

Concert  
“Tichý večer” / “Quiet Evening”



26 September 2024  
Muzikologická knihovna  
Ústav dějin umění AV ČR, Puškinovo nám. 9, Praha 6

## Programme

Michaela Šrůmová (Soprano)  
Barbora de Nunes-Cambraia (Mezzo-Soprano)  
Marek Žihla (Tenor)  
Radka Dědičová (Piano)

Introduction (Anja Bunzel, Institute of Art History, Czech Academy of Sciences)

### Elise von Schlik (1792–1852)

“Aus den Liedern eines Blinden”, op. 9, no. 1 (Barbora de Nunes-Cambraia, Radka Dědičová)  
“Das taube Mütterlein”, op. 9, no. 3 (Barbora de Nunes-Cambraia, Radka Dědičová)

“Wolke, Wolke vielgestaltig” (unpublished vocal quartet, here: Michaela Šrůmová, Barbora de Nunes-Cambraia, Marek Žihla, Radka Dědičová)

*From the personal musical autograph album of Elise von Schlik:*

### Václav Jan Tomášek (1774–1850)

“Der Sänger” (Barbora de Nunes-Cambraia, Michaela Šrůmová, Marek Žihla, Radka Dědičová)  
Without title: “The Honour of Pure Women” (Michaela Šrůmová, Marek Žihla, Radka Dědičová)  
“Der Troubadour” (Michaela Šrůmová, Barbora de Nunes-Cambraia, Marek Žihla, Radka Dědičová)

*Works by Václav Jan Tomášek originating elsewhere:*

“In die Ferne”, op. 92, no. 1, dedicated to Juliane Glaser (Michaela Šrůmová, Radka Dědičová)  
“Auf der Wahlstatt”, op. 94, no. 3 (Marek Žihla, Radka Dědičová)  
“Lied vor einem Standbilde der Madonna”, op. 96, no. 1 (Michaela Šrůmová, Radka Dědičová)

### Stephanie Wurmbrand-Stuppach (1849–1919)

from *Melusina* (Radka Dědičová)

1. Melusine
2. Am Waldbrunnen
6. Die bösen Zungen

### Songs to words by Eliška Krásnohorská (1847–1926)

Jindřich Pech (1837–1905): “Zrada jara” (Marek Žihla, Radka Dědičová)  
Hynek Palla (1837–1896): “Společná” (Michaela Šrůmová, Radka Dědičová)  
Jindřich Pech: “Tichý večer” (Barbora de Nunes-Cambraia, Radka Dědičová)  
Jindřich Pech: “Poezie” (Barbora de Nunes-Cambraia, Radka Dědičová)

### Božena Jahnová (1840–1902)

“Rodičům” (Michaela Šrůmová, Barbora de Nunes-Cambraia, Radka Dědičová)  
“Dobrou noc” (Barbora de Nunes-Cambraia, Marek Žihla, Radka Dědičová)  
“Důvěra” (Michaela Šrůmová, Barbora de Nunes-Cambraia, Marek Žihla)

### Antonín Dvořák (1841–1904)

from *Rusalka*

“Čury mury fuk” (Barbora de Nunes-Cambraia, Radka Dědičová)  
“Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém” (Michaela Šrůmová, Radka Dědičová)

## Lyrics and Translations

### Aus den Liedern eines Blinden (op. 9, no. 1)<sup>1</sup> Words: Uffo Horn (1817–1860)

Tief dunkel, sagt man, ist's im Grab, im kühlen,  
zu sterben brauch' ich nicht, um das zu fühlen!  
Lebendig todt! – verwest sind alle Sinnen,  
nur pocht ein Herz noch in dem Moder drinnen.

Schön ist die Welt – ich hab' noch viel von alten  
glücksel'gen Zeiten her, von ihr behalten:  
Wie Lenze blühn, und wie in lichten Tagen  
die Bäume Frucht, die Hügel Trauben tragen.

Ich weiß, wie Berge glühn im Sonnenrothe,  
der Regenbogen flammt, der Götterbote,  
wie Thäler lachen, wenn die Saaten grünen,  
und wie ein Kirchhof glänzt, vom Mond  
beschiene!

### Das taube Mütterlein (op. 9, no. 3) Words: Friedrich Halm (1806–1871)

Wer öffnet leise Schloß und Tür?  
Wer schleicht in's Haus herein?  
Es ist der Sohn, der wiederkehrt  
zum tauben Mütterlein,

Er tritt herein! Sie hört ihn nicht,  
sie saß am Rad und spann;  
da tritt er grüßend vor sie hin,  
und spricht sie: "Mutter!," an.

Und wie er spricht, so blickt sie auf,  
und – wundervoll Geschick –  
sie ist nicht taub dem milden Wort,  
sie hört ihn mit dem Blick!

Sie tut die Arme weit ihm auf,  
und er drückt sich hinein,  
da hörte seines Herzens Schlag  
das taube Mütterlein.

Und wie sie so beim Sohne sitzt  
so selig, so verklärt, –  
ich wette, daß das Mütterlein  
die Englein singen hört.

### From the "Songs of a Blind Man"

They say it is deeply dark in the cool grave,  
But I don't need to die to feel that!  
Living dead! – all my senses have decayed,  
Only a heart still beats within this decay.

The world is beautiful – I still have much of the old  
Blissful times retained from it:  
How spring blooms, and how in bright days  
Trees bear fruit, and hills are laden with grapes.

