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-- PROGRAMME --

Joseph Dessauer: Drei Lieder, no. 1 and 2 – Vanda Šípová, Jiří Knotte

Excerpts from František Palacký’s diary, April 1825 – Miroslav Zavičár

From the Prager musikalisches Album
Joseph Dessauer: “Lieb, mein Liebchen” – Barbora de Nunes-Cambraia, Jiří Knotte
Václav Jan Tomášek: “Lied vor einem Standbilde der Madonna” – Vanda Šípová, Jiří Knotte
Leopold Eugen Měchura: “Der Gondolier” – Vanda Šípová, Jiří Knotte

Excerpts from František Palacký’s diary, January to June 1826 – Miroslav Zavičár

Elias Parish Alvars: “Voyage d’un harpist en orient” – Barbora Plachá
Louis Spohr: Faintaisie pour le harpe, op. 35 – Barbora Plachá (excerpt)
Leopold Eugen Měchura: Stück für Klavier zu 4 Händen – Marie Al-Ashabová, Jiří Knotte
4 Romances – Barbora Plachá, Barbora de Nunes-Cambraia (excerpts)

Excerpts from František Palacký’s diary, Journey to Leipzig in May 1827 – Miroslav Zavičár

Ludevít Procházka: Dvě písně vlastenecké – Barbora de Nunes-Cambraia, Jiří Knotte (excerpts)
Ernst Frencl: 3 Lusatian Sorbian duets – Vanda Šípová, Barbora de Nunes-Cambraia, Jiří Knotte (excerpts)
Davorin Jenko: “Uzor”, op. 5 – Barbora de Nunes-Cambraia, Jiří Knotte (excerpt)
Davorin Jenko: Slovenske narodne pesmi, op. 11 – Marie Al-Ashabová
Leopold Eugen Měchura: Šest malých písní, op. 103, no. 3 and 6 – Vanda Šípová, Jiří Knotte

František Palacký: “Moudrost” (“Wisdom”, 1818) – Miroslav Zavičár

Josefína Brdlíková: Aphorismen / Aphorismy – Marie Al-Ashabová, Jiří Knotte (excerpts)
Josefína Brdlíková: Písní vol. II, no. 1 – Barbora de Nunes-Cambraia, Jiří Knotte

František Palacký (1798–1876) (Lithograph: Adolf Dauthage, 1855)
Born in 1798, František Palacký was the son of a school teacher and lived in Prague from 1823 onwards. He is well-known by Czech and international historians for his historical and political writings and his cultural engagement within the context of the Czech national revival. This musico-literary performance explores František Palacký’s musical circles as described by himself and by his contemporaries.

The performance opens with a set of Lieder by Palacký’s early and long-time friend Joseph Dessauer. Dessauer asked Palacký specifically about his Italian songs in a letter dated June 1825. A song of Dessauer’s is also included in the Prager musikalisches Album. The album was edited by Ludwig Ritter von Rittersberg, with whom Palacký exchanged a number of letters. Of the 14 compositions included in the album, we will hear Dessauer’s “Lieb, mein Liebchen”, Václav Jan Tomášek’s “Lied vor einem Standbilde der Madonna”, and Leopold Eugen Měchura’s “Der Gondolier”.

Měchura was an important figure for Palacký. He was one of his early acquaintances once he had arrived in Prague in 1823, and he was Palacký’s wife Teresie’s brother. Indeed, Palacký’s diary tells of many evenings when he played the piano together with Leopold, Teresie, and sometimes their sister Antonie. The diary is full of praise of Teresie’s harp playing, which Palacký got to witness on many occasions. Teresie Palacká’s bound albums of musical scores are included in Palacký’s private library in Maleč. Among others, they include Elias Parish Alvars’s “Voyage d’un harpist en orient”, Louis Spohr’s Fantaisie pour le harpe, op. 35, and an exercise book comprising romances by different composers. Excerpts from all three works are included in this evening’s performance, alongside a four-hand piano piece by Měchura (from Měchura’s music collection, National Museum – Czech Museum of Music).

In the light of his enthusiasm for the Czech national revival, Palacký was especially interested in Czech-language poetry and song. Ludevít Procházka dedicated his two patriotic songs to him. Throughout his life, Palacký also kept close links with members of the Southern Slavic and Lusatian Sorbian communities. He met the Lusatian Sorb Andreas Seiler (Handrij Zejler) during his travels to Leipzig in 1827, and his private library includes songs and piano works by Davorin Jenko, signed and dedicated to Palacký by the composer. This evening features a selection of Lusatian Sorbian duets by Ernst Frencl to words by Andreas Seiler, excerpts from Procházka’s and Jenko’s aforementioned compositions, and two of Měchura’s settings to words by František Ladislav Čelakovský.

The performance closes with piano pieces and a song by Josefína Brdlíková. Brdlíková met Palacký in Prague when she visited his daughter Marie Riegrová. Like many of her contemporaries, Brdlíková was invested in the women’s question surrounding the Czech national revival, and, like Ludevít Procházka, she hoped for poetry and song to take an active part in the formation of Czech culture.

The music heard this evening is complemented by excerpts from František Palacký’s diary and one of his early poems, “Moudrost” (Wisdom). As a whole, the programme bears witness to Palacký’s international network and manifold cross-cultural interests as well as to such common nineteenth-century themes as love, nature, Romantic patriotism, and travel.

Image: Teresie Palacká with her children Jan and Marie and her harp (Antonín Machek, ca. 1837). The original painting can be found in František Palacký’s study room at Zámek Maleč.
– Performers –

**Vanda Šípová – Soprano**

Vanda Šípová studied at the Prague Conservatory and, upon graduation, became a student of the nationally acclaimed artists V. Zitek and Vladimír Chernov. She participated in many music master classes, for instance with B. Fassbaender, T. Krause, and A. Carangelo, and is currently supervised by Christina Vasileva. She had her theatre debut with the French Theater Company (le cirque nouveau). She has currently taken major roles in Czech opera theatres, including: Donna Anna, Gilda, Ophelia, Glauce, Helga (Sternenhoch), The Queen of The Night, and I. Colbran. In 2019, she performed at The International Opera Festival in Copenhagen and also in The Markgrafliches Opera House in Bayreuth. In November 2019, she inaugurated with The Czech Philharmonic Orchestra the world premiere of the contemporary cycle of songs for soprano and orchestra: *Songs of Vrbový proutek* based on texts of Eskimo poetry. In addition to classical opera performances, she is acting in drama performances alongside main Czech actors. As part of this activity, she is preparing a performance for the Municipal Theatres of Prague, where she performs in the play Panoptikum, combining singing and dancing. She is dedicated to songs of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries and has won a number of awards including the 2nd price in the Singing Competition Vissi d’Arte; the 1st price of the national Montreal competition; and the 2nd prize in the International Mozart Competition Salzburg.

