



Nostalgia **Magdalena Kožená**
Yefim Bronfman



NOSTALGIA

Béla Bartók (1881-1945)

Village Scenes (Dedinské scény, 1924)

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Modest Mussorgsky (1839-1881)

The Nursery (Detskaya, 1868-1872)

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Total playing time: 64. 08

Magdalena Kožená, mezzo-soprano

Yefim Bronfman, piano



“In 2002 I worked with Magdalena Kožená for the first time in Verbier and was completely taken by her voice and expressivity and a unique ability to get inside the music in a very personal and expressive way. I’ve always wanted to work with her again since then and thankfully have had opportunities in the US and Europe which have opened up new horizons for me as a performer to accompany a great singer in recital. In addition it has given me the opportunity to be exposed to some repertoire I’ve never experienced before such as the Brahms, Mussorgsky and Bartók songs incorporated here. It’s a great privilege and pleasure to tour and record with her this wonderful literature.”

-Yefim Bronfman

Direct expressions of love, longing and innocence

Songs often are strongly rooted in communities, reflecting their heritage and the varied ways in which they make music. Songs are also good for making connections across boundaries of time and place. This is true of the classical tradition as well as traditional or popular songs. German composer Johannes Brahms (1833-1897) was drawn to poems by people he knew as well as famous lyrics, and he often selected folkish poetic and musical themes. Although they were contemporaries, he did not know Modest Mussorgsky (1839-1881) who, like many Russian composers of the era, was determined to resist German musical influences in favour of cultivating a native style. The younger Hungarian Béla Bartók (1881-1945) in some ways brought both strands together. He came under the influence of Brahms’s music while a student at the Liszt Academy in Budapest,

as is reflected in the songs he composed at the turn of the century. Yet a few years later, Bartók became intrigued by what he referred to as the ‘peasant’ music he heard sung on his travels around what was then the Austro-Hungarian Empire. He teamed up with ethnographer-composer Zoltán Kodály to collect folksongs they considered to be under threat of extinction as modern ways of life took over. While there are significant differences between the composers gathered together for this recital, then, their songs also demonstrate the affinities between them.

According to Bartók’s biographer David Cooper, *Dedinské scény (Village Scenes)* (1924) ‘sits somewhere between song cycle and operatic scena’, as ‘a kind of rural *Frauenliebe und Leben*’. Like Robert Schumann’s famous cycle, it presents a series of events in a woman’s life, from courting in the fields (Pri habani, Haymaking), through preparing for marriage (Pri neveste, At the Bride),

the wedding (Svatba), having a child (Ukoliebavka, Lullaby) and finally acknowledging that the cycle will begin again (Tance mládencov, Lad's Dance). There is a rustic, macabre humour to the verses: the bride is warned that she has gained a husband but lost a lover; the son retorts to his mother's lullaby that he'll look after her while he's single, but leave her alone when he marries; the lads dance vigorously but know that the old wolf threatens their flock of goats. The 'operatic scena' aspect of *Dedinské scény* is felt less in the vocal style than the dramatic presence of words and music; a literal translation of the title would be *In the Village*, indicating that these are characters caught in the moment rather than reflecting on their experiences.

Bartók retained the vocal melodies he had transcribed while visiting Zólyan County in 1915 and 1916, crafting the five songs of *Dedinské scény* from seven tunes. The newly-composed piano part frames

them afresh. In an essay published in the journal *Melos* in 1920, Bartók advocated taking Stravinsky's four songs *Pribaoutki* as a model for integrating 'traditional' material with an 'advanced' or atonal idiom, and *Dedinské scény's* treatment of the folk sources has been compared to Stravinsky's ballet *Les Noces*. The piano's harmonies pull the vocal melodies away from their folkish modality, sometimes implying tonal centres but as often casting those into doubt. Ultimately, while Bartók's folk-derived music shares something of Stravinsky's objectivity, through their use of voice and piano and occasional winsomeness the songs of *Dedinské scény* can still be understood within the art-song tradition of Brahms and, indeed, as well as the Slavic-language original a German translation is also available.

In 'The Relation of Folk-Song to Development of the Art Music of Our Time', an essay published in the British music journal *The Sackbut* in 1921, Bartók

named Russian Modest Mussorgsky as the 'forerunner' of 'those that owe their origin to the influence of peasant music', paving the way for Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps*, fellow folksong-collector Kodály and, by implication, himself. (Stravinsky, meanwhile, had told Claude Debussy that Mussorgsky's songs 'contained the best music of the Russian school'.) While Mussorgsky, like many of his Russian contemporaries, was interested in folk song, what is most striking about his song cycle *The Nursery* (1868-1872) is its attempt at realism, a preoccupation it shares with the opera Mussorgsky had begun working on during this period, *Boris Godunov*.

Mussorgsky wrote the lyrics of *Detskaya* (*The Nursery*) himself, devising texts that captured — or 'overheard', as he put it — everyday speech, matched by music that tried to stay true to spoken delivery. The songs were composed in St Petersburg and dated individually; the last two,

completed in 1872, were only added to the 1908 edition. Scholar Caryl Emerson explains that these are not songs to be sung to children, nor are they nostalgic about childhood; instead, they resemble songs that children might compose themselves, if they had the wherewithal. These 'conversations of childhood' are all in the present tense, living moment-to-moment. Similarly, Mussorgsky's music quickly shifts harmonically to illustrate what is happening: in the tales relayed in 'With Nanny' the scary wolf is painted in whole tones and the glittering world of King and Queen in a stable D-flat major, while the children's fright and uncertainty is conveyed with minor and diminished chords.

