

LUKÁŠ MATOUŠEK

ODE TO JOY

(2008)

for recitation, violin, cello and piano

Score

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Ode to Joy

melodrama for recitation and piano trio
on the text of the poem by Vladimír Holan from Narrative Poems was created in 2008
Durata ca 12 minuti
Voce parlata – Violino – Violoncello – Pianoforte

Vladimír Holan: Ode to Joy (Narrative Poems)

Translated from Czech by Josef Tomáš and Katarina Tomas

It is a lovely evenfall in summer... in summer because it is summer,
and it is quite senseless because it is lovely... Everything is feather-light,
and everything is up above, and topmost of all is the dance of the elephants...

But into my heart falls a teardrop – a teardrop that knows well
that the sea is much vaster than the earth –
and within the depths of my heart
a long-forgotten plain girl is suddenly revived,
a servant girl who died half a century ago...

She was twenty years old then. An orphan–virgin,
a prefiguration of life, but so lacking in precedent
that even fate did not know how to deserve her love...
Because of her contemporaries' laziness, we do not know what her eyes were like,
but from her contemporaries' eagerness,
I sense that her eyes were trusting and appeasing.
She was beautiful... It was a beauty without airs and graces,
a beauty that would have remained silent
had it not long ago begun to sing in paradise...
But she sang, and her singing was so immediate
that even the most trivial recollection
would have violated an innocence like hers...
She was simply rejoicing, and since she expected nothing,
she gave away her joy to others
and thus could never encounter her true self...

It was all but impossible to catch sight of her... It was thus natural
that men ceaselessly kept vigil over their beacon.
Each and every person could see her... It was thus natural
that women vilified her between their thighs.
Subsequently, a certain lad, blinded by the golden bull of her virginity,
showed how even out of godlike madness
it is possible to commit a mortal sin, and he killed himself.
Old hags, those back-alley abortionists, felt insulted. And everyone else –
those with vitreous noses that were so transparent one could see their snot and nose hair –
became enraged... Lucy ("that whore who, so far, hadn't even once
fallen ill") had to leave the shire,
in which even the ivy's veins had swelled with offence...

I can see her in G... She went from house to house sewing –
and it was in each of these houses that the French horn did not know how to express
its vexation with the plaster columns –
and every Saturday afternoon, she cleaned
the office at the local brewery.
She liked her work and did it humbly and silently
because she venerated mystery –
and I really do not know
why a verse, a poem and a book come into existence,
or the word of the serpent and the one out of a dog's hand...

It was a lovely evenfall on a Saturday... on a Saturday because it was a Saturday,
and it was quite senseless because it was lovely... Everything was featherlight,
and everything was up above, and topmost of all was the dance of the elephants...
Lucy entered the office, opened the windows,
and, just before she soaked the mop, she noticed

the Three Kings' initials above the door...

How beautiful (standing there thus) she was! Hers was a beauty without airs and graces,
a beauty that would have remained silent
had it not, long ago, begun to sing in paradise...
But she sang, and her singing was so immediate
that even the most trivial recollection
would have violated an innocence like hers...
She was simply rejoicing and giving away her joy,
and thus she could never encounter her self –
and, longing for a human being (the way a miracle itself longs for it),
she stepped closer to the window and looked out.

It was St. Wenceslas' day... She noticed the colchicum
and behind the colchicum a field, fretted out by a brick kiln,
and farther on a little alley from where some boys
blew her kisses... But this time, she wasn't smiling,
and she began to recall how long ago the saint's army,
dressed in kilts trimmed with gold,
had advanced here through the night and how, after all,
thanks to the wisdom of the duke no battle had taken place...
Perhaps that is the only reason why we've celebrated Christmas since that time,
she told herself, and all at once she saw her mother
pouring raisins from a paper bag onto a pastry board...
Suddenly she felt childlike and thus immortal;
she was nine years old again – nine being the number of angelic choirs –
and already then she liked to sing
to the accompaniment of the Christmas breads' sweet aroma,
and once again she knew nothing about the sex of the moon,
which was painfully splaying itself open like the mouth of a gutted fish...
Sex? Yes! Several boys were calling on her now,
but her hand was too heavy
to throw her bridal wreath onto a tree –
and yet too light
to fish her lover's face from a hole hacked into ice...

This dressmaker, accustomed to a bundle of pins between her teeth,
now unknowingly touched her lips,
stepped back from the window and set to work.
Fate itself, which did not know how it might deserve her love,
pulled her head towards the floor, and she, with buckets of pellucid water
that flowed from the fabulous mountains of Symplegad,
scrubbed and wiped it with the wig of a fallen angel...