I know how mountains glow in the red of the sun,  
The rainbow flames, the messenger of the gods,  
How valleys laugh when the crops turn green,  
And how a cemetery gleams, bathed in  
moonlight!

### The Deaf Old Mother

Who quietly unlocks and opens the door?  
Who stealthily slips into the house?  
It is the son who returns  
To his deaf old mother.

He steps inside! She does not hear him,  
She sits at the spinning wheel and spins;  
He steps forward, greeting her,  
And addresses her: "Mother!"

As he speaks, she looks up,  
And – wondrous fate –  
She is not deaf to the gentle word,  
She hears him with her gaze!

She opens her arms wide to him,  
And he embraces her,  
And the deaf old mother  
Hears the beat of his heart.

And as she sits with her son  
So blissfully, so enraptured –  
I bet that the old mother  
Hears the angels sing.

<sup>1</sup> Elise von Schlik, *Drei Lieder*, op. 9 (Vienna: Spina, c. 1852/53).

**Wolke, Wolke vielgestaltig<sup>2</sup>**  
**Words: Moritz Gottlieb Saphir**  
**(1795–1858)**

Wolke, Wolke vielgestaltig,  
siehst aus wie ein Kahn,  
Land bei Liebchen an,  
bring ihr Gruß, süßen Gruß.

Wolke, Wolke vielgestaltig,  
siehst aus wie ein Pfeil,  
bitte dich sehr, eil  
bring ihr Gruß, süßen Gruß.

Wolke, Wolke vielgestaltig,  
siehst aus wie ein Fisch!  
Schwimm hinunter frisch,  
bring ihr Gruß, süßen Gruß!

Wolke, Wolke vielgestaltig,  
das ist zu arg,  
siehst aus wie ein Sarg,  
bring vom Sarge ihr den Gruß.

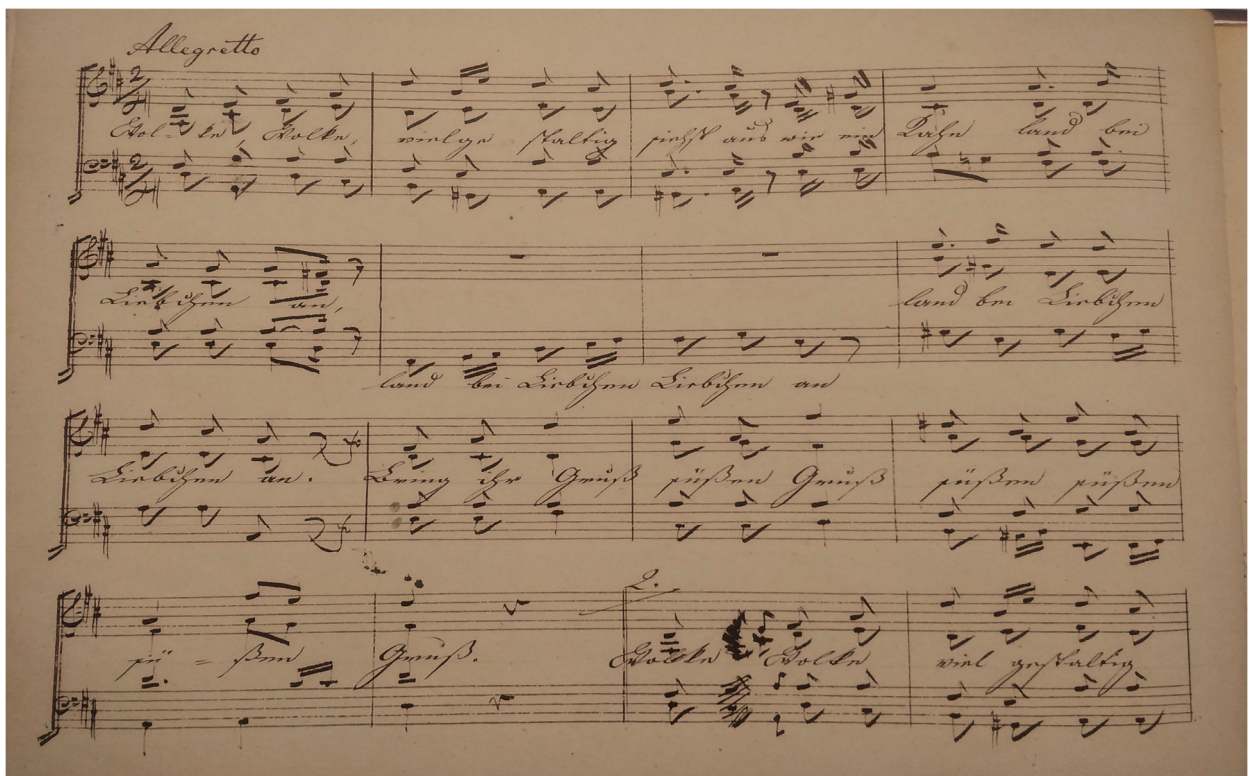
**Cloud, Cloud of Many Shapes**

Cloud, cloud of many shapes,  
You look like a barge,  
Move over to [my] sweetheart,  
Bring her greetings, sweet greetings.

Cloud, cloud of many shapes,  
You look like an arrow,  
Please hurry,  
Bring her greetings, sweet greetings.

Cloud, cloud of many shapes,  
You look like a fish!  
Swim down, quick,  
Bring her greetings, sweet greetings!