Mussorgsky was immensely fond of children, and tried out the songs of *The Nursery* on his nephew Giorgio and niece Tanya (dedicatees of 'With the doll') and his godchild Sasha Cui (dedicatee of 'Evening Prayer'), son of composer César

Cui. (Both songs bear the same date: 18 December 1870.) All responded with immediate enthusiasm. Mussorgsky's adult colleagues were more circumspect in their praise, some finding his music quixotic and ungrammatical; to the extent that Rimsky-Korsakov reworked the first song. However, members of his circle were named as dedicatees, perhaps with some innuendo in mind: 'With Nanny' was for 'the great teacher of musical truth', composer Alexander Dargomizhsky, and 'In the Corner' for architect and painter Victor Hartmann (an exhibition of whose works after his untimely death in 1874 inspired the later *Pictures at the Exhibition*). 'The Beetle' was dedicated to critic Vladimir Stasov and 'Riding on a Hobby-horse' to Stasov's brother Dimitri and his wife Polixena.

Traces of friendships similarly run through the songs of Johannes Brahms, from the poets he chose to set to the people whose opinion he sought. Felix Schumann

(1854-1879), the youngest child of Robert and Clara Schumann, aspired to be a poet. His godfather Brahms was asked for his opinion and he responded with perhaps the highest compliment he could give, a setting of 'Meine Liebe ist grün', presented to Clara as a Christmas present in 1873. Felix, surprised and delighted, tried to learn it himself, despite the piano part challenging his amateurish fingers. Brahms's music has further family history written into it, for it alludes to 'Schöne Fremde' from the Eichendorff *Liederkreis* op. 39 by Felix's late father.

In the early 1880s Brahms met Richard and Maria Fellingner, who became lifelong friends. She was the daughter of composer Josephine Lang and Christian Reinhold, the pen-name of lawyer Reinhard Köstlin, in whose poetry Brahms became immersed in 1885. 'Nachtigall', set by Brahms that spring, was described by Clara Schumann as a 'pearl of a poem' ('eine Perle an Poesie'). Brahms strings it into a beautiful

necklace; the glimpse of heavenly beauty brings out a near-Mahlerian lyricism before the piano's wistful introduction returns to echo the voice's repetition of the final line, although the song's final chords slip to the consolatory major mode.

The piano plays an evocatively stormy role in 'Verzagen', composed to art historian Karl Lemcke's poem in March 1877. While Brahms admired Lemcke's poetry he seems not to have known him personally despite them having mutual acquaintances. The same is true of Vienna playwright Friedrich Halm, author of 'Bei dir sind meine Gedanken'. Natasha Loges suggests that Brahms might have turned to Halm's poetry in the wake of admiring the actress Josephine Wessely in productions of his plays in the early 1880s and indeed this song was composed in 1883-4. Like 'Verzagen', the piano's figuration suggests the emotional state of the protagonist, whose fluttering thoughts are drawn to their beloved like a moth to a flame.

Brahms met Hoffmann von Fallersleben in 1853, the same year in which he – again, through an introduction by violinist Joseph Joachim – met Robert and Clara Schumann. 'Von ewiger Liebe' is said to be a translation from the Wendish dialect, spoken by communities on the German-Polish border; like many nineteenth-century 'folk' poems it was most likely a fabrication. No matter, Brahms's setting of 1864 has become one his most celebrated songs and, it has to be acknowledged, not a particularly folkish one. The young couple's defiance of society's censure is treated with a seriousness that makes their determination to stay together, stronger than iron and steel, dramatically powerful.

Joseph von Eichendorff's 'Anklänge', which Brahms knew from the 1843 edition of the *Gedichte*, had appeared in extended form in his novel *Viel Lärmen um Nichts*, as 'an old romance which the listener knew as a child'. Composed in March 1853, in this relatively early song Brahms conveys that

sense of retelling a half-forgotten tale by questioning the wending melody with continuous syncopations in the right-hand. The song begins with bare octaves on the dominant and it is only as a tonic pedal asserts itself with the repetition of the poem's last two lines that it becomes clear that we have become caught up in her reflections at the spinning-wheel.

Brahms asked his publisher for a copy of Otto Friedrich Gruppe's *Gedichte* in 1885. While he copied four of the poems into his notebook he only produced 'Das Mädchen spricht' the following year. It turned out to be one of his last *Mädchenlieder*, songs presented from a female perspective. To describe 'Das Mädchen spricht' as a two-verse song, which simply repeats its music, would be to overlook Brahms's sophisticated musical play with the unusual poetic metre; downbeats are evaded just as the swifts skirt questions about their love-lives. 'Meerfahrt', composed in the same year to a poem

by Heinrich Heine, could hardly be more different in mood: these lovers are resigned to drift out to sea.

Like Heine, Ludwig Uhland was a poet closely associated with Robert Schumann. Brahms knew his mentor's four-voice version of 'Der Schmied', and his own version, composed in 1859, shares its key, metre, and arpeggiated melody, which along with the anvil-aping appoggiaturas of Brahms's piano part aptly conjures up the girl's love for the blacksmith. The poetry of Georg Friedrich Daumer, however, Brahms made his own through multiple settings. Both 'Ach wende diesen Blick' and 'Unbewegte laue Luft' were composed in the autumn of 1871 and published together that December as part of the *Lieder und Gesänge von G. F. Daumer* op. 57. Both songs are replete with a sensual longing that some of Brahms's circle — most notably Clara Schumann and Elisabeth von Herzogenberg — felt stepped beyond the bounds of propriety.