Then suddenly dusk descended, descended so unexpectedly,
as if a cloud was to be punished for a sunbeams' smallest sins...
She rose from her knees, lit the kerosene drop light,
and scrubbed the floor from the corners towards the middle of the room...
In that scrubbing was something of a saw,
which wanted to cut the boards for a gentler floor.
In that scrubbing was something of a weaver's shuttle,
which wanted to weave a carpet beneath the feet of Christ the Lord.
In that scrubbing was something from the peak of Chaldean astrology,
which prostrated itself before the two stars of her knees.
During that scrubbing, words and love searched for one another,
and when they found each other, the result was – silence...

But then, either a bluebottle fly
suddenly whirred past her eyes,
or else a far too ticklish lock of hair dropped into her face:
Lucy lashed out fiercely with her scrubbing brush
and hit the lamp above her. She smashed it,
and droplets of glowing kerosene
swarmed down her sweaty back like insects before a storm...
And she was burning and screaming... And two days later she died. (1950)

Ode to Joy

Lukáš Matoušek

Melodrama for recitation and Piano Trio
on eponymous poem of Vladimír Holan from his "Narrative Poems"
translated from Czech by Josef Tomáš and Katarina Tomas

2008

Andante ♩ = 60

Violino

Violoncello

Pianoforte

5

9 ♩ = 56

9 ♩ = 60

14

poco rubato

a tempo

It is a lovely evenfall in summer... in summer because it is summer, and it is quite senseless because it is lovely... Everything is featherlight, and everything is up above,

14

and topmost of all
is the dance
of the elephants...

$\text{♩} = 56$

VI *mf espr.* *mf*

Vcl *mf espr.* *mf*

Pf *mf*

Leo. *

But into my heart falls a teardrop –
a teardrop that knows well

that the sea is much vaster
than the earth –

and within the depths
of my heart

VI *mf* *p*

Vcl *mf* *p*

Pf *mf* *p*

a long-forgotten plain girl
is suddenly revived,

a servant girl who died half a century ago...

VI

Vcl

Pf

She was twenty years old then. An orphan–virgin, a prefiguration of life, but so lacking in precedent
that even fate did not know how to deserve her love...

$\text{♩} = 60$

VI *p dolce*

Vcl *p*

Because of her contemporaries' laziness, we do not know what her eyes were like, but from her contemporaries' eagerness, I sense that her eyes were trusting and appealing.

45 *poco rubato*

8^{va} arpeggio *p* non arpeg.

She was beautiful... It was a beauty without airs and graces, a beauty that would have remained silent had it not long ago begun to sing in paradise...

50 *a tempo* *dolce espr.*

But she sang, and her singing was so immediate that even the most trivial recollection would have violated an innocence like hers...

59 *mp*

She was simply rejoicing, and since she expected nothing, she gave away her joy to others

66 *p* *pizz* *arco* *mp* *p*

and thus could never encounter her self...

73 *p* *p*

It was all but impossible to catch sight of her... It was thus natural that men ceaselessly kept vigil over their beacon.

82 *p* *p* *p*

89 Each and every person could see her... It was thus natural that women vilified her

VI

Vcl

Pf

mf

And. * *And.* *And.* *

95 between their thighs.

VI

Vcl

Pf

mf *p* *f*

mf *pp* *p* *f*

rit. *poco piu mosso*

100 Subsequently, a certain lad, blinded by the golden bull of her virginity, showed how even out of godlike madness it is possible to commit a mortal sin, and he killed himself.

VI

Vcl

Pf

a tempo

p dolce *mf* *p dolce*

p dolce *mf* *p*

p *mp* *p*

104 Old hags, those back-alley abortionists, felt insulted. And everyone else -

VI

Vcl

Pf

mp *mp* *mf*

mf *mp*

f *mf* *mp*

those with vitreous noses that were so transparent one could see their snot and nose hair – became enraged...

VI *p* *pizz* *arco*

Vcl *p* *pizz* *arco*

Pf *p* *mf*

Lucy ("that whore who, so far, hadn't even once fallen ill") had to leave the shire,

VI *f* *sul pontic.* *pp* *ord.*

Vcl *f* *sul pontic.* *pp* *ord.*

Pf *sf* *sfz* *p* *8va*

in which even the ivy's veins had swelled with offence...

