

TRACK INFORMATION

PERSONAL STATEMENT

LINER NOTES

LYRICS

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Folk Songs Magdalena Kožená

CZECH PHILHARMONIC · SIR SIMON RATTLE



FOLK SONGS

Béla Bartók (1881-1945)**5 Hungarian Folk Songs, BB 108, Sz. 101 (1929)**

1	No. 1, A tömlöcben (In Prison)	4. 15
2	No. 2, Régi keserves (Old Lament)	2. 09
3	No. 3, Sárga csikó, csengő rajta (Yellow Pony, Harness Jangling)	1. 34
4	No. 4, Panasz (Complaint)	2. 05
5	No. 5, Virágéknál ég a világ (Virág's lamps are burning brightly)	1. 26

Luciano Berio (1925-2003)**Folk Songs (1964)**

6	No. 1, Black Is the Colour	2. 43
7	No. 2, I Wonder as I wander	1. 48
8	No. 3, Loosin yelav	2. 48
9	No. 4, Rossignolet du bois	1. 30
10	No. 5 a la femminisca	1. 25
11	No. 6, La donna ideale	1. 15
12	No. 7, Ballo	1. 30
13	No. 8, Motettu de Tristura	2. 03
14	No. 9, Malurous qu'o uno fenno	1. 00
15	No. 10, Lo fiolairé	2. 44
16	No. 11, Azerbaijan Love Song	2. 32

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)**5 Mélodies populaires grecques (1904-1906)**

17	No. 1, Chanson de la mariée	1. 27
18	No. 2, Là-bas, vers l'église	1. 33
19	No. 3, Quel galant m'est comparable	0. 54
20	No. 4, Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques	2. 59
21	No. 5, Tout gai!	1. 06

Xavier Montsalvatge (1912-2002)**5 Canciones negras (1945)**

22	No. 1, Cuba dentro de un piano	3. 56
23	No. 2, Punto de Habanera	1. 48
24	No. 3, Chévere	2. 08
25	No. 4, Canción de cuna para dormir a un negrito	2. 47
26	No. 5, Canto negro	1. 23

Total playing time: 53. 03

Magdalena Kožená, mezzo-soprano

Czech Philharmonic

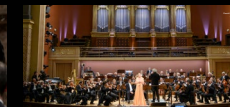
Conducted by Sir Simon Rattle



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Folk songs accompanied my entire childhood. My mum used to sing them while cooking or ironing and during our summer holiday evenings we often replaced watching television with sitting down in the kitchen together with my sister and our grandparents, learning new melodies from them and improvising second, third voices. Every village in Moravia where I grew up had its own tunes and folk poetry and this art form is still present today at many feasts, weddings, funerals or just at ordinary visits to a wine cellar.

Even though I have not chosen any music of my country for this particular recording, I still feel a special connection with each of the songs despite the wide range of their origins and ever so different and unique musical language and approach of each composer to their arrangements. There is something indescribably fundamental, profound, and instinctive when it comes to passing love and care from one generation to another.

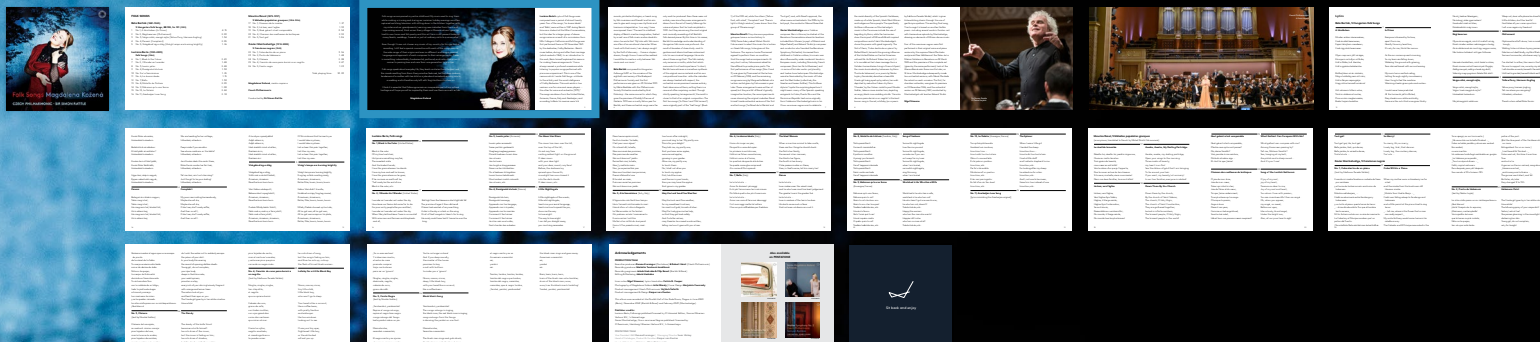
Folk songs speak about everyday life, they teach us stories from the past and the morals resulting from them. Every emotion feels real, be that deep sadness, tenderness of a mother with her child or a joke about somebody arriving late to a wedding and is therefore only left with frog's bottoms to chew on.

I think it is essential that folksongs remain an inseparable part of our cultural heritage and I hope you will be inspired by them and love them as much as I do.

Magdalena Kožená



Luciano Berio's cycle of *Folk Songs* were composed over a period of almost twenty years. Two of the songs, 'La donna ideale' and 'Ballo', were written in 1947 during Berio's time as a student at the Milan Conservatoire, but the idea for a larger group of eleven songs came as a result of a commission from Mills College in California and *Folk Songs* was first performed there on 30 November 1963 by the dedicatee, Cathy Berberian – Berio's muse before, during and after their marriage (which ended in 1964). In an introduction to the work, Berio himself explained his reasons for making these arrangements: 'I have always sensed a profound uneasiness while listening to popular songs performed with piano accompaniment. This is one of the reasons which I wrote *Folk Songs* – a tribute to the artistry and the vocal intelligence of Cathy Berberian. This work exists in two versions: one for voice and seven players ... the other for voice and orchestra (1973).' The songs are drawn from the United States, Armenia, France, Italy and Azerbaijan, and according to Berio his sources were 'old



records, printed anthologies, or heard sung by folk musicians and friends' and his aim was to give each song a new rhythmic and harmonic interpretation: 'in a way, I have recomposed them.' The result is a brilliant display of Berio's creative imagination, fuelled by a real love of folk music and an idealistic vision: he wrote that 'My links with folk music are often of an emotional character. When I work with that music, I am always caught by the thrill of discovery ... I have a utopian dream, though I know it cannot be realized: I would like to create a unity between folk music and our music.'