Cloud, cloud of many shapes,  
That's too bad,  
You look like a coffin  
Bring her a greeting from the coffin.



**First page of Elise von Schlik’s “Wolke, Wolke vielgestaltig.”**  
**(Prague Conservatory, 3091a)**

<sup>2</sup> Elise von Schlik, “Wolke, Wolke vielgestaltig,” unpublished manuscript (likely autograph), Prague Conservatory, 3091a.

### Der Sänger<sup>3</sup>

Words: Hess [David Hess, 1770–1843?]

Auf seiner Töne sanften Schwingen  
nach seines Herzens eigener Wahl,  
und frey, wie seine Lieder klingen,  
so tritt der Sänger in den Saal.

Was groß und herrlich ist im Leben,  
er fasst es auf mit leichtem Sinn,  
und kann es liebend wiedergeben  
in Tönen, die das Herz durchglüh'n.

Wie auch die Wege sich verweben,  
des innren Werthes sich bewusst,  
so trägt er frey durchs off'ne Leben  
das Glück in seiner eignen Brust.

– Without Title –

Words: Friedrich de la Motte Fouqué  
(1777–1843)

Die Ehre reiner Frauen  
der heil'gen Kirche Sicherheit,  
die Freiheit uns'rer Gauen  
beschirmte er im harten Streit.

Gott gab uns einen Helden,  
der hat zuletzt das Werk vollbracht.  
Lasst es den Enkeln melden  
mit des Gesanges heil'ger Macht.

Dass wenn es wieder dunkelt,  
und Wolken sich zusammendreh'n,  
der Männer Schlachtmuth funkelt,  
wenn zum Bild des Helden seh'n.

### Der Troubadour

Words: Karl Egon Ebert (1801–1882)

Habt ihr den Helden wohl geseh'n  
in Kampfesglut und Banner wehn?  
“Er hat gesiegt!,” schalls nah und fern,  
ein Hort der Völker, ein Fels des Herrn.

Und seht ihr auch den Helden steh'n,  
so tief bescheiden auf seinen Trophä'n?  
Da dachten alle und riefens laut,  
“wir siegten, weil Gott wir und ihm vertraut.”

### The Singer

On the gentle wings of his tunes,  
Following his heart's own choice,  
And free, as his songs resound,  
The singer steps into the hall.

What is great and splendid in life,  
He captures with a light spirit,  
And can lovingly convey it  
In tones that set the heart aglow.

Though the paths of life may intertwine,  
Aware of his inner worth,  
He carries freely through life  
The happiness within his own breast.

– Without title –

The honour of pure women,  
The holy church's safeguard,  
The freedom of our lands,  
He defended in fierce battle.

God gave us a hero,  
Who finally accomplished the task.  
Let it be told to the grandchildren  
With the sacred power of song.

So that when it gets darker again,  
And clouds begin to gather,  
The men's battle courage will sparkle,  
When they gaze upon the hero's image.

### The Troubadour

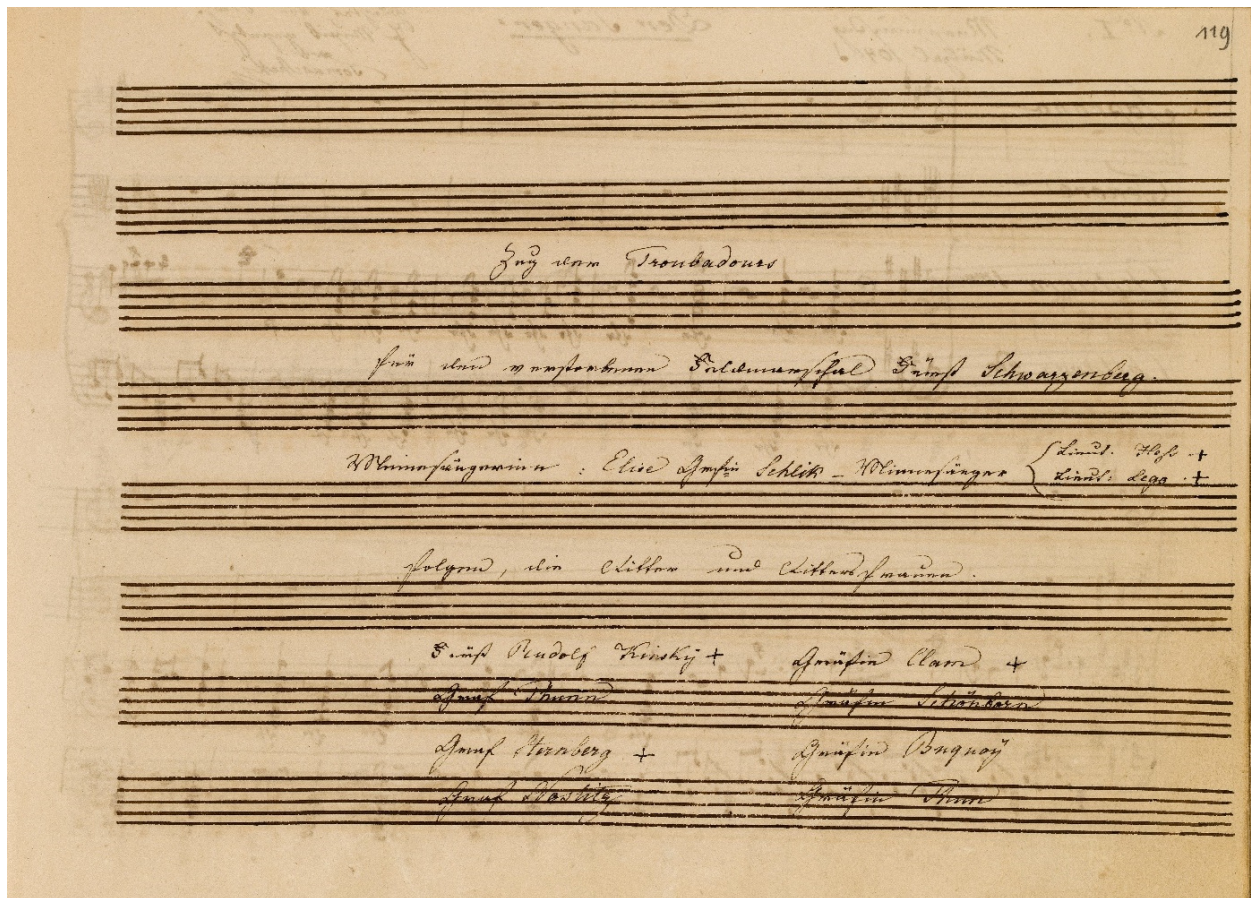
Have you seen the hero,  
In the heat of battle, with banners unfurled?  
“He has triumphed!,” one can hear near and far,  
A stronghold of nations, a rock of the Lord.

