

# SONGS

## EMIL VIKLICKÝ · IMOGEN RYALL

JULIAN NICHOLAS · PETR DVORSKÝ · ERIC FORD



RUBICON JAZZ  
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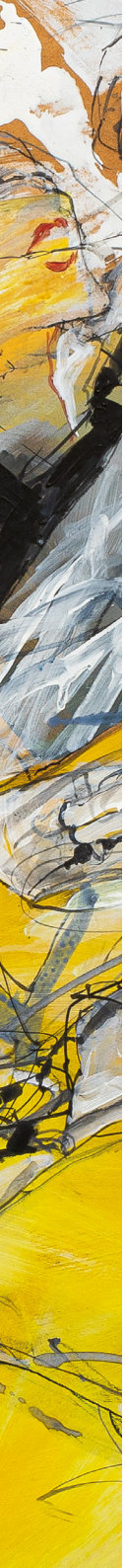


# SONGS

## EMIL VIKLICKÝ · IMOGEN RYALL

- 1 NOT YET 3.54
- 2 I KNOW, YOU KNOW 4.36
- 3 CONJUROLOGY 4.15
- 4 DAWN DEVAYNE 3.36
- 5 GONE WITH WATER 5.44
- 6 TOUHA (DESIRE) 3.48
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- 11 NA OSICE (ASPEN LEAF) 6.02

**IMOGEN RYALL** *voice*  
**JULIAN NICHOLAS** *tenor & soprano sax*  
**EMIL VIKLICKÝ** *piano*  
**PETR DVORSKÝ** *double bass*  
**ERIC FORD** *drums*



This collection of eleven original compositions is absolutely magical. I've long been in awe of **Imogen Ryall**'s prowess as a lyricist and here I feel she really excels herself on **Emil Viklický**'s wide-ranging melodies and themes.

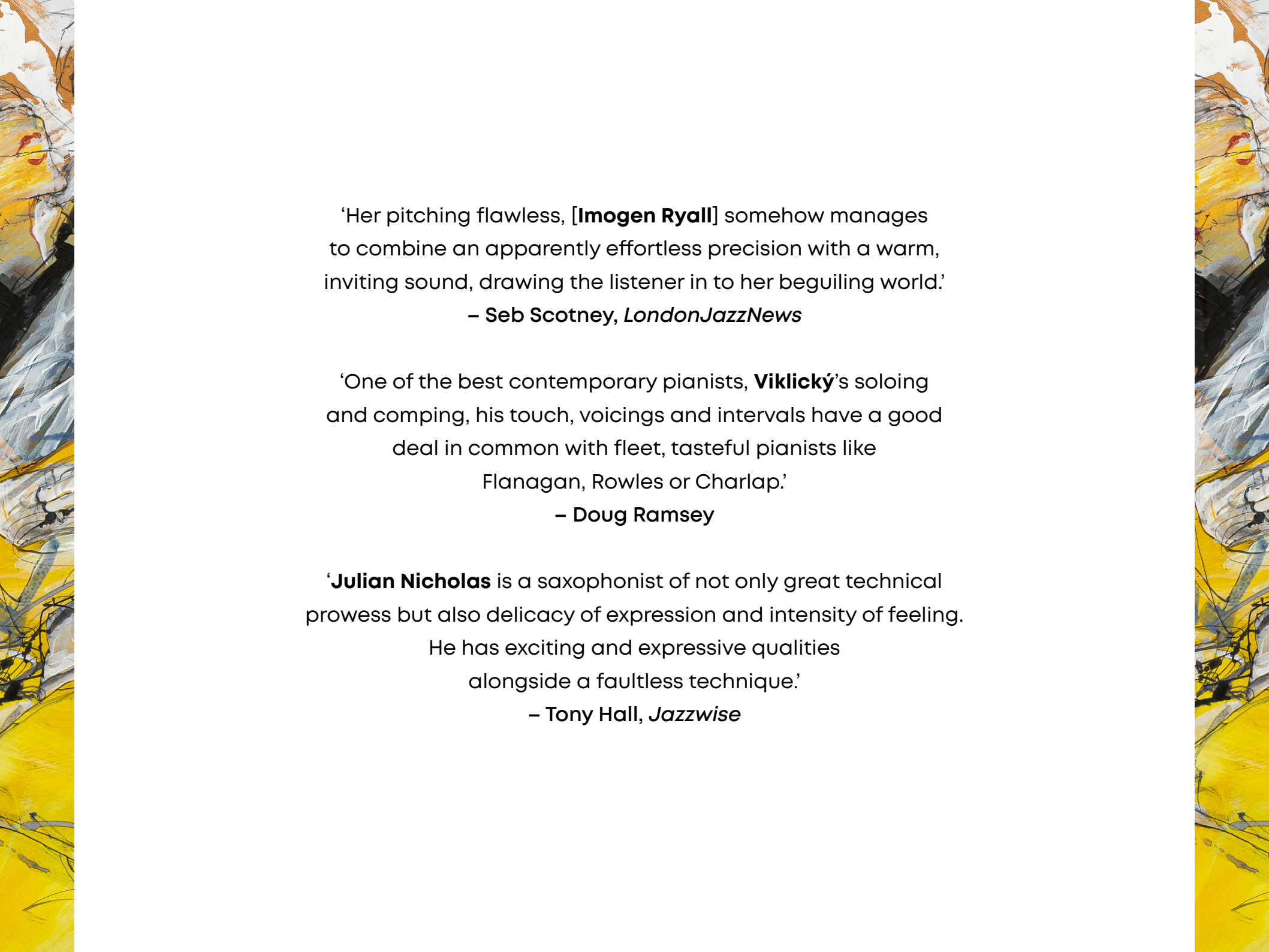
From the intimacy of the folk tinged 'Gone with Water' to the mischievous groove of 'Conjurology' and its brilliant lyrics of cooking up a "dark and magical brew", each song demonstrates a wonderful interplay between the singer and the musicians which is never forced and feels totally organic.