**Barbora de Nunes-Cambraia – Mezzo-soprano**

Mezzo-soprano Barbora de Nunes-Cambraia, nominated for the Thalia Awards 2016, received musical training at the Prague and Pilsen Conservatories, followed by attendance of numerous master classes in the Czech Republic and abroad. She currently makes regular appearances as a singer in various parts of the Czech Republic; additionally, she has so far toured in Brazil, Japan, Thailand, Israel, France, Germany, and Poland, working with leading international and Czech conductors and orchestras. Apart from Carmen, her gallery of opera performances includes the roles of Rosina (*Il barbiere di Siviglia*), Queen Gertrude (*Hamlet*), Idamante (*Idomeneo*), Fenena (*Nabucco*), Olga (*Eugene Onegin*), Cherubino (*Le Nozze di Figaro*), Mistress Quickly (*Falstaff*), Maddalena (*Rigoletto*), Third Lady (*Die Zauberflöte*), The Witch (*Rusalka*), Prince Orlofsky (*Die Fledermaus*), Wanda (*Polish Blood*), Boulotte (Offenbach’s *Barbe-Bleue*), and others. She has to her credit several CD recordings: most recently, a profile album including opera arias and songs (2018); *Cesta k slunci* (*Journey towards the Sun*), the song cycle *The Magic Wheel of the Zodiac* of the Australian composer Margaret Brandman (both 2016); *A Tribute to the Jewish Soul*, with Ervin Schulhoff’s *Symphony for Contralto and Orchestra “Menschheit”* and Gustav Mahler’s *Kindertotenlieder* (2015); and *Písně Almy Mahlerové* (*Songs of Alma Mahler*) (2011). Since September 2015 she has coupled her artistic career with teaching solo voice at the Teplice Conservatory. She gave master classes at the Conservatory in Akko, Israel.
Barbora Plachá – Harp

Barbora Plachá is an artist who both plays classical music and participates in multi-genre projects. She is one of the leading solo harpists of the younger generation in the Czech Republic, and Czech audiences and critics have commended her for her poetic interpretations and feel for music. She has received awards in many national and international harp and chamber music competitions. Musically versatile, Barbora has, in addition to her solo performances with several orchestras and chamber music ensembles, performed with jazz ensembles both in Norway (Silje Nergaard) and the Czech Republic (David Doružka, Luboš Soukup), and appeared with popular stars such as Electric Light Orchestra, George Michael, and many Czech pop singers. Impelled by her passion for teaching young people, she founded the Arpeggio Harp School in Prague in 2009 and the Norsk Harpeakademi in Oslo in 2017. In 2020 she has released her debut album with music of Krumpholtz and Dussek on an original single-action pedal harp from 1779. In 2009 Barbora established the Harp Atelier Arpeggio in Prague; it is the sole authorized distributor of French Camac harps for the Czech Republic and Slovakia. In 2014 Barbora established the Prague Harp Festival, of which she is Artistic Director. Barbora Plachá has studied music at the Prague Conservatory and at the Royal Conservatory of Brussels, and is now completing her Master degree in Solo Performance at the Norwegian Academy of Music in Oslo.

Marie Al-Ashabová – Piano

Marie Al-Ashhabová was born in 1988 in Most, Czech Republic. She studied under Věra Vlková at the Conservatory in Teplice and subsequently with Ivan Klánský at the Academy of Performing Arts in Prague. In 2009 she graduated from the Conservatory in Teplice, performing the Piano Concerto No. 1 by Tchaikovsky with the North Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Charles Olivieri-Munroe. In February 2014, she completed her studies at the Academy of Performing Arts with a performance of Prokofieff’s Piano Concerto No. 2. In 2014 she finished her studies at HMT Leipzig with Markus Tomas, for which she received a scholarship. Marie has been successful in several domestic and international competitions, including the 1st prize in the Pro Bohemia Piano Competition (in Ostrava), 1st prize in the Competition of Czech Music Schools (in Pardubice), 1st prize in the Prague Junior Note Competition, 2nd prize in the International Piano Competition Virtuosi per Musica di Pianoforte (in Ustí nad Labem), 1st prize in the national round and also in the international round in the radio competition Concertino Praga 2003 (in Prague), 3rd prize in the International Smetana Competition (in Pilsen), 1st prize in the Beethoven International Music Competition (in Hradec nad Moravici), 1st prize in the Competition of Czech Conservatories (in Pardubice). She performed recitals and concertos with orchestra both in the Czech Republic and abroad (France, Germany, Georgia, Kuwait, Great Britain, Slovenia, Poland etc.). Throughout the years, Marie has made many recordings for the Czech Radio. Recently she teaches at Conservatory in Teplice.
Jiří Knotte – Piano

Jiří Knotte works as a conductor, pedagogue, composer, and pianist. He studied conducting at the Conservatory in Teplice and the Academy of Performing Arts in Prague and musicology at the Faculty of Arts, Masaryk University, Brno. He has won the Zdeněk Fibich Prague International Competition several times. As a conductor, he has collaborated with a number of ensembles and soloists of many genres (Ivan Kusnjer, Aleš Briscein, Jaroslav Tůma, David Koller, Vlasta Rédl, Bára Basíková, North Bohemian Philharmonic Teplice, Karlovy Vary Symphony Orchestra, North Bohemian Theater Ústí nad Labem, South Bohemian Chamber Philharmonic, etc.). He currently leads the orchestra of the Teplice Conservatory. He worked as a pianist at DAMU, performed at the European Academy of Music and at F. Malotín’s international flute courses in Jičín and Olomouc. For a long time, he has collaborated with colleagues for the performance of melodramas (with Dr. Věra Šustíková, Hana Maciuchová, Bořivoj Navrátil, Václav Vydra and Vladimírek Jopek). The melodramas Poems, Fringes, Rohypnols based on verses by J. Hiršal, and The Little Night Divertimento by J. Seifert became widely known among composers. Since 1999 he has been teaching at the Conservatory in Teplice (music theory, choir and orchestra direction). He has also devoted himself to piano improvisation.