And do you see the hero stand,  
So deeply humble on his trophies?  
Everyone realised it and shouted loudly,  
“We won because we believed in God, and in him.”

<sup>3</sup> Václav Jan Tomášek, *Drey Gesänge im Geiste der Troubadours*, unpublished manuscript copy, Czech Museum of Music, XV.E.332.

O wohl uns, dass wir ihn geseh'n  
 im Kampf und auf den Siegstrophä'n,  
 wir fühlen es freudig und rufen es laut,  
 nicht sich hat der Edle, nur uns gebaut!

O how fortunate we are to have seen him,  
 In battle and on the victory's trophies,  
 We feel it with joy and shout it out loud,  
 The noble one did not fight for himself, but only  
 for us!



Title page of “Zug der Troubadours,” Schlik album (The Juilliard Manuscript Collection, USA, US-NYj, 0A15sc), page 119. © The Juilliard Manuscript Collection

**In die Ferne, op. 92, no. 1<sup>4</sup>**  
**Words: Hermann Kletke (1813–1886)**

Siehst du am Abend die Wolken ziehn,  
siehst du die Spitzen der Berge glühn,  
mit ewigem Schnee die Gipfel umglänzt,  
mit grünenden Wäldern die Täler umkränzt?  
Ach, in die Ferne  
sehnt sich mein Herz!

Ach, in den Wäldern, so ewig grün,  
kann still und heimlich die Liebe glühn!  
Nur der Morgen sieht sie, der Abendschein,  
und Lieb' ist mit Liebe so selig allein.  
Ach, in die Ferne  
Sehnt sich mein Herz!

Am starren Felsen bricht sich der Nord,  
sanft wehen Lüftchen im Tale fort;  
durch die Wälder schimmert der Mond einher  
und ferne da rauschet und brauset das Meer.  
Ach, in die Ferne  
sehnt sich mein Herz!

O könnt' ich ziehen im Morgenroth!  
O hauchte Abend mir Liebestod!  
Es schwindet das Leben, du weißt es kaum –  
o ewige Liebe, O ewiger Traum!  
Ach, in die Ferne  
sehnt sich mein Herz!

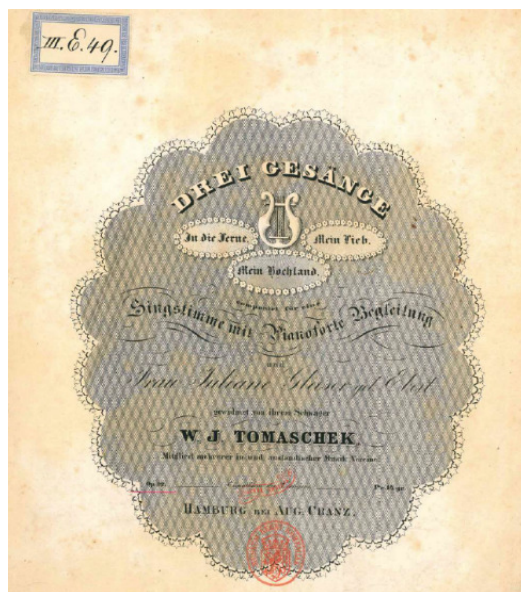
**Into the Distance**

Do you see the clouds moving in the evening,  
Do you see the peaks of the mountains glowing,  
Do you see the summits adorned with eternal snow,  
Do you see the valleys circled with green forests?  
Ah, my heart longs  
For the distance!

Ah, in the forests, so eternally green,  
Love can glow quietly and secretly!  
Only the morning sees it, the evening light,  
And the lover is blissfully alone with the beloved.  
Ah, my heart longs  
For the distance!

The North wind breaks upon the rugged rock,  
Gentle breezes drift away in the valley;  
The moon shines through the forests,  
And far away, the sea roars and rushes.  
Ah, my heart longs  
For the distance!