Béla Bartók composed his *Hungarian Folksongs Sz101* on the occasion of the eightieth anniversary of the Budapest Philharmonic Society and the first performance was given on 23 October 1933 by Mária Basilides with the Philharmonic Society Orchestra conducted by Ernő Dohnányi – the same concert in which they gave the premiere of Kodály's *Dances of Galánta*. 1933 was a mostly fallow year for Bartók, and these orchestral songs were the

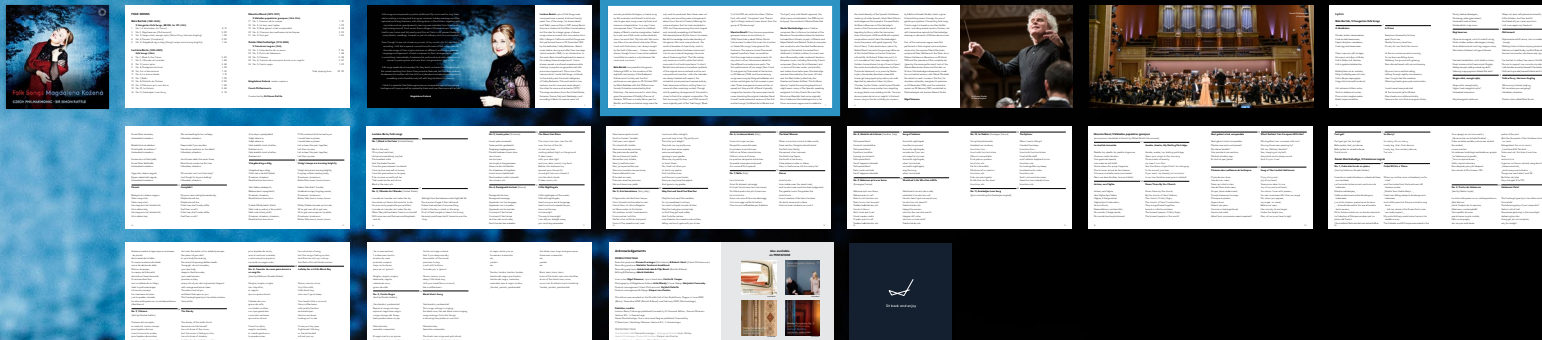
only work he produced. Even these were not entirely new since they were arrangements drawn from the set of twenty folksongs for voice and piano that he had completed in 1929 – but they are among the most original and musically rewarding of all Bartók's folk-derived pieces. By this time in his career, Bartók's knowledge and understanding of Hungarian folk music was profound – the result of decades of close study – and its gestures and idioms had been subsumed into his own musical language. He wrote about these songs that: 'The folk melody only serves as a motto, while that which surrounds it is of real importance.' In short, Bartók here achieves a marvellous synthesis of the original source material and his own compositional invention: while the melodies are always treated with respect, the orchestral accompaniment weaves entirely fresh ideas around them, setting them in a new and often surprising context. Though strictly speaking 'arrangements', the result is closer to that of an original composition. The first two songs ('In Prison' and 'Old Lament') were originally part of the 'Sad Songs' (Book

1) of the 1929 set, while the others ('Yellow Foal, with a bell', 'Complaint' and 'There is light in Virág's window') were drawn from the group of 'Diverse songs'.

Maurice Ravel's *Cinq chansons populaires grecques* have a curious history. In 1904, Pierre Aubry asked Michel-Dimitri Calvocoressi to select the music for a lecture on Greek folk songs, to be given at the Sorbonne. The soprano Louise Thomasset agreed to perform them on condition that the songs had accompaniments. At very short notice, Calvocoressi asked his friend Ravel to provide piano parts. The first performance of two songs (Nos. 2 and 3) was given by Thomasset at the lecture on 20 February 1904, and the remaining songs were sung by Marguerite Babāin at a lecture-recital given by Calvocoressi a year later. These arrangements were written at speed, but they are full of Ravel's typically imaginative touches, the accompaniments never obscuring the original melodies. Ravel himself made orchestral versions of the first and last songs ('Le Réveil de la Mariée' and

'Tout gai') and, with Ravel's approval, the others were orchestrated in the 1930s by his last pupil, the conductor Manuel Rosenthal.

Xavier Montsalvatge was a Catalan composer. Born in Girona, he studied at the Barcelona Conservatoire where his teachers included Enric Morera (a pupil of Albéniz and Felipe Pedrell) and Eduard Toldrà (a composer and conductor who founded the Barcelona Symphony Orchestra). Immersed from childhood in Catalan culture, his music was also influenced by wider modernist trends in European music, including Stravinsky, French composers (from Les Six to Messiaen) and – in some of his later works – polytonality and twelve-tone techniques. Montsalvatge was also fascinated by the music of Cuba and the West Indies (collectively the Greater and Lesser Antilles). This Antillean style isn't quite the surprising departure it might seem: many of the Spanish-speaking emigrants to Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic had come originally from Catalonia. Montsalvatge's aim in his *Cinco canciones negras* was to celebrate



the racial diversity of the Spanish Caribbean, made up of white Spanish, black West African and indigenous Taino people. The specifically Antillean influences on Montsalvatge's music in the *Canciones* include the use of beguiling rhythms, while the harmonies show the impact of Milhaud's Brazil-inspired compositions and of Jazz. Montsalvatge's chose the poems with great ingenuity. The first of them, 'Cuba dentro de un piano' by Rafael Alberti, laments the growing influence of the United States on Central American cultural life. As Richard Stokes has put it, it is 'a roundabout but clear message from a Catalan humanitarian living in Franco's Spain', the music dominated by habanera rhythms. 'Punta de habanera', on a poem by Néstor Luján y Fernández, describes a beautiful Creole girl being eyed up by sailors, her walk depicted by seductive Cuban rhythms. 'Chevèrè', by the Cuban mulatto poet Nicolás Guillén, takes a more sinister turn, depicting an angry black man wielding a knife. 'Canción de cuna para dormir a un negrito' is the best known song in the set, a lullaby (on a poem

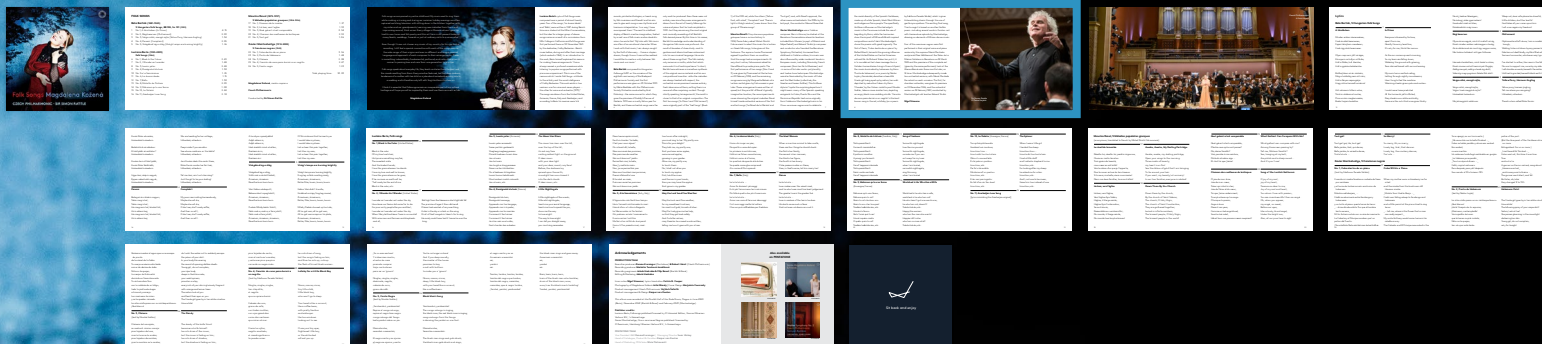
by Ildelfonso Pereda Valdés) which is given its bewitching charm through the use of gentle syncopations. The exciting final song, 'Canto negro' is based on another Guillén poem – including several words in Yoruba – set with tremendous aplomb by Montsalvatge, drawing on elements of African dance music.

