

New Resonances: Iva Bittová in Concert

Lyrics and Translations

Iva Bittová: Hrál kdosi na hoboj (Someone Played the Oboe)

Someone played the oboe, day after day
As each dusk fell he played the same sad song,
Nor kindled any fire there beside the dark sea shore,
Where all fires die, they say - all float away.

For hours he played the oboe in the darkness by the shore,
That long and cliffless seashore where no ship ever calls;
He played it out of listlessness, or played it out of fear,
Perhaps a quiet shepherd boy, or just a landless king.

Sadly he played his oboe, and the ether trembled deep,
Beneath that halting song in a gentle minor key.
That floated sadly back to him from off the massy sea,
And all fires die there - they all float away.

Iva Bittová: Boží dárek (Gift from God)

Poprchává	It's raining
cikánovi do rukáva	Water goes in gypsy man's ears
prší	It's raining
cikánovi do uší	Water goes in gypsy man's sleeve
všechno je to boží dárek	All is a Gift from God
i ta naše muzika	Also our music
čert ji popad do pytlíka	Devil grabbed it in his bag
utíká s ní do pekla.	And ran to hell

Iva Bittová: Divná Slečinka (Strange young lady)

The blind groping of your hands
On my trembling breasts
The slow movement of your unbending tongue
In my excited ears

My whole beauty drowned
In your eyes, rid of their pupils,
And death in your lap,
Which devours my brain

All this makes me
A strange young lady

Painters in Paris / Malíři v Paříži

Lyrics by Richard Müller

Music by Iva Bittová

Dans les rayons de soleil les peintres de Paname
Peignent les visages sur le macadam

Painters in Paris in the sunshine
Are painting human faces
All faces with faith
All faces sinful
Poor fellows and millionaires
Who is easier to paint?

Malíři v Paříži za sluneční záře
V Paříži malíři malují lidské tváře
Všechny tváře od oltáře
I ty hříšné z nás
Chud'ase i milionáře
Který z nich se kreslí snáz?

Face of Jesus or the face of a Knight
The Devil Lady or a man in deep black hole

Ježíše na kříži nebo tvář rytíře
Slečinku upíří chlápka v černé díře

It is unbelievable how many faces there are
They look like animals; some of them are liars.

Je to až k nevíře kolik je tam tváří
Tváří se jak zvíře někteří lháři.

Dans les rayons de soleil les peintres de Paname
Peignent les visages sur le macadam

Iva Bittová: Te me gel'om

Roma

Te me gel'om tel e šuki
virba,
rakhl'om mange
šukarore čižmi.
Čižma, čižma lole
puzecenca,
l'idžav, l'idžav le khale
jakhenca.

Slovak

Keď som išla popod suchú
vrbu,
našla som si krásne čižmy.
Čižmy, čižmy s červenou
kožušinkou,
nesiem, nesiem ich s
čiernymi očami. (čierne oči
mám)

English

As I wandered under the dry
willow,
I found a wonderful pair of
boots.
Boots with red pelt,
I wear them with my black eyes.
(black eyes I have)

Traditional, adapted by Iva Bittová: Lomir sich iberbetn (Let Us Make Up)

Yiddish

Lomir sich iberbetn, iberbetn,
vos schtejstu baj der tir?
Lomir sich iberbetn,
kum arajn tsu mir.

Lomir sich iberbetn, iberbetn,
vos schtejstu baj majn fenster?
Lomir sich iberbetn,
bist baj mir der schenster.

Lomir sich iberbetn, iberbetn,
kojf a por marantsn.
Lomir sich iberbetn,
lomir gejen tantsn.

Lomir sich iberbetn, iberbetn,
schtel dem samowa.
Lomir sich iberbetn,
sej-ssche nischt kejn nar.

Lomir sich iberbetn, iberbetn,
vos schtejstu baj der tir?
Lomir sich iberbetn,
kum arajn tsu mir.

English

Let us make up, make up,
Why are you standing by the door?
Let us make up
And come into my house.

Let us make up, make up,
Why are you standing by the window?
Let us make up,
Be my most beautiful one.

Let us make up, make up,
Buy bitter oranges,
Let us make up
And let us go dancing.

Let us make up, make up,
Put the samovar,
Let us make up,
Don't be a fool.

Let us make up, make up,
Why are you standing by the door?
Let us make up
And come into my house.



Zupfgeigenhansel Jiddische Lieder

Image:
*Jiddische
Lieder*, Yiddish
songbook from
which Iva
adapted the
piece *Lomir*

pläne
88 14 1

Vladimír Godár, arr. Iva Bittová and VJE: Majkomašmalon

English

Does the rain have any meaning?
Does it want to tell me something?
Little drops against the windows,
Rolling down like someone crying.
And my boots are getting worn out,
And the streets are wet and muddy;
I don't have a winter greatcoat,
That can warm me as I study.
Does the candle have a meaning?
Does it want to tell me something?
As it drips and melts its tallow,
Soon there will be naught remaining.
Thus I sputter in the chapel
Like the candle burning weakly,
Till I too will be extinguished,
Near the East Wall, dying meekly.