Oh, could I wander in the dawn!  
Oh, could the evening whisper to me love's  
death!  
Life fades, you hardly notice it –  
Oh, eternal love, oh, eternal dream!  
Ah, my heart longs  
For the distance!



**Title page of Václav Jan Tomášek's op. 92, with dedication to Juliane Glaser.  
(National Museum – Czech Museum of Music, III.E.49)**

<sup>4</sup> Václav Jan Tomášek, *Drei Gesänge*, op. 92 (Hamburg: Cranz, c. 1830s).

**Auf der Wahlstatt, op. 94, no. 3<sup>5</sup>**  
**Words: Juliane Glaser (1828–1887)**

Die Trommel wirbelt dumpf und bang,  
wehklagend stöhnt Posaunenklang.  
Der Nachtsturm pfeift, der Mond scheint grell.  
die Schaufel klirrt, der Raab schreit hell.  
Gebeugt und stumm sucht Freund und Feind,  
was er geliebt, was er beweint,  
was er geliebt, was er beweint.

Die Trommel wirbelt dumpf und bang,  
wehklagend stöhnt Posaunenklang.  
Der Vater senkt den Sohn hinab,  
ach lieber läg' er selbst im Grab!  
Dort starrt mein Freund, vom Blute rot,  
mein Bruder weh, hier kalt und tot,  
mein Bruder weh, hier kalt und tot.

Die Trommel wirbelt dumpf und bang,  
wehklagend stöhnt Posaunenklang.  
Da grab' ich schnell mit wunder Hand  
zwei Gräber tief ins freie Land.  
Schweig, banges Herz, fass neuen Mut,  
im freien Land sich's wohlig ruht,  
im freien Land sich's wohlig ruht.

**Lied vor einem Standbilde der Madonna,**  
**op. 96, no. 1<sup>6</sup>**  
**Words: Juliane Glaser (1828–1887)**

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

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

**On the Battlefield**

The drum beats dull and anxious,  
The mournful sound of trombones groans.  
The night storm whistles, the moon shines brightly,  
The shovel clinks, the raven cries out sharply.  
Bent and silent, friend and foe search for  
What they loved, what they wept for,  
What they loved, what they wept for.

The drum beats dull and anxious,  
The mournful sound of trombones groans.  
The father lowers the son down,  
Ah, he would rather lie in the grave himself!  
There lies my friend, blood-red,  
My brother, woe, here cold and dead,  
My brother, woe, here cold and dead.

The drum beats dull and anxious,  
The mournful sound of trombones groans.  
There I quickly dig with wounded hands  
Two graves deep in the open land.  
Be still, anxious heart, gather new courage,  
In the free land, one can rest comfortably,  
In the free land, one can rest comfortably.

**Song Before a Statue of the Madonna**

O Mary, pure image of pure love,  
Look down upon your children with loving  
gentleness!  
Ah, the pain of remorse  
Breaks the anxious heart,  
Would you angrily deprive us of love's  
protection and shield?

Star of stars in the eternally  
Clear heights of heaven,  
Light of the spirit, mercifully hear  
Our plea!  
See, here in the dust  
We lie languishing;  
Do not let the soul perish in fear in night and  
sorrow!

<sup>5</sup> Václav Jan Tomášek, "Auf der Wahlstatt," *Ost und West* 1837, no. 9 (supplement).

<sup>6</sup> Václav Jan Tomášek, "Lied vor einem Standbilde der Madonna," *Prager musikalisches Album*, ed. Ludwig Ritter von Rittersberg (Prague: Rittersberg, 1838).



## Zrada jara<sup>7</sup>

Words: Eliška Krásnohorská (1847–1926)

Na vrcholky starých stromů  
zasedají ptáčkové;  
„jaro táhne, jaro přijde!“  
zpívají si ptáčkové.  
Ach proč rdí se dálných vrchů  
sněhoskvoucí temena?  
Jaký žár to, co z nich šlehá?  
Jaká zář to plamenná?  
Ach, co platna všecka bázeň,  
jíž jsem lásku tajila?  
Zrazena jsem, zrazena jsem,  
a mě vesna zradila.

Ledy tají, nebe plane,  
ducha líbá příroda,  
z těsné skrýše touží srdce,  
hravě perut' pozvedá.

Pověděli všemu světu  
o mé lásce ptáčkové,  
pověděli miláčkovi  
o ní jarní vánkové.

Nuže mluvte, povídejte,  
ať to pozná, ať to ví –  
sladce chci jej k srdci vinout,  
pakli láskou odpoví.

## Společná<sup>8</sup>

Words: Eliška Krásnohorská (1847–1926)

Hle jak růže v blahém máji  
rozkošně se zardívá!  
Slunce šíře rozvírá ji,  
různěji ji odívá.

Až však minou dnové máje,  
lístky její uvadnou,  
palný větřík rozfouká je  
vůkol širou krajinou.

Radujme se, pokud mládí  
pojí v kruh nás blažený,  
pokud vír nás nerozvádí  
osudu v svět vzdálený.

## The Betrayal of Spring

On the treetops of old trees,  
The birds are settling;  
“Spring is coming, spring is on its way!”  
The birds are singing.  
Ah, why do the distant peaks  
Of snow-glowing summits blush?  
What is the heat that flares from them?  
What is this fiery glow?  
Ah, what good was all the fear,  
With which I concealed my love?  
I am betrayed, I am betrayed,  
And spring has betrayed me.

