos in “The Blue Hour”, for instance, or piano, celesta, harp, four violins and four violas in “Footsteps in the Snow” — to produce timbres of ravishing, almost calligraphic delicacy. Another analogy might be the paintings of Alphonse Mucha, born in the Moravian town of Ivančice in

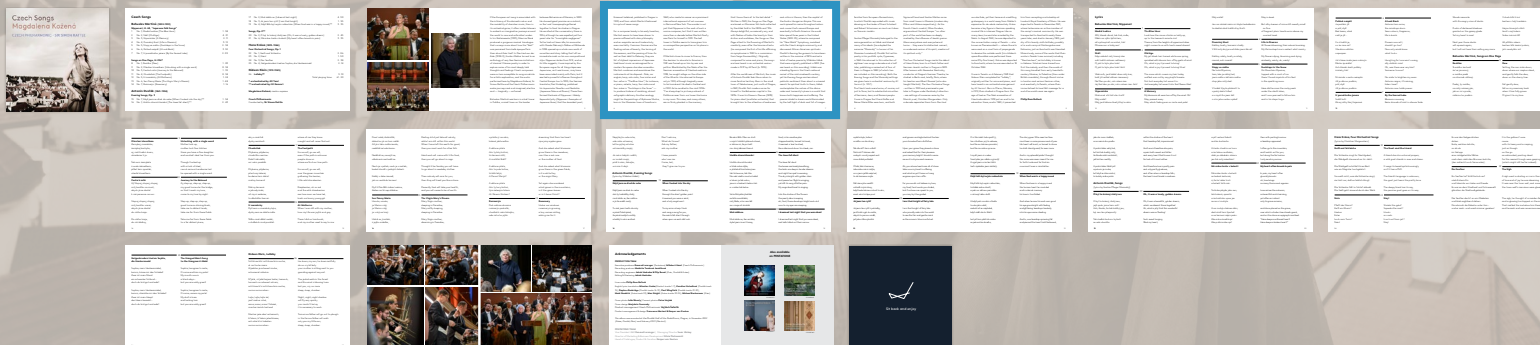
1860, who made his career as a prominent international exponent of *art nouveau* in Paris and New York. The wonder is not just that *Nipponari* is the work of such a novice composer, but that it was written more than a decade before Martinů finally saw Paris for himself in 1923. The bell tower in Polička seems to have given him a cosmopolitan perspective on his place in the world.

If Martinů chose to move to France, then the decision to relocate to America in 1941 was forced upon him by war and politics. Blacklisted by the Nazis after the German annexation of Czechoslovakia in 1938, he sought refuge on the other side of the Atlantic. He returned to Europe only in 1953, although tragically never to his homeland. He died in Switzerland in 1959. As he recalled in the mid-1930s: “I’ve always kept a picture postcard of Polička as seen from our tower-like home in my room. This view, and many others, are so firmly planted in the memory

that I know them all to the last detail.” Written in 1943, the *Songs on One Page* are based on Moravian folk texts collected by František Sušil in the 1820s and ’30s. Always delightful, occasionally wry, and with flashes of haiku-like brevity in their diction and worldview, the *Songs on One Page* attest to the flowering of Martinů’s creativity, even after the trauma of exile (he composed the first of his life-affirming six symphonies in 1942 to a commission from Serge Koussevitzky). Originally composed for voice and piano, the songs are here heard in an orchestral version made in 1997 by Jiří Teml (b. 1935).

After the worldliness of Martinů, the music of Antonín Dvořák feels like a return to more familiar territory. Born in the small town of Nelahozeves, just north of Prague, in 1841, Dvořák first made a name for himself in the Bohemian capital in the 1870s. It was his *Slavonic Dances* (1878) for piano duet (and later orchestra) that brought him to the attention of audiences

and critics in Vienna, then the capital of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. This one work spread his name throughout salons and concert halls around Europe and eventually to North America. He would later spend three years in the United States (1892-95), where he composed his “New World” Symphony, socialised with the Czech émigré community, and discovered African American spirituals. Dvořák’s *Evening Songs* seem to have been written in the summer of 1876 and set a total of twelve poems by Vítězslav Hálek that were originally published in 1859 (five are heard on this recording). Hálek was a leading figure in the Czech national revival of the mid-nineteenth century, yet his *Evening Songs* are less about patriotic sentiment than about a universal search for spiritual truth. In them, Hálek contemplates the nature of the divine order and humanity’s place in a world that knows both happiness and suffering. The poems inhabit a dream world illuminated by the half-light of dusk and full of images



familiar from European Romanticism, to which Dvořák responded with music drawing on the *Lieder* of Franz Schubert and Robert Schumann as much as it does on Slavonic models.

Gustav Pflieger Moravský belonged to the same generation as Hálek and shared many of his ideals (he adopted the surname “Moravský” in honour of his Moravian homeland). Dvořák first set his poetry in his youthful cycle, *Cypresses*, in 1865. He returned to this collection of eighteen love songs a decade and a half later, publishing a revised set of four of them in Prague in 1882 (of which two are included on this recording). Both the *Evening Songs* and the Moravský settings are given here in orchestral versions by Jiří Gemrot (b. 1957).

The Czech lands were home, of course, not just to Slavs, but to substantial minorities of Germans, Jews, and Romani people. It was in Prague that Franz Kafka and Rainer Maria Rilke were born, and both

Sigmund Freud and Gustav Mahler came from small towns in Moravia (modern day Příbor and Jihlava respectively). As the French-Czech novelist, Milan Kundera, argues about Central Europe: “no other part of the world has been so deeply marked by the influence of Jewish genius. Aliens everywhere and everywhere at home ... they were its intellectual cement, a condensed version of its spirit, creators of its spiritual unity.”

