

The Secret Mass

CHORAL WORKS BY FRANK MARTIN AND BOHUSLAV MARTINŮ

Frank Martin Mass for two four-part choirs	27:19
1. Kyrie.....	05:09
2. Gloria	06:08
3. Credo	06:10
4. Sanctus	04:50
5. Agnus Dei	05:00
Bohuslav Martinů Four Songs of the Virgin Mary	12:13
6. The Annunciation.....	01:59
7. A Dream	02:05
8. Our Lady's Breakfast	03:22
9. The Virgin Mary's Picture	04:36
Frank Martin Songs of Ariel	11:44
10. Come unto these yellow sands	01:34
11. Full fathom five (<i>Lauritz Jakob Thomsen, baritone solo</i>)	03:30
12. Before you can say "come and go"	04:26
13. You are three men of sin (<i>Hanna-Maria Strand, alto solo</i>)	01:11
14. Where the bee sucks, there suck I	01:02
Bohuslav Martinů Romance from the Dandelions	12:42
15. Romance from the Dandelions (<i>Klaudia Kidon, soprano solo;</i> <i>Emil Lykke, tenor solo; Daniel Åberg, military drum</i>)	12:42
Total:	64:13

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Lars Physant "Height, width, depth and transcendence".
Ayasofia 2007 (100 x 100 cm Acrylics and oil on canvas on wood)

Frank Martin (1890-1974)

Frank Martin was born in Geneva, Switzerland, on 15 September 1890. He was the tenth and youngest child of a clergyman's family. He played and improvised on the piano even before he went to school.

By the age of nine he had composed charming children's songs that were perfectly balanced without ever having been taught musical forms or harmony.

A performance of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*, heard at the age of twelve, left a lasting impression on the composer, for whom J.S. Bach remained the true master.

He attended classical languages high school and, to please his parents, went on to study mathematics and physics at the University of Geneva for two years. Simultaneously he started studying piano and composition with Joseph Lauber, who initiated him in the "craft", especially in instrumentation. Between 1918 and 1926 Frank Martin lived in Zurich, Rome and Paris, working on his own, searching for a personal musical language.



In 1926 he founded the Société de Musique de Chambre de Genève which he led as pianist and harpsichord player for ten years. He taught improvisation and theory of rhythm at the Institut Jacques-Dalcroze and chamber music at the Geneva Conservatory of Music. He was artistic director of the Technicum Moderne de Musique from 1933 to 1940 and president of the Swiss Association of Musicians between 1942 and 1946.

In 1932 he became interested in the 12-tone technique of Arnold Schönberg. He incorporated certain elements into his own musical language, creating a synthesis of the chromatic and twelve-tone techniques, without however abandoning the sense of tonality – that is, the hierarchical relations between notes. *Le Vin Herbé* (1941) was the first important work in which he completely mastered this very personal idiom. Together with the *Petite Symphonie Concertante* (1944-45) it established his international reputation.

Martin's many musical activities in Switzerland interfered with the peace and concentration his composing work required. Consequently he decided to move to the Netherlands in 1946. For ten years he lived in the centre of Amsterdam before finally settling in the little town of Naarden in 1956. Between 1950 and 1957 he taught composition at the Staatliche Hochschule für Musik in Cologne.

After that he ceased all teaching activities, preferring to work at home and to make occasional tours with the Swiss cellist Henri Honegger and to accept invitations to conduct his own music at many important musical centres, including those in the United States.

He received many honours and awards from all over the world.

In the extensive "oeuvre" of Frank Martin oratorios play an important part. In May 1973 he conducted the world première of his *Requiem* in Lausanne Cathedral which left a deep impression on the large audience.

His compositions kept the same vitality until the end of his life. He worked on the cantata *Et la vie l'emporta* until ten days before his death on 21 November 1974.

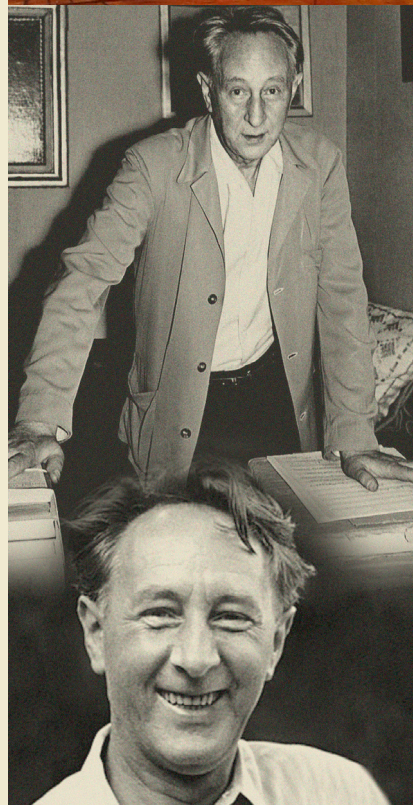
www.frankmartin.org

Bohuslav Martinů (1890-1959)