The ice is melting, the sky is ablaze,  
Nature kisses the spirit,  
From its tight hiding place, the heart longs,  
Playfully lifting its wings.

The birds have told the whole world  
Of my love,  
The spring breezes have told  
My beloved of it.

Well then, speak, tell it all,  
Let him recognise it, let him know –  
I wish to hold him sweetly to my heart,  
If he returns my love.

## Together

Behold how the rose in blessed May  
Blushes delightfully!  
The sun spreads its rays,  
Covering it in a rosy hue.

But when the days of May are past,  
Its petals will wither,  
A scorching breeze will scatter them  
Across the wide countryside.

Let us rejoice while youth  
Gathers us in a blissful circle,  
Before the whirlwind separates us  
Into the distant world of fate.

<sup>7</sup> Jindřich Pech, *Sedmero písní s klavírním průvodem* (Prague: Urbánek, 1897 [?]), i.

<sup>8</sup> Hynek Palla, “Společná,” *Umělecká beseda*, no. 1 (Prague, 1864).

Révy tokem naplněná  
číše ta ať koluje:  
zdráva mladost' nezkalená,  
zdráv buď přítel přítele!

Let the cup filled with wine  
Pass around:  
Here's to untainted youth,  
Here's to [us], [my] friend!



Image printed above  
Hynek Palla's song "Společná."

### Tichý večer<sup>9</sup>

Words: Eliška Krásnohorská (1847–1926)

Vše utichne, kde večer prodlí,  
svět jiný báje povídá,  
a tajně srdce, jež se modlí,  
sny andělíčků vyzvídá.

Ptačátka v háji usínají,  
mír dřímá v šeru rozpjatém,  
a oči, jež se pozvedají,  
zří věčnost v rouchu hvězdnatém.

### Poezie<sup>10</sup>

Words: Eliška Krásnohorská (1847–1926)

Ty mne těšíš, když má hvězda klesá,  
když mi osud z trnů věnce vije,  
drahé tužby výš a dále nesa, –  
krásná, svatá matko poezie.

Ty mne chráníš, jako temno lesa  
žhavým paprskům květ jemný kryje,  
a tvůj stín tím zvučným tichem plesá,  
jež v mou duši požehnání lije.

A kdy mrak mi vzhází na obzoru,  
zlatíš jej co záře večerní  
klesající za oblačnou horu.

A kdy blaha mého stan se sřítí,  
ty jak břečtan věčnou zelení  
spoustu ssutin vlídně budeš krýti.  
Krásná, svatá matko poezie!

### Quiet Evening

Everything falls silent where evening lingers,  
A different world tells its tales,  
And secretly, the heart that prays  
Listens to the dreams of little angels.

The birds in the grove are falling asleep,  
Peace slumbers in the spreading dusk,  
And the eyes that lift upward  
Gaze upon eternity in a starry robe.

### Poetry

You comfort me when my star fades,  
When fate weaves a crown of thorns for me,  
You carry my dear hopes higher and farther –  
Beautiful, holy mother poetry.

You protect me, like the darkness of the forest  
Shields a delicate flower from burning rays,  
And your shade rejoices in that resonant silence  
That pours blessings into my soul.

And when a cloud rises on the horizon,  
You gild it like the evening glow  
Descending behind a cloudy mountain.

And when the tent of my bliss collapses,  
You, like ivy, the evergreen,  
Will kindly cover the heap of ruins.  
Beautiful, holy mother poetry!

<sup>9</sup> Jindřich Pech, *Sedmero písní s klavírním průvodem* (Prague: Urbánek, 1897 [?]), ii.

<sup>10</sup> Jindřich Pech, *Sedmero písní s klavírním průvodem* (Prague: Urbánek, 1897 [?]), ii.

## Rodičům<sup>11</sup>

Words: Adolf Hejduk (1835–1923)

Ba velký, velký boháč jsem,  
mám stříbro své, mám zlato,  
a bojím se, že v jeden den  
mně obé můž' být vzato.

A denně stříbro počítám,  
a stále zlato v srdci kryju  
a to je co mne trápí tak  
a proč že stále nyju.

Pod lípou v tiché chaloupce  
jsou kryty moje statky  
stříbro toť otce šediny  
zlato toť srdce matky

Ba velký, velký boháč jsem,  
mám stříbro své, mám zlato,  
a bojím se, že v jeden den  
mně obé můž' být vzato.

## Dobrou noc

Words Jiljí Vratislav Jahn (1838–1902)

Měsíce zář již v lilii sen  
čisté lásky dřímá  
a jenom potok s květinou  
o blahých dnech rozjímá.

Les jakby písni zapomněl,  
ustává vlnek chvění.  
A ty tak tíše blaze spí  
blaze jak dítko při svém zrození,  
tak blaze, tak tíše spí!

Necht' vypoví ti blahý sen  
co oko mé slzou rosí,  
co srdce ve svých hlubinách  
co drahou perlu nosí.

## Důvěra

Words: Adolf Hejduk (1835–1923)

Směle budu hledět nyní hrůzám v líce  
neboť v srdci chovám o důvěru více.  
Věřím v krásné časy zpěvem požeňnané,  
z nichž přejasné slunce.

## To My Parents

Indeed, I am a very, very rich man,  
I have my silver, I have my gold,  
and I fear that one day  
both may be taken from me.

Every day, I count the silver,  
and always hide the gold in my heart,  
and that is what troubles me so,  
and why I keep whining.