Miroslav Zavičár – Actor

Miroslav Zavičár is a Czech actor and is currently a member of the ensemble at the Theatre in Dlouhá in Prague. He studied drama acting at the Janáček Academy of Performing Arts in Brno (1997–2001). In 2001, he began working at the Slovak Theatre in Uherské Hradiště, where he spent six years and played various roles (for instance, Radúz, Radúz a Mahulena; Medvěděnek, Racek; Žabák, Liška Bystrouška; the devil, Bratři Karamazovi, and others). In 2007, he joined the Klicper Theatre in Hradec Králové, where during his twelve-year engagement he performed, among others, Dr. Koželuh (Věc Čapek), Petr Bajza (Bylo nás pět), all male characters in Kytice, and Levin (Anna Karenina). He also played major roles in all the productions staged at the Klicper Theatre by the directing duo SKUTR, for instance, in Swan Lake (Beno) and Evžen Onegin (Evžen Onegin). He regularly cooperates with Czech Television and Czech Radio for documentaries and features. He also directed several works at Taneční divadlo Honzy Pokusila, and, together with Jan Sklenář, he cooperates with the volunteer theatre group “Vrchlický” in Jaroměř.
Joseph Dessauer (1798–1876): Drei Lieder

Ariette No. 1

Non è ver che dia tormento
e produca affanni amore,
che, se amore è quel ch’io sento,
e un amabile martir.

Aivrè ben di sasso il core
chi non scorda affanni e penne
quando ai labbri del suo bene
fugge un tenero sospir.

Ariette No. 2

Sento ancor mio dolce amor
per te sola il cor languir.
Caro ben potessi almen
dirti io t’amo e poi morir.

Ah! Se mai l’amor primiero
al tuo sen favellerà,
mi concedi un sol pensiero,
un sospiro di pietà.

From František Palacký’s diary, April 1825 (excerpts)

Duben 1825.

2. dubna. Večer u Ebertů ve hlučné společnosti,
kdež Tomášek mistrovně fantasoval na klavíru.
Byli tam mezi jinými p. Gruss malíř, Müller,
Svoboda, Beer, Stark, p. Železný z Nových Hradů.

4. dubna. Byl informován o smrti starého Dessauera, šel sem ráno k synu jeho do
domu Dra. Schwaba, a obětoval se jemu celý den.
Operu "Lazebníka Sevillského" zmeškal pro
Dessauera. Na chvíli byv u barona Astfelda,
promluvil sem s Vratislavu. Ostatně den a noc
následující strávil sem u Dessauera.

6. dubna. Ráno u Dessauera. Popoledni byl sem
s Dessauerem. Večer u barona Astfelda ve hlučné
společnosti rodu jeho, Vratislavů, Sterndahlů a
Hennetů.

7. dubna. Večer dlouhou chvíli byl sem u
Dessauerových sester, rozmlouvají o
pravdách náboženských.

Three Songs

Arietta No. 1

It is not true that love torments,
that it brings suffering,
for when love is what I feel,
it is a sweet torment.

His soul would be numb,
who, when the beloved sighs tenderly,
would not forget grief and sorrow,
and also all the woes.

Arietta No. 2

I still feel, my sweet love,
how my heart burns for you alone.
If only I could
say I love you and then die.

Ah! If first love
will ever speak to your heart again,
grant me one thought,
a sigh of pity.


Joseph Dessauer: “Lieb, mein Liebchen”
Text: Heinrich Heine

Lieb' Liebchen, leg's Händchen aufs Herze mein; ach, hörst du, wie's pochet im Kämmerlein? Da hauset ein Zimmermann schlimm und arg, der zimmert mir einen Totensarg.

Es hämmert und klopfet bei Tag und bei Nacht; Es hat mich schon längst um den Schlaf gebracht. Ach! sputet Euch, Meister Zimmermann, Damit ich balde schlafen kann.

Václav Jan Tomášek: “Lied vor einem Standbilde der Madonna”
Text: Juliane Glaser

O Maria, verklärter Liebe reines Bild, blicke nieder auf deine Kinder liebemild! Ach, der Reue Schmerz bricht das bange Herz, raubest zürnend du uns der Liebe Schutz und Schild?

Stern der Sterne in ewig klaren Himmelshöh'n, Licht des Geistes, erhör' erbarmend unser Fleh'n! Sieh, im Staube hier liegen schmachtend wir; lass die Seele nicht bang in Nacht und Gram vergeh'n!

13 April. I visited Mr. Tomášek, the musician, to my delight. In the evening I stayed with Dessauer, who is suffering physically and mentally after the death of his father.

17 April. Lunch at the Ebert family. Afterwards at Tomášek's, where Kollin, his student, performed his first composition at the gathering. Then with Ebert at the Schusters, and afterwards until night at Baron Astfeld's (Leopold Eugen Máchura).

21 April. Morning at home. Then lunch at the Eberts. In the afternoon Ebert accompanied me and introduced me first to young Měchura.

28 April. In the morning I was at Count Sternberk’s, looking for news of the castle at Troja. After lunch I visited Mrs. Fiedler and Lidmila: then Dessauer; the evening I spent at Baron Astfeld's with Mr. Buček (Dessauer's Songs at Sternberg's and the Astfelds).

“Sweetheart, dear sweetheart”
Translation: Emily Ezust (www.lieder.net)

Dear sweetheart, lay your hand on my heart; – ah, do you hear the hammering inside? Inside there lives a carpenter, wicked and evil, he's building my coffin.

He hammers and pounds by day and by night; it has been a long time since I could sleep. Ah, hurry, Mister Carpenter, finish so that I can sleep.

“Song before a Statue of the Madonna”

O Mary, pure image of transfigured love, look down on your children with love! Alas, the pain of remorse breaks the anxious heart, do you wrathfully rob us of love's protection and shield?

Star of stars in eternally clear skies, light of the spirit, mercifully hear our plea! See, in the dust here We lie languishing; do not let our souls be lost in night and grief!
Leopold Eugen Měchura: “Der Gondolier”
Text: Wilhelm von Marsano

Gleite, gleite meine Gondel an dem stillen Ufer hin!
Ruhig steht der Mond dort oben, wie ich’s nicht im Herzen bin;
wie sein Bild sich zitterns spiegelt in der blauen tiefen See,
ach! So trag ich auch ihr Bildnis und mit ihm ein süßes Weh.

Doch nur oben auf der Fläche spiegelt sich sein Silberlicht,
nieder zu den Meeresfluchten dringen seine Strahlen nicht.
Anders steht’s mit meinem Herzen, das ein tiefer Gram bewegt,
und ob längst sie heim gegangen Immernoch ihr Bildnis trägt.

Wenn das Nachtlicht heimgegangen und der helle Morgen glüht,
ist des Mondes Bild verschwunden, das mit ihm nur kümmt und flieht.
Anders steht’s mit meinem Herzen, was mir in die Augen strahlte
ward dem Herzen auch bewusst.