Martinů was born on 8 December 1890 in a room at the top of a church tower in Policka, a small town in the Bohemian-Moravian highlands (his cobbler father, Ferdinand, was also a bell-ringer and fire-watcher). Martinů showed early promise as a violinist and was composing when barely into his teens. In 1906 the citizens of Policka collected the funds to send him to the Conservatoire in Prague, but Martinů's academic career was not a success.

But by the age of 20, while earning his living as an orchestral violinist, Martinů was composing prolifically and he maintained this productivity for the rest of his life. The first important influence on his music was Claude Debussy, followed by Igor Stravinsky, but soon an individual voice began to emerge, characterised by motoric, insistent rhythmic patterns and a natural, folklike melodiousness.

In 1923 Martinů moved to Paris where he studied with Albert Roussel and, in 1931, married Charlotte Quennechen, whose work as a dressmaker supported



him while he continued to compose. Although he now seemed settled in Paris for good, he was becoming more aware of his Czech roots, and Czech themes and Czech authors featured prominently in his music. The threatened German invasion of Czechoslovakia prompted a work of protest, the powerful *Double Concerto* for two string orchestras, piano and timpani – perhaps the best of the many concerti grossi he composed in the 1930s. With the Nazi invasion of France in 1940 Martinů and his wife fled before the advancing troops, escaping to the United States via Spain and Portugal.

In 1942 Martinů began the first of what were to be six symphonies, the first five written at the rate of one a year – although, of course, he was, as always, writing much else besides. A succession of teaching posts gave him some financial security, but a fall from a balcony in 1946 resulted in serious injury and high medical bills, and a temporary interruption in his ability to write music.

Martinů had been considering a return to Czechoslovakia since the end of the Second World War, but the seizure of power by the Communists in 1948 forced him to the reluctant conclusion that he might never see his homeland again. In the early 1950s he again began to spend more time in Europe and moved to Nice in 1953, returning to America two years later to take up a teaching position at the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia; by now he was again composing as prolifically as before his accident. His post at the Curtis Institute lasted only a year: in 1956, eager to be back in Europe, he accepted a teaching post in Rome, at the American Academy of Music, and the following year he gratefully took advantage of a generous offer by the Swiss conductor and maecenas Paul Sacher and moved to Sacher's estate in Switzerland. There he lived until his death on 28 August 1959.

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Frank Martin: Mass for two four-part choirs

The Swiss composer Frank Martin had a strange career. Born in 1890, he started writing music while still a boy but it was not until the 1940s that he dared consider himself a professional composer. His music had to live up to the huge demands he imposed on himself regarding perfection. Martin felt on his shoulders the full weight of the entire history of classical music, and the more he studied earlier music (so as to become more proficient), the greater the burden seemed to become. But having achieved, at a mature age, his own personal synthesis of old and new, he did not fundamentally change his style: for the rest of his life it remained a kind of 'super-classical' music, condensing with considerable erudition and a certain degree of objectivity the art of several centuries.

Martin often brooded over his works for years before releasing them. An extreme instance of this was his *Mass for two four-part choirs*, which was composed as early as 1922, but withheld for 40 years. No one was allowed to hear the music. It remained locked away, and only at the insistence of the German choir conductor Franz Bunnert from Hamburg (who had been allowed to see the score) did Martin allow a performance of the mass to take place – as late as 1963!

In this case, it was not only self-criticism that stood in the way. Most of all, the mass was so personal a piece of music for Frank Martin that he did not want to share it with just anyone. Martin was a Calvinist and Calvinism is a strict Protestant persuasion where a person's relation to God is a completely private matter. "I regarded the mass as a matter between God and me," he said. "So I felt that this expression of religious feelings ought to remain private and be kept away from the public."

The mass is for double choir, i.e. two groups of four voices. This is a compositional technique Frank Martin borrowed from Renaissance music and Bach's major choral works. The mass begins with the repeated calling on God, the *Kyrie Eleison* ("Lord, have mercy"). This introductory theme is quite reminiscent of Gregorian chant, the basis of Catholic church music, but it is distinctly the composer's.

The prayer turns into a desperate cry. Then a new idea with an otherwise fluid rhythm and liberated dynamics takes over – it is as if the composer finds the voice he can use to formulate his conversation with God.