Yiddish

Maykomashmalon der regen?
Voszhe luster mir tzu heren?
Zayne trupens oyf di shoyben
Kaykelen zich vi tribe trayren.
Un di shtivel iz tzurisen,
Un es vert in gas a blote;
Bald vet oych der vinter kumen,
Ch'ob kayn vareme kapote.
Maykomashmalon dos lichtl?
Voszhe lust er mir tzu heren?
S'kapet un es trifft ir chaylev,
Un s'vet bald fin ir nisht veren.
Azoy tzank ich do in kleyzel,
Vi a lichtl, shvach un tinkel,
Biz ich vel azoy mir oysgeyn
In der shtil in mizrach vinkel.

Slovak

Čo znamená dážď?
Čo mi to vravi?
Kvapky tečú po oknách
Ako keď niekto plače.
Topánky mám už zničené
a ulice sú mokré a blatisté;
Nemám zim'ník
čo by ma zahrial pri štúdio.
Čo znamená sviečka?
Čo mi to vravi?
Loj sa topí, kvapká,
O chvíľu z nej nič nezostane.
A tak drolím modlitbu
ako dohárajúca sviečka
pokým sám nezhasnem
a pokorne neumriem pod
Východným.

Farewell

Lyrics by Chris Cutler

Music by Iva Bittová, arr. Iva Bittová and the ensemble

It was the night
She sat
She wound
Her heavy hair
into a braid
farewell to freedom
solitude
farewell the empty bed
the quiet room

oh mirror marry
me and mine
and show me free
reflect this hour
as I am now eternally

time passed

the years unwound
she gave her breast
to many mouths
she weaned she served
she sewed she cleaned
a stranger to her house
to peace
but still
her pact was sound
each night her
glass returned her
to her hour of calm

Oh mirror marry
me and mine
and show me free
reflect this hour
as I am now eternally

Old now serene
The stranger whom she'd
Wed long in his tomb
The moon a slit
She ran her tresses
Through her comb

The years fell back
The last bird died
No insect breathed
The wind dropped
Nothing moved

Time slowed

Her mirror darkened
Time stood still
A sound like singing brushed
Her and a breath of smoke took shape
Within her glass
Her groom at last

Stepped through the mirror
Grasped the corner
Of the air
And drew her in
As a drop into a pool

Back through the mirror
To her precious room
Her hour

Before this night
before
her sacrifice

Luciano Berio: Folk Songs

1. Black is the colour

Black is the colour
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.

2. I wonder as I wander

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.

3. Loosin yelav

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

3. 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;

Loosni loosov halatzvadz
Moot amberi metch mònadz.

Jan a loosin...

4. Rossignolet du bois

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
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.

5. A la femminisca

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.

moonlight has now chased it
into the dark clouds.

O dear moon...

4. 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
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.

5. 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.

6. La donna ideale

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.

7. Ballo

Lalalalalala...
Amor fa disviare li più saggi
E chi più l'ama meno ha in sé
misura
Più folle è quello che più
s'innamora.

Lalalalala...
Amor non cura di fare suoi
dannaggi
Co li suoi raggi mette tal cafura
Che non può raffreddare per
freddura.

8. Motettu de tristura

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.

6. 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!

7. Dance

Lalalalalala...
Love makes even the wisest mad,
and he who loves most has least judgement.
The greater love is the greater fool.

Lalalalala...
Love is careless of the harm he does.
His darts cause such a fever
that not even coldness can cool it.

8. 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.

9. Malurous qu'ò uno fenno

Malurous qu'ò uno fenno,
Maluros qué n'ò cat!
Qué n'ò cat n'en bou uno
Qué n'ò uno n'en bou pas!
Tradèra ladèrida rèro...

Urouzo lo fenno
Qu'ò l'omé qué li cau!
Urouz inquéro maito
O quèlo qué n'ò cat!
Tradèra ladèrida rèro...

10. Lo fiolaire

Ton qu'èrè pitchounèlo
Gordavè loui moutous,
Lirou lirou lirou...
Lirou la diri tou tou la lara.

Obio n'ò counoulhèto
É n'ai près un postrou.
Lirou lirou...

Per fa lo biroudèto
Mè domond' un poutou.
Lirou lirou...

E ièu soui pas ingrato:
En lièt d'un nin fau dous!
Lirou lirou...

11. Azerbaijan love song

[Transcription defies translation.]

9. Wretched is he

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...

Happy the woman
who has the man she wants!
Happier still is she
who has no man at all!
Tralala tralala...

10. 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...

For looking after my sheep
he asked me for a kiss.
Lirou lirou...

And I, not one to be mean,
Gave him two instead of one.
Lirou lirou...