When the night light has retired and the bright morning glows,
the moon’s image is gone, it comes and goes.
It is different with my heart that is moved by a deep sorrow,
and although she went home long ago my heart still bears her image.

“Der Gondolier”

Slide, slide my gondola along the quiet shore!
Calmly stands the moon up there, but my heart is not as calm;
how its image is reflected trembllingly in the blue deep sea,
 alas! That is how I bear her image and with it a sweet sorrow.

But only above on the surface its silver light is reflected,
its rays do not penetrate down to the seascpe.
It is different with her image here inside my breast,
what shone in my eyes my heart also became aware of.

František Palacký’s diary, January to June 1826 (excerpts)

Dne 27. ledna. Dopoledne pozdě vstav, málo sem pracoval. Poobědvav doma, šel sem s Leopoldem ke Hroznu rážkovat a potom k sestrám jeho, kdež Terezie ukázvši mi památku svou Napoleonskou, harfovala i laskavě ke mně se měla.

27 January. In the morning I got up late, I did little work. After having lunch at home, I went with Leopold to [the pub] The Grape and then to his sisters’ [house], where Terezie showed me her album leaf of Napoleon; she played the harp to me and was kind to me.

Dne 8. února. Pod večer byl sem u Měchurových, kdež i Marie Geblova; svrchovaná dověra k Terezi, ana se laskavou přízní mi osvědčila. Večer ještě ztrávil sem u p. Tomáška.

8 February. In the evening I was at the Měchuras, where Marie Geblova was also present, supreme trust in Terezie, she was kind to me. I spent the evening at Mr. Tomášek's.

Dne 7. května. Den processí jubilární první v Praze. Leopold hned ráno u mne byl. Potom já u Nádherných i na Hradčanech diváv se na pochod, šel sem k Měchurům o poledni, kdež po pěkném počasí náhle příval se spustiv, pány na processí všecky promočil. Oběd u Nádherného. Potom opět u Měchurů, kdež Terezie mi harfovala až k večeru; pak u Dr. Held’s chvály veliké o Teresii.

7 May. The first day of the jubilee procession in Prague. Leopold was with me right in the morning. Afterwards I was at Nádherný's and at Hradčany and watched the parade, I went to the Měchuras at noon, where, after fine weather, suddenly heavy rain came down and drenched all the gentlemen at the procession. Lunch at Nádherný’s. Then again at the Měchuras, where Terezie played the harp to me until the evening; then at Dr. Held's, great praises of Terezie.
Dne 9. května. Dopoledne pracovav doma, šel sem o páté hodině k Terezii a pobyl s ní v zahrádce domácí za dvě hodiny, kochán byv srdečnou laskavostí její velice.

Dne 11. května. Popoledni u Měchurových po dvakrát, kdež slaveny k jejímu rodičům pana domácího, pak u Höcknerových. Posléze v opeře (Faust) s Měchurovými.

Dne 21. května. In the morning I worked at home, I went to Terezie at five o'clock, and stayed with her in the garden for two hours, enjoying her cordial kindness very much.

Dne 30. května. In the morning Ebert at my place. Lunch at home with Ebert. Afternoon at the Měchuras, where Terezie was kind to me and played the harp to me.

Dne 31. května. Morning at Leopold's for breakfast. In the afternoon at Terezie’s, especially kind today at the parting, then at the theatre, where the Tyroleans sang, and with Leopold at The Grape and at his house.

Dne 3. června. Ráno Ebert u mne. Oběd doma s Ebertem. Popoledni šed k Měchurovým, kdež Teresie se laskavě ke mně měla, harfovavší mně.

Dne 10. června. Lunch at the Eberts; then at the bookbinder's for the literature of Šafařík, and with the literature at Leopold’s, and at Terezie’s, who played the harp to me (her first request, about Bauer's unworthiness).


4 Romances

1. De la beauté qui me délaisse, pourquoi toujours m’entretenir de ses baisers de ses caresses, pourquoi garder le souvenir comme elle devenons volage,

This beauty that neglects me, why should I always hold on to her kissing and caring, why keep the memory let’s become flighty like her,
mais puis-je oublier mon bonheur,
Helas, je sens que son image
ne peut s’effacer de mon cœur.

Oui je fus heureux auprès d’elle
desirs renaissent chaque jour elle jurait d’être
fidèle moi seul ai gardé mon amour.
Bosquets où je connus ses charmes,
témoins discrets de mes desirs,
voyez, voyez, voyez, couler mes larmes,
Soyez témoins de mes soupirs.

2.
Objet charmant, toi que mon cœur adore,
ton souvenir me poursuit en tout lieu
la nuit, le jour, au lever de l’aurore
C’est toujours toi que j’ai devant les yeux.

Je me croyais insensible et volage
jamais l’amour n’avait blessé mon cœur,
j’ai vu Zélie à la fleur de son âge
et loin de moi j’entrevis le bonheur.

Pourquoi faut il qu’une éternelle chaine
m’ôte à jamais tout espoir de bonheur.
Je ne vois plus de remède à ma peine.
Et je ne puis t’arracher de mon cœur.

3. (only the first stanza will be performed)
Charmant ruiseau, le gazon de vos rives
n’est plus pour moi le trône de l’amour.
Au bruit plaintif de vos eaux fugitives
je viens mêler mes regrets nuit et jour.

Vous avez vu les feux d’Eléonore,
je vous apprends ses infidélitez.
Son cœur perfide est plus mobile encore
que le courant de vos flots argentés.
Vous avez vu etc.

Quand sur vos bords elle me dit: je t’aime,
avec les vents s’envola son ardeur.
Que le zéphir n’emporta t’il de même,
les traits cruels qui déchirent mon cœur.
Quand sur vos bords etc.

4. (only the first stanza will be performed)
C’en est donc fait je ne le verrai plus,
j’ai consommé ce cruel sacrifice.
Es-tu content, dieu, saint dieu des vertus.
Que puis-je offrir encor à ta justice

but can I forget my happiness,
Helas, I feel that her image
cannot be erased from my heart.

Yes, I was happy close to her,
desires were revived every day she swore
to be faithful, I alone kept my love.
Groves, where I got to know her charms,
discreet witnesses of my desires,
see, see, see, how my tears flow,
be witnesses of my sighs.

2.
Charming object, you whom my heart adores,
your memory follows me everywhere,
at night, during the day, at dawn
it is always you that I see.

I thought I was insensitive and flighty
and never did love ever touch my heart,
I saw Zélie in the prime of life
and in the distance far from me I saw happiness.

Why must an eternal chain
everfore deprive me of the hope of happiness.
I see no remedy for my pain.
And I cannot tear you from my heart.