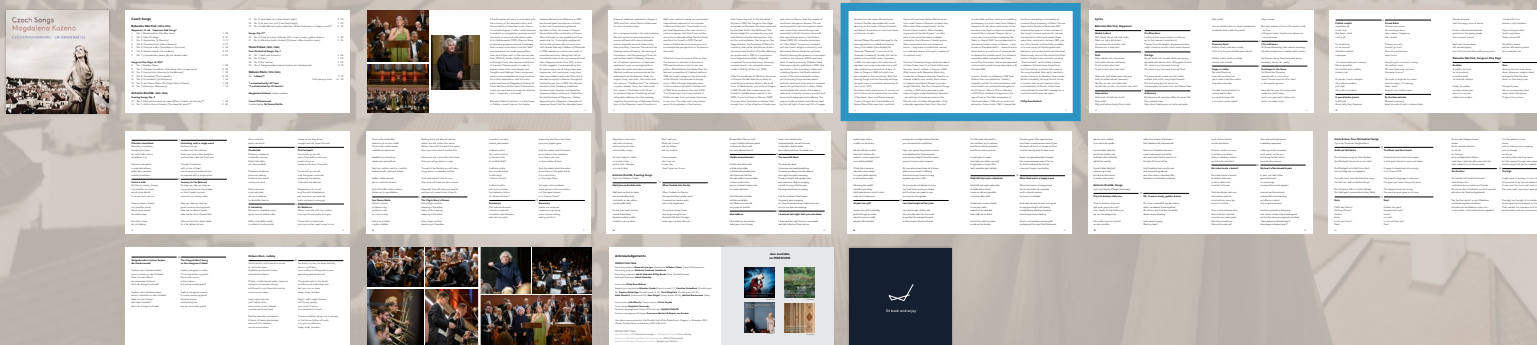
The *Four Orchestral Songs* marks the debut of Hans Krása, born to a Czech father and German-Jewish mother in Prague in 1899. After lessons with Alexander Zemlinsky, conductor at Prague’s German Theatre, he studied in Berlin and, briefly, Paris, where his teacher was Albert Roussel (who also taught Martinů). The *Four Orchestral Songs* – written in 1920 and premiered a year later in Prague under Zemlinsky’s direction – are settings of nonsense verse by the Munich poet, Christian Morgenstern. Only a decade separates them from *Das Lied*

von der Erde, yet their terse and unsettling grotesquery is a world away from Mahler’s expansive *fin-de-siècle* melancholy. Krása became a key figure in German-speaking musical life in interwar Prague. Like so many Jews, he was later arrested by the Nazis. In August 1942, he was deported to the concentration camp at Terezín — also known as Theresienstadt — where the arts were used as a cruel form of propaganda to deceive the outside world (his children’s opera *Brundibár* was performed there some fifty-five times). Krása was deported to Auschwitz, where he was executed on 18 October 1944.

It was in Terezín on 6 February 1943 that Gideon Klein completed his “Lullaby”, originally written for voice and piano, and here heard in an orchestral arrangement by Jiří Gemrot. Born in Přerov, Moravia, in 1919, Klein studied in Prague from the age of twelve. The Nazi annexation of Czechoslovakia in 1939 put an end to his education there, and in 1940, it prevented

him from accepting a scholarship at London’s Royal Academy of Music. He was deported to Terezín in December 1941, where he became an active member of the camp’s musical community. He was transported to Auschwitz nearly three years later, and died in January 1945, just shy of his twenty-sixth birthday, possibly at a work camp at Fürstengrube near Katowice, just as Auschwitz was liberated. Miraculously, some of the works that Klein wrote in Terezín have survived, including “Shechav beni”, as his lullaby is known in Hebrew. Scholars have traced how first the melody, and then the words of this song travelled from early twentieth-century Ukraine, to Palestine (then under British mandate), through Zionist circles in London and various German cities, and eventually to Terezín, where Klein immortalised its heartfelt message for a world he would never see again.

Philip Ross Bullock



Lyrics

Bohuslav Martinů, Nipponari

Modrá hodina

Zříš, kterak divně, tak líně, mdle,
Měsíc na výšin šplhá lem,
až vystoupí až na vrchol, hle!
Přinese noc a lásky sen!

Stáří

Kdys ozdobil můj tmavý vlas
sníh květů víchem setřesený.
Ó, jak to bylo plno krás!
Ó, jak to bylo plno krás! Ach!

Však sníh, jenž zdobí dnes můj vlas,
květ již netkal větrem zanesený.
Ne! Den po dni, rok rokem zas.
Jej tkal den po dni, rok s rokem zas. Ach!

Vzpomínka

Mně urval vítr listí vše i kvítí!
Máj umřel!
Máj, jenž dávno bled již byl a něm.

1

The Blue Hour

Look how the moon climbs so lazily up,
up to the heaven's remote rim!
Thence, from the heights of uppermost skies
night comes to us with love's sweet dream!

2

Old Age

My jet-black hair turned white one spring,
sprinkled with blooms torn off by gusts of wind.
Oh, what a joy it proved to bring!
Oh, what a joy it proved to bring! Alas!

The snow which covers my hair today
wafted was not by any playful breeze.
No! Just everyday toil wove it in.
Just everyday toil wove it into that fleece. Alas!

3

A Memory

My blossoms all were torn off by the wind. Oh!
May passed away.
May which fading was so mute and pale!

Máj umřel!

Jen na rukávě mém mi zbyla hedvábném
ta sladká vůně květů slívy tkvíti.

Prosněný život

Květiny kvetly, barvami chvěly.
V žití svůj divý proud zřela jsem žárně!

Květiny mřely, kvetly a mřely,
marně, ach marně!

Stopy ve sněhu

Na hoře Miyosina,
tam, kde je věčný led,
jsem našla v zářném sněhu
stop jeho milý sled.

V hvězd třpytu překročil tu
vysoký skalní hřbet
a v myslí šla jsem těž
s ním jeho cestou vpřed!

May is dead.

