

MONITOR PRESENTS THE MIXED CHORUS OF EIGHTY VOICES CONDUCTED BY BOGDAN BABICH

BRANKO KRSMANOVICH CHORUS

OF YUGOSLAVIA

AT CARNEGIE HALL



monitor
MUSIC OF THE WORLD

MFS 576
STEREO

DESIGN: DAVID CHANGMAN, PHOTO: CARL FISCHER

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This is a stereophonic recording. It should be played only with cartridges designed for stereophonic reproduction. The use of a monaural cartridge may permanently injure this recording.

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RETURN TO
CENTER FOR FOLKLORE
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SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

FEW MUSICAL ORGANIZATIONS from abroad have arrived on these shores with the heritage and background of achievements of which Yugoslavia's Branko Kršmanovich Chorus is so justifiably proud. This mighty ensemble of eighty voices made its first gala tour of North America in the fall of 1960. In recent seasons the chorus has been a prize winner at the World Festivals of Vienna (1959) and Moscow (1957); the International Eisteddfod Music Festival, Llangollen, Wales (1956); and it won three first prizes in the International Polyphonic Contest, Arezzo, Italy (1955). Largely responsible for such tremendous development and constant recognition is the chorus' brilliant director, Bogdan Babich. A leading conductor of the Belgrade Opera since 1947, he thrilled American concertgoers as leader of the Branko Kršmanovich Chorus in its sold-out tour of some fifty cities. This recording captures the electrifying performance of the chorus at Carnegie Hall on November 29, 1960, and it is the group's second for Monitor (Vol. 1, MP 575).

SIDE ONE

1. CATULLI CARMINA (Songs of Catullus)—Carl Orff (Excerpts from Act I, sung in Medieval Latin) (1895-)
Catullus ad columnam: "Odi et amo, quare id faciam, fortasse requiris. Nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior." Lesbia intrat; Lesbia atque Catullus: "Vivamus, mea Lesbia atque anemus, rumoresque senum severiorum omnes unius aestimemus assis. Soles occidere et redire possunt: nobis cum semel decidit brevis lux nox est perpetua una dormienda. Do mi basia mille deinde centum dein mille altera, dein secunda centum, deinde usque altera mille, diende centum . . . Dein cum milia milia fecerimus conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus, aut nequis malus invidere possit, cum tantum sciat esse basiorum . . ."
Catullus in Lesbiae gremio indormit. Amatores intrant. Lesbia Catullum dormientem relinquit. Lesbia in taberna saltat coram anatoribus. Interim Catullus expergiscitur. Caelus intrat. Catullus desperat: "Caeli, Lesbia nostra, Lesbia illa, illa Lesbia quam Catullus unam plus quam se atque suos amavit omnes, nunc in quadriuiis et angiportis glubit magnanimi Remi nepotes. Nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle quam mihi, non si se Jupiter ipse petat dicit, sed mulier cupido quod dicit amanti in vento et rapida scribere oportet aqua."
Catullus leans against a pillar: "I hate. I love. Why? You ask me. I know not. I know not and I feel not. I feel and I suffer. So it is." Lesbia enters: Lesbia and Catullus sing: "Let us live, Lesbia, live and love; we care not for the nasty idle chatter of worn-out, aged people. Suns may sink and rise again but when our little light goes out, eternal slumber entombs us in eternal night. Oh, give me a thousand kisses and then a hundred and again a thousand and again a hundred, and forever a thousand kisses and forever a hundred. At last, when there have been thousands and thousands again, we'll whirl them quickly together until we ourselves know not any more, nor do the envious, the count of our numberless kisses."
Catullus falls asleep in Lesbia's lap. Lovers enter the inn. Lesbia leaves the slumbering Catullus and dances for the lovers. Caelus enters and Catullus, awakening, despairs: "Caelus! Our Lesbia, the one and only Lesbia, whom Catullus solely loved more than himself and all his own! Look there now, at street corners, in the alleys of ill repute, she sits with the haughty descendants of Rome. None would she rather have for a husband, Lesbia tells me—even if Jupiter himself came to wed her. But what a woman tells a man who is in love—that you can write into the blowing wind—you can write it on the waves of the waters."
2. SALANGADOU (Creole Lament) — Traditional; arr. Tom Scott
(A Creole melody from the bayous of Louisiana which tells of a distraught mother searching for her lost child)
Salangadou . . . All night long I've looked for you, all night thru the darkness, crying "Salangadou". All along the dark bayou, crying for my darling. Crying, "Salangadou!"
3. SOON AH WILL BE DONE (Negro Spiritual)—W. Dawson (sung in English) (1899-)
Soon Ah will be done wid de troubles ob de worl' . . . Goin' home t' live wid God. I wan' t' meet my mother. I goin' t' lib wid God. No more weepin' an' a'wailin', I wan' t' meet my Jesus.
4. VOSPOJTE GOSPODI, iz "Cetiri Dohovni Stiha"
SING UNTO THE LORD A NEW SONG, from "Four Religious Verses"—Marko Tajčević (sung in Old Slavic) (1900-)
Vospojte Jemu pjesn novu: Slava Tebje Gospodi, Aliluja! Vospojte Jemu pjesn novu. Da is polnjatsja usta moja hvalenija, Jako da vospoju slavu Tvoju, Ves denj velikoljepije Tvoje! Slava Tebje Gospodi, Aliluja! Jako velij jesi Ti, I tverjaj čudesna, Ti jesi Bog jedin.
Sing unto the Lord a new song. Glory to Thee, Oh Lord, Alleluia! Let my mouth be full of worship. Let me sing of Thy glory; All day long will I sing of Thy great glory . . . For Thou art holy and doest wondrous things. Thou alone art God.