The *Gloria* starts in magical fashion with a praising of the Lord God's marvellous greatness. The movement continues with complex polyphony, composed with great virtuosity, until in sombre and meditative fashion it reaches the account of Jesus' self-sacrifice: (*Qui tollis peccata mundi* – "Thou who takest away the sins of the world").

In the *Credo*, the Creed, Martin's music closely follows the words. *Lumen de lumine* ("light of lights") gleams as if the choir is illuminated from within, until the words concerning the Resurrection, *et resurrexit*, when the singers almost acquire wings. Martin stated that the *Et incarnatus est* ("and the word became flesh"), when the Holy Spirit came to the Virgin Mary, meant something very special to him. Typical of Martin's private attitude, this central passage is to be sung extremely unobtrusively. The *Sanctus* swells into the most complex sounds of the mass so far in an ecstatic jubilation that climaxes with the words *Hosanna in excelsis* ("Hosanna in the highest"). The movement then moves directly into the *Benedictus*, where it seems as if not only the soul but also the body are in ecstasy. The movement ends with the sopranos on their highest note so far, and this is one of the few places in the mass marked *fortissimo*.

Martin originally concluded his mass with this magnificent movement. The year was then 1922. Four years later, he took out the mass once again and added the missing movement that belongs to the full Latin mass, *Agnus Dei*. This is movingly beautiful music where Choir 2 is the solid foundation, while Choir 1 sings melodic lines that, as in the introduction of the mass, remind one of Gregorian chants. Only at the very end do the choirs join together in the quiet conclusion. *Dona nobis pacem* ("Grant us peace") – sung just once. The prayer of all prayers, a supplication so timid that it cannot be repeated and that, according to Frank Martin, should really not be heard by anyone else than God.

Bohuslav Martinů: Four Songs of the Virgin Mary

In 1923, the Czech composer Bohuslav Martinů received a grant to travel to Paris, and he remained in France until the outbreak of the Second World War. With him he had brought two bulky volumes of Czech folk-poetry and folk-songs, and in the 1930s he began systematically to write choral versions of the folk-songs. He composed a total of ten collections with choral songs, of which the *Four Songs of the Virgin Mary* from 1934 are one of the first examples.

These four-part songs are quite unassuming in size, since the texts are simple and popular. In the first song, *The Annunciation*, the voices follow each other in collected movements and one feels as if transported to a service in an old village church. When Mary receives the angel's message, her confusion increases, but the song ends quietly with her acceptance of the situation. The next song, *A Dream*, is a folk-song about the Virgin Mary, who dreams that she is in Paradise. So far, so good – suitable Catholic songs. But no. 3 has the bizarre title, *Our Lady's Breakfast*. It is a comic ballad in which the newly born Jesus helps his mother catch fish for breakfast! The final song, *The Virgin Mary's Picture*, tells how the icon painting "The Black Madonna" was based on the Virgin Mary's face. Down through the centuries, the picture has caused pilgrims to flock to the Polish town Czstochowa, where it still hangs. The icon can bring about miracles, but can also have a harmful influence, as is related in the song, where a highwayman is turned into stone when he tries to destroy the picture.

After having written the choral songs, Martinů wrote *The Miracles of the Virgin Mary* in the same year, a church opera similar in style to the medieval mystery plays, based on old Czech songs.

Frank Martin: Songs of Ariel

Apart from the great *Mass*, Frank Martin only wrote one other *a cappella* work: *Songs of Ariel*. These are five songs written in 1950 to texts from Shakespeare's play *The Tempest*.

The Tempest contains not only some of Shakespeare's most famous lines (e.g. "We are such stuff as dreams are made on") but also song texts that have been set to music by countless composers since the play was written in 1611. In *The Tempest*, Ariel, the spirit of the air, sings three songs: first *Come unto these yellow sands*, then *Full fathom five*. In his last song, *Where the bee sucks, there suck I*, Ariel sings that he is so tiny that he can lie in a cowslip's bell, and in virtuoso style, Frank Martin allows the bees to fly about in the voices of the choir! In the texts of the other two *Songs of Ariel*, Frank Martin has personally selected material from Ariel's lines. In the quite short *Before you can say "come and go"*, Ariel tells of how swiftly he obeys his master, Prospero. *You are three men of sin* is Ariel's comment when he casts a spell on three of Prospero's enemies, Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian. Frank Martin uses the choir with great virtuosity. He often divides the four voices, so that the songs have eight parts – ten at certain points! Despite these expansive touches, the Shakespeare songs are fairly introvert. They are private readings of the lines of verse and underline the mysterious side, e.g. the corals and pearls on the sea-bed, which are the transformed remains of a drowned human being. The songs inspired Frank Martin to compose an entire opera based on *The Tempest* which was completed in 1955.