But silky sleeves of mine still sweetly smell
so fine
of fragrant plum tree blooms above my
worried head.

4

Life in Dreams

All flowers blooming, their colours booming.
My life has kept me in ardent whirl mainly.

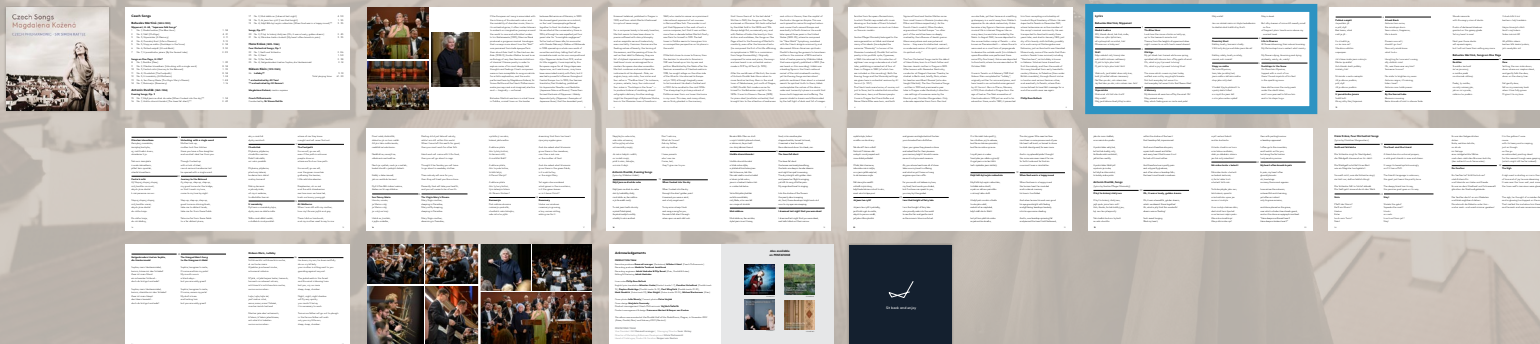
My flowers dying, blooming and dying
aimlessly, vainly, oh, vainly!

5

Footsteps in the Snow

On Mountain Myosina,
topped with a crust of ice
there I found imprints of his feet
in the sparkling snow.

Here did he cross the rocky peak
under the starlit skies,
and I now yearned to follow him
and in his steps to go.



Pohled nazpět

Je podzim již
a prší, slyš!
Bez barev, vůně
svět je již...

Co z květů je,
co ze mne as?
Vše dáno větrům
napospas.

Já k lásce zvala jsem cukrjíc.
Děcko zpozdlilé!
Ach kterák slasti polibky
zmizely, hle!

Ni úsměv v cestu nezaplá.
Již je dávno podzim,
prší, slyš!
Již je dávno podzim.

U posvátného jezera

Sněží kvítí.
Závoj mlhy tkají tajemné.

6

A Look Back

Autumn has come,
the raindrops drum.
Sans colours, fragrance,
life is dumb.

Flowers now wilt,
should I go too?
Now only winds know
what to do.

Hung'ring for love was I cooing,
silly childish miss!
Oh, was there ever any kiss?
Someone to woo?

No smile to brighten my woes.
Autumn reigns, it's raining,
listen: hear?
Autumn now holds power.

7

By the Sacred Lake

Blossoms snowing.
Eerie shrouds of mist in silence fade.

Woods resonate
with the angry cries of ducks.

Flocks of darkened shadows
gambol on the grassy glade.
Yet my heart is sore!

Next year those ducks
will squawk again,
but I will not hear their calling any more.

Bohuslav Martinů, Songs on One Page

V sluch křik ti zní
kachen v háji lvarském.

Hejno tmavých stínů
tančí v reji kolem.
Srdce mé má tíž!

Až příštím rokem
kachen křik zavzní polem,
jich neuslyším víc!

8

Rosička

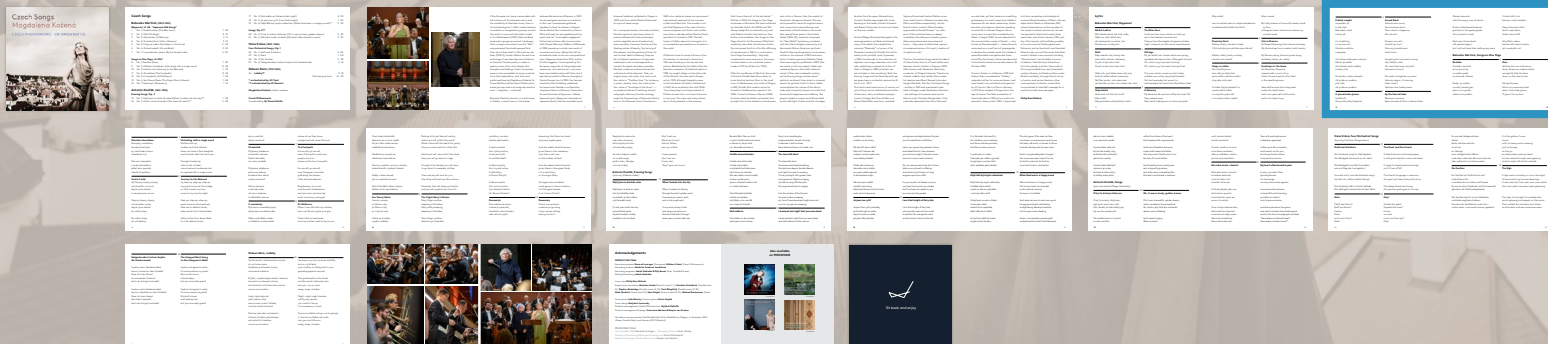
Slunéčko zachodí
za les javorový,
a rosička padá
na stromek višňový.

Padaj, ty rosičko,
na můj rozmaryján,
jak on mi vyroste,
milému ho podám.