SIDE TWO

1. MACEDONIAN HORA (Instrumental — "Gajde")
Tomislav Elezovic, accordion; Zivojin Jevtic, clarinet; Zoran Saric, guitar; Alexandar Fotiric, bass.

2. Jugoslovenski Splet (Yugoslavian Suite)
(sung in Serbo-Croat and Slovenian)
 - a) Kolovodja (The Dance Leader) arr. Aksentije Maksimovich
Kolovodja kolom kreni, U njemu se ruža kupu,
Diko naša okom treni, Zato braćo, opa, cupa,
Pa poskoči da skoknemo, Ko se docne oženio,
Lakom nogom da lupnemo, Svako dobro poželio:
Pa svi redom gore dole, I u selu jaranica,
Da vidimo ko će bolje, I šenice i ovaca,
Brk se smeši u gajdaša, Lakoskokih jaganjaca,
Namiguje na njegov snaša, Cista meda iz kosnice,
Ti namigni na me seko, Rujna vina sa lozice,
Lice ti je kao mleko, Kju, ju!

Dance leader, start the dance. Our pride, wink your eye. You jump and we'll jump, too. Lightly we'll tap our feet. We'll dance up and down. We'll see who dances best.
The bagpiper's mustache smiles. A girl winks at him. Wink at me, maiden! Your face is as white as milk. In the milk a rose bathes. So, boys, let's dance! Who marries late wants good things: girls in the village, silken handkerchiefs, corn and sheep, little lambs, pure honey from the hive, red wine from the vine. Iju, iju. . .

 - b) PO JEZERU BLIZ TRIGLAVA (On a Lake Near Triglav) arr. Matej Hubad (1881-1938)
On the lake near the mountain of Triglav from a little boat floating and swinging you can hear a song echoing softly through the mountains. I'll ask one of my father's pretty white horses to carry me to my darling over three mountains, three valleys and three green fields.
 - c) VUPREM OCI (I Raise My Eyes) arr. Vinko Zganjec (1856-1928)
I raise my eyes to the bright stars twinkling in the sky. Medjumurje, how beautifully green and full of flowers it is. I raise my eyes, filled with ecstasy, to see thee gazing into the distance.
 - d) U MOG DIKE (My Love Has Beautiful, Sweet Lips)—arr. Rafajlo Blam (1908-)
U mog dike medna usta, Danka tkala, Stanku dala.
Zato nisu nikad pusta, Hajte momci i devojke
On me uvek ljubi grli, Svi u kolo Zaigrajte!
Preko moji' belih zubi, Zaigrajte vitko smelo
A ja volim moga momka, Neka čuje celo selo.
Pa ga ljubim u dva oka, Hop, šalaj, pa šalaj,
U dva oka oba crna, Opet šalaj pa šalaj.
Kao da su naertana, Kolo vodi Vasa
Na Marini seferini, Kolo se talasa,
A u Kjoke zlatne toke, Vasa pored Dese,
Zlatna grana izatkana, Al' se kolo trese!
Hop šalaj, pa šalaj,
Hop, hop, hop!