Karl Groth and Brahms became close in the mid-1850s, during the last months of Robert Schumann's life, and remained friends. 'O wüsst ich doch den Weg zurück' was one of three Groth poems Brahms gathered together under the theme of 'Heimweh' in summer 1874 and a sign of his desire to support his friend might be that he sent the manuscript to singer George Henschel, who was very pleased with them. Brahms had met the poet of 'Mädchenlied', Paul Heyse, the previous year; he described him as 'one of the most charming men ... I hardly know any man who lit up the room he entered, as he did'. 'Mädchenlied' was the last song Brahms published before the *Vier ernste Gesänge*. The text is almost identical to Robert Schumann's 'Die Spinnerin', op. 107 no. 4, and as with the earlier 'Der Schmied' Brahms acknowledged the connection by giving his own song the same opus number and key. The piano part could, again, be the spinning-wheel, though this time it

sounds more like the tears falling down the forlorn girl's cheeks.

Dialogue songs between lovers constitute a large part of Brahms's settings of folk poetry, with 'Vergebliches Ständchen' among the most famous — and cheekiest. As with Bartók and Mussorgsky, an idea of the folk was an important facet of Brahms's songs, allowing for direct expression and, on occasion, for liberties to be taken. What might seem in theory to be artless is nonetheless artfully executed.

Laura Tunbridge



Lyrics

Béla Bartók

Village Scenes (Dedinské scény, 1924)

I. Pri habaní

Ej ! Hrabaj želen, hrabaj
To zelenô seno !
- Ej ! Ja by ho hrabala,
Nemám nakoseno.

Ej ! Hrabala, hrabala,
Čerta nahrabala ;
Ej ! Od veľkého spania
Hrable dolámala.

II. Pri neveste

Letia pávy, letia,
Drobnô peria tratia,
Devča si ho sbiera
Mesto svojho peria.
Sbieraj siho, sbieraj, ej,
Veďti treba bude,

I. Haymaking

Hey! Rake it now, rake it now,
rake up the new-mown hay!
Ai! I'd gladly rake it now,
if you had mown some more.

Hey! Don't you stop raking now,
you have not done your work,
all because, from sleepiness,
you went and broke your rake.

II. At the Bride

Proud the peacocks flutter.
Ai! Shimmering fall their feathers,
pretty girl takes them,
fills the clean white pillows.
Take them, girl, take them, hey!
You'll soon need these feathers,

Janikovo líčko
Na ňom líhať bude.

III. Svatba

A ty Anča krásna,
Už vo voze kasňa,
Na kasni periny:
Už ťa vyplatili.

A z tejto dediny
Na druhú dedinu
Ideme opáčiť
Novotnú rodinu.

Kasňa je z javora,
Perina z pápera,
A to švarnô devča
Už nemá frajera,

Keď nemá frajera,
Ale bude muža,
Nebude prekviatať,
Ako v poli ruža.

for upon these pillows
your lover's head will rest.

III. Wedding

Annie, in your boxes
carried on the wagon,
there's fine clothes and bedding,
all for when you're married.

To the bridegroom's village,
fast as we are able,
we will drive, see his place,
get to know his people.

Finest maple boxes,
pillow stuffed with feather,
Annie, pretty girl,
now you have no lover.

Now she has a husband;
though she's lost a lover,
she will not, like a rose,
fade away and wither.

Ruža som ja, ruža,
Pokým nemám muža,
Keďbudem mať muža,
Spadne so mna ruža.

Teraz sa ty, Anča,
Teraz sa oklameš:
My pôjdeme domov
A ty tu ostaneš.

IV. Ukoliebakva

Beli žemi, beli
Moj syn premilený!
Číma budeš chovať,
Ej, na moje starie dni?

Budem, manko, budem,
Kým sa neožením;
Akeď sa ožením,
Ej, potom vás oddelím.

Búvaj že mi, búvaj,
Len ma neunúvaj!
Čo ma viac unúvaš,

I'm a rose, a rose,
but only when I'm single,
when I have a husband,
petals drop and shrivel.

Say farewell, dear Annie,
say farewell and leave them:
off they go, full of joy,
you must not go with them.

IV. Lullaby

Slumber, darling, slumber,
darling little baby!
When your mother grows old,
will you then take care of her?

I will take care of you, mother,
while I'm single;
but when I am married,
I'll go off and leave you.

Slumber, darling, slumber,
don't give me more trouble,
soon you'll quietly slumber,

Menej sa nabúvaš.

darling keep quiet, be still.

Belej že sa, belej
Na hori zelenej,
V košielki bielenej.

Go into the green wood,
and let your white shirt twinkle
through the dark green branches.

Košelôčka biela,
Šila ju Mariška,
Šila ju hodbábom
Pod zeleným hájom.

Your white shirt that twinkles,
our old Mary sewed it
for you in the green fields.
She embroidered it with silk.

Beli že mi, beli
Moj anelik biely,
Len mi neuletej,
Ej, do tej čiernej zemi!