Four of the *canciones negras* were first performed in their original voice and piano versions by the soprano Mercè Plantada and pianist Pere Vallribera at the Palau de la Música Catalana in Barcelona on 18 March 1945 and the premiere of the complete set (given by the same performers) took at the Ateneu Barcelonès three months later, on 14 June. Montsalvatge subsequently made two orchestral versions, with Mercè Plantada the soloist on each occasion. The first, for chamber orchestra, was given its premiere on 22 December 1946, and the orchestral version on 18 February 1949, conducted by Montsalvatge's old teacher Eduard Toldrà.

Nigel Simeone



Sir Simon Rattle
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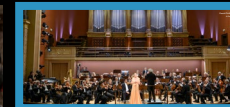


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Track 2	02:30	02:30
Track 3	03:45	03:45
Track 4	04:15	04:15
Track 5	05:00	05:00
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Track 7	07:00	07:00
Track 8	08:00	08:00
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Personal statement text block 1.

Personal statement text block 2.



Personal statement text block 3.

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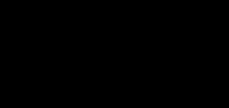
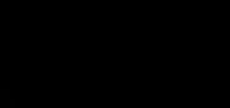
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Czech Philharmonic
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Lyrics

Béla Bartók, 5 Hungarian Folk Songs

A tömlőcben

Minden ember szerenesésen,
Csak én élek keservesen,
Fejem lehajtom csendesen,
Csak úgy sírok keservesen.

Olyan nap nem jött az égre,
Könnycse nem hulljon a földre,
Hull a földre, hull ölembe,
Hull a gyászos kebelembe.

Bolthajtásos az én szobám,
Még a holdvilág sem süt rám;
Hát a fényes napsugárja
Hogy sütné hervadt orcámra!

Azt sohasem hittem volna,
Tömlőc oldalamat rongta,
Piros orcám meghervassza,
Bodor hajam levásítsa.

In Prison

Everyone is blessed by fortune,
apart from me,
Quietly I bow my head low,
It's only for me, this bitter sorrow.

As the sun comes up each morning,
So my tears are falling down,
Watering the ground with grieving,
Tear-stained breast with sorrow heaving.

My room has a vaulted ceiling,
Letting through nightly moonbeams;
How I long to feel the sunshine
Warming cheeks grown pale and sunken.

I could never have predicted
All the torments jail's inflicted,
Rosy cheeks now white and sickly,
Gone are the curls that once grew thickly.

Ne sírj, kedves feleségem,
Ne zokogj, édes gyermekem!
Gondodat viseli az Isten,
Kiszabadulok még innen.

Régi keserves

Olyan árva vagyok, mint út mellett az ág,
Kinek minden ember nekimegyen s levág;
Az én életemnek és most úgy vagyon sorsa,
Mer bokros búban azt igen futkossa.

Hervadni kezdtem, mint ősszel a rózsza,
Kinek nincsen sohott semmi pártfogója;
Addig menyek, addig a kerek ég alatt,
Valamíg megnyugszom fekete föld alatt.

Sárga csikó, csengő rajta,

Sárga csikó, csengő rajta,
Vajjon hová megyünk rajta?
Huzsedaré huzsedom.

Maj elmegyünk valahova:

Weep not, dear wife please be cheerful,
Little children, don't be tearful!
God takes all your cares upon him:
I will once regain my freedom!

Old Lament

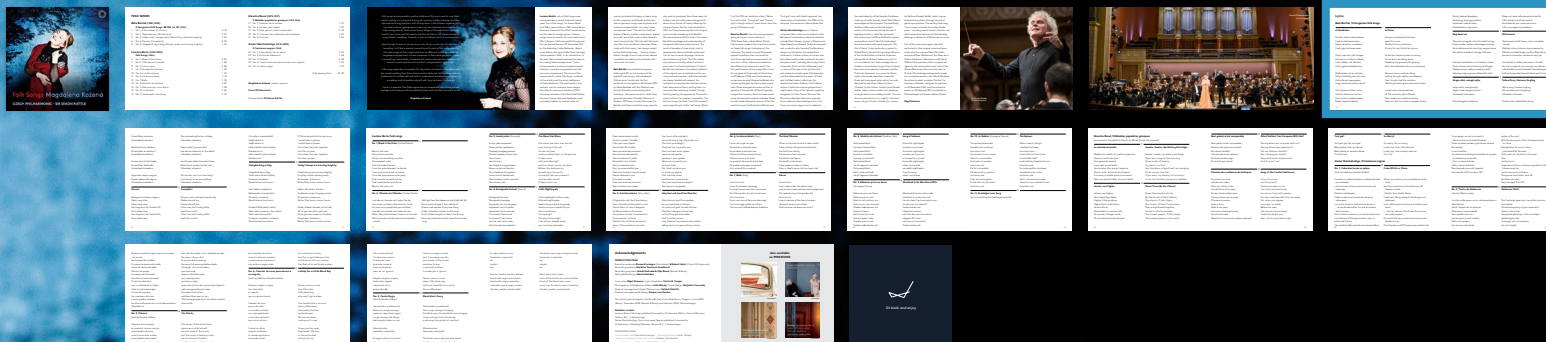
Orphaned and left alone, I am a roadside
bough,
Waiting to be cut down by any passer-by;
Fate has not dealt kindly, my life is filled with woe,
Sorrows I encounter, whichever way I go.

I've started to wither, like roses in the fall,
No one to support me, none by my side at all.
I will stumble onwards, beneath the arching sky,
Until rest is granted, beneath black earth to lie.

Yellow Pony, Harness Jingling

Yellow pony, harness jingling,
Tell me where you are going?
Uzhedaré, uzhedom.

There's a lass called Róza Kocsis:



Kocsis Róza udvarára,
Huzsedaré huzsedom.

Betekintünk az ablakon:
Ki kártyázik az asztalon?
Huzsedaré huzsedom.

Kovács Jani ott kártyázik,
Kocsis Róza fésülködik,
Huzsedaré huzsedom.

Ugye Jani, szép is vagyok,
Éppen neked való vagyok,
Huzsedaré huzsedom.

We are heading for her cottage,
Uzhedaré, uzhedom.

Peep inside if you are able:
See whose cards are on the table?
Uzhedaré, uzhedom.