3.
Charming stream, the lawn of your shores
is no longer the throne of love to me.
To the plaintive sound of your fleeting waters
I come to mourn night and day.

You have seen the fire of Eléonore,
I have come to tell you of her infidelity.
Her perfidious heart is even more fickle
than the current of your silver waves.
You have seen etc.

When on your shores she says to me: I love you,
with the winds her ardor flew away.
May the zephyr also carry away
the cruel strokes that tear apart my heart.
When on your shores etc.

4.
It’s over and I won’t see him again,
I consummated this cruel sacrifice.
Are you satisfied, god, holy god of virtues.
What more can I offer to your justice
Puis-je jamais cesser de l’adorer?
Puis-je effacer ses traits de ma mémoire?
Non, non, grand dieu, cesse de l’espérer!
Tout dans ces lieux me parle de sa gloire:
Je puis le fuir, mais non pas l’oublier;
ces murs ne sont qu’une vaine barrière.
Le nom du roi, du héros, du guerrier
penètre ici jusques dans la prière.

Femme sensible hélas! Peut-être un jour,
sur mon tombeau d’une voix douce et tendre
racontera mes tourments, mon amour;
young lovers will love to hear it;
er her saying, Louis, that it was you,
you whom I loved, not your rank, your fortune.
In my love the king doesn’t matter to me,
just as little as his unwelcoming grandeur.

But what accents sounded in the middle of the night
in this lonely place?
I hear cries, repeatingly: what is this noise
disturbing the peace of the sanctuary walls?
If it were him… god give me back my oaths;
love has regained its power over me;
he gave me back the dearest of lovers
Watch, oh my god, over weak innocence.

From František Palacký’s diary, Journey to Leipzig in May 1827
(excerpts)

Dne 3. máje, ve čtvrtek, ráno včasně vyjev s Kronbergrem z Prahy a poobědovav v Doksanech,
a na noc dojel sem do Teplic.

4. máje z Teplic přes Chlum a Peterswalde do Sas;
z Peterswalde vzavše extrapoštu, dojeli sme v 1
hodinu s poledne Drážďan a v „městě Berlíně“ se
s vídeňskými kupci rozhostili.

5. máje ráno extrapoštou přes Míšeň, Ošac, Lubbe
(oběd špatný) a Wurzen do Lipska, kamž o hod.
6té dospěvše.

6. máje, v neděli ráno, psal sem Teresii a
Leopoldovi do Prahy; zpráva o smrti krále
Saského. Chůze po městě s Kronbergrem. Oběd v
„městě Vídni“. Po obědě u prof. Wendta, pak u p.
Becka, obou ponejprv; večer u barona Freyganga
ve skvostné společnosti ponejprv.
7. máje. Ráno u Seylera, Lužičana; pak v bibliotéce, z níž mi rukopisy půjčeny domů. Oběd „u zlatého rohu“ s Basse, Zehe a Kronbergem. Večer pracovav, nevečeřel sem; avšak byl sem u Dra Jörga.


9. máje ráno šed ku p. Žukovskému, dostal sem psaní od hraběte Stollberka z Drážďan. Pan Žukovský s srdečnou laskou přijal časopisy naše a uved mě ku pp. Turgeněvům, od nichž sem se tudíž rozloučil. O poledni byl sem u Dr. Jörga.


Dne 16. máje ráno u p. Böttigra, kdež i posléze p. Becka sem viděl; potom u p. Specka pro zprávu a s listem nev. purkrabí; pak u p. Baumgärtnera vymluvoval se, že k obědu přijití nemohu; u Korna (Bandtka děje Polské, Otče náš); v bibliotéce u Wendta posléze; u Andrease Seilera, Srba Lužického.


**Ludevít Procházka: Dvě písně vlastenecké**

1. **“Naše vlast ve světě jediná”**  
*(only the first and third stanzas will be performed)*

Hradbou vůkol hájená  
zem je naše milená,  
jak zahrádku pěstována  
zvlášní láskou světu Pána.

7 May. In the morning at Seyler’s, the Lusatian; then at the library, from which I took home the manuscripts. Lunch "At the Golden Corner" with Basse, Zeh, and Kronberger. In the evening I worked, I had no diner; but I was at Dr Jörg’s.

8 May. At home at work. I wrote to Terezie and Leopold. Seyler at my place and I [was] with him at the post office. In the library. Lunch "In the City of Vienna". In the afternoon I bought razors.

On the morning of the 9th of May I went to Mr. Žukovský, I received a letter from Count Stollberg from Dresden. Mr. Žukovský accepted our journals with cordial kindness and took me to the misters Turgeněv, from whom I took leave. At noon I was first at Brockhaus’s, where Žukovský and Freygang came, too, and finally bade farewell to me.

11 May I took the fast train to Dresden. I wrote to Count Stollberg. At Brockhaus’s. After lunch, purchase (Felleisen, Freygang’s Travels). Seyler at my place; writing to Prague for the third time.

Sunday, 13 May. I stayed at home in the morning, I read mostly Freygang’s travels. Then with Mr. Böttiger at the Beck’s house, then at the Jörgs. Lunch with Kronberger, Steiner, etc. at Blumenberg, expensive dining. Then at Beck’s for a long time in conversation; then at Jörg’s where we played the piano, Neukomm, Ostermorgen, etc.

On the morning of 16 May at Mr. Böttiger's, where I saw Mr. Beck afterwards; then at Mr. Speck's for a message and with a letter to the chief purgatory; then at Mr. Baumgärtner's, where I made excuses for not being able to come to lunch; at Korn's (Bandtke’s History of Poland, Our Father); at the library at Wendt's afterwards; at Andreas Seiter's, the Lusatian Sorbian.

On 19 May I managed to get to Prague (Terezie and her family in Vary, in May until 24 June; then in Votín).

**Two patriotic songs**

1. **“Our homeland is unique in this world”**

Defended by a wall  
this land is dear to us,  
like a well-tended garden  
with God’s special love for the world.
Dech severu jihu žáry
nehubí nám její zdárky,
Řeky v lučních dolínách
nosí plody rolí sadů,
hory nosí věnce hradů,
zelato, stříbro v hlubinách;
naše země rodinná krásou v světě jediná.

Veleslávou zjasněná
zem je naše milená,
vlastí lidstva velikánu,
matkou Zábojů a Jánů,
moc má svědků velké doby,
reků bojiště i hroby;
mnohá růže zvěčnělá
zvítla z půdy té posvátné,
Libuše i Vlasty statné,
Eliška Dagmar spanilá;
naše země rodinná slávou v světě jediná.