Darling, slumber, darling,
baby, little white angel,
don't you ever leave me,
darling, never fly away.

V. Tanec mládencov

Poza búčky, poza peň,
Podže bratu, podže sem!
Poza búčky a klady,
Tancuj šuhaj za mladý!

V. Lads' Dance

Little oak tree, grow up strong,
dance, young fellow, dance along!
Little oak tree breaks in two,
dance, while life is free and new!

Štyri kozy, piaty cap,
Kto vyskočí, bude chlap!

Hey, old goat, old Billy, dance,
if you can, stand up and prance!

Jab y som bol vyskočil,
Ale som sa potočil.

I tried prancing ere I could,
tripped and tumbled; it was no good.

Hojže, hojže, od zeme !
Kto mi kozy zaženie ?
A ja by ich bol zahnal,
Ale som sa vlka bál.

Now my lad, the time has come,
get the goats and drive them home!
Yes, I'd gladly drive them if
old wolf hadn't scared me stiff.

Modest Mussorgsky (1839-1881)
The Nursery (Detskaya, 1868-1872)

I. S nyanej

Rasskazhi mne, nyanyushka,
Rasskazhi mne, milaya,
Pro togo, pro buku strashnogo:
Kak tot buka po lesam brodil,
Kak tot buka v les detej nosil,
I kak gryz on ikh belyje kostochki,
I kak deti te krichali, plakali.

Nyanyushka!
Ved' za to ikh, detej-to, buka sjel,
Shto obideli nyanyu staruyu,

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I. With Nanny

Tell me, Nanny,
Tell me, dear,
The tale of the wicked wolf:
How that wolf would roam the woods,
How that wolf would take children to the forest,
And how he gnawed at their white little bones,
And how the children cried, wept.

Nanny dear!
Was it not for this very reason the wolf ate
those children,

Papu s mamoj ne poslushali;
Ved' za to on sjel ikh, nyanyushka?

Ili vot shto: rasskazhi mne luchshe
pro tsarya s tsaritsej,
Shto za morem zhili v teremu bogatom.
Yeshchyo tsar' vsyo na nogu khromal,
Kak spotknyotsya – tak grib vyrastet.
U tsaritsy-to vsyo nasmork byl,
Kak chikhnyot – styokla vdrebezgi!

Znayesh, nyanyushka:
Ty pro buku-to uzh ne rasskazyvaj.
Bog s nim, s bukoj!
Rasskazhi mne, nyanya, tu, smeshnuyu-to!

That they had upset their old nannies,
That they disobeyed their moms and dads;
Was that not why he ate them, Nanny dear?

Or otherwise: better tell me
about the Tsar and Tsarina,
Those that lived across the sea in a lavish
palace.
It's that Tsar who had a limp,
Whenever he stumbled – up sprang a mushroom.
It's that Tsarina that always had a runny nose,
Whenever she sneezed – window glass shattered!

You know what, Nanny dear:
No need to tell me about the wolf again.
Let him be, that wolf!
Tell me, Nanny, that one funny tale!

II. V uglu

Akh ty, prokaznik!
Klubok razmotal, prutki rasteryal!
Akhti! Vse petli spustil!
Chulok ves' zabryzgal chernilami!
V ugol! V ugol!

II. In the corner

Oh you naughty boy!
You've unwound my yarn ball, you've lost my
knitting needles!
Oh my! You've messed up all the loops!
You've stained the stocking with ink!

Poshyol v ugol! Prokaznik!

Ya nichego ne sdela, nyanyushka,
Ya chulohek ne trogal, nyanyushka!
Klubohek razmotal kotyonohek,
I prutochki razbrosal kotyonohek.
A Mishen'ka byl pain'ka,
Mishen'ka byl umnitsa.
A nyanya zlaya, staraya,
U nyani nosik-to zapachkannyj;
Misha chisten'kij, prichosannyj,
A u nyani chepchik na boku.
Nyanya Mishen'ku obidela,
Naprasno v ugol postavila;
Misha bol'she ne budet lyubit'
Svoyu nyanyushku, vot shto!

III. Zhuk

Nyanya, nyanyushka!
Shto sluchilos', nyanya, dushen'ka!
Ya igral tam na pesochke,
Za besedkoj, gde beryozki,
Stroil domik iz luchinohek klenovykh,

To the corner! To the corner!
Go stand in the corner! Naughty boy!

I didn't do a thing, Nanny dear,
I didn't touch the stocking, Nanny dear!
The kitten has unwound your yarn ball,
And the kitten has messed up the needles.
And Mishenka behaved himself,
Mishenka was a good boy.
It's the Nanny who is mean, old,
And her nose is dirty;
Misha is clean, his hair is well-combed,
While the Nanny's cap is crooked.
The nanny has offended Mishenka,
Has sent him to the corner for no reason;
Misha won't love
His dear Nanny anymore, that's what!

III. The Beetle

Nanny, Nanny dear!
Look what happened, Nanny dearest!
I was playing over there in the sand,
Behind the gazebo, by the birch trees,
I was building a house of maple slivers,

Tekh, shto mne mama,
Sama mama nashchepala.
Domik uzh sovsem postroil,
Domik s kryshkoj, nastoyashchij domik.

Vdrug!
Na samoj kryshke zhuk sidit ogromnyj,
Chyornyj, tolstyj takoj.
Usami shevelit strashno tak
I pryamo na menya vsyo smotrit!