Jani Kovács deals the cards there,
Róza Kocsis combs her fair hair,
Uzhedaré, uzhedom.

Tell me Jani, am I not charming?
Just the girl to be your darling!
Uzhedaré, uzhedom.

Panasz

Beteg az én rózsám nagyon,
Talán meg is hal,
Talán meg is hal;
Ha meg nem hal, kínokat lát,
Az is nékem baj,
Ha meg nem hal, kínokat lát,
Az is nékem baj.

Complaint

My poor rose is ailing tremendously,
Maybe she will die,
Maybe she will die;
If she lives, she'll surely suffer,
And then so will I,
If she lives, she'll surely suffer,
And then so will I.

14

A te súlyos nyavalyádból
Adjál nékem is,
Adjál nékem is,
Had érezzük mind a ketten,
Érezzem én is,
Had érezzük mind a ketten,
Érezzem én i

Virágéknál ég a világ

Virágéknál ég a világ,
Sütik már a rántott békát,
Zimezum, zimezum
Receface bum bum bum.

Váci Gábor odakapott,
Békacombot ropogtatott,
Zimezum, zimezum,
Receface bum bum bum.

Puskás Mihály későn futott,
Neki csak a, csak a, a fara jutott,
Neki csak a fara jutott,
Zimezum, zimezum, zimezum,
Receface bum bum bum.

Of this sickness that torments you
I would take my share,
I would take my share.
Let us bear this pain together,
Let it be my care,
Let us bear this pain together,
Let it be my care.

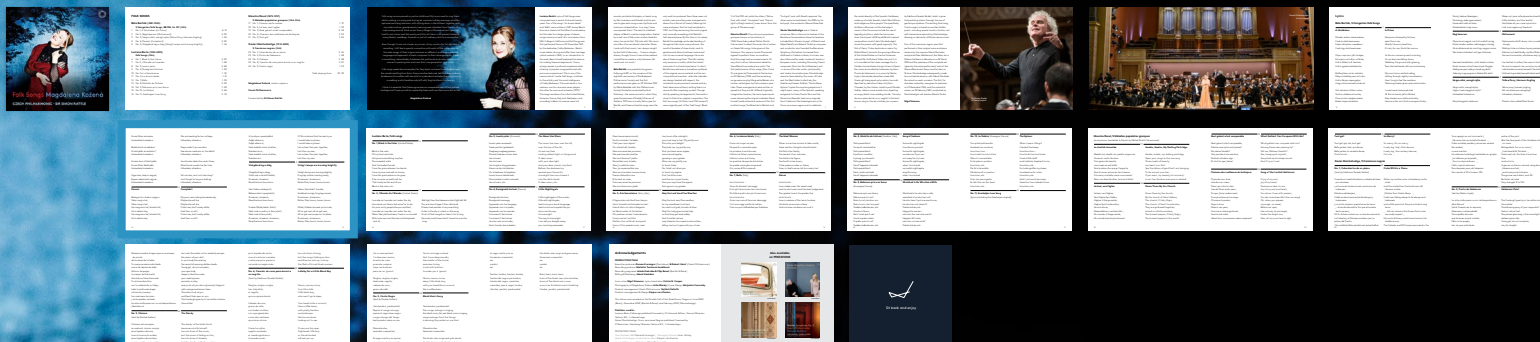
5 Virág's lamps are burning brightly

Virág's lamps are burning brightly,
Frog-leg cutlets roasting nicely,
Zimezoom, zimezoom,
Retze fitze, boom, boom, boom.

Gábor Váci didn't trundle,
Grabbed a crispy frog-leg morsel,
Zimezoom, zimezoom,
Retze, fitze, boom, boom, boom.

Mihály Puskás showed up too late,
All he got was, all he got was,
All he got was scraps on his plate,
Zimezoom, zimezoom,
Retze, fitze, boom, boom, boom.

15



Luciano Berio, Folk songs

6

No. 1, Black is the Color (United States)

Black is the color
 Of my true love's hair,
 His lips are something rosy fair,
 The sweetest smile
 And the kindest hands;
 I love the grass whereon he stands.
 I love my love and well he knows,
 I love the grass where on he goes;
 If he no more on earth will be,
 'Twill surely be the end of me.
 Black is the color, etc.

7

No. 2, I Wonder As I Wander (United States)

I wonder as I wander out under the sky
 How Jesus our Savior did come for to die
 For poor orn'ry people like you and like I,
 I wonder as I wander out under the sky.
 When Mary birthed Jesus 'twas in a cow stall
 With wise men and farmers and shepherds
 and all,

But high from the Heavens a star's light did fall
 The promise of ages it then did recall.
 If Jesus had wanted of any wee thing
 A star in the sky or a bird on the wing
 Or all of God's angels in Heav'n for to sing
 He surely could have had it 'cause he was the
 king.

16

8

No. 3, Loosin yelav (Armenia)

Loosin yelav ensareetz
 Saree partzòr gadareetz
 Shegleeg megleeg yeresov
 Pòrvetz kedneen loosni dzov.
 Jan a loosin
 Jan ko loosin
 Jan ko gòlor sheg yereseen
 Xavarn arten tchòkatzav
 Oo el kedneen tchògatzav
 Loosni loosov halatzvadz
 Moot amberi metch mònadz.
 Jan a loosin, etc.

The Moon Has Risen

The moon has risen over the hill,
 over the top of the hill,
 its red rosy face
 casting radiant light on the ground.
 O dear moon
 with your dear light
 and your dear, round, rosy face!
 Before, the darkness lay
 spread upon the earth;
 moonlight has now chased it
 into the dark clouds.
 O dear moon, etc.

9

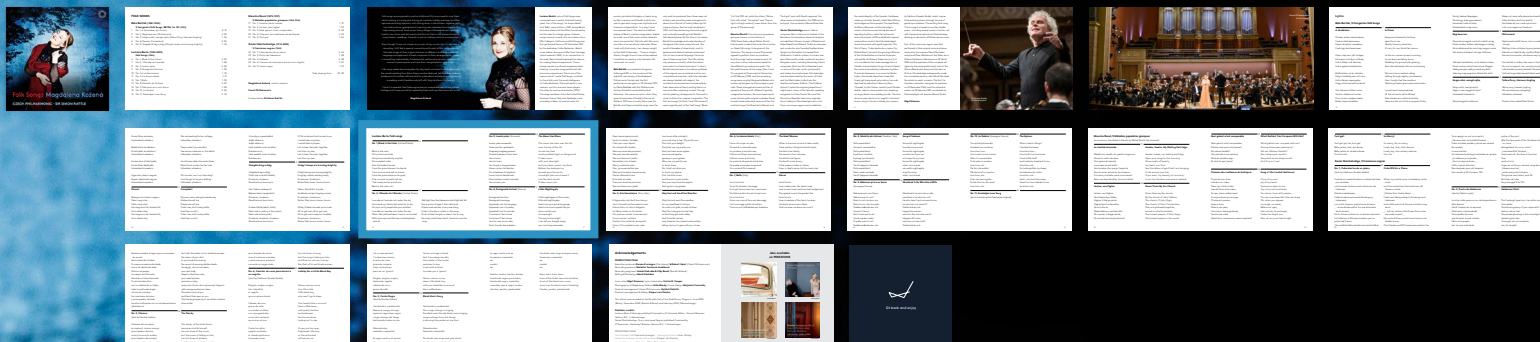
No. 4, Rossignolet du bois (France)