My love has lips as sweet as honey. They are never deserted. He always kisses me over my white teeth. I love my boy and kiss his eyes. They are dark like a painting.
Marini wears golden coins. Djoke wears golden breast plates. Danka gave her golden embroidery to Stanko. Hey, boys and girls, let's dance Kolo! Let's dance fast and wild, for all the village to hear.
Vasa leads the Kolo. Oh, how the Kolo weaves! Vasa stands next to Dese. Oh, how the Kolo jumps! Hop šalaj, pa šalaj, hop, hop, hop!
3. JADOVANKA ZA TELETOM (Lament for a Dead Calf)
Jakov Gotovac (sung in Serbo-Croat) (1895-)
Joj, aoj, u Mostaru tele poginulo
Vas so Mostar za njim ojadio!
Da je za čim ne bi ni žalio,
No za tele, žalosna mu majka!
Sve se babe u crno zavile,
A devojke djerjefe bacile,
Dučandžije dućan zatvorile,
Domacice u crn lonac vare,
Popadije crnu kafu piju!
Joj, aoj, u Mostaru tele poginulo!

In Mostar a calf was killed. All Mostar was in grief. If it were unimportant, I wouldn't care.

But a calf! What a pity! All old women are in black. The girls put aside their embroidery. The shopkeepers close their shops. The housewives cook in black pots. The clergymen's wives drink black coffee.
In Mostar a calf was killed!

4. DUE "VILLOTE DEL FIORE"—Filippo Azzaiolo (16th Century) Two "Flower Dances" (sung in Italian)
 1. Come, t'aggio lasciat', e vita mia, se gli occhi belli erano quelli che mi dan la vita, meschino me.
 2. L'amanza mia si chiama Saporitta, la tandararitunda, ed io ci ho fatto fare questa canzone: O Sa, o Saporitta, quando vien da L'erto porta'no fico fresco per la tua fe! O mia, o mia Saporitella, la chi la chi righi righella, quanto sei bella.

1. How could I leave you, oh, my life, if the beautiful eyes were those which gave me life, miserable me.
2. My love is called Saporitta, and I have made this song for her: You must know, Saporitta, when I come from the orchard I shall bring you a fresh fig for your faith. O my dear Saporitella, how beautiful you are.

5. THE ROWAN TREE—Alexander V. Svešnjikov (Russian composer) (sung in Russian) (1890-)
Why are you standing so, slender rowan tree? You bow your head, touching the ground. Across the road, there by the river, the old acorn tree stands the same way.

6. WAVES OF THE AMUR—A.Kjus (sung in Russian)
Proudly Amur carries its waves. The wind of Siberia sings them a song. While the forest murmurs by the Amur, the foam flows majestic and free. There where the pink sun is born, a sailor sings a song. It floats over the wide river. It's carried far away.
Full of beauty and strength are the waves of the Amur. They glitter, proud with the glory of country. They play, full of strength, and ride to the sea. They glitter, proud with Russian glory. Beautiful waves of the Amur.
They breathe freedom and keep their peace. Peaceful are the shores of the river. The golden forest murmurs. The waves breathe with glorious beauty, praising the old Amur.
We keep its peace. Ships go forth: waves flow on and on. Murmur, Amur, murmur, with your white waves. In your fast running, sing of the glory of our dear land.
Proudly Amur carries its waves . . .

TECHNICAL DATA ON THE RECORDING

The original tapes from which this recording was made were recorded at thirty inches per second on a modified Ampex model 350 machine. Two microphones were used, mounted at the ends of a boom six feet long, suspended from the proscenium of Carnegie Hall. The microphones were extensively modified RCA MI 3026A ribbon velocity transducers, a type superseded in the early thirties by inferior models. The frequency response of this recording extends beyond 17,000 cycles per second, and any distortion is primarily a function of playback.

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THIS RECORDING IS ALSO AVAILABLE MONAURALLY: MP 576

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