Ispugalsya ya!
A zhuk gudit, zlitsya,
Kryl'ya rastopyril,
Skhvatit' menya khochet.
I naletel, v visochek menya udaril!

Ya pritailsya, nyanyushka,
Prisel, boyus' poshevel'nut'sya!
Tol'ko glazok odin chut'-chut' otkryl!
I shto zhe? Poslushaj, nyanyushka!

Zhuk lezhit, slozhivshi lapki,
Kverkhu nosikom, na spinke,
I uzh ne zlitsya, i usami ne shevelit,

Those, that mom,
Herself has cut out for me.
I had built the house finally,
A little house with a roof, a proper house.

Suddenly!
On top of the roof sat a giant beetle,
Black, and very fat.
He wagged his feelers so wickedly
And looked straight at me!

I was terrified!
Buzzing angrily,
The beetle spread his wings,
Ready to attack me.
And he flew right at me, hit me on my temple!

I froze, Nanny dear,
Crouched down, too afraid to move!
I could barely open just one eye!
And guess what? Nanny dear, there he was!

The beetle laid there, his legs folded,
Nose up in the air, on his back,
No longer angry, nor wagging his feelers,

I ne gudit uzh,
Tol'ko krylyshki drozhat!

Shto zh on, umer? il' privorilsya?
Shto zh eto, shto zhe, skazhi mne, nyanya,
S zhukom-to stalos'?
Menya udaril, a sam svalilsya!
Shto zh eto s nim stalos', s zhukom-to?

IV. S kukloj

Tyapa, baj, baj, Tyapa, spi, usni,
Ugomon tebya voz'mi!
Tyapa, spat' nado!
Tyapa, spi, usni!
Tyapu buka sjest, seryj volk vozmyot,
V tyomnyj les snesyot!
Tyapa, spi, usni!
Shto vo sne uvidish, mne pro to rasskazhesh:
Pro ostrov chudnyj, gde ni zhnut, ni seyut,
Gde tsvetut i zreyut grushi nalivnyje,
Den' i noch' poyut ptichki zolotyje!
Baj, baj, bayu baj, baj, baj, Tyapa!

No longer buzzing,
Just his wings were trembling!

So was he dead? or just pretending?
What was it, tell me, Nanny, what was it
That happened to the beetle?
As he attacked me, he fell dead himself!
What was it that happened to him, that beetle?

IV. With a doll

Dolly, hush-hush, Dolly, sleep,
go to sleep, calm down!
Dolly, time to sleep!
Sleep, Dolly, go to sleep!
The boogeyman will eat Dolly up, the big
grey wolf
Will take Dolly away to the dark forest!
Dolly, sleep, go to sleep!
Tell me about what you see in your dreams:
About the wonderful island, where no one
reaps or sows,
Where there are pear-trees blossoming and ripe,
Day and night the golden birds are signing!
Hush-hush, hush now, hush-hush, Dolly!

V. Na son gryadushchij

Gospodi, pomiluj
 Papu i mamu
 I spasi ikh, gospodi!
 Gospodi, pomiluj
 Bratsa Vasen'ku
 I bratsa Mishen'ku.

Gospodi, pomiluj
 Babushku staren'kuyu,
 Poshli ty yej dobroye zdorovjitse –
 Babushke dobren'koj,
 Babushke staren'koj; gospodi!

I spasi, bozhe nash:
 Tyotyú Katyú, tyotyú Natashu,
 Tyotyú Mashu, tyotyú Parashu,
 Tyotej: Lyubu, Varyu, i Sashu,
 I Olyu, i Tanyu, i Nadyu;
 Dyadej: Petyu i Kolyu,
 Dyadej: Volodyu, i Grishu, i Sashu;
 I vsekh ikh, gospodi, spasi i pomiluj.

V. Bedtime prayer

Dear Lord, bless
 Father and mother
 And save them, Lord!
 Lord, bless
 Brother Vasenka
 And brother Mishenka.

Lord, bless
 Dear old grandmother,
 Gift her good health –
 To the kind dear grandmother,
 Old dear grandmother; Lord!

And save, our Lord:
 Aunt Katya, aunt Natasha,
 Aunt Masha, aunt Parasha,
 Aunts: Lyuba, Varya, and Sasha,
 And Olya, and Tanya, and Nadya;
 Uncles: Petya and Kolya,
 Uncles: Volodya, and Grisha, and Sasha;
 And save and bless all of them, Lord.

I Fil'ku, i Van'ku,
 I Mit'ku, i Pet'ku,
 I Dashu, Pashu,
 Sonyu, Dunyushku...
 Nyanya, a nyanya!
 Kak dal'she, nyanya?

- Vish ty, prokaznitsa kakaya!
 Uzh skol'ko raz uchila:
 Gospodi, pomiluj i menya greshnuyu!
 - Gospodi, pomiluj i menya greshnuyu!
 Tak, nyanyushka?

And Fil'ka, and Van'ka,
 And Mit'ka, and Pet'ka,
 And Dasha, Pasha,
 Sonya, Dunyushka...
 Nanny, oh, Nanny!
 What comes next, Nanny?

-See, what a naughty girl!
 How many times do I need to teach you:
 Lord, bless me and forgive my sins too!
 -Lord, bless me and forgive my sins too!
 Is that right, Nanny dear?