Dew

Setting, the sun sinks down,
down where our maples stand,
and gently falls the dew,
down on the cherry tree.

Fall gently dew,
fall on my rosemary bush
when it has fully grown
I'll give it to my love.



Otevření slovečkem

Zamykaj, maměnko,
zamykaj kuchyňu,
aj, máš hezkú dceru,
ukrademe ti ju.

Šak som zamykala
z ocele zámečkem,
přišel tam syneček,
otevřel slovečkem.

Cesta k milé

Aj! Stupaj, stupaj, stupaj,
můj koničku na most,
abych já se dostal
k mé panence na noc.

Stupaj, stupaj, stupaj,
můj koničku vrané,
abych já se dostal
do cizího kraje.

Do cizího kraje,
do cizí dědiny,

9

Unlocking with a single word

Mother lock up,
mother lock Your kitchen
there you have a fine daughter
and we shall steal her from you.

Though I locked up
with a lock of steel,
round came a handsome lad
he opened with a single word.

10

Journey to the Beloved

Aj, step up, step up, step up,
my good horse o'er the bridge,
so that I reach my love,
come to my love by night.

Step up, step up, step up,
good horse so shining black,
take me to distant lands,
take me far from these fields.

Take me far from these fields
to a far distant place,

aby o mně lidi
dycky nemluvili.

Chodníček

Půjdeme, půjdeme,
chodníčku nevíme.
Dobří lidé vědā,
oni nám povědā.

Půjdeme, půjdeme,
přes hory zelené,
budeme tam sbírat
maliny červené!

Maliny červené
a jahody zralé,
už my si vedeme,
to děvčátko švarné.

U maměnky

Dyž sem u maměnky byla,
dycky sem se dobře měla.

Těžko mně dělat nedali,
o službách mně povídali.

where of me they know
naught and will never find out.

11

The Footpath

Go we will, go we will,
even if the path is unknown
people show us
where we find our true path.

Go we will, go we will,
over the green mountain
gathering the berries,
little wild strawberries.

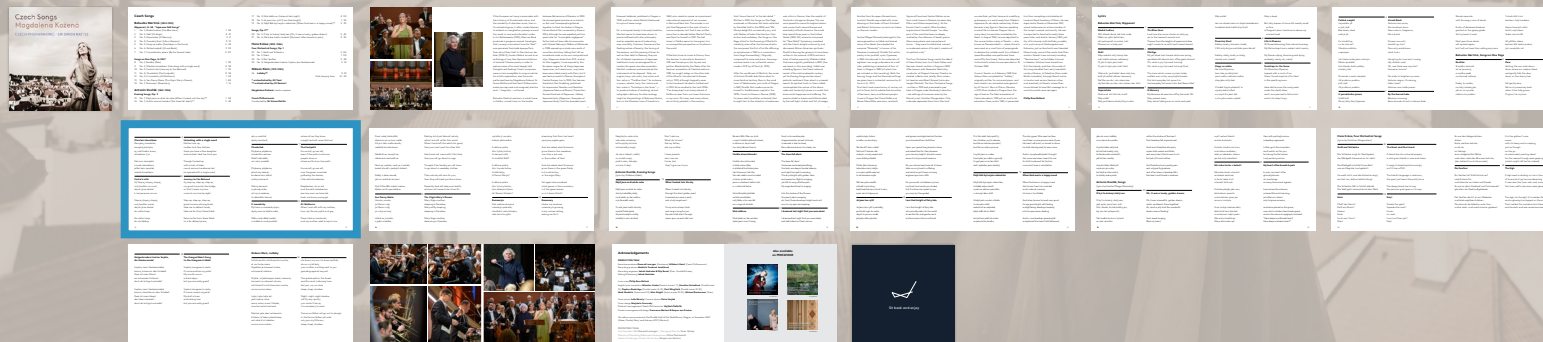
Raspberries, oh so red
and the wild strawberries
see how soon we have led,
back our bonny young girl.

12

At Mothers

When I was still with my mother,
how my life was joyful and gay.

There I did no hard work,
and my mother used to say to me:



Povol sobě, zlaté dítě,
dokud su já na tom světě.
Až já s teho světa zendu,
naděláš se leda komu.

Naděláš se, nenajíš se,
oškubaná nachodíš se.

Nech je v pátek, nech je v svátek,
budeš chodit v jedných šatech.

Každý o tebe zavadí,
jak na cestě do kamení.

Dyž ti Pán Bůh zdraví vezme,
žáden na tě nepohlédne.

Sen Panny Marie

Usnula, usnula,
ja Maria v ráji,
ja Maria v ráji,
ja v ráji na kraji.

Uzdál se jí sniček,
z jejího srdečka,

Darling child just take all calmly,
while I am still within this world.
When I have left this earth for good,
then you must work for other folk.

Hard work will come with little food,
then you will go about in rags.

Thought it be Sunday you will have
to go about in weekday clothes.

Then nobody will care for you,
then they will treat you like a stone.

Presently God will take your health,
and you will cease to be of worth.

The Virgin Mary's Dream

Mary Virgin mother,
sleeping in Paradise,
Mary softly sleeping,
sleeping in Paradise.

Mary Virgin mother,
dreaming in Paradise,

vyrůstla jí na něm,
krásná jablunečka.

A ešče se ptala
čím ty luky kvitnú,
tú červenú rúží,
či matičku Boží?

A ešče se ptala,
čím to pole kvitne,
tú bílú lelijú,
či Pannú Marijú?

A ešče se ptala
čím ty hory kvitnú,
tým zeleným listem
čili Pánem Kristem?

Rozmarýn

Pod našima oknama
rozmarýn prokvítá,
chodívá k nám šohajko,
ode mňa ho pýtá.

dreaming that from her heart
ripe juicy apples grew.