Rossignolet du bois,
 Rossignolet sauvage,
 Apprends-moi ton langage,
 Apprends-moi-z à parler,
 Apprends-moi la manière
 Comment il faut aimer.
 Comment il faut aimer
 Je m'en vais vous le dire,
 Faut chanter des aubades

Little Nightingale

Little nightingale of the woods,
 little wild nightingale,
 teach me your secret language,
 teach me how to speak like you,
 show me the way
 to love aright.
 The way to love aright
 I can tell you straight away,
 you must sing serenades

17



Deux heures après minuit,
Faut lui chanter: 'La belle,
C'est pour vous réjouir'.
On m'avait dit, la belle,
Que vous avez des pommes,
Des pommes de renettes
Qui sont dans vot' jardin.
Permettez-moi, la belle,
Que j'y mette la main.
Non, je ne permettrai pas
Que vous touchiez mes pommes,
Prenez d'abord la lune
Et le soleil en main,
Puis vous aurez les pommes
Qui sont dans mon jardin.

No. 5, A la feminisca (Sicily, Italy)

E Signuruzzu miù faciti bon tempu
Ha iu l'amanti miù'mmezzu lu mari
L'arvuli d'oru e li ntinni d'argentu
La Marunnuzza mi l'av'aiutari.
Chi pozzanu arrivòri 'nsarvamentu
E comu arriva 'na littra
Ma fari ci ha mittiri du duci paroli
Comu ti l'ha passatu mari, mari.
18

two hours after midnight,
you must sing to her: 'My pretty one.
This is for your delight.'
They told me, my pretty one,
that you have some apples,
some rennet apples,
growing in your garden.
Allow me, my pretty one,
to touch them.
No, I shall not allow you
to touch my apples.
First, hold the moon
and the sun in your hands,
then you may have the apples
that grow in my garden

May the Lord Send Fine Weather

May the Lord send fine weather,
for my sweetheart is at sea;
his mast is of gold, his sails of silver.
May Our Lady give me her help,
so that they get back safely.
And if a letter arrives,
may there be two sweet words written,
telling me how it goes with you at sea.

No. 6, La donna ideale (Italy)

L'omo chi mojer vor piar,
De quattro cosse de'e spiar.
La primiera è com'el è naa,
L'altra è se l'è ben accostumaa,
L'altra è como el è forma,
La quarta è de quanto el è dotaa.
Se queste cosse ghe comprendi
A lo nome di Dio la prendi.

No. 7, Ballo (Italy)

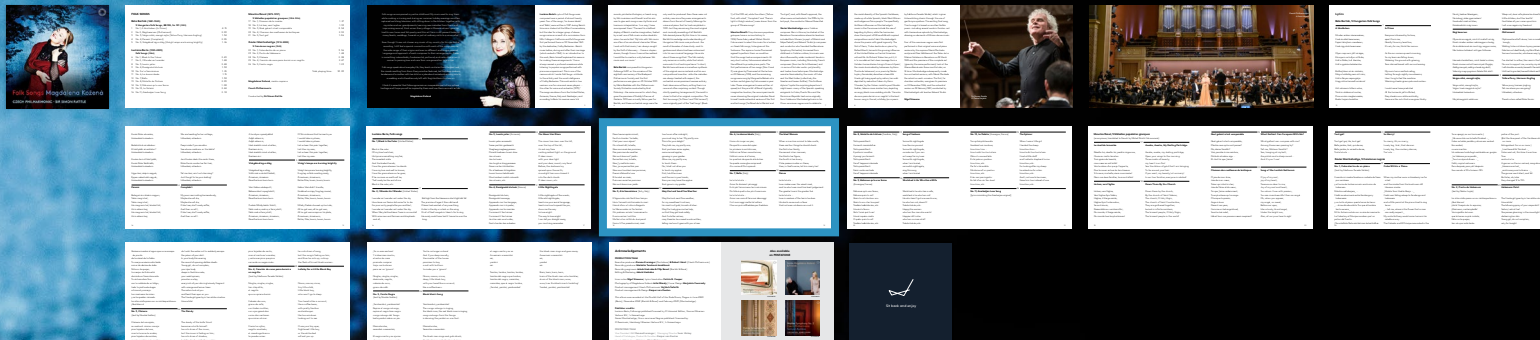
La la la la la ...
Amor fa disviare li più saggi
E chi più l'ama meno ha in sé misura
Più folle è quello che più s'innamora.
La la la la la ...
Amor non cura di fare suoi dannaggi
Co li suoi raggi mette tal cafura
Che non può raffreddare per freddura.

11 The Ideal Woman

When a man has a mind to take a wife,
there are four things he should check:
the first is her family,
the second is her manners,
the third is her figure,
the fourth is her dowry.
If she passes muster on these,
then, in God's name, let him marry her!

12 Dance

La la la la la ...
Love makes even the wisest mad,
and he who loves most has least judgement.
The greater love is the greater fool.
La la la la la ...
Love is careless of the harm he does.
His darts cause such a fever
that not even coldness can cool it.



No. 8, Motettu de tristura (Sardinia, Italy)

Tristu passirillanti
 Comenti massimillas.
 Tristu passirillanti
 E puita mi consillas
 A prongi po s'amanti.
 Tristu passirillanti
 Cand' happess interrada
 Tristu passirillanti
 Faimi custa cantada
 Cand' happess interrada

No. 9, Malurous qu'o uno fenno
(Auvergne, France)

Malurous qu'o uno fenno,
 Maluros qué n'o cat!
 Qué n'o cat n'en bou uno
 Qué n'o uno n'en bou pas!
 Tradèra ladèrida rèro, etc.
 Urouzo lo fenno
 Qu'o l'omé qué li cau!
 Urouz inquéro maito
 O quèlo qué n'o cat!
 Tradèra ladèrida rèro, etc.
 20

13 **Song of Sadness**

Sorrowful nightingale
 how like me you are!
 Sorrowful nightingale,
 console me if you can
 as I weep for my lover.
 Sorrowful nightingale,
 when I am buried,
 sorrowful nightingale,
 sing this song
 when I am buried

14 **Wretched Is He Who Has a Wife**

Wretched is he who has a wife,
 wretched is he who has not!
 He who hasn't got one wants one,
 he who has not, doesn't!
 Tralala tralala, etc.
 Happy the woman
 who has the man she wants!
 Happier still is she
 who has no man at all!
 Tralala tralala, etc.