Čelem v západ vztýčená
co tvrz věky zkušená,
zem ta stráží je Slovanstva
proti jihu cizího panstva;
prápor Slávy bude vláti
dokud v Praze naší máti
nedá nám klesnout
opřen družnou o Moravu.
Trá zde pevně slavský
duch:
naše země rodinná silou v světě jediná.

V zemi té je mužu rod
jež nehrozí smrti hrot,
když jim káže vlast a sláva
chránit svatá rodu práva.
Čech má pěst i vůli silnou
hlavu jasnou mysl pilnou.
Svobody když zavolá
naše věrné srdce zplave
a nezlonné za své stane.
Čech se nedá! Odolá!
V boji srdece hrdinné mužů českých jediná.

2. “Naše”

(only the first stanza will be performed)

Již neplač, nelnej národe,
nechť vlaje lidstva prápor svatý;
kdo hlavy naše stíraly,
ty na věky zvem lidstva kuty.
Neníť to více zákonem
by svobodu jen žalář rodil
hlad vrahů sýt je oběť
a ten se v naší krvi brodil.

The Northern winds, the Southern heat
do not spoil this land for us.
The rivers in the meadow valleys
bear the fruits of the orchards,
the mountains bear wreaths of castles,
gold and silver in the depths;
our country is the most beautiful in the world.

Illuminated by glory
this land is dear to us,
humanity's own giant,
mother of the Zábojs and Jans,
it has many witnesses of great times,
battlefields and graves;
many a rose immortalised
blossomed from that sacred soil,
sturdy Libuše and Vlasta,
Eliška and graceful Dagmar;
our country is the most glorious in the world.

Facing West
that is the fortress of the ages,
this land is the guard of the Slavs
against foreign dominion;
the banner of glory shall fly
as long as Prague is our mother
God shall not let us fall
in the crowd of obstinate enemies,
with the help of Moravia as our companion.
The Slavic spirit shall stand firm here:
our country is the strongest in the world.

This land is home to a generation of men
who do not fear death,
when their home and glory preach to them
to protect the sacred rights of the generation.
The Bohemian has a strong fist and a strong will,
a clear head and a clear mind.
When freedom is calling
our loyal heart will burn
and will stand up resiliently for our own.
The Bohemian will not surrender! He will resist!
In the battle Czech men have the bravest hearts.

2. “Ours”

Weep no more, cry no more people,
Let the holy flag of mankind fly;
Those who shaded our heads
I call the executioner of mankind forever.
It is no longer the law
that only a dungeon would give birth to freedom
the hunger of murderers is satiated by the victims
and it waded in our blood.
Teď bratři nová přísaha
budi skutkem muče
ničníků snaha!
Teď víme zač se prolít má,
a krev nám budiž dvakrát draha!
Aj prasklá vazba práchniví,
s ní padlá modla v rezí, v prachu:
etď novou píseň lidstvo zná,
jí zpívá z duše beze strachu.

Neplač můj otců matko má
hle národ prvé máje světí
co neviděli otcové,
to uzří lepších synů dětí.
Nemůžeme vlasti více dát,
leč život váží také mnoho
a nemůžem-li vlasti žít,
pak za ni padnem do jednoho.

Již jednou dán byl příklad nám,
že popel svatých není zmorojen;
dáť oheň svatých světlo nám
a světem byl svět opět stvořen.

Refrain:
A nechť si hlavy stíná meč,
nechť na kříž oudy rozepjaty,
kdo za co žil
nechť umře též,

Chorus:
The sword shall shade his head,
the cords shall be unfastened on the cross,
he who lived for something shall also die
and he will be the first saint.

Ernst Frencl: 3 Lusatian Sorbian duets
Text: Andreas Seiler

1. “Hwěžki”

Hwěžki, hwěžki, hwěžki, hwěžki daloke swěty
rjeňše swěty, rjeňše nadźije
kiž tam horje dele dźeće.
módre njebjo poswětceźe
K wašej wysokosći mje
něhdy jandźel powjedźe.

Hwěžki, hwěžki, hwěžki, hwěžki slěborne
po njebjesach rozsyte,
lilije wy rjeňše jasne,
k wam sej żadam dźečo časne
pod wami sym hiniţy,
nad wami sym njesmjertny.

Witaj mi, witaj mi, witaj mi, tež bļyścata,
Khryśće, hwězda wutrobeña!
Wyše kŕţow, wyše rowow

Now, brothers, a new oath
shall be the basis of the martyrs who fight!
Now we know why blood shall be shed,
and it shall be twice as dear to us!
Even a cracked bridge rots,
with it the idol desintegrated into rust, into dust:
now mankind knows a new song,
and sings it from the soul without fear.

Don't cry my father, my mother,
behold, the nation celebrates May day,
what the fathers did not see
the better sons’ children will see.
We can't give to our country more,
but life is also worth a lot
and if we can't live forever,
then we will fall in love with only one.

An example has already been given to us,
that the ashes of the saints are not sullied;
give us the lights of the saints’ fire
and by light the world was recreated.
If you are free, don’t deny yourself,
only a slave does not know the value of a sword,
he, who does not have enough strength to die,
will be dragged to the grave by the wretched life.

1. “Little stars”

Little stars, little stars of a world far away,
of a more beautiful world, of more beautiful hope,
[little stars,] as you set high above
and shine on the blue sky.
Once an angel will lead
me to your heights.

Little stars, little silver stars,
scattered across heaven,
you more beautiful clear lilies,
I ask the child,
underneath you I am useless,
above you I am immortal.

Be welcome to me, be welcome to me, shine, too,
Lord, the warm-hearted star!
Above of the cross, above the graves,
the light of your promising words, 
it already comforts and 
sanctifies the light of the pious.

Spread, spread, spread the rays of friendship, 
more beautiful, guiding star, 
We love your clarity, 
we follow your Godly path. 
Shine, our hope, 
comfort and light of life.

2. “Night”

The night has approached, 
the silent, dark night. 
Say, little mother of the stars, 
who sent you? 
Peace for the exhausted 
and the weary be welcome, 
you come to hectic life, 
to bring peace.

Who will praise you, 
and won't sleep just yet, 
is there an animal already getting up 
and running out soon? 
No, it does not 
feel your beauty. 
But he who pays attention to the sky 
will be pleased by you.

He who watches the heaven, 
the world at the height of the heart, 
asks for recuperation. 
Your beauty encompasses 
meadows of lilies 
and beautiful mountains. 
There the celebrations are holy, 
and words are heavenly.