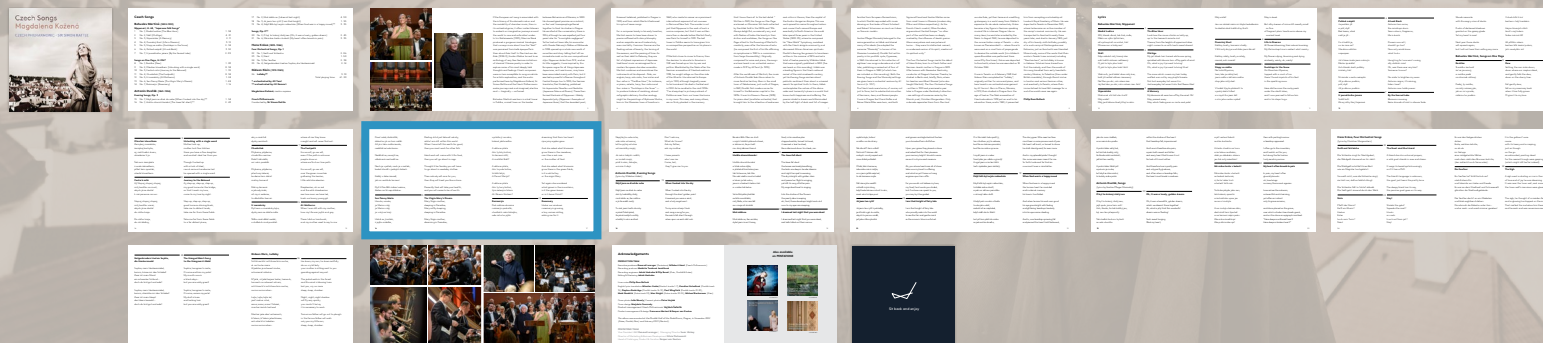
And she asked what blossoms
grow there in the meadows,
can it be a red rose
or the mother of God.

And she asked what blossoms
grow there in the green fields,
is it a white lily
or the virgin Mary.

Yet again she wondered
what grows in the mountains,
is it the green leaves
or is it Jesus Christ?

Rosemary

Under our windows
rosemary is growing,
a boy comes visiting,
asking me for it.



Nepýtaj ho ode mňa,
ode mňa od samej
lež ho pýtaj od otca
od mamičky mojéj.

Já mám takých rodičů,
co ia rádi mají,
přidi k nám, šohajko,
oni mia ti dajú.

Antonín Dvořák, Evening Songs

(Lyrics by Vítězslav Hálek)

Když jsem se díval do nebe

Když jsem se díval do nebe
skrz ty hvězdičky zlatý,
mně zdálo se, žeš 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.

Don't ask me,
What do I know?
Ask my father,
ask my mother.

I have parents
who love me.
Come, lad,
they'll give me to you.

When I looked into the sky

When I looked into the sky
through the stars' golden paint
it seemed you were a saint,
and a holy angel was I.

To my arms a harp I took
and sang a song for you,
the saints fell silent through
when upon us each did look.

Ba sám Bůh Otec na chvíli
v svých tvůrčích plánech stanul,
a zdá se mi, že po tváři
mu slzný dýmánek kanul.

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 řadrech 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.

Mně zdálo se

Mně zdálo se, žeš umřela;
slyšel jsem zvonit hrany,

God, in his creative plan
stopped awhile, turned his head,
it seemed a tear he shed,
like a diamond down his cheek, ran.

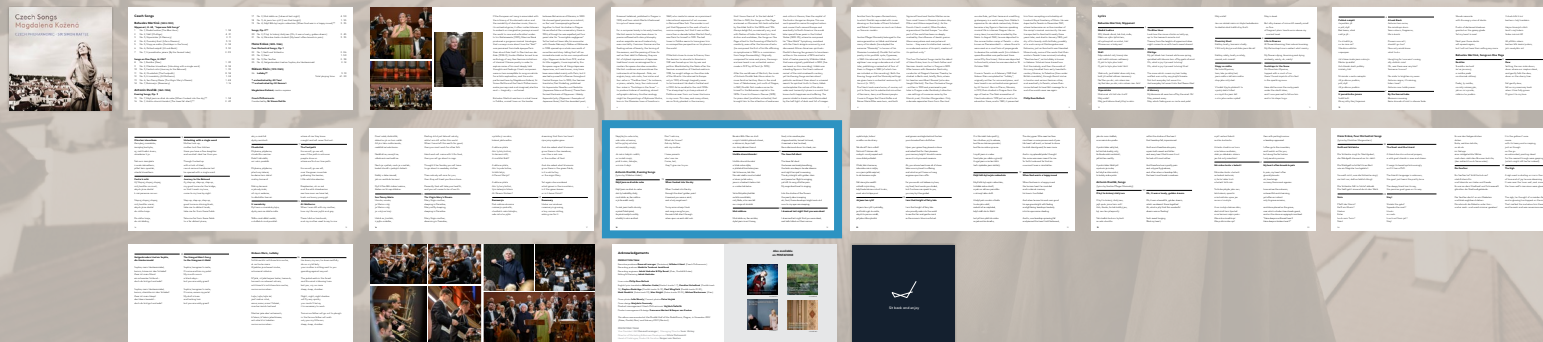
The trees fell silent

The trees fell silent
the leaves are barely breathing,
the birds are deep in tender dreams
and night her spell is weaving.
The sky is bright with golden stars
and peace her flight is winging,
yet still its song of bitter pain.
My anguished heart is singing.

Into the chalice of the flowers
the pearly dew is seeping
ah, God, those dewdrops bright and cold
now to my eyes are creeping.

I dreamed last night that you were dead

I dreamed last night that you were dead,
sad bells tolled out their sorrow



a pláče bylo, kvílení
a nářku na vše strany.

Tak divně Ti tam ustlali!
Na hrob Ti kámen dali
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.