VI. Poyekhal na palochke

Gej! Gop, gop, gop!
 Gop, gop, gej, podi! Gej!
 Gej! Gej, podi!
 Gop, gop, gop, gop, gop!
 Gop, gop, gop, gop, gop, gej!
 Gej, gej, gej, gej!

Ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta,
 Ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta,
 Ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta,

VI. Riding on a hobby-horse

Giddy-up! Trot, trot, trot!
 Trot, trot, giddy-up, go! Giddy-up!
 Giddy-up! Giddy-up, go!
 Trot, trot, trot, trot, trot!
 Trot, trot, trot, trot, trot, giddy-up!
 Giddy-up, giddy-up, giddy-up, giddy-up!

Ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta,
 Ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, giddy-up!
 Ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta,

Sharila v komode i v stole iskala:
Net, kak narochno!
Ya vtoropyakh k oknu podbezhala,
Mozhet byt', zontik tam pozabyala...

Vdrug, vizhu, na okne-to, kot nash Matros,
Zabravshis' na kletku, skrebyot!
Snegir' drozhit, zabilysya v ugol, pishchit.

Zlo menya vzyalo!
"Eh, brat, do ptichek ty lakom!
Net, postoj, popalsya, vish ty, kot!"
Kak ni v chyom ne byvalo, stoyu ya,
Smotryu v storonku,
Tol'ko glazom odnim podmechayu:
Stranno shto-to!

Kot spokojno v glaza mne smotrit,
A sam uzh lapu v kletku zanosit;
Tol'ko shto dumal skhvatit' snegirya,
A ya yego khlop!

I rummaged in the cupboard and looked in
the desk:
It was nowhere, as if on purpose!
I ran to the windowsill in a hurry,
Perhaps, that's where I left the parasol...

Then I see, on the windowsill sits Sailor, our cat,
He climbed on top of the birdcage, and is
clawing at it!
The bullfinch is trembling, tucked away in
the corner, he chirps.

I was furious!
"Hey, brother, I see you have a taste for
little birds!
No, wait, I got you now, would you look at that!"
As if nothing's going on, I stand
Looking to the side,
Just from the corner of my eye I notice:
Something's off!

The cat looks me calmly in the eye,
While reaching into the cage with his paw;
Just as he thought he got the bullfinch,
I slapped him!

Mama, kakaya tvyordaya kletka!
Pal'tsam tak bol'no, mama, mama!
Mama, vot v samykh konchikakh, vot tut,
Tak noyet, noyet tak...
Net, kakov kot-to, mama,... a?

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Meine Liebe ist grün
(text by Felix Schumann)

Meine Liebe ist grün wie der Fliederbusch
und mein Lieb ist schön wie die Sonne;
Die glänzt wohl herab auf den Fliederbusch
und füllt ihn mit Duft und mit Wonne.
Meine Seele hat Schwingen der Nachtigall
und wiegt sich in blühendem Flieder,
und jauchzet und singet vom Duft berauscht
viel liebestrunkene Lieder.

Mama, the cage is oh so hard!
My fingers hurt, mama, mama!
Here, right at the tips, right here,
It aches, aches so much...
No, but what a cat, mama,... eh?

13

My love is green

My love's as green as the lilac bush,
and my sweetheart's as fair as the sun;
the sun shines down on the lilac bush,
fills it with delight and fragrance.
My soul has a nightingale's wings
and sways in the blossoming lilac,
and, drunk with fragrance, exults and sings
many a love-drunk song.

Nachtigall

(text by Christian Reinhold)

O Nachtigall,
dein süßer Schall,
er dringet mir durch Mark und Bein.
Nein, trauter Vogel, nein!
Was in mir schafft so süße Pein,
das ist nicht dein,
das ist von andern, himmelschönen,
nun längst für mich verklungenen Tönen,
in deinem Lied ein leiser Widerhall.

Verzagen

(text by Karl Lemcke)

Ich sitz' am Strande der rauschenden See
und suche dort nach Ruh',
ich schaue dem Treiben der Wogen
mit dumpfer Ergebung zu.
Die Wogen rauschen zum Strande hin,
sie schäumen und vergeh'n,
die Wolken, die Winde darüber,
die kommen und verweh'n.
Du ungestümes Herz, sei still

14

Nightingale

O nightingale,
your sweet voice
pierces me to the marrow.
No, my dearest bird, no!
What causes me such sweet pain
is not your notes,
but others, of heavenly beauty,
long since vanished for me,
a gentle echo in your song.

15

Despair

I sit by the shore of the rumbling sea
searching there for rest,
I gaze at the waves' motion
in numb resignation.
The waves crash on the shore,
they foam and vanish,
the clouds, the winds above,
they come and go.
You, unruly heart, be silent

und gib dich doch zur Ruh';
Du sollst mit Winden und Wogen
dich trösten,—was weinst du?

Bei dir sind meine Gedanken

(text by Friedrich Halm)

Bei dir sind meine Gedanken
und flattern um dich her;
Sie sagen, sie hätten Heimweh,
hier litt' es sie nicht mehr.
Bei dir sind meine Gedanken
und wollen von dir nicht fort;
Sie sagen, das wär' auf Erden
der allerschönste Ort.
Sie sagen, unlösbar hielte
dein Zauber sie festgebannt;
Sie hätten an deinen Blicken
die Flügel sich verbrannt.