Under the linden tree in a quiet cottage,  
my treasures are kept,  
the silver is my father's grey hair,  
the gold is my mother's heart.

Indeed, I am a very, very rich man,  
I have my silver, I have my gold,  
and I fear that one day  
both may be taken from me.

## Good Night

The moon's glow slumbers gently  
In the lily's dream of pure love  
And only the stream with the flower  
Reflects on the blissful days.

The forest, as if it forgot the song,  
Stops the trembling of the small waves.  
And [you] sleep so quietly, so blissfully,  
As peacefully as a child at its birth,  
So blissfully, so quietly sleep!

May a blissful dream reveal to you  
Why a tear is wetting my eye,  
What the [my] heart carries deep inside  
Like a precious pearl.

## Trust

I will now boldly face the horrors,  
For in my heart, I hold more trust.  
I believe in beautiful times blessed by song,  
From which the bright sun shines.

<sup>11</sup> Božena Jahnová, unpublished manuscript collection, undated. Czech Museum of Music, IXB214.

Oko tvoje plane,  
jeho svit mne žehná silou obnovenou  
že se květy písňe bujně  
k světlu ženou,  
jeho svit mne žehná!

Ač se snad jen maně  
zrak Tvůj ke mně sklání  
láska sama v sobě  
má již požehnání.

Your eye glows,  
Its light blesses me with renewed strength,  
So that the flowers of song  
Vigorously thrive towards the light,  
Its light blesses me!

Even if your gaze only glances  
At me by chance,  
Our love  
Is already blessed within itself.

*Důvěra.*  
*Stvořila pro tři hlasy ženské. Božena Jahnová!*

Sopr. I.  
Směle budete hlédět nyní kruzám v líce nebot'v srdci

Sopr. II.

Alt.  
nyní

cho-vám o dů-věru více Věřím v krásné rázy

zpívem po-že-hnané z nichž přejas-né slun-ec

z nichž pře-jasné

z nichž, z nichž přejasné slunce

First page of Božena Jahnová's "Důvěra."  
(National Museum – Czech Museum of Music, IXB214)

### Čury mury fuk

Words: Jaroslav Kvapil (1868–1950)

Čury mury fuk,  
bílá pára vstává z luk!  
Kapka krve dračí,  
deset kapek žluče,  
teplé srdce ptačí -  
pokud ještě tluče.  
Skoč, můj mourku, skoč a skoč,  
varem v kotli pozatoč!  
Čury mury fuk,  
nelekej se větších muk!  
Toť tvé lidské věno,  
a to musíš pít -  
tím, co uvařeno,  
jazyk zdřevění ti.  
Skoč, můj mourku, hola hej,  
v hrdlo jí tu šťávu vlej!  
Skoč, můj mourku, hola hej,  
v hrdlo jí tu šťávu vlej!  
Čury mury fuk  
ale teď už ani muk.  
ani muk ani muk.

### Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém<sup>12</sup>

Words: Jaroslav Kvapil (1868–1950)

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém,  
světlo tvé daleko vidí.  
Po světě bloudíš širokém,  
díváš se v příbytky lidí.  
Měsíčku, postůj chvíli,  
řekni mi,  
kde je můj milý.  
Řekni mu, stříbrný měsíčku,  
mé že jej objímá rámě,  
aby si alespoň chvíličku  
vzpomenul ve snění na mne.  
Zasviť mu do daleka,  
řekni mu, řekni, kdo tu naň čeká.  
O mně-li duše lidská sní,  
ať se tou vzpomínkou vzbudí.  
Měsíčku, nezhasni!

### Abracadabra

Translation: David R. Beveridge

Abracadabra,  
White mist is rising from the meadows!  
A drop of dragon's blood,  
Ten drops of bile,  
The warm heart  
Of a bird.  
Jump, my tomcat, jump,  
Stir the brew in the kettle!  
Abracadabra,  
Don't be afraid of greater torments!  
This is your human dowry,  
And you must drink it.  
This brew  
Will make your tongue go wooden.  
Jump, my tomcat, jump,  
Pour this juice down her throat!  
Jump, my tomcat, jump,  
Pour this juice down her throat!  
Abracadabra,  
But now not even a word!  
Not a word, not a word.

### Oh Moon in the Deep Sky

Translation: David R. Beveridge

Oh moon in the deep sky,  
Your light sees far,  
You roam over the wide world,  
And peer into human dwellings.  
Oh moon, stay a while,  
Tell me,  
Where is my love?  
Tell him, silvery moon,  
That my arms enfold him,  
So that for at least a moment  
He'll remember me in his dream.  
Shine for him into the distance,  
Tell him who awaits him here!  
If the human soul dreams of me,  
May he awake with that thought!  
Oh moon, don't fade!

<sup>12</sup> Antonín Dvořák, *Rusalka: klavírní výtah se zpěvy* [piano reduction] (Prague: Umělecká beseda, 1916).