Bohuslav Martinů: Romance from the Dandelions

As a convinced anti-Nazi, Bohuslav Martinů had to flee from France when the Germans occupied the country in 1940; the following year he arrived in USA. He never saw his native country, the Czech Republic, again, even though he was extremely home-sick. This longing is reflected in a distinctive way in his *Romance from the Dandelions*, which is the story of a Czech village girl who is waiting for her soldier sweetheart to return from the war. Martinů had been sent the text in 1955 by his childhood friend, the poet Miloslav Bureš. "It has woken many memories, dear memories, and of course I would like to set it to music," Martinů replied. Their collaboration continued, and resulted in four choral pieces, often called cantatas, all of which have roots in Czech childhood memories.

Romance from the Dandelions has a major solo part for a soprano and is the only one of the four cantatas without instrumental accompaniment. Instead, Martinů lets the choir sing wordless interludes and, via finger-drumming, imitate military rhythms that symbolise the young soldier (though these are performed, in this recording, on a real drum). The plot is that of a love tragedy. The girl has waited for seven years, as slow as a nightmare. "Our love should have served us better than this" she sings. Out in the field she has seen the yellow dandelions gleam with enough gold for two engagement rings. In the ring a drop of dew is to sit like a precious stone. But now the dandelions have turned white and the seeds have been blown away out into the world to make a single ring for the soldier who is still out there somewhere.

The cantata ends with the story being presented from the soldier's point of view. "Seven years was too long, but I wear the ring with a dewdrop clear like a gleaming jewel from the morning when I said farewell to you, my best beloved."

Martinů died in Switzerland in 1959. The following year, his melancholy Czech choral cantatas were performed for the first time, under the common title *Here is my Home*. Twenty years later, Martinů's earthly remains were moved to the family grave in his native town Policka.

Jens Cornelius, 2018

The Danish National Vocal Ensemble

The Danish National Vocal Ensemble is the elite choir of the Danish Broadcasting Corporation (DR). The ensemble is internationally known for its pure, transparent Nordic sound – and at the same time each of the 18 singers is a professional soloist with a strong personal mode of expression. Since 2014, the principal conductor of the ensemble has been Marcus Creed. The Danish National Vocal Ensemble presents the whole spectrum of choral music – from Medieval and Renaissance music through Romantic classics to brand new works by young composing talents. Several Nordic composers have written works specifically for the Danish National Vocal Ensemble, including Per Nørgård and Svend-David Sandström.

Each season the Danish National Vocal Ensemble appears in a number of a cappella concerts as well as with the Danish National Symphony Orchestra. The choir also appears with period instrument ensembles like Concerto Copenhagen and symphony orchestras from Nordic or other European countries.

The Danish National Vocal Ensemble has recorded a long succession of acclaimed CDs. In 2012, they received 2 Grammy nominations and the prestigious German ECHO Award for the CD *The Nightingale*, recorded with recorder virtuoso Michala Petri. Other prizewinning recordings include Messiaen's choral works which won the *Diapason d'Or de l'Annee* in 2016 and the Danish Radio P2 Prize 2016.

Soprano

Jihye Kim
Christine Nonbo Andersen
Malene Nordtorp
Klaudia Kidon
Astrid Kastensson Navarro-Alonso
Camilla Toldi Bugge
(track 1-5, 10-14)

Alto

Rikke Lender
Hanna-Maria Strand
Linnéa Lomholt
Tobias Nilsson
Rebecca Forsberg Svendsen
(track 1-5, 10-14)
Lone Selchau
(track 1-5, 10-14)

Tenor

Poul Emborg
Emil Lykke
Adam Riis
Lars Pedersen
Adriano Gaglianello
(track 1-5, 10-14)
Palle Skovlund
(track 1-5, 10-14)

Bass

Daniel Åberg
Rasmus Kure Thomsen
Johan Karlström
Lauritz Jakob Thomsen
Piet Larsen
(track 1-5 and 10-14)
Asger Lynge Petersen
(track 10-14)



Photo: Agnete Schlichtkrull



Marcus Creed

Marcus Creed studied at King's College Cambridge, Christ Church Oxford, and at the Guildhall School of Music in London. From 1977 he lived in Berlin, where he was chorus master at the Deutsche Oper, taught Lied interpretation at the Hochschule der Künste, and worked as pianist and conductor with the *Gruppe Neue Musik* and the *Scharoun Ensemble*. From 1987 he was artistic director of the *RIAS Kammerchor*, being awarded many international prizes for his recordings.