VI *ff* *mf*

Vcl *ff* *mf*

Pf *ff* *mf*

I can see her in G... She went from house to house and it was in each of these houses that the French horn did not know its vexation with the plaster columns –

115

VI

Vcl

Pf

and every Saturday afternoon, she cleaned the office at the local brewery. She liked her work and did it humbly and silently because she venerated mystery –

119

VI

Vcl

Pf

sotto voce

and I really do not know why a verse, a poem and a book come into existence, or the word of the serpent and the one out of a dog's hand...

124

Pf

p

poco rubato *rit.*

128

Pf

5

It was a lovely evenfall on a Saturday... on a Saturday because it was a Saturday, and it was quite senseless because it was lovely...

135

VI

Vcl

Pf

p

6

Everything was featherlight, and everything was up above,
and topmost of all was the dance of the elephants...

139

VI

Vcl

Pf

Lucy entered the office, opened the windows,
and, just before she soaked the mop, she noticed the Three Kings' initials above the door...

142

VI

Vcl

Pf

How beautiful (standing there thus) she was! Hers was a beauty without
airs and graces,

147

cantabile

p dolce

VI

Vcl

Pf

a beauty that would have remained silent had it not, long ago,
began to sing in paradise... But she sang, and her singing was so immediate that even the most trivial

156

VI

Vcl

mp

recollection would have violated an innocence like hers.

She was simply rejoicing and giving away her joy,

165

VI

Vcl

p

pizz

arco

mp

and thus she could never encounter her self – and, longing for a human being (the way a miracle itself longs for it), she stepped closer to the window

173

and looked out. It was St. Wenceslas' day... She noticed the colchicum and behind

179

the colchicum a field, fretted out by a brick kiln, and farther on a little alley from where some boys blew her kisses... But this time, she wasn't smiling,

185

and she began to recall how long ago the saint's army, dressed in kilts trimmed with gold, had advanced here through the night and how, after all, thanks to the wisdom of the duke no battle had taken place...

190

Perhaps that is the only reason why we've celebrated Christmas since that time, she told herself, and all at once she saw her mother pouring raisins from a paper bag onto a pastry board...

195

VI

Vcl

Pf

mp

p

Suddenly she felt childlike and thus immortal; she was nine years old again – nine being the number of angelic choirs –

199

VI

Vcl

Pf

and already then she liked to sing to the accompaniment of the Christmas breads' sweet aroma, and once again she knew nothing about the sex of the moon, which was painfully splaying itself open like the mouth of a gutted fish...

203

VI

Vcl

Pf

Sex? Yes! Several boys were calling on her now, but her hand was too heavy to throw her bridal wreath onto a tree – and yet too light to fish her lover's face

208

VI

Vcl

Pf

from a hole hacked into ice...

214

VI

Vcl

Pf

mf

This dressmaker, accustomed to a bundle of pins between her teeth now unknowingly touched her lips, stepped back from the window and set to work.

218

VI

Vcl

Pf

p

Fate itself, which did not know how it might deserve her love, pulled her head towards the floor, and she, with buckets of pellucid water that flowed from the fabulous mountains of Symplegad,

222

VI

Vcl

Pf

mf *mp* *mp* *p*

scrubbed and wiped it with the wig of a fallen angel...

Then suddenly dusk descended,

descended

226

VI

Vcl

Pf

mp *f* *mp*

so unexpectedly, as if a cloud was to be punished

for a sunbeams' smallest sins...

VI 229

Vcl

Pf 229

She rose from her knees, lit the kerosene drop light,

and scrubbed the floor from the corners towards the middle of the room...

VI 231

Vcl

Pf 231

pp

mp

mf

leg.

In that scrubbing was something of a saw,

which wanted to cut the boards for a gentler floor.

VI 234

Vcl

Pf 234

pp

pp

mp

*

In that scrubbing was something of a weaver's shuttle,

which wanted to weave a carpet beneath the feet of Christ the Lord.

VI 237

Vcl

Pf 237

mp

In that scrubbing was something from the peak of Chaldean astrology,
which prostrated itself before the two stars of her knees.

240

VI

Vcl

Pf

8va-

8va-

Leo. *Leo.* *

During that scrubbing, words and love searched for one another,
and when they found each other,

243

VI

Vcl

Pf

mp

the result was – silence... But then, either a bluebottle fly
suddenly whirred past her eyes,

246

VI

Vcl

Pf

p

p

or else a far too ticklish lock of hair dropped into her face: Lucy lashed out fiercely with her scrubbing brush
and hit the lamp above her.

252

VI

Vcl

Pf

mf

mf

mf

mf

mp

l.v.

She smashed it, and droplets of glowing kerosene swarmed down her sweaty back

255

VI

Vcl

Pf

fp *p* *f* *p*

like insects before a storm...