Já jsem ten rytíř

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

and groans and sighs behind the bier
your shrouded form did follow.

Upon your grave they placed a stone
and asked that for their pleasure
your memory bright I should in verse
recount in rhyme and measure.

Ah, you whose hearts are all of stone
take now my heart in offering
and what as yet I have not sung
engrave upon her coffin.

For you would not believe my love,
my fond, fond words you chided,
but if a stone can speak to you,
you may by it be guided.

I am that knight of fairy tale

I am that knight of fairy tale
who proudly rode into the world
to see the fair and gentle maid
so like a rose in bloom unfurled.

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.

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

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 věští,
radostí až se rozplakal,
když viděl vše to štěstí.

Leč při tom pláči do srdce
se jedna slza vkradla,

The story goes: Who sees her face
must bear a curse pronounced of yore.
His heart will burst, or turned to stone
he shall stand guard, for ever more.

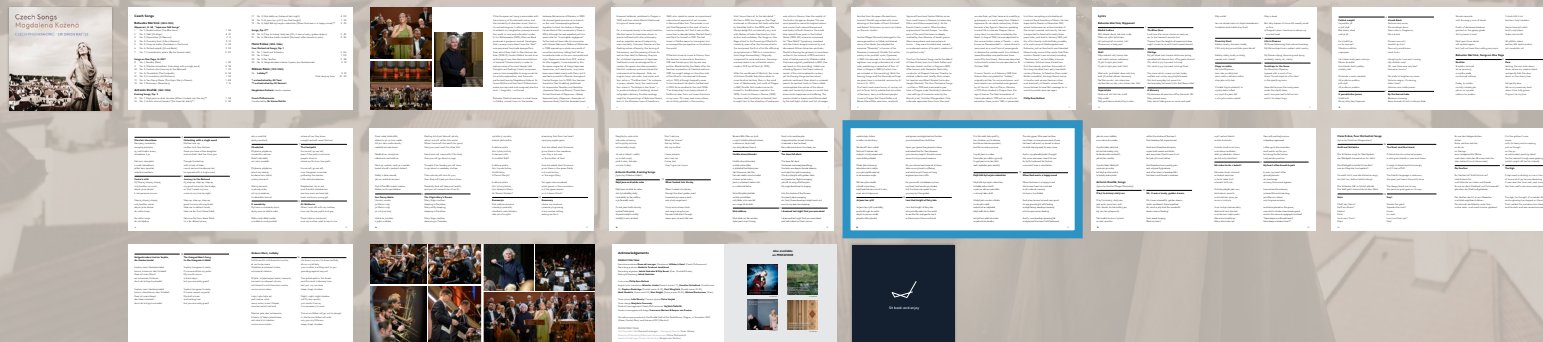
And in my splendid pride I thought
the curse was never meant for me.
So forth I rode and for that sin
now must I ever a minstrel be.

When God was in a happy mood

When God was in a happy mood
the human heart he moulded
and in eternal memory
his love in it enfolded.

And when he saw his work was good
his eye grew bright with feeling
and glittering teardrops tenderly
into his eyes came stealing.

And lo, one teardrop quivering fell
and pierced the heart he'd fashioned,



jako ta rosa v kališek,
a na samé dno padla.

A proto láska velký bol,
leč bol tak sladký, milý,
že škoda srdcí nastokrát,
jež bol ten necítily.

A proto láska štěstí půl
a polovic je muka,
leč když se slza rozvlí,ni,
tu leckdy srdce puká.

Antonín Dvořák, Songs

(lyrics by Gustav Pflieger Moravský)

Ó byl to krásný zlatý sen

O byl to krásný, zlatý sen,
jež spolu jsme tam snili!
Ach, škoda, že tak krátký jen,
byl sen ten přespanilý.

Tak sladká touha v bytosti
se celé uhostila

within the chalice of the heart
that teardrop fell, impassioned.

And love is therefore also pain,
a pain both sweet and bitter
and every heart that knows it not
for lack of it must wither.

And therefore love is partly pain
and only partly gladness,
and often when a teardrop falls,
the heart must break in sadness.

20

Oh, it was a lovely, golden dream

Oh, it was a beautiful, golden dream,
which we dreamt there together!
Ah, what a pity that this wonderful
dream was so fleeting!

Such sweet longing
filled my heart,

a při loučení žalosti
se slza dostavila.

A často chodím na horu
a za tebou se dívám,
však po dalekém obzoru
jen žal svůj rozesílám!

Mé srdce často v bolesti

Mé srdce často v bolesti
se teskně zadumá,
ó, že ta láska trnů
a bolestí tolik má.

Ta láska přejde jako sen,
tak krásná, spanilá
a za kratinko upne jen
se na ní mohyla.

A na mohyly kámen dán,
dáv nímž tam lípa bdí
a na kameni nápis psán:
Zde srdce zvadlé spí.
Zde puklé srdce spí!

then with parting's sorrow
a teardrop appeared.

I often go to the mountain,
and I watch out for you;
but along the far horizon
I only send my sorrow.

21

My heart often broods in pain

In pain, my heart often
gloomily broods:
oh, love brings
so many thorns and agonies.

Love arrives like a dream,
so beautiful and charming,
yet after an instant
only its grave remains,

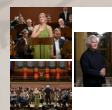
and stone placed on the grave,
over which a linden tree stands guard,
and on the stone an epigraph inscribed:
"Here sleeps a withered heart!
Here sleeps a broken heart!"