He has formed close working relationships with the *Akademie für Alte Musik Berlin* and the *Freiburger Barockorchester*, and has appeared at festivals in Berlin, Vienna, Salzburg, Edinburgh, Lucerne, Donaueschingen and Göttingen. As a guest of the *Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra* he conducted Stockhausen's *Gruppen* together with Claudio Abbado.

He was Professor for Choral Conducting at the Hochschule für Musik Köln from 1998 until 2016.

His most recent prize-winning recordings with the *SWR Vokalensemble Stuttgart* include works by Bruckner, Ives, Nono, Kurtág and Hindemith. Since 2003 Marcus Creed has been artistic director of this ensemble as well as, since 2014, the *Danish National Vocal Ensemble* in Copenhagen.



Frank Martin:
Mass for two four-part choirs

1. Kyrie

Kyrie eleison.
Christe eleison.
Kyrie eleison.

2. Gloria

Gloria in excelsis Deo
et in terra pax
hominibus bonae voluntatis,
laudamus te, benedicimus te,
adoramus te, glorificamus te
Gratias agimus tibi
propter magnam gloriam tuam.
Domine Deus, rex caelestis,
Deus Pater omnipotens.
Domine Fili unigenite,
Jesu Christe
Domine Deus, Agnus Dei,
Filius Patris.
Qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis,
qui tollis peccata mundi,
suscipe deprecationem nostram,
qui sedes ad dexteram Patris
miserere nobis
Quoniam tu solus sanctus,
tu solus Dominus,
tu solus altissimus

Jesu Christe
Cum Sancto Spiritu
in gloria Dei Patris.
Amen.

3. Credo

Credo in unum Deum,
Patrem omnipotentem,
factorem caeli et terrae,
visibilium omnium,
et invisibilium.

Et in unum Dominum, Jesum Christum,
Filium Dei unigenitum
et ex Patre natum
ante omnia saecula.
Deum de Deo, lumen de lumine,
Deum verum de Deo vero.
Genitum non factum,
consubstantialem Patri
per quem omnia facta sunt.
Qui propter nos homines
et propter nostram salutem
descendit de caelis.
Et incarnatus est
de Spiritu Sancto
ex Maria virgine,
et homo factus est.
Crucifixus etiam pro nobis
sub Pontio Pilato, passus,
et sepultus est.

Et resurrexit
tertia die secundum scripturas,
et ascendit in caelum,
sedet ad dexteram Patris;
et iterum venturus est
cum gloria
judicare vivos et mortuos,
cujus regni
non erit finis.

Et in Spiritum Sanctum
Dominum et vivificantem,
qui ex Patre Filioque procedit.
Qui cum Patre et Filio
simul adoratur et conglorificatur,
qui locutus est per prophetas.

Et unam sanctam catholicam
et apostolicam ecclesiam.
Confiteor unum baptisma
in remissionem peccatorum,
et expecto resurrectionem
mortuorum
et vitam venturi saeculi.
Amen.

4. Sanctus

Sanctus, sanctus,
sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt caeli et terra gloria tua.
Hosanna in excelsis.

Benedictus qui venit
in nomine Domini.
Hosanna in excelsis.

5. Agnus Dei

Agnus Dei,
qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis
Agnus Dei,
qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis
Agnus Dei,
qui tollis peccata mundi,
dona nobis pacem.

Bohuslav Martinů:
Four Songs of the Virgin Mary

6. (1) The Annunciation

Virgin Mary standing there
Like a red rose she was so fair,
The Lord's angels came so fleeting,
Gave our Lady a sweet greeting.
The startled Virgin fear she felt
down on her knees she straight way knelt
She bore the Christ who was to reign,
The wonder was she felt no pain,
Christ Jesus is the child so sweet,
Walks the whole world on tiny feet.

7. (2) A Dream

Fell asleep, Mary in Paradise
Islands of the Blessed.

And there she had a dream

In the dream she did see growing from her own heart a lovely apple tree.

And she asked a question, "What flowers in those meadows?

Is it red roses rare or God's mother so dear?"

And she asked a question, "What grows in those fields there?

Are lilies there so white or the pale Virgin's light?"

And she asked: "What flowers in the mountain?

Is it the leaves so green or the Lord Christ I've seen?"

Fell asleep, fell asleep Mary in paradise.

8. (3) Our Lady's Breakfast

The water was flowing, river water cold

There the Virgin Mary was washing, we are told.

When had washed herself, she stepped out on the shore

She stepped out on the shore, and there a son she bore,

"My little darling, now find some food we will,

So we must cross the hill".

"My dear little Mother, don't you worry your head,

I'll go and catch some fish in the water cold".

