

# Smutný večer bez měsíčka

(Sad evening without a moon)

Moravský lidový text  
(Moravian folk text)

♩ = 100

Markéta Kapustová

Triste

Soprano: Treble clef, 3/4 time. Notes: - (rest), - (rest), - (rest), - (rest), - (rest).

Piano: Treble clef, 3/4 time. Dynamics: *mf*. Measures: 1-5. Pedal points: Ped. under measures 1-5.

Soprano (S): Treble clef, 3/4 time. Dynamics: *mf*. Text: Smutný ve-čer, bez mě-síč - ka, o - sta-la jsem, bez sy-neč - ka.

Klavier (Klv.): Treble and Bass clefs, 3/4 time. Dynamics: *mp*. Measures: 6-11. Pedal points: Ped. under measures 6-11.

Soprano (S): Treble clef, 3/4 time. Dynamics: *mf*. Text: sama smut - ná, do-ma, se - dím, z oké neč - ka, k lesu, hle-dím.

Klavier (Klv.): Treble and Bass clefs, 3/4 time. Dynamics: *mf*. Measures: 12-17. Pedal points: Ped. under measures 12-17.

19      ***p***

S      šo-ha-jek je od - ve - de - ný      šo-ha-jek je od - ve - de - ný.

Klv.      ***p***

*R&d.* \_\_\_\_\_ | *R&d.* \_\_\_\_\_ |

25

S      — — — — —

Klv.      ***mf***

*R&d.* \_\_\_\_\_ | *R&d.* \_\_\_\_\_ | *R&d.* \_\_\_\_\_ | *R&d.* \_\_\_\_\_ | *R&d.* \_\_\_\_\_ |

30      ***mf***

S      Vyš-la hvězda nad le-síč - kem tú-ží srd - ce za sy-neč - kem

Klv.      ***mf***

*R&d.* \_\_\_\_\_ | *R&d.* \_\_\_\_\_ | *R&d.* \_\_\_\_\_ | ***f*** *R&d.* \_\_\_\_\_ |

*R&d.* \_\_\_\_\_ | *R&d.* \_\_\_\_\_ | *R&d.* \_\_\_\_\_ | *R&d.* \_\_\_\_\_ | *R&d.* \_\_\_\_\_ |

36

S      Tú-ží vo - lá      vrat' se      zpá - tky      Doj-di do na - šej zah -

Klv.      *mp*      *p*

42

S      rád - ky.      Tú-ží vo-lá      vrat' se      zpát-ky      Doj-di do na - šej zah -

Klv.      *f*      *p*

49

S      rád - ky      roz - kvé - ta - jú      tam fi - a - lky.

Klv.

53

S

Klv.

*mf*

*R&d.* \_\_\_\_\_

*R&d.* \_\_\_\_\_

*R&d.* \_\_\_\_\_

*R&d.* \_\_\_\_\_

Translation:

**SAD EVENING WITHOUT A MOON**

Sad evening without the moon, I was left without a son. Sad alone, I sit at home.  
I look out the window at the forest, the boy is taken away.

A star has come out of the forest, a heart longing for a son. He longs, calling to come back.  
Come to our garden, violets will grow there.