22

23



| Track | Time |
|----------------------------------|--------------|
| 1. Ó byl to krásný zlatý sen | 3:45 |
| 2. Mé srdce často v bolesti | 3:15 |
| 3. Ta láska přejde jako sen | 3:30 |
| 4. A na mohyly kámen dán | 3:20 |
| 5. Then with parting's sorrow | 3:10 |
| 6. My heart often broods in pain | 3:05 |
| 7. Love arrives like a dream | 3:00 |
| 8. And stone placed on the grave | 2:55 |
| 9. Here sleeps a withered heart | 2:50 |
| 10. Here sleeps a broken heart | 2:45 |
| Total | 30:00 |



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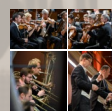
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Hans Krása, Four Orchestral Songs

(lyrics by Christian Morgenstern)

Geiß und Schleiche

Die Schleiche singt ihr Nachtgebet,
die Waldgeiß staunend vor ihr steht.

Die Waldgeiß schüttelt ihren Bart
wie ein Magister hochgelahrt.

Sie weiß nicht, was die Schleiche singt,
sie hört nur, daß es lieblich klingt.

Die Schleiche fällt in Schlaf alsbald.
Die Geiß geht sinnend durch den Wald.

Nein

Pfeift der Sturm?
Keift ein Wurm?
Heulen
Eulen
hoch vom Turm?
Nein!

24

22

The Goat and the Lizard

A lizard chants nocturnal prayers,
a wild goat stands in awe and stares.

It wags its beard quite knowingly
as if it has a PhD.

The lizard's language is unknown,
the goat just hears the pretty tone.

The sleepy lizard has its say,
the pensive goat goes on its way.

23

Nay!

Shrieks the gale?
Squeaks the snail?
Howls
an owls
hoo-hoot from jail?
Nay!

Es war des Galgenstrickes
dickes
Ende, welches ächzte,
so als ob
im Galopp
eine müdgehetzte Mähre
nach dem nächsten Brunnen lechzte,
(der vielleicht noch ferne wäre).

Der Seufzer

Ein Seufzer lief Schlittschuh auf
nächtlichem Eis
und träumte von Liebe und Freude.
Es war an dem Stadtwall und Schneeweiß
glänzten die Stadtwallgebäude.

Der Seufzer dacht' an ein Maidelein
und blieb erglühend stehen.
Da schmolz die Eisbahn unter ihm –
und er sank – und ward nimmer gesehen!

It is the gallows' loose
noose
with its heavy end a-rasping,
just as though
on the go
an exhausted, panting steed
for the nearest trough were gasping
(which might still be far indeed).

24

The Sigh

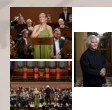
A sigh went a-skating on ice in the night,
of love and of joy he was dreaming.
It was near the town wall, and snow white
the town wall's mansions were gleaming.

The sigh, he thought of a maiden fair,
and a-glowing he stopped on the scene.
That melted the ice below him there
and he sank and was nevermore seen.

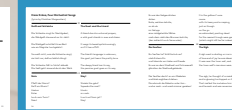
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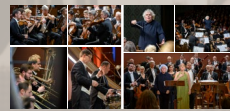
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| 2. Nein | 0:45 |
| 3. Der Seufzer | 0:45 |
| 4. The Sigh | 0:45 |
| 5. The Goat and the Lizard | 0:45 |
| 6. The Sigh | 0:45 |
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| 33. The Sigh | 0:45 |
| 34. The Sigh | 0:45 |
| 35. The Sigh | 0:45 |
| 36. The Sigh | 0:45 |
| 37. The Sigh | 0:45 |
| 38. The Sigh | 0:45 |
| 39. The Sigh | 0:45 |
| 40. The Sigh | 0:45 |
| 41. The Sigh | 0:45 |
| 42. The Sigh | 0:45 |
| 43. The Sigh | 0:45 |
| 44. The Sigh | 0:45 |
| 45. The Sigh | 0:45 |
| 46. The Sigh | 0:45 |
| 47. The Sigh | 0:45 |
| 48. The Sigh | 0:45 |
| 49. The Sigh | 0:45 |
| 50. The Sigh | 0:45 |



Galgenbruders Lied an Sophie, die Henkersmaid

Sophie, mein Henkersmädel,
komm, küsse mir den Schädel!
Zwar ist mein Mund
ein schwarzer Schlund –
doch du bist gut und edel!

Sophie, mein Henkersmädel,
komm, streichle mir den Schädel!
Zwar ist mein Haupt
des Haars beraubt –
doch du bist gut und edel!

25

The Hanged Man's Song to the Hangman's Maid

Sophia, hangman's mate,
O come and kiss my pate!
My mouth now is
a black abys –
but you are nobly great!

Sophia, hangman's mate,
O come, caress my pate!
My skull is bare
and lacking hair
but you are nobly great!

Gideon Klein, Lullaby

26

Sch'chaw b'ni sch'chaw bim nucha,
al na tiw ke mara.
Aljadcha ja schewet imcha,
schomeret mibolra.

M'jalel, m'jalel bazaar batar, haruach,
haruach no schewet scham,
sch'chaw b'ni sch'chaw bim nucha,
numa numa schan.

Lajla, lajla, lajla zel,
jauf maher m'od,
assur, assur, assur l'hitazel,
machar zarich laa'wod

Machar jeze aba lacharosch,
b'telem, b'telem jelechhaaw,
ach atar b'ni hakatan
numa numa schan.

Lie down, my son, lie down restfully
do no cry bitterly
your mother is sitting next to you
guarding against any evil.

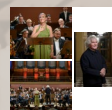
The jackal wails in the forest
and the wind is blowing here
but you, cry no more
sleep, sleep, slumber.

Night, night, night shadow
will fly very quickly
you mustn't be lay
it is necessary to work.

Tomorrow father will go out to plough
in the farrow father will walk
only you my little son,
sleep, sleep, slumber.



| Track | Time |
|--|-------|
| 1. Galgenbruders Lied an Sophie, die Henkersmaid | 03:12 |
| 2. The Hanged Man's Song to the Hangman's Maid | 03:12 |
| 3. Gideon Klein, Lullaby | 03:12 |
| 4. ... | ... |



Magdalena Kazena
Czech Songs
Magdalena Kazena
Czech Songs
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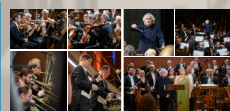
Magdalena Kazena
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Magdalena Kazena
Czech Songs



Czech Songs
Hogolana Kazima

Table with 2 columns: Track Name, Duration. Lists tracks 1 through 12.