Oh friend, welcome me 
with bright stars, 
read those books, 
and show me the soul, 
in that peace, draw comfort, 
and believe in hope. 
And forget the earth 
and the burden of life.

3. “Life’s journey”

Life is a long journey, 
different routes are blessed; 
the wealthy travel in nice cars,
kiž jim pjenjes natwari;
khudy spušća so na nohi,
jeho puć tón njej tak drohi
swój dźěł horja wjesela,
kóždy ducy namaka.

Přećelnu sej ruku dajće
droharje a zaspěwajće:
khwala na budź róžečka,
kiž nam duci zakćěwa.

Přećelnu sej ruku dajće
droharje a zaspěwajće:
khwala wu budź róžečka,
kiž nam duci zakćěwa.

which cost them much money;
the poor relies on their feet,
his path is not so noble
and happy,
but everyone encounters on their path sorrow and happiness.
Give your friends a hand
and sing:
Praised be the rose that will blossom on our way.

Through the silent door of youth,
everyone goes out into the world,
hope, the golden star,
indeed, leads everyone forward;
health and happiness guide you,
a path strewn with roses,
with divine lively wings
thoughts dance across the mountains.
Give your friends a hand
and sing:
Praised be the rose that will blossom on our way.

Lěta leća, [h]raje spanu,
uutroby so jenoća;
stup so dże, stup konje ćahnu
račinow a horow dla;
starosće puć woblětuja,
płaćne deše přepaduja;
krasne róže při puću.
Ale jeno k troštej kću.
Přećelnu sej ruku dajće
droharje a zaspěwajće:
khwala wu budź róžečka,
kiž nam duci zakćěwa.

The years go by, towards the paradise,
the hearts unite;
some parts one walks, some parts the horses pull
because of obstacles and mountains,
worries surround the road,
tears fall down
on the beautiful roses by they wayside.
But they blossom only for comfort.
Give your friends a hand
and sing:
Praised be the rose that will blossom on our way.

Puć so dli a běła võlska,
připowjeda starobu
ztuleni kaž radna kłoska,
wšitey pomāšo tež du;
Sprócni kóždy khwězdam hlada,
hospodny tam wostatkžada,
hać so krowej přibliža
a zwon rejźu wuzwonja.
Přećelnu sej ruku dajće
droharje a zaspěwajće:
khwala wu budź róžečka,
kiž nam duci zakćěwa.

The road is winding down and the white hair,
reminiscent of old age
bends like a ripe straw,
everyone walks slower, too.
Wearily everyone looks to the stars, searching
for a peaceful abode there,
when they get close to the grave
and the bell rings out the journey.
Give your friends a hand
and sing:
Praised be the rose that will blossom on our way.
Davorin Jenko: “Uzor”, op. 5
Text: Josip Jelačić

(only the first three stanzas will be performed)

Bogoposlana,
pre neg mi znana
bila si, uzor si stvori moj duh,
sammnom bijaše
milo mi sjaše
vavijek taj ljubezni, dražesni kip.

Ovdje, gde jezde
nebeske zviedze,
tražio sliku sam ljubeznu tu.
Razkoši sila
puna biesnila
moju bezpokojnu napuni grud.

Zaman svi trudi,
zaludu bludi
oko po svietlome prostoru tom;
ljubko to lice
nisu zviedzice,
kazale meni, več lažljive sne.

Ljubavi trudi,
plameni hudi
mučiše okrutno raujenu grud,
oko mi uze
toniti suze,
koko svedj sleduju nevolku, strast.

Ali se sreče
koło svedj kreče,
radosť izmienjuje nevolju, bol
blage su čudi
Bogovah grudi,
jade obračaju oni u slast.

O čem sam snivo,
u slasti plivo,
što sam po zvietdama tražio ja,
razkoši raja,
slasti bez kraja –
u tom životu več našao sam.

Mogu l’ju gledat,
pak se ne predat
ljubavi, da me sveg’proždre nje plam?
V raz ak’niste
ljubavi čiste,
Bogovi, nemojte oteti mi uje!

“Idol”

God sent,
before I knew you
you were the idol created by my soul,
It was with me
I was carried forever
by that lovely, dear statue of love.

Here, where are flying
heavenly stars,
I was looking for that kind of image.
Magnificent force
and restless rage
filled my restless chest.

But I tried in vain
to find life’s joy
in the starry night;
cute faces,
but not the stars,
they told me, just false dreams.

Hardship of unfound love,
and roaring flames
torment the cruelly torn chest,
see, you caught
tears running down,
they are longing for passion.

But as it happens
the wheel keeps turning,
joy replaces trouble and pain.
God’s will is
mild-tempered,
he turns sorrow into sweetness.

What am I dreaming about,
I float in sweetness,
What was I looking for in the stars,
the luxuries of paradise,
endless sweetness –
I have already found them in my life.

Can I look at her
without despairing
in its flames?
Because of you
love is pure,
Gods, don’t steal it from me!
Leopold Eugen Měchura: Šest malých písní, op. 103, no. 3 and 6

“Radost a žalost”
Text: František Ladislav Čelakovský

Ach radost, ach radost,
hezká to květina;
jen škoda, přeškoda,
že kořínků nemá.
Přijde vítr — rozfouká ji,
přijde voda — odhoupá ji:
ach škoda, přeškoda,
že kořínků nemá!

Ach žalost, ach žalost,
hořký to kořínek,
žádný z něho nepučí se
květ ani lupínek.
Kolik vzdechů srdce kruší,
než mu hořkost povysuší;
kolik slzí uplyne,
nežli v nich se rozplyne.

“Pocestný”
Text: František Ladislav Čelakovský

Je to chůze po tom světě —
kam se noha šine:
sotva přejdeš jedny hory,
hned se najdou jiné.

Je to život na tom světě —
že by člověk utek:
ještě nezažil jsi jeden,
máš tu druhý smutek.

Což je pánům! Ti na voze
sedí pěkně v suše,
alé chudý, ten za nimi
v dešti, blátě kluše.

Ej, co já dbám na té cestě
na psoty a sloty,
jen když já mám zdravé nohy,
k tomu dobré boty.

Však na pány v krytém voze
taky někdy trhne:
jednou se jím kolo zláme,
jindy vůz se zvrhne.

A krom toho — až své pouti
přejedem a přejdem,
v jedné hospodě na noceleh
pán nepán se sejdem.

Six small songs, op. 103

“Joy and sorrow”

Oh joy, oh joy
the flower is pretty;
just a shame, a shame,
that it has no roots.
The wind will come — it will blow it away
water will come — it will wash it away:
oh too bad, too bad
that it has no roots!