## Performers

### Michaela Šrůmová – Soprano

Born in Prague, Michaela Šrůmová studied solo singing at the Prague Conservatory under Prof. Olga Jiráková. During her studies, she attended the Summer Early Music masterclasses in Valtice, led by British professor James Griffis. She has also successfully graduated from the master classes of famous tenor José Cura. She has since participated in the Emmy Destinn International Singing Competition in České Budějovice, and performed Steve Reich's *Tehillim* at the Contemporary Music Marathon in Prague. A regular guest of the PSO Concert Department, Michaela featured in the live recording of Gluck's *Ezio* in the role of Emperor Valentinian. She also made a memorable appearance as Princess Drahomíra in the world premiere of Martin Kumžák's oratorio *Saint Wenceslaus*. Michaela has performed at prominent music festivals across the Czech Republic, including Znojmo, Litomyšl, and Ostrava, and has taken on significant roles in productions such as Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, Purcell's *King Arthur*, and Haydn's *Il Mondo della Luna*. Internationally, she has graced stages in Germany, France, Sweden, Japan, Egypt, Poland, and Slovakia. Currently a member of the National Theatre, Michaela continues to perform in various productions, including *Jenufa* and *Rusalka*. She frequently collaborates with esteemed conductors and orchestras and remains active in both operatic and film music projects.



### Barbora de Nunes-Cambraia – Mezzo-Soprano



Barbora de Nunes-Cambraia, nominated for the Thalia Awards 2016 for the title role of *Carmen*, received her musical training at the conservatories of Prague and Pilsen and subsequently attended numerous master classes at home and abroad. In 2024, she made her debut at the National Theatre in Prague in the role of Amanda (*Le Grand Macabre*, György Ligeti), and, in 2023, she sang Ottavia's role (*L'incoronazione di Poppea*, Monteverdi) in Bayreuth. She performs regularly with leading Czech and international orchestras and has toured Austria, Brazil, Germany, France, Japan, Israel, Poland, and Thailand. Her CD recordings include *Písň Almy Mahlerové* (Songs of Alma Mahler, 2011), *A Tribute to the Jewish Soul* (2015), *Cosmic Wheel of the Zodiac* (2018), a song cycle by the Australian composer Margaret Brandman, and two profile albums of contemporary Czech composer Josef Vejvoda (*Versi Santi*, 2021, and *Dejá vu*, 2022). In addition to songs, her repertoire comprises numerous opera roles such as Alceste (*Alceste*), Rosina (*Il barbiere di Siviglia*), Queen Gertrude (*Hamlet*), Idamante (*Idomeneo*), Fenena (*Nabucco*), Olga (*Eugene Onegin*), Cherubino (*Le nozze di Figaro*), Ježibaba and the Foreign Princess (*Rusalka*), and the Third Lady (*Die Zauberflöte*). Since September 2015, she has been teaching at the conservatory in Teplice.

## Marek Žihla – Tenor



Since 2018, tenor Marek Žihla has been studying classical singing at the Prague Conservatory. Beginning with the 2021/22 season, he has been a regular guest performer at the J. K. Tyl Theatre in Pilsen, where he has appeared as Evandro in Gluck's *Alceste*, as well as the Governor, Ragotski, and Vanderdendur in Bernstein's *Candide*, Lindoro in Rossini's *L'italiana in Algeri*, and Tito in Mozart's *La clemenza di Tito*. He has also performed in leading roles at the South Bohemian Theatre in České Budějovice and the Moravian Theatre Olomouc. In the 2023/24 season, he made his debut at the National Theatre as Peter in the production *LouTkáček*. He first performed at the Smetana Litomyšl Festival in the 2021/22 season, and regularly sings at the Zlatá pecka Festival. In 2019, he became overall winner at the Bohuslav Martinů Song Competition, and he was also awarded the Zora Jehličková Award and the Life of an Artist Foundation

Award. In the same year, he competed in the Antonín Dvořák International Singing Competition in Karlovy Vary, where he won in the Opera Hope category. In 2023, he won 2nd prize in the Song category at the same competition.

## Radka Dědičová – Piano |

A native of the town of Rakovník, Radka Dědičová is a sought-after pianist and accompanist at concerts and competitions; she is often complimented for her extraordinary sense of harmony, excellent playing technique, and feeling for musical interplay. She received her musical education at the conservatory in Teplice and in Prague (in the class of Jan Novotný). Already during her studies, she successfully participated in several national and international competitions. After her graduation concert, at which she performed works by Jaroslav Ježek, she started teaching piano at the elementary art and music school in Rakovník, where she also engages intensively with piano accompaniment and chamber music. She completed her education through a number of master classes in the Czech Republic and abroad, including one with the world-renowned pianist Ivan Klánský. Dědičová performs regularly throughout



the Czech Republic and has also toured in Austria, France, Germany, and England. Currently, she is preparing for concerts in Brazil and the USA. She works with leading Czech singers including sopranos Karolina Plicková and Vanda Šípová as well as mezzo-soprano Barbora de Nunes-Cambráia.

Event organisation:

Anja Bunzel (Institute of Art History, Czech Academy of Sciences)

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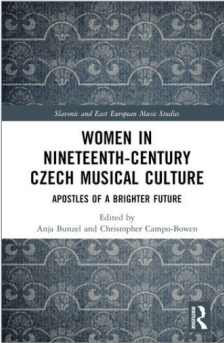
Radka Dědičová

Everyone involved in the genesis and publication of *Women in Nineteenth-Century Czech Musical Culture* (Routledge, 2024)

Everyone who attended today’s event



This concert was inspired by the individual chapters published in *Women in Nineteenth-Century Czech Musical Culture*, ed. by Anja Bunzel and Christopher Campo-Bowen (Abingdon: Routledge, 2024). Discounted copies are available through the Routledge website until 31 October 2024.



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Edited By **Anja Bunzel, Christopher Campo-Bowen**

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