Von ewiger Liebe

(text by August Heinrich Hoffmann von Fallersleben)

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in Feld!
Abend schon ist es, nun schweiget die Welt.

and surrender yourself to rest;
You should find comfort
in winds and waves — why are you weeping?

16

My thoughts are with you

My thoughts are with you
and flutter around you;
They say they are homesick,
they are no longer wanted here.
My thoughts are with you
and do not wish to leave you;
they say that this is the loveliest
place on earth.
They say that your magic
holds them inescapably in thrall;
that they have scorched their wings
on your glances.

17

Eternal love

Dark, how dark in wood and field!
It is evening already, now the world is silent.

Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend noch Rauch,
ja, und die Lerche sie schweiget nun auch.
Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche heraus,
gibt das Geleit der Geliebten nach Haus,

Führt sie am Weidengebüsche vorbei,
redet so viel und so mancherlei:

„Leidest du Schmach und betrübest du dich,
leidest du Schmach von andern um mich,
Werde die Liebe getrennt so geschwind,
schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.

Scheide mit Regen und scheide mit Wind,
schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.“

Spricht das Mägdelein, Mägdelein spricht:
„Unsere Liebe sie trennet sich nicht!

Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen gar sehr,
unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr.

Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet sie um,
unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um?

No more light and no more smoke,
yes, and even the lark is now silent as well.
Out of the village comes a young lad,
taking his sweetheart home,

He leads her past the willow bushes,
talking so much and about so many things:

"If you suffer disgrace and feel dejected,
if others shame you about me,
Then let our love be sundered as swiftly,
as quickly as we were united before.

It will go with the rain, it will go with the wind,
as quickly as we were united before."

The maiden speaks, the maiden says:
"Our love will not be sundered!

Steel is strong, and iron is very strong;
our love is even stronger.

Iron and steel can be reforged,
but our love - who could alter it?

Eisen und Stahl, sie können zergehn,
unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!"

Anklänge

(Text by Joseph von Eichendorff)

Hoch über stillen Höhen
Stand in dem Wald ein Haus;
So einsam war's zu sehen,
Dort übern Wald hinaus.
Ein Mädchen saß darinnen
Bei stiller Abendzeit,
Tät seidne Fäden spinnen
Zu ihrem Hochzeitskleid.

Das Mädchen spricht

(text by Otto Friedrich Gruppe)

Schwalbe, sag mir an,
ist's dein alter Mann,
mit dem du's Nest gebaut,
oder hast du jüngst erst
dich ihm vertraut?

Sag, was zwitschert ihr,

Iron and steel can be melted down,
but our love will exist forever!"

Reminiscences

High over silent heights
a house stood in the forest;
it looked so lonely there,
gazing out over the forest.
A girl sat inside
in the silent evening,
spinning silken threads
for her wedding dress.

The girl speaks

Tell me, swallow,
is it last year's mate
you've built your nest with,
or are you
but recently betrothed?

Say, what are you twittering,

sag, was flüstert ihr
des Morgens so vertraut?
Gelt, du bist wohl auch noch
nicht lange Braut?

Meerfahrt

(text by Heinrich Heine)

Mein Liebchen, wir saßen beisammen,
traulich im leichten Kahn.
Die Nacht war still, und wir schwammen
auf weiter Wasserbahn.

Die Geisterinsel, die schöne,
lag dämm'rig im Mondenglanz;
Dort klangen liebe Töne,
dort wogte der Nebeltanz.

Dort klang es lieb und lieber,
und wogt' es hin und her;
Wir aber schwammen vorüber,
trostlos auf weitem Meer.

say, what are you whispering
so intimately in the morning?
Am I right, you haven't long
been married either?

Sea voyage

My darling, we sat together,
comfortably in the light little boat;
the night was silent, and we floated
on the broad watery road.

The beautiful ghostly island
lay duskily in the moonlight;
there lovely tones rang out,
there the dancing mists waved.

The sounds there grew lovelier and lovelier,
and the dance surged back and forth;
but we floated past,
Comfortless on the wide sea.

Der Schmied

(text by Johann Ludwig Uhland)

Ich hör meinen Schatz,
den Hammer er schwinget,
das rauschet, das klinget,
das dringt in die Weite
wie Glockengeläute,
durch Gassen und Platz.
Am schwarzen Kamin,
da sitzt mein Lieber,
doch, geh ich vorüber,
die Bälge dann sausen,
die Flammen aufbrausen
und lodern um ihn.

Ach, wende diesen Blick

(text by Georg Friedrich Daumer)

Ach, wende diesen Blick, dies Angesicht!
Das Inn're mir mit ewig-neuer Glut,
mit ewig-neuem Harm erfülle nicht!
Wenn einmal die gequälte Seele ruht,
und mit so fieberischer Wilde nicht
in meinen Adern rollt das heiße Blut —

21

The Blacksmith

I hear my sweetheart,
swinging his hammer,
it sounds, it resounds,
it peals out afar
like ringing bells
through alleys and square.
At the black forge
my love is sitting,
but if I go past,
the bellows start blowing,
the flames flare up
and blaze all around him.

22

Ah, turn away that gaze

Ah, turn away that gaze, that face!
Do not fill my inmost being with ever-new fire,
with ever-new grief!
When once my tormented soul finds rest,
and my hot blood no longer courses
through my veins so wildly, so feverishly —

ein Strahl, ein flüchtiger, von deinem Licht,
er wecket auf des Weh's gesammte Wut,
das schlangengleich mich in das Herze
sticht.