"My little darling, to that I must say no,

When you were only born, it's not an hour ago".

Two gentlemen rode by there,

Both of them yeomen were.

They met a little child, a red rose in its hand.

"My little darling, you know where roses grow,

When you were only born, it's not an hour ago".

"Come with me gentlemen, please come along with me,

Tether your fine horses beneath the green lime tree.

They'll wait there till you come to give the oats allowed,
As we wait for the sun to come out from a cloud".

9. (4) The Virgin Mary's Picture

Holy St. Luke, painter of God, started to paint, pictures of God.

But he could not finish painting, he closed his eyes, he was sleeping.

To the picture came Our Lady, and the picture was soon ready,

She laid her cheek on the canvas and gave it her holy goodness.

"Wake up, St. Luke, no sleep heady,

Look the picture is now ready.

Harness oxen, six pair of them,

To Czstochowa repair with them.

Stand the picture upon the hill,

The sun may shine on it at will.

Pilgrims will come to it to pray,

It will give them their health that day".

But as into the wood they stepped

Three highwaymen upon them leapt.

"Stand and deliver, make no fuss.

What you have there belongs to us,

We have here a picture of God painted by the painter of God

Into pieces we will cut it,

Into pieces we will chop it".

"Do not do so, we beg, good men,

you'll turn to stone or to wood then!"

But no sooner 'twas said than done,

For Our Lady they'd mercy none.

The first one struck, as stone he stood,

The second struck, and turned to wood.

And the third one his God he praised,

No hand he'd raise.

To Czstochowa they made their way,
They could go no further that day.
“Now put me down up on the hill,
The sun may shine on me at will.
Pilgrims will come to me to pray,
I will give them their health that day”.

Ctyri pisne o Marii

6. (1) Zvěstování

Stála panenka Maria jako růžička červená.
Přišel k ní anděl Páně, dal pozdravení té Panně.
Ta Panenka se ulekla, hned na svá kolínka klekla.
Nelekej se, Panno čistá, máš porodit Pána Krista.
Pána Krista porodila, žádné bolesti neměla.
Pán Kristus je malé dítě a on chodí po všem světě.

7. (2) Sen

Usnula, usnula, ja, Maria v ráji, na kraji.
Uzdál se jí sníček: Z jejího srdéčka,
vyrůstla jí na něm krásná jablonečka.
A ešče se ptala, čím ty lúky kvitnú?
Tú červenú růží či matičku Boží?
A ešče se ptala, čím to pole kvitne?
Tú bílú lelijú či Pannu Marijú?
A ešče se ptala, čím ty hory kvitnú?
Tým zeleným listem čili Pánem Kristem?
Usnula, usnula, ja, Maria v ráji.

8. (3) Snídaní Panny Marie

A teče vodička, vodička studená, v ní se umývala Panenka Maria.
A dyž se umyla, na břeh vystoupila, syna porodila.
Mé milé dětátko, co jísti budeme, přes hory půjdeme.
Má milá matičko, nestarejte se nic, já půjdu na ryby do vody studené,
Mé milé dětátko, jak bys na ryby šlo, není hodinečka, co ses narodilo.
Jeli tam dva pánové, oba zemanové, potkali dět'átko, ono růžu neslo.
Mé milé dětátko, kdes růžu utrhlo, není hodinečka, co ses narodilo.
Pojed'te, pánové, pojed'te vy se mnou, postavete koníčky pod lindu zelenou.
Ony budou čekat jarního vobroku, tak jak my čekáme sluníčka z voblaků.

9. (4) Obraz Panny Marie

Svatý Lukáš, malěř Boží, on maloval obraz Boží.
Nemoh on ho vymalovat, musel nad ním podřimovat.
Matka Boží přistoupila, obraz Boží malovala.
Svoje líčka přiložila, hned obrázek malovala.
Staň, Lukáši, staň ze spaní, už je obraz malovaný.
Zapřahajte šest pár volů, pojedeme k Častochovu.
Postavte ho na kopečku, proti jasnému slunéčku.
Budú lidé putovati, zdraví tamo nabývati.
Když vprostřed lesa přijeli, tři zbojníci vyskočili.
Stůjте, s vozem, co vezete, že vy tak těžko jedete?
Vezeme my obraz Boží, co maloval malěř Boží.
A my vám ho porúbáme a my vám ho posekáme.
Nerúbajte, nesekejte, zkameňáte, zdřevěňáte!
Jali rubat, jali sekat, Matky Boží nelitovat.
Jeden zat'al, hned zkameňal, druhý zat'al, hned zdřevěňal.
A ten třetí Boha chválil, že obrazu neporasil.
K Častochovu dále jeli, dále už jeti nemohli.
Tu mé složte na kopečku, proti jasnému slunéčku.
Budú ke mně putovati, zdraví u mne nabývati.