No. 10, Lo fiolaire (Auvergne, France)

Ton qu'èrè pitchounèlo
 Gordavè loui moutous,
 Lirou lirou lirou ...
 Lirou la diri tou tou la lara.
 Obio n'o counoulhèto
 É n'ai près un postrou.
 Lirou lirou, etc.
 Per fa lo biroudèto
 Mè domond' un poutou.
 Lirou lirou, etc.
 E ièu soui pas ingrato:
 En lièt d'un nin fau dous!
 Lirou lirou, etc.

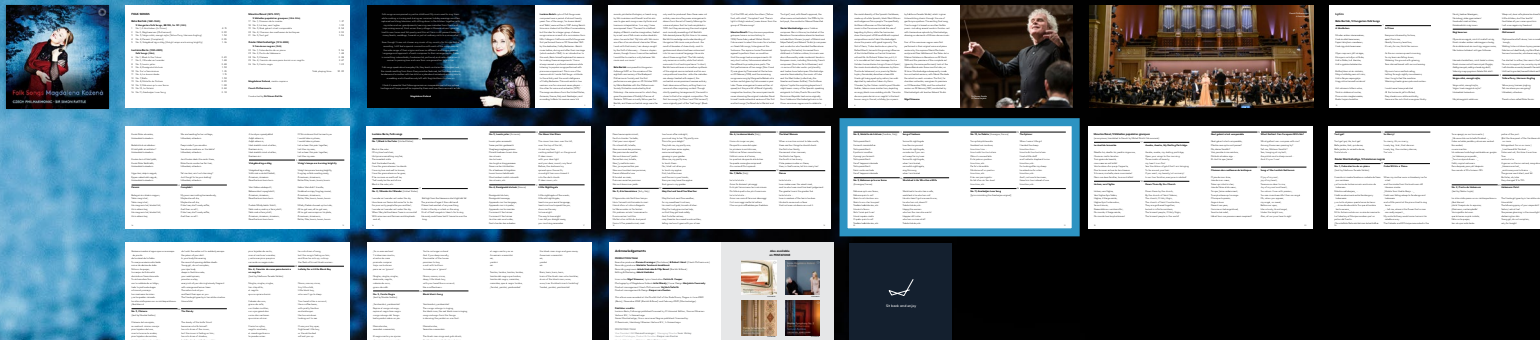
No. 11, Azerbaijan Love Song

[lyrics mimicking the Azerbaijan original]

15 **The Spinner**

When I was a little girl
 I tended the sheep.
 Lirou lirou lirou ...
 Lirou la diri tou tou la lara.
 I had a little staff
 and I called a shepherd to me.
 Lirou lirou, etc.
 For looking after my sheep
 he asked me for a kiss.
 Lirou lirou, etc.
 And I, not one to be mean,
 Gave him two instead of one.
 Lirou lirou, etc.

16



Maurice Ravel, 5 Mélodies populaires grecques

(anonymous, translated to French by Michel Dimitri Calvocoressi)

Le réveil de la mariée

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix mignonne,
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.
Trois grains de beauté,
mon cœur en est brûlé!
Vois le ruban d'or que je t'apporte,
Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier!
Dans nos deux familles, tous sont alliés!

Là-bas, vers l'église

Là-bas, vers l'église,
Vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,
L'église, ô Vierge sainte,
L'église Ayio Costandino,
Se sont réunis,
Rassemblés en nombre infini,
Du monde, ô Vierge sainte,
Du monde tous les plus braves!

17

Awake, Awake, My Darling Partridge

Awake, awake, my darling partridge,
Open your wings to the morning.
Three marks of beauty;
my heart is on fire!
See the ribbon of gold that I am bringing
To tie around your hair.
If you want, my beauty, let us marry!
In our two families, everyone is related!

18

Down There By the Church

Down there by the church,
By the church of Saint Sideros,
The church, O Holy Virgin,
The church of Saint Constantine,
They are gathered together,
buried in infinite numbers,
The bravest people, O Holy Virgin,
The bravest people in the world!

19

Quel galant m'est comparable

Quel galant m'est comparable,
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?
Dis, dame Vassiliki?
Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,
Pistolets et sabre aigu ...
Et c'est toi que j'aime!

What Gallant Can Compare With Me?

What gallant can compare with me?
Among those seen passing by?
Tell me, Mistress Vassiliki?
See, hanging at my belt,
Are pistols and a sharp sword...
And it's you I love!

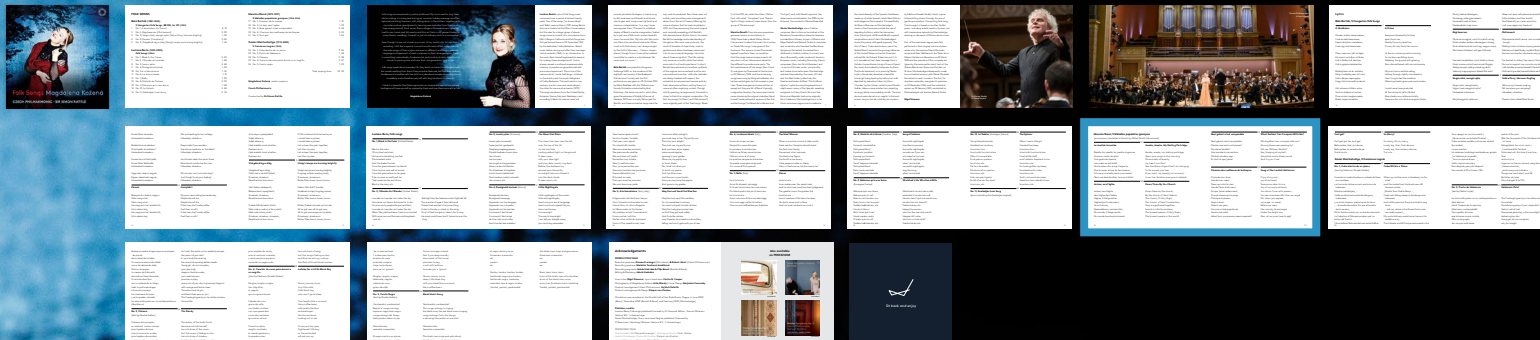
20

Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

Ô joie de mon âme,
Joie de mon cœur,
Trésor qui m'est si cher;
Joie de l'âme et du cœur,
Toi que j'aime ardemment,
Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.
Ô lorsque tu parais,
Ange si doux
Devant nos yeux,
Comme un bel ange blond,
Sous le clair soleil,
Hélas! tous nos pauvres cœurs soupirent!

Song of the Lentisk Gatherers

O joy of my soul,
joy of my heart,
Treasure so dear to me;
Joy of my soul and heart,
You whom I love with passion,
You are more beautiful than an angel.
Oh, when you appear,
my angel, so sweet,
Before our eyes,
Like a lovely, blond angel,
Under the bright sun,
Alas, all our poor hearts sigh!



Tout gai!

Tout gai! gai, Ha, tout gai!
 Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;
 Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,
 Tra la la la la ...