Oh sorrow, oh sorrow
bitter is the root,
none of it grows
any flower or petal.
How many sighs the heart crushes,
before the bitterness dries it up;
how many tears will fall
until it dissolves into them.

This is what walks are like across the world —
wherever the foot steps:
you barely cross one mountain,
others will follow soon.

This is how life goes in the world —
as if one should escape:
you haven’t experienced even one [sorrow],
already you have the second one.

How are the gentlemen! The ones in the car
sit nicely in the dry,
but the poor one, the one behind them
in the rain, trot in the mud.

Hey, why am I paying attention on that journey
to mischief and slots,
if I have healthy legs
and good shoes along with them.

But for the gentlemen in the covered wagon
life also sometimes snaps:
once their wheel might break,
or other times the car will topple over.

And besides — on our pilgrimage
whether travelling in a wagon or on foot,
in a pub for the night
sir, we will meet each other.
František Palacký: “Moudrost” (1818)

Komuž nebeská věrněji slíbila
v kolíbce Moudrost ochranu laskavou,
asvou stužic mu srdece číší,
dosvatyně směle jítí dává:

Nepohne nikdy jím Osudů divých
pohled hrozící; ni světa v odporu
celého moc povstávající;
pevně pokoj v jeho srdci sídlí.

Smělou nevinný kráčeje odvahou
k oltáři chvátal Hus; a milostivé
na tváři jasné tkví mu ještě
úsměchy, k říši kvapíc nebeské.

“Ty prach jsi, útlá schráno! buď tedy
prachem; a duch můj k Pánu se vyvznesa,
donesvadnulé dosáhne palmy!”

Hofká se, bratři, vám slza rdi v oku!
Zhoubnou že berlu nad člověkem drže,
mračný Osud vítězně náší
tamto v oběť krvavou nevinnost?

Co lesk a prázdná prospěje příznivost
losů pozemských? Tam k nevyváženým
letí radostem duch svobodný,
vzhůru v Olymp se vynášeječí.

Ó, kéž nebeských dotknu se blízejí
Moudrosti proudů; horlivě oblažen
Bohům se oddám nesmrtelným,
vplynu z étherské studnice
proudové
Moudrosti božské a blaženství
hojně lejí v prsa žíznivého.

A Múz tajemné krásně se rozvine
hraní: a harfa od Boha dotknutá
opět cití do srdece líti
proudy a vděk bude nejživější.

Josefína Brdlíková: Písně vol. II (selection)

“Zpěv panoše královny Dagmary”
Text: Svatopluk Čech

Daleko na Jutském břehu,
na výstupku skalných lad,
v šumu vln a vichru šlehu
strmi otce mého hrad.

“Wisdom”

To whom heavenly wisdom has faithfully promised
kind protection in the cradle,
and with a ribbon decorating his chest,
he goes to the shrines and boldly takes:

He shall never be affected by the threatening
fates of the wilds; by the world in opposition to
the entire rising power;
and may strong peace rest in his heart.

Boldly the innocent walks with courage,
Hus rushes to the altar; and there are still smiles
on his gracious, bright face,
almost like heavenly tears.

“Thou art dust, thou poor thing! You shall be
dust; and my spirit shall be lifted up to the Lord,
and the unmarried will reach the palm trees!”
He saith, and in the flame is a phoenix.

A bitter tear is in your eye, brothers!
Do they regret that they hold a crutch over a man,
and gloomy Fate triumphantly bears
bloody innocence in sacrifice?

Look up! By the unruffled stream
flow from the ethereal fountain currents
of divine wisdom and bliss
abundantly pours into the chest of the thirsty.

What bring glitter and empty favour
of earthly lots? There to the unbalanced
the free spirit flies full of joy,
soaringly it ascends to Olympus.

O I wish I could come closer to the heavenly
wisdom of the streams; ardently encrusted
to the Gods I give myself to the immortals,
freely singing love songs to the lyre.

And the muse of the mysterious unfolds beautifully
by playing; and the harp touched by God
pours currents of feelings into the heart again
and gratitude will be most alive.

“Song for the squire queen Dagmar”

Far away on the Jutland coast,
on a rocky cliff
in the sound of the waves and the whipping of the winds
stands the ruin of my father’s castle.
V jizbě vrčí kolovrátky,
venku slyšet racků smích,
vzpomínka mi kyne zpátky
v teplo loktů mateřských,
odtud spěl jsem v cizím roji
za královnu svojí.

Sestry mé si tamo hrají
s lasturami pod skálou,
jasně vlásky proplétají
maceškou a fialou.
Bratři moji za kořistí pouští oblak sokolů,
meče brouší, přílby čistí, s vínem roh jde dokola.

Mně tu tichá tužba pojí
ku králově mojí.

Ať se bratři těší zbraní,
sestry pěseňkou a hrou,
vlídný zrak mé jasně paní
mou jest slastí veškerou,
sestřelnu-li selesť kroků,
pod nímž blaho rozkvétá,
srdce moje v rychlém skoku
v ústrety jí zalétá,
By semi v sladkém nepokoji
po králově mojí.

Když se na rtu milostivém
slunný úsměv rozlije,
dlaň se zachví milým kyvem
jako vánkem lilí;
vichorem jí k noze spějí
nedočkavě do třesku,
Valkyry mne skryje vlas,
pokleslého v litém boji
za královnu svojí.

A spinning wheel growls in the room,
outside I hear the seagulls laughing,
the memory comes back to me
of the warmth [I felt] in my mother's arms,
from here I grew up in a foreign swarm
for my queen.

My sisters play there
with shells under the rock,
their bright hair plaited
with pansies and violets.
My brothers, after their prey, send up a cloud of falcons,
sharpening their swords, cleaning their helmets,
filled with wine the horn goes round and round.

Here I long quietly
for my queen.

Let my brothers enjoy their arms,
let my sisters enjoy song and play,
the kind eye of my radiant beloved
is my delight,
if I hear the sound of footsteps,
under which bliss blossoms,
My heart leaps with a bound
to meet her,
it longs in sweet restlessness
for its queen.

When on her gracious lip
the sunny smile spills,
her hand trembles with a kind sway
like the breeze of a lily;
and they rush eagerly to her feet,
I would search for her comfort
the pearl hidden in the depths,
the diamond of the mountain elves
for my queen.

However, these hands also once
shall grasp bow, sword, and shield,
and lift up the heavy helmet in their foreheads,
and sow death and destruction.

I shall fly like a whirlwind,
where the voice of glory sounds to the clash of spears.
I shall be hidden by the hair of the Valkyrie,
I am a man who has fallen in the battle
for my queen.
Title page of Josefína Brdlíková’s second volume of songs.
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