Frank Martin: Songs of Ariel

10. Come unto these yellow sands

Come unto these yellow sands,
and then take hands.
Courtsied when you have
and kissed the wild waves whist.
Foot it feetly here and there
and, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark! Bow-wow!
The watchdog bark: Bow-wow!
Hark, hark, I hear
the strain of chanticleer cry:
Cock-a-diddle-dow!

11. Full fathom five

Full fathom five thy father lies;
of his bones are coral made;
those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
but doth suffer a sea-change
into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark, now I hear them.
Ding dong, bell.

12. Before you can say “come and go”

Before you can say “come and go”
and breathe twice and cry “so-so”;
each one tripping on his toe
will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? No?

13. You are three men of sin

You are three men of sin whom Destiny,
that hath to instrument this lower world
and what is in’t, the never surfeited sea
hath caused to belch up;
you, and on this island where man doth
not inhabit;
you ’mongst men being most unfit to live.
I have made you mad;
and even with such like valor men
hang and drown their proper selves.

You fools! I and my fellows
are ministers of fate. The elements
of whom your swords are temper’d may
as well wound the loud winds
or with bemock’d at stabs
kill the still closing waters as diminish one
dowle that’s in my plume;
my fellow ministers are like invulnerable;
if you could hurt,
your swords are now too massy
for your strengths
and will not be uplifted.

But remember!

for that’s my business to you, that you three
from Milan did supplant good Prospero;
exposed unto the sea which hath requit it,
him and his innocent child,
for which foul deed
the powers delaying,
not forgetting have
incensed the sea and shores,
yea, all the creatures,
against your peace:
Thee, of thy son, Alonso
they have bereft and do pronounce by me
lingering perdition, worse than any death
can be at once, shall step by step attend
you and your ways; whose wraths
to guard you from,
which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
upon your heads – is nothing but heart’s sorrow
and a clear life ensuing.

14. Where the bee sucks, there suck I

Where the bee sucks there suck I,
in a cowslip’s bell I lie;
there I couch when owls do cry
on the bat’s back I do fly;
after summer merrily,
merrily shall I live now
under the blossom
that hangs on the bough.

Bohuslav Martinů:

15. Romance from the Dandelions

"If you were but a swift grey dove
(you are too far away now)
in the shadow of your wings I would lie down,
in the soft blue shadow.
Lie and think of the touch of your strong hands.
Our promised joy is lost,
like the seed fallen into the wild grass.

[Solo] Ah!, what long hours, dearest, have I spent looking for it,
but where the seed fell on the ground I found only hard bare rock.
Bare and grim, naught growing on it but a lonely pine tree.
Our love should have served us better than this.

[Tutti] A grim rock with ravens circling overhead,
how long, how long have I waited for you here!

[Solo] How many harvests have I seen, how often scattered the seed abroad?
Dear heart, how long through my open window has naught but moonlight come.
Nothing but the silver moon, silver as leaves in the evening light.
Maybe it was the first strands of silver in my hair, lying there.

[Tutti] Seven years are you gone, slow years like a nightmare.
Are you the Emperor's bondman, bound for ever?

Yesterday I went to cut fresh grass
and found a place where there were no stones or hard grim rock.
Dandelions gleamed golden on the dark earth
enough gold for a fair ring in each bright head.
All its gold gone, one was blown, misty grey like the dawn;
All its gold had gone to make a shining ring for your hand.

[Solo] A fair gold ring all for you, with a dew-drop for a stone

Tell me, tell me, my dear heart, whether you wear my ring,
tell me, dear heart, why have I kept faith with you,
as if I had planted the wind in my garden?"

[Tutti] As she sat and sorrowed, drooping her head so low, oh!,

[Solo] above a white pigeon circled over her head.

[Tutti] Oh, that is no pigeon, it is her love come home,
Over seven forests, seven cloudy hilltops,
Seven hilltops has he crossed and seven rivers.
When a soldier comes home, 'tis a joyful journey.
"Tell me, then, kind soldier, does my love think of me?
Whether in those sad days he did not forget me?"

"He forgot his true love, and threw your heart away.
Now you must seek a truer man for your love.
Any message? For him, who you knew so well?"
What can the quiv'ring birch tree leaves say to the sharp frost?

[Solo] "May he have no less happiness than there are leaves in this green wood.
May he long enjoy as much good health as in this wood is green grass.
May the clear water in his well never fail him,
nor the gay songs he used to sing to me.
Each morning the bread I cut strikes at my heart
as with a knife, and sprinkling salt I feel the wound smart.
He took my love, though without my dowry.
Without him what am I but a meadow none will harvest?