O wüßt ich doch den Weg zurück

(text by Klaus Groth)

O wüßt ich doch den Weg zurück,
den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!
O warum sucht' ich nach dem Glück
und ließ der Mutter Hand?
O wie mich sehnet auszuruhn,
von keinem Streben aufgeweckt,
die müden Augen zuzutun,
von Liebe sanft bedeckt!

Und nichts zu forschen, nichts zu spähn,
und nur zu träumen leicht und lind;
der Zeiten Wandel nicht zu sehn,
zum zweiten Mal ein Kind!

O zeig mir doch den Weg zurück,
den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!
Vergebens such ich nach dem Glück,

a single fleeting ray of your light
would reawaken the entire rage of pain
that stings my heart like a serpent.

Oh if only I knew the way back

Oh if only I knew the way back,
the beloved road to the land of childhood!
Oh why did I seek my fortune
and leave my mother's hand?
Oh how I yearn to have a rest,
not to be awakened by striving,
to close my weary eyes,
to be covered gently with love!

And to quest for nothing, to spy on nothing,
and only to dream, simply and gently,
not to notice the changes of time,
but to be a child for a second time!

Oh, show me then the way back,
the beloved road to the land of childhood!
In vain I seek my fortune,

23

ringsum ist öder Strand!

Mädchenlied

(text by Paul Heyse)

Auf die Nacht in der Spinnstub'n,
da singen die Mädchen,
da lachen die Dorfbub'n,
wie flink gehn die Rädchen!

Spinnt Jedes am Brautschatz,
dass der Liebste sich freut.
Nicht lange, so gibt es
ein Hochzeitgeläut.

Kein Mensch, der mir gut ist,
will nach mir fragen;
Wie bang mir zumut ist,
wem soll ich's klagen?

Die Tränen rinnen
mir übers Gesicht—
wofür soll ich spinnen?
Ich weiß es nicht!

all around me is desolate sand!

Maiden's Song

At night in the spinning-room,
the girls are singing,
the village lads are laughing,
how swiftly the wheels go round!

Each girl spins for her trousseau
to please her lover.
it won't be long
before wedding-bells sound.

No man who cares for me
will ask after me;
how anxious I feel,
with whom shall I share my sorrow?

The tears run
down my cheeks—
what am I spinning for?
I don't know!

24

Unbewegte laue Luft

(text by Georg Friedrich Daumer)

Unbewegte laue Luft,
tiefe Ruhe der Natur;
Durch die stille Gartennacht
plätschert die Fontäne nur.
Aber im Gemüte schwillt
heißere Begierde mir,
aber in der Ader quillt
Leben und verlangt nach Leben.
Sollten nicht auch deine Brust
sehnlichere Wünsche heben?
Sollte meiner Seele Ruf
nicht die deine tief durchbeben?
Leise mit dem Ätherfuß
säume nicht, daherzuschweben!
Komm, o komm, damit wir uns
himmlische Genüge geben!

Vergebliches Ständchen

(anonymous)

Er: Guten Abend, mein Schatz,
guten Abend, mein Kind!

25

Motionless, tepid air

Motionless, tepid air,
nature is deeply at rest;
through the silent garden-night
only the fountain splashes.
But in my heart there surges
hot desires,
and in my veins swells
life, and a longing for life.
Should not also your breast
be a bit more longing?
Should not the cry of my soul
reverberate deeply in yours?
Softly, with ethereal steps,
do not tarry to float to me!
Come, oh come, so that we might
give each other heavenly satisfaction!

26

Vain Serenade

He: Good evening, my sweetheart,
good evening, my child!

Ich komm' aus Lieb' zu dir,
ach, mach' mir auf die Tür,
mach' mir auf die Tür!

Sie: Mein' Tür ist verschlossen,
ich lass' dich nicht ein;
Mutter, die rät' mir klug,
wär'st du herein mit Fug,
wär's mit mir vorbei!

Er: So kalt ist die Nacht,
so eisig der Wind,
dass mir das Herz erfriert,
mein' Lieb' erlöschen wird;
Öffne mir, mein Kind!

Sie: Löschet dein' Lieb';
Lass' sie löschen nur!
Löschet sie immerzu,
geh' heim zu Bett, zur Ruh'!
Gute Nacht, mein Knab'!

I come because I love you;
ah! open up your door to me,
open up your door!

She: My door's locked,
I won't let you in;
mother gave me good advice,
if you were allowed in,
all would be over with me!

He: The night's so cold,
the wind's so icy,
my heart is freezing,
my love will die out;
open up, my child!

She: If your love dies out,
then let it go out!
If it keeps going out,
then go home to bed and have some rest!
Goodnight, my lad!

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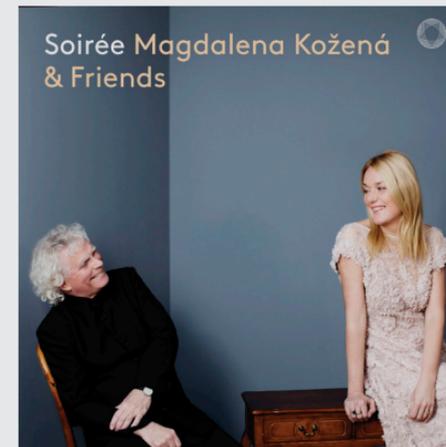
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