Table with 2 columns: Track Name, Duration. Lists tracks 13 through 24.

Table with 2 columns: Track Name, Duration. Lists tracks 25 through 36.



Conductor: [Name]

Music Director: [Name]



Program Notes: [Text]

Program Notes: [Text]

Program Notes: [Text]

Program Notes: [Text]

Program Notes: [Text]

Program Notes: [Text]

Program Notes: [Text]

Program Notes: [Text]

Program Notes: [Text]

Program Notes: [Text]

Program Notes: [Text]

Program Notes: [Text]



Acknowledgements

PRODUCTION TEAM

Executive producers **Renaud Loranger** (Pentatone) & **Robert Hanč** (Czech Philharmonic)

Recording producer **Markéta Tomková Janáčková**

Recording engineers **Jakub Hadraba & Filip Beneš** (Klein, Dvořák & Krása)

Editing & Mastering **Jakub Hadraba**

Liner notes **Philip Ross Bullock**

English lyrics translation **Miroslav Jindra** (Martinů tracks 1-7), **Karolína Vočadlova** (Dvořák track 15), **Daphne Rusbridge** (Dvořák tracks 16-19), **Paul Wingfield** (Dvořák tracks 19-20),

Mark Newkirk (Krása track 22), **Max Knight** (Krása tracks 23-25), **Michael Beckerman** (Klein)

Cover photo **Julia Wesely** | Concert photos **Petra Hajsá**

Cover design **Marjolein Coenrady**

Product management Czech Philharmonic **Vojtěch Šafařík**

Product management & design **Francesca Mariani & Kasper van Kooten**

This album was recorded at the Dvořák Hall of the Rudolfinum, Prague, in November 2022 (Krása, Dvořák, Klein) and February 2023 (Martinů).

PENTATONE TEAM

Vice President A&R **Renaud Loranger** | Managing Director **Sean Hickey**

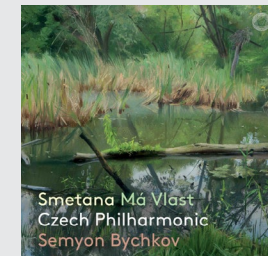
Director of Marketing & Business Development **Silvia Pietrosanti**

Head of Catalogue, Product & Curation **Kasper van Kooten**

Also available on PENTATONE



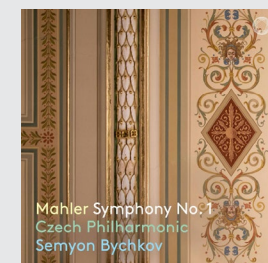
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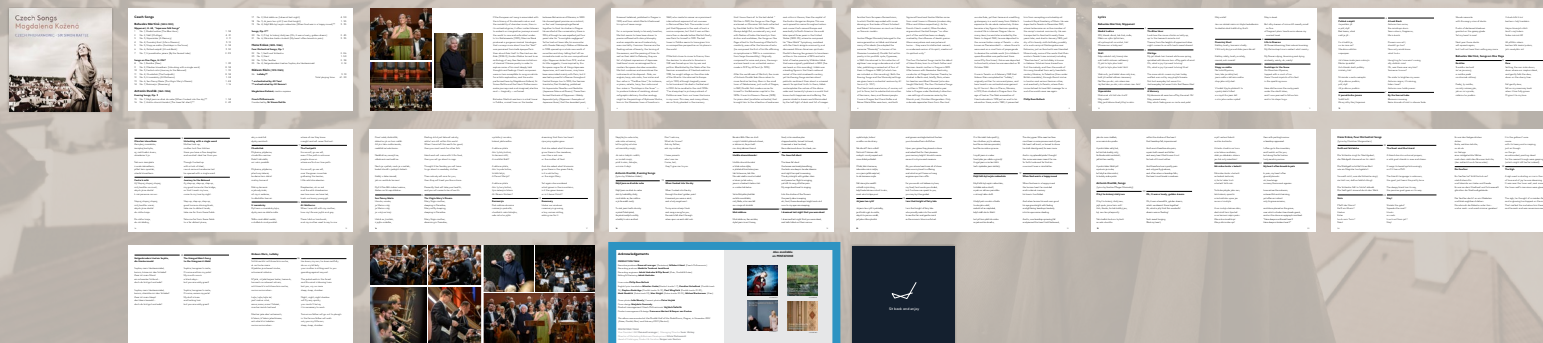
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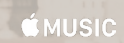


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Sit back and enjoy



| Track Name | Duration |
|------------|----------|
| 1. ... | ... |
| 2. ... | ... |
| 3. ... | ... |
| 4. ... | ... |
| 5. ... | ... |
| 6. ... | ... |
| 7. ... | ... |
| 8. ... | ... |
| 9. ... | ... |
| 10. ... | ... |



Magdalena Kazienko is a Polish singer and pianist who has performed in many countries. She is known for her beautiful voice and her ability to play the piano. She has released several albums and has been featured on many television shows. She is currently touring with her new album, 'Czech Songs'.

The album 'Czech Songs' is a collection of traditional Czech folk songs. It features 10 tracks, each with its own unique melody and lyrics. The songs are arranged in a way that tells a story of love, loss, and hope. The album is a beautiful tribute to the rich musical heritage of the Czech Republic.

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| 3. ... | ... |
| 4. ... | ... |
| 5. ... | ... |
| 6. ... | ... |
| 7. ... | ... |
| 8. ... | ... |
| 9. ... | ... |
| 10. ... | ... |

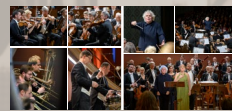
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