[Tutti] Seven years was too long, too long those years;
longer for a man who pines in loneliness.
Dandelions blooming gold in the dark rich earth
Each bright head once more with enough gold for a fair ring.

One only has faded, misty grey like the dawn,
All its gold has gone to make a gold ring for me.

Make a golden ring, a bright dewdrop for jewel,
leaves of beaten silver from the trembling aspen."
Said the soldier, smiling, his true love embracing:
"Truer gold than your heart no ring was ever made,
truer than the gold ring, seven years on my hand,
shining there a dewdrop clear like a gleaming jewel.
One cool dewdrop from that morning full of sadness
When I said farewell to you, my best beloved, oh!"

15. Romance z pampelišek

Kdybys byl aspoň holubem,
ty příliš vzdálený jsi,
do tvého stínu modrého
lehla bych si.
Do tvého stínu měkkého
a myslila bych na tvé dlaně,
jak v trávě semínko se ztratilo
všechno slibované.
[Solo] Ach, co jsem se, milý,
co jsem se nahledala,
tam, kde semínko zapadlo,
byla tvrdá skála.
Smutná skála, s kterou se
objímá borovice,
já jsem chtěla z naší lásky více.
[Tutti] Smutná skála,
nad ní křídla havraní,

dlouhé, dlouhé bylo moje čekání.
[Solo] Kolikrát jsem hrách přebrala,
kolikrát jsem oves zasíla,
vždyť jsem, milý, k sobě jenom
lunu oknem pustila.
Jenom lunu stříbrnou
jak z večera lístek na jívě,
možná, že to na zem spadly
mé první vlasy šedivé.
[Tutti] Sedmý rok tvé vojny
jak zlé mračno plyne,
pověz, což jsi císařovým čeledínem?
Jinde jsem večer trávu žala,
nebylo tam kamení ani tvrdá skála.
Tolik pampelišek kvetlo v černé hlíně,
každá nesla zlato na prstýnek.
Jedna dávno odkvetla,
z chmýří mlha zbyla,

do prstýnku pro tebe mi
zlato rozpustila.
[Solo] Do prstýnku pro
tebe i s kapičkou rosy.
Pověz mi, můj milý,
zda ten prsten nosíš?
Pověz, milý, k čemu moje
věrnost byla?
Jako kdybych vítr do záhonků síla.
[Tutti] Tak si stěžovala,
hlavu k řádrům chýlí,
[Solo] nad ní v tichu krouží holub bílý.
[Tutti] Ach, to není holub,
to se junák vrací,
sedm lesů přešel,
sedm vrchů v mracích.
Sedm vrchů přešel a sedm řek k tomu,
z vojny se vždy vrací nejkrásněji domů.
Pověz mi, vojáčku, pověz mi upřímně,
zda v tom smutném
čase byl milý vždy při mně?
Tvůj milý zapomněl, jina se přiznal,
v jiném si máš hledat svoje potěšení.
Co mu, děvče, vzkážeš,
nejste si přec cizí.
Co může říci mrazu mladý lístek břízy?
[Solo] Já mu vzkážu tolik štěstí,
co je v tomto háji listí.
Vzkážu mu i tolik zdraví,
co je v tomto háji trávy.
Ať mu nikdy vody v studni neubývá,

ani písni, které mi rád zpíval.
Když chléb ráno krájím,
u srdce mne bolí,
jako bych je také, posypala solí.
Ze mne si bral dřív než z mého věna,
bez něho jsem louka nepožatá,
nesklížená.
[Tutti] Sedm let,
to byla dlouhá doba,
víc pro něho než pro nás oba.
Kvetou pampelišky,
kvetou v černé hlíně,
každá zase nese
zlato na prstýnek.
Jen jedna odkvetla,
z chmýří mlha zbyla,
do prstýnku zlato zase rozpustila.
Zlato rozpustila i s kapičkou rosy,
tepaly ten kroužek lístky mladých osik.
Usmívá se junák,
děvče k sobě vine,
v tvém srdci je zlata
víc než na prstýnek.
Víc než na prstýnek,
co sedm let nosím,
stále na něm svítí
jak kámen kapka rosy.
Kapka chladné rosy
z přesmutného rána,
když jsem sbohem dával tobě,
milovaná.

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 Recording and balance engineer:
 Mikkel Nymand
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Diapason D'or
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"Best Danish Release"
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 ing, so to speak"* March 2013
 Heinz Brown, CD of the week,
 10/10/10 Klassik Heute.



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