**Julian Nicholas** is at his lyrical best on 'Moon, Sleeping in a Cradle', effortlessly soaring and soulful with his usual flair for being incredibly tasteful. Emil's elegant and graceful melodies are just perfect for Ryall's lyrics and seem to be 'ready-made songs' and not lyrics sitting awkwardly on top of a melody.

The rhythm section of bassist **Petr Dvorský** and drummer **Eric Ford** complete this wonderful lineup and are both sensitive and tasteful as well as bold and swinging, their synergy palpable. It's a gem of a recording!

**CLAIRE MARTIN** OBE





‘Her pitching flawless, [**Imogen Ryall**] somehow manages to combine an apparently effortless precision with a warm, inviting sound, drawing the listener in to her beguiling world.’

– **Seb Scotney**, *LondonJazzNews*

‘One of the best contemporary pianists, **Viklický**’s soloing and comping, his touch, voicings and intervals have a good deal in common with fleet, tasteful pianists like

Flanagan, Rowles or Charlap.’

– **Doug Ramsey**

‘**Julian Nicholas** is a saxophonist of not only great technical prowess but also delicacy of expression and intensity of feeling.

He has exciting and expressive qualities alongside a faultless technique.’

– **Tony Hall**, *Jazzwise*

1 **Not Yet**

Last night, as she was leaving,  
She held your hand and whispered  
    in your ear  
She said, 'Be patient,  
There will be time yet –  
Let's not do something  
We might regret'

Smiling, she let her hair down  
Then walked away without  
    a second look.  
You said, 'Be patient;  
There will be time yet.  
Almost did something  
You might regret'

2 **I Know, You Know**

No use trying to hide it  
I've been fighting too long  
Only you can tear down  
    all my defences  
Senseless trying to run

You know how much I need to  
Open my heart, sing a new song  
And I know I'll never be lonely  
We know this love could never  
    be wrong  
So now there's no use trying to hide it  
Finding our place in the sun

3 **Conjurology**

You take the eye of a newt  
And the toe of a frog  
You add the wool of a bat  
And a hair of the dog

As you drink the potion down  
The spell is cast  
And it works just like a charm, for now  
Open sesame!  
Spirits dance for me, spin me 'round  
'Til the night's drowned  
Dancing around and around  
'Til we all fall down

You take the nose of a rat  
And the tail of a hog  
You add the glow of a worm  
And a hair of the dog

This dark and magical brew  
Will seem too good to be true  
Conjure a potion a day  
And keep the demons away!