Xavier Montsalvatge, 5 Canciones negras**No. 1, Cuba dentro de un piano**

(text by Ildelfonso Pereda Valdés)

Cuando mi madre llevaba un sorbete de fresa
 por sombrero
 y el humo de los barcos aún era humo de
 habanero.
 Mulata vueltabajera_ ...
 Cádiz se adormecía entre fandangos y
 habaneras
 y un lorito al piano quería hacer de tenor.
 ... dime dónde está la flor que el hombre
 tanto venera...
 Mi tío Antonio volvía con su aire de insurrecto.
 La Cabaña y el Príncipe sonaban por los
 patios del Puerto.
 (Ya no brilla la Perla azul del mar de las Antillas.
 24

21

So Merry!

So merry, Ah, so merry;
 Lovely leg, tireli, that dances
 Lovely leg, the crockery dances,
 Tra la la...

22

Cuba Within a Piano

When my mother wore a strawberry ice for
 a hat
 and the smoke from the boats was still
 Havana smoke.
 Mulata from Vuelta Abajo ...
 Cadiz was falling asleep to fandango and
 habanera
 and a little parrot at the piano tried to sing
 tenor.
 ... tell me, where is the flower that a man
 can really respect...
 My uncle Anthony would come home in his
 rebellious way.
 The Cabaña and El Príncipe resounded in the

Ya se apagó, se nos ha muerto.)
 Me encontré con la bella Trinidad ...
 Cuba se había perdido y ahora era verdad.
 Era verdad,
 no era mentira.
 Un cañonero huido llegó cantándolo en guajira.
 La Habana ya se perdió...
 Tuvo la culpa el dinero ...
 Calló, cayó el cañonero.
 Pero después, pero ¡ah! después
 fue cuando al Sí lo hicieron YES.

patios of the port.
 (But the blue pearl of the Carribean shines
 no more.
 Extinguished. For us no more.)
 I met beautiful Trinidad ...
 Cuba was lost, this time it was true.
 True
 and not a lie.
 A gunner on the run arrived, sang about it all.
 _Havana was lost...
 and money was to blame ...
 The gunner went silent, and fell.
 But later, ah, later
 they changed Sí to YES.

23

No. 2, Punto de Habanera

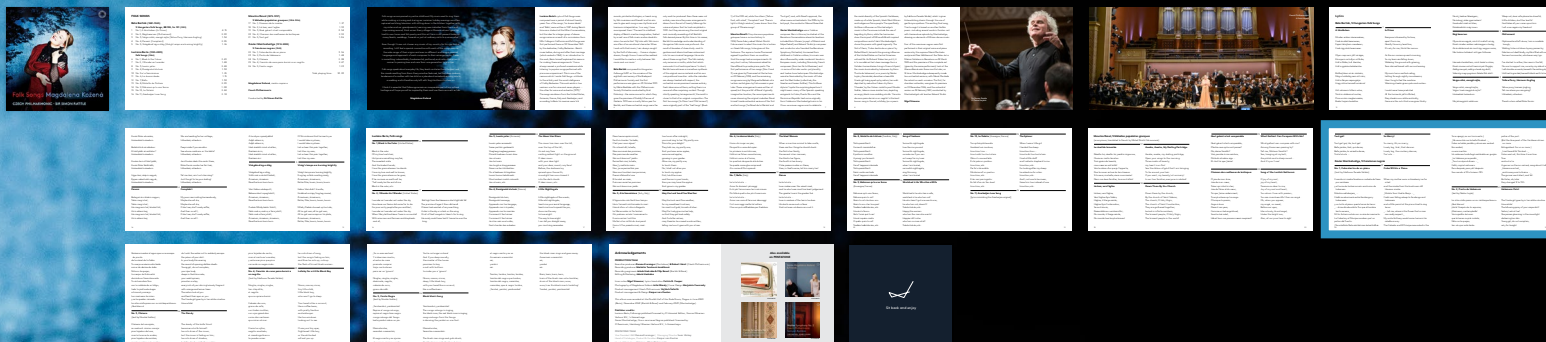
(text by Néstor Luján)

La niña criolla pasa con su miriñaque blanco.
 ¡Qué blanco!
 ¡Hola! Crespón de tu espuma;
 ¡Marineros, contempladla!
 Va mojadita de lunas
 que le hacen su piel mulata;
 Niña no te quejes,
 tan solo por esta tarde.

Habanera Point

The Creole girl goes by in her white crinoline.
 How white!
 The billowing spray of your crepe skirt!
 Sailors, look at her!
 She passes gleaming in the moonlight
 darkening her skin.
 Young girl, do not complain,
 only for tonight

25



Quisiera mandar al agua que no se escape
de pronto
de la cárcel de tu falda.
Tu cuerpo encierra esta tarde
rumor de abrirse de dalia.
Niña no te quejes,
tu cuerpo de fruta está
dormido en fresco brocado.
Tu cintura vibra fina
con la nobleza de un látigo,
toda tu piel huele alegre
a limonal y naranjo.
Los maríneros te miran
y se te quedan mirando.
La niña criolla pasa con su miriñaque blanco.
¡Qué blanco!

do I wish the water not to suddenly escape
the prison of your skirt.
In your body this evening
the sound of opening dahlias dwells.
Young girl, do not complain,
your ripe body
sleeps in fresh brocade,
your waist quivers,
proud as a whip,
every inch of your skin is gloriously fragrant
with orange and lemon trees.
The sailors look at you
and feast their eyes on you.
The Creole girl goes by in her white crinoline.
How white!

24

No. 3, Chévere

(text by Nicolás Guillén)

Chévere del navajazo,
se vuelve él mismo navaja:
pica tajadas de luna,
mas la luna se le acaba;
pica tajadas de sombra,
mas la sombra se le acaba;
26

The Dandy

The dandy of the knife thrust
becomes a knife himself:
he cuts slices of the moon,
but the moon is fading on him;
he cuts slices of shadow,
but the shadow is fading on him,

pica tajadas de canto,
mas el canto se le acaba;
y entonces pica que pica
carne de su negra mala.

he cuts slices of song,
but the song is fading on him;
and then he cuts up, cuts up
the flesh of his evil black woman.

25

No. 4, Canción de cuna para dormir a un negrito

(text by Ildefonso Pereda Valdés)

Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe,
tan chiquitito,
el negrito
que no quiere dormir.