And she was burning and screaming...

258

VI

Vcl

Pf

f *f*

260

VI

Vcl

Pf

262

VI

Vcl

262

VI

Vcl

Pf

6 *6* *6* *6* *5* *5*

And two days later she died.

Musical score for Violin I (VI), Violin II (Vcl), and Piano (Pf). The score is in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system (measures 264-266) features a *ff* dynamic for both Violin I and Violin II, which then changes to *pp* in the second system (measures 267-269). The Piano part has a *** marking below the first measure of the first system. The score concludes with a double bar line at the end of the third system.

Lukáš Matoušek

výběr komorních skladeb / selected chamber compositions

Letokruhy / Annual Circles (1962) pro flétnu a recitaci / for flute and recitation (text Josef Hrubý)	7´
Preludium a fuga (1967/8) pro klavír / for piano	5´
Intimní hudba / Intimate Music (1968) pro sólovou violu / for solo viola [Chester Music 1984]	6´
- verze pro sólové violoncello / version for solo cello [Chester Music 1984]	6´
- verze pro sólové housle / version for solo violin	6´
Sedm hříchů Hieronyma Bosche / Seven Sins of H. Bosch (1971), (fl, bcl, pf, 1perc)	10´
Ohlédnutí Orfeovo / Orpheus overwhelmed (1973), (fl, vla, arpa/pf)	9´
Proměny ticha / Metamorphoses of Silence (1977) for strings	10´
- 1980 verze pro smyčcové kvarteto / version for string quartet	
Sonáta / Sonata (1980) (vl, pf)	15´
- verze / version (2003) – vl, orch. da camera	
Věvec sonetů / Sonnet Sequence (1997/2000) (vcl, pf)	35´
Stíny a odlesky / Shadows and Reflections (1999/2000) (fl, cl, vl, vla, vcl, pf)	20´
MiN Kaleidoskop / MiN Kaleidoscope (2002) (fl, cl, fg, 2 vl, vla, vcl, pf)	12´
Trio (2002) (cl, vl, pf)	12´
Tři novelety / Three Noveletts (2004) (ob, vl, pf - verze / version fl. vl. pf)	14´
- verze / version (2004) – (ob, 2vl, vla, vcl) (ob, smyčcový orchestr / string orchestra)	
Canones diversi (2009), (vl, cl)	5´
Sonety / Sonnets (2011) (vcl, pf)	19´
Sonáta / Sonata (2014/17) pro klavír / for piano	12´
Půlnoční capriccio (2020) (vl)	4´
Smyčcový kvartet (2021)	9´

Diskografie / Discography

CDs:

- Lukáš Matoušek: Chamber Music; Studio MATOUŠ MK 0044-2931** (1998)
Vzpomínka na pana Sudka, Barvy a myšlenky, Proměny ticha, Aztékové,
Sonáta pro housle a klavír, Pečeť mlčení (Sigillum silentii), Fanfára 17. listopadu
- Lukáš Matoušek: Věvec sonetů** pro violoncello a klavír; **Lukáš Matoušek LM 0001-2131** (2010)
- Atelier I; Editio Český rozhlas CR 0115-213** (1999), Kořeny času [Radices temporum] pro orchestr /
Roots of the Time for orchestra
- Bambini di Praga - Concerto piccolo; BONTON Music a.s. 71 0525-2** (1997) - Květ z ráje
- Rubinstein, Hindemith, Bloch, Matoušek; ARTA Records F1 0062-2** (1995) Intimní hudba pro violu
- Münchener Flötentrio; CAVALLI RECORDS CCD 267** (2004) - Mozaika
- Umělecká beseda, Komorní hudba členů; Studio MATOUŠ MK 0059-2132** (2011)
Trio pro klarinet, housle a klavír
- Svár teorie s praxí (14) 2017; Nakladatelství AMU (2017), přílohové CD k publikaci Generace? –**
Sedm smrtelných hříchů Hieronyma Bosche

Records:

- Sonatori di Praga; LP - Panton 11 0392** (1975); **Sedm hříchů Hieronyma Bosche**
- Hommage à Machaut; LP - Panton 8111 0056** (1978); **Hoquet Guillaume de Machaut**
- Severáček; LP - Panton 8112 0416** (1983); **Klárčina říkadla**
- Hudba pro žestě / Brass Music; LP - SUPRAPHON 1111 3903** (1986); **Vzpomínka na pana Sudka**

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EN <http://www.musicbase.cz/composers/618-matousek-lukas/>