4 **Dawn Devayne**

From Eureka Springs  
He headed for the city lights  
With a dream to win  
And tears to leave behind  
There's a price you pay  
If you run away  
You can't return to what you  
    were before  
But this bird couldn't sing  
In Eureka Springs any more

Well, it's a mystery  
That no one even saw him leave  
For his rent, he sings  
In small cafes and dives  
Could be a price to pay  
To be Miss Dawn Devayne  
Tho she won't think of what  
    she / the boy she / left behind  
Now this bird can sing  
With a wealth of dreams still to find

5 **Gone with Water**

Gone with water, tied by blood  
Leaving everything to ride the wave  
And tame the rising tide within  
    her skin

Gone with water, tied by blood  
Feel the quickening swell,  
    earthly made  
Held, suspended 'til it's severing

With a wave of her hand  
She left the weight of the land  
Looking for the surf and the sand  
Of her memories  
Wading in the shallows  
Diving where the squid glows  
Sinking like a stone  
The fatal lure of the undertow  
No fear of drowning nor of rebirth  
She is breathing salty oxygen  
Swimming with the stingrays  
Basking in the shark's gaze  
Sinking like a stone  
The fatal lure of the undertow

6 **Touha (Desire)**

I read the letters you send  
Though they're infrequent and cold  
Where is the poetry  
That once you wrote to me  
Promising a love without end

Your picture is faded and torn  
Your smile bathed in sepia brown  
I wander aimlessly, holding it close  
to me  
Dressed still in my wedding gown

7 **Moon, Sleeping in a Cradle**

As the sun is descending  
And the land falls silent and still  
All trace of day erased  
The moon will take her place  
Among the stars

Crystal halo  
Clouds will form  
Rain will follow  
Snow will fall  
Moon is sleeping  
Slow to wake  
In her cradle  
She will wait

There was no use pretending  
That love would last forever and a day  
Though we grieve the empty space  
In time, with dignity and grace  
We will move on

Crystal halo  
Snow will fall  
In her cradle  
Sleeping soul  
Spring is waking  
Winter's worn  
No more waiting  
Hearts grow strong

8 **Kyczera**

High on Velká Baba  
Through the mist, to the forest's edge;  
*Fabiánovo lože,*  
Frozen for eternity in a hard place,  
Pining for the love he lost

From her home beneath the hill  
Through the trees, to the water's edge  
She will dream as she walks  
Where the *Asperula* grows  
Singing softly, '*vrahtsah kehmnyé,*  
*millaschku*'

9 **A Short Way from Home**

At the break of the day  
We awaken from our dreaming  
Wise men know to pray  
For words that find new meaning

And for the grace they know  
    can replace  
All the fear, the fake,  
    the human mistake  
That we're lost and alone,  
And a long way from home  
And the truth is too revealing

We're not lost, or alone  
We're just a short way from home  
And our words have found  
    new meaning

11 **Na Osice**

*Na osice listek vadne  
Az uvadne potom spadne.  
Take Leeya tak uvadnou,  
Yak uvadnou potom spadnou.*

10 **Porthcawl Fair**

Waiting at the top  
Bracing for the rush of wind  
Laughing as we drop  
(Tasting the adrenaline)

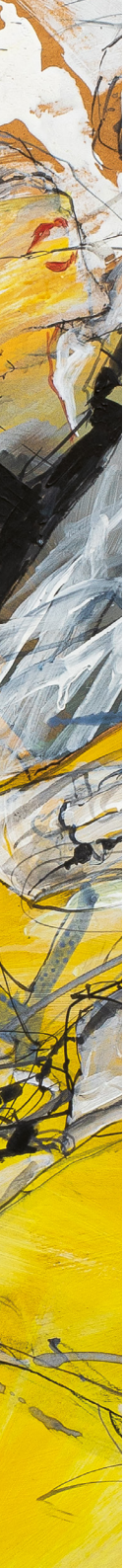
We held on tight to what we were  
Like riders on a carousel  
Spinning around  
Never knowing where we start  
Or where we end

Waiting at the top  
Tasting the adrenaline  
Reeling as we drop  
Leaving as we entered in

**Aspen leaf**

Ripening leaves of ochre and gold  
Trembling, they cling to the bough  
Lovers who grieve as summer  
    grows old  
Catch them as they fall to the ground  
Autumn will reign til winter awakes  
Eager to recapture his crown





*All music by Emil Viklický, except track 9,  
by Zdeněk Fibich (1850–1900) from Moods,  
Impressions and Reminiscences, Op.41/139 (1891–94)*

*All lyrics by Imogen Ryall,  
except track 11 which is a traditional Czech lyric,  
translated by Imogen.*

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My huge and heartfelt thanks to Emil, without whose wonderful compositions this album wouldn't have been made! Emil, Petr, Eric and Julian for their phenomenal playing, as ever; David Beebee at Beeboss Studios and Julian for helping to capture these songs so beautifully; Zdeněk Netopil; Paul Dorham; David Blabla; Claire Martin; Kathy Beebee, Madla & Petr Dvorský for their incredible hospitality and last but by no means least, all at Rubicon Jazz.  
- IMOGEN RYALL