Lullaby For a Little Black Boy

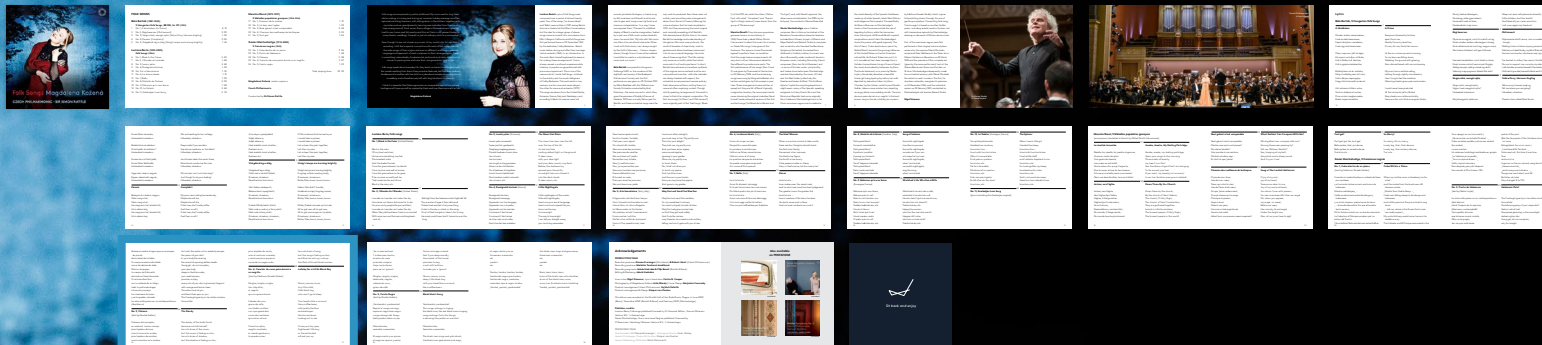
Ninna, nanna, ninna,
tiny little child,
little black boy,
who won't go to sleep.

Cabeza de coco,
grano de café,
con lindas motitas,
con ojos grandotes
como dos ventanas
que miran al mar.

Your head is like a coconut,
like a coffee bean,
with pretty freckles
and wide eyes
like two windows
looking out to sea.

Cierra los ojitos,
negrito asustado;
el mandinga blanco
te puede comer.

Close your tiny eyes,
frightened little boy,
or the white devil
will eat you up.



¡Ya no eres esclavo!
Y si duermes mucho,
el señor de casa
promete comprar
traje con botones
para ser un 'groom'.

Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe,
duérmete, negrito,
cabeza de coco,
grano de café.

No. 5, Canto Negro
(text by Nicolás Guillén)

¡Yambambó, yambambé!
Repica el congo solongo,
repica el negro bien negro.
congo solongo del Songo
baila yambó sobre un pie.

Mamatomba,
serembé cuserembá,

El negro canta y se ajuma.
el negro se ajuma y canta.
28

You're no longer a slave!
And if you sleep soundly,
the master of the house
promises to buy
a suit with buttons
to make you a 'groom'.

Ninna, nanna, ninna,
sleep, little black boy,
with your head like a coconut,
like a coffee bean.

Black Man's Song

Yambambó, yambambé!
The congo solongo is ringing,
the black man, the real black man is ringing;
congo solongo from the Songo
is dancing the yambó on one foot.

Mamatomba,
Serembe cuserembá.

The black man sings and gets drunk,
the black man gets drunk and sings,

el negro canta y se va.
Acuemem e serembó
aé,
yambó
aé.

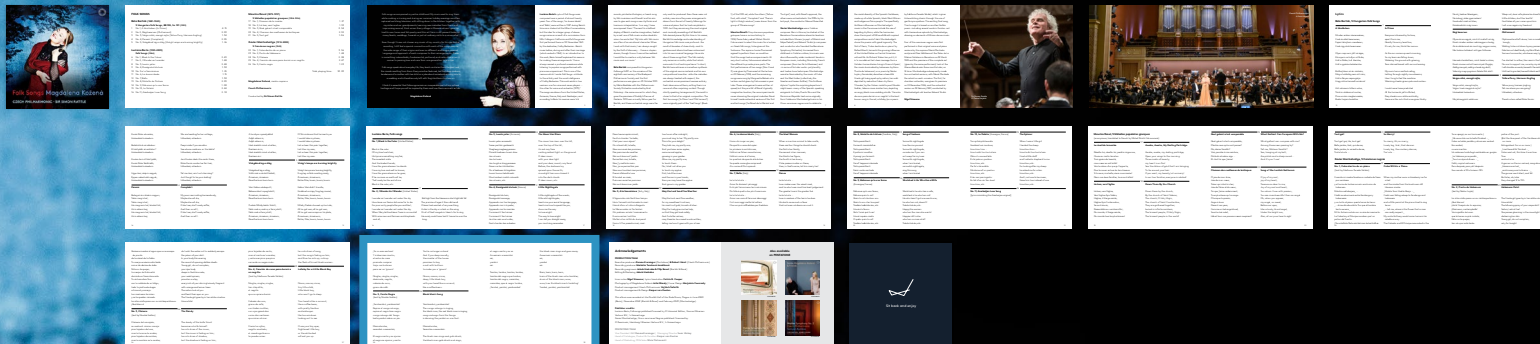
Tamba, tamba, tamba, tamba,
tamba del negro que tumba,
tamba del negro, caramba,
caramba, que el negro tumba,
¡Yambá, yambó, yambambé!

the black man sings and goes away.
Acuemem e serembó
aé,
yambó
aé.

Bam, bam, bam, bam,
bam of the black man who tumbles;
drum of the black man, wow,
wow, how the black man's tumbling!
Yambá, yambó, yambambé!

26

29



Acknowledgements

PRODUCTION TEAM

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

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Recording engineers **Jakub Hadraba & Filip Beneš** (Bartók & Ravel)

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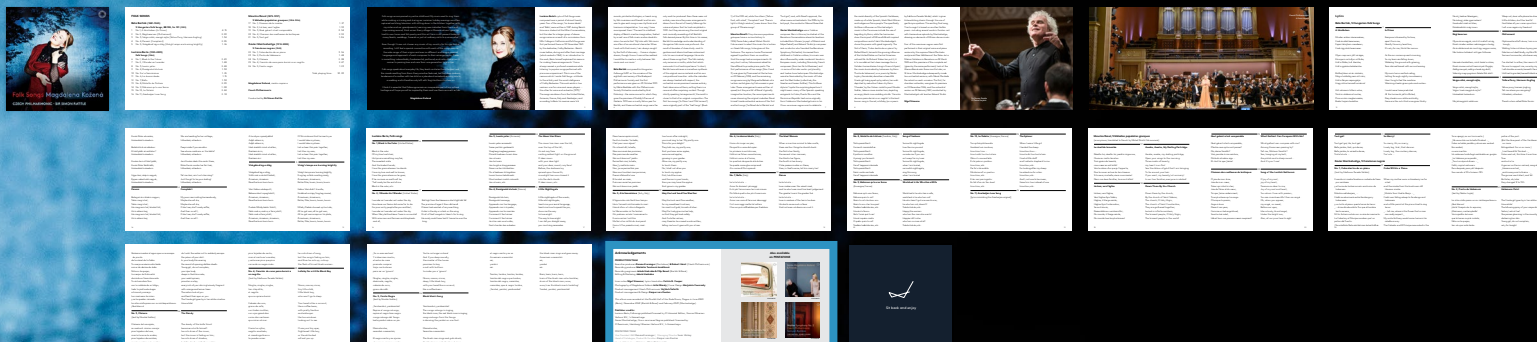
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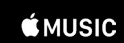


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