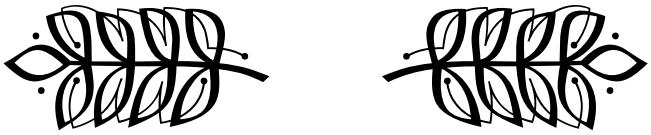
Lubomír Černý



Polkas and Marches

with an introduction by Holly Small

Preface

Lubomír Černý was my legendary uncle who immigrated with whole family in Canada around 1968. A legendary one, as I saw him last at the airport in Ruzyně, Prague, when I was one year old, and then not until the year 1990. During this period he became famous at York University Toronto as genial pianist who was able to instantly compose or adapt any music in a way that was required by ballet tutors. He was said to have a computer in his head, as he was able to create any rhythmical structure with any odd phrases within a few seconds. Also his memory was admirable. My grandfather witnesses that he was able to play whole operas and operettas by heart.

This notebook is although older than 1968, the time of Russian invasion in Czechoslovakia. It represents the second collection of my uncle. The first one was devoted to waltzes of popular music of so called First Republic (Czechoslovakia between 1918 - 1939). This second book is devoted to older national and folk music - polkas and marches, which was usually played by brass bands and intended for dancing and procession that were popular at that time. The songs are partly Czech and partly German and Austrian, and they are mostly cheerful.

It must be point out that this collection was never intended for publication, so some songs in the second part were not written by Chinese ink, but fast sketched by a pencil or a ballpoint pen. For more plastic picture of my uncle's family and time of Communism, you may read a chapter by Holly Small from Toronto.

Yours sincerely

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An Alchemical Marriage: The music of Luboš Černý

by

Holly Small

Toronto 1997

Anyone who studied or worked in the Dance Department at York University during the years 1970 to 1990 lights up at the mention of Luboš Černý, the musician who filled the studios with soulful, passionate music for 20 years. No dancer could forget the way his music carried one through class, like a magic spell. The warmth, generosity and stylistic variety of his sound inspired us. We loved his quiet eccentricity almost as much as his music. It was reassuring to see him riding to work every day on that old bicycle, or tending his small jungle of plants in Studio III, or smoking incessantly. (Those were the days when practically everyone smoked, and all the studios were equipped with free-standing ashtrays. I remember one ballet teacher in particular always squinting disapprovingly at me through a haze of cigarette smoke.) Perhaps the most delightful memory I have of Luboš is, on snowy mornings, seeing him glide elegantly up to the front doors of the Fine Arts Building, on cross-country skis.

As a young dance student I was also impressed by Luboš' aura of sophistication. He had exquisite manners, an old-world courtliness. His "good morning" was always accompanied by a gracefully restrained bow. I used to wonder if he was some Bohemian aristocrat. As it happens, I was only slightly off. He was from a little further east — Moravia.

Lubomír Černý was born July 29, 1924 in Třebíč, a small town in Moravia, the eastern part of the Czech Republic. When he was two years old, the family moved to Prague where his father,

Antonín, was able to earn a comfortable living as the manager of a construction company. Both parents had strong rural roots, and Luboš and his two younger brothers, Miroslav and Radovan, spent many boyhood summers in the Moravian countryside.

Music was always an important part of Černý family life. Luboš' mother, Bohuslava, came from a musical family. Her father had been the Organist and Choirmaster in her small village and she continued the tradition of singing and music making with her own children. It was evident from an early age that Luboš was talented. At the age of four he was playing his own tunes on the piano, and, soon after, he began taking private lessons. By the age of nine he was blithely playing Beethoven Sonatas and was regarded as a kind of miracle child. When he was twelve, his parents sent him to study with Professor Štěpánová, a renowned teacher at the Prague Academy of Music. She insisted that her new pupil start at the beginning again. According to Luboš, she allowed him to play nothing but scales for the first year. He learned music theory, harmony and counterpoint at the keyboard, and this solid classical foundation, combined with his free-flowing creativity, was the source of his extraordinary skill at "playing by ear" and improvising.

While the Černýs made sure their son received the best classical training available, they viewed music as a sideline, an emblem, perhaps, of a cultured upbringing, and wished instead to send him to the University of Prague to study languages and eventually take up an academic career. But their ambitions for their son would never be realized. When he finished high school at age 19, Europe was embroiled in World War II. Czechoslovakia was occupied by the Germans. Charles University was closed and all instruction was given in German. Students had to prove their worthiness to be there and most, seeing this as collaboration with the Germans, refused. Many of the young men were sent to Germany as forced labourers to work in munitions factories or clean up the rubble of bombed buildings. Thanks to influential family connections, the Černý brothers were allowed to stay in Prague, where Luboš spent the war years working as a draftsman in an airplane factory.

The post-war years, 1945 to 1947, marked a brief period of political freedom. Luboš went to university, first studying architecture and later switching to French and Czech. He was an intelligent student, curious and creative, but easily distracted from his linguistic studies into more whimsical areas such as music. One day while doing research into the origins of the Czech language, he happened upon some old Czech folksongs. He was so enchanted with his discovery that he neglected his original task and spent days studying the folk songs instead**.** With hindsight, it is clear that he was, perhaps instinctively, moving in a direction that would eventually bear fruit. And those

haunting, melancholy Czech melodies would surface again and again in his lush improvisations for dance.

Czechoslovakia's short-lived democracy ended abruptly in February 1948 when the Communist Party took power. With the Soviet Union backing them, and both the military and the police under their control, the Communists effectively put an end to political and personal freedom. The Party required all students to undergo a "new assessment" and many, including Luboš, were found to be "not fit for continuing study". The Černý family was targeted because Luboš' uncle, Vladimír Krajina, a prominent botanist and ecologist, had been a key figure in the Czech resistance. He had organized his country's intelligence operations and supplied more than 20,000 dispatches to the Allies before he was captured and sent to a concentration camp. After the war, Krajina served as leader of a political party which opposed the communists, and after the 1948 take-over he was targeted as a "first class enemy of the Communist Party". This meant his whole extended family was punished. They were among a growing group of citizens the Party considered unfit to be the educated leaders of the nation. Most were denied access to post-secondary education and were barred from jobs that could be construed as responsible or influential. Luboš went to work in a factory which produced children's clothes. Krajina himself would have been murdered if he had not managed to escape to Austria. A year later his wife, daughter, baby son and mother-in-law also escaped and the family came to Canada, where, 20 years later, they would welcome Luboš' family. In Canada, Krajina had a long and distinguished career as a professor of ecology and forestry at the University of British Columbia. His research, which has had a major impact on B.C. forestry, earned him many honours, including the Order of Canada in 1981.

Throughout these years of political upheaval, Luboš continued to develop as a pianist. In high school he had practised for hours at a time without any parental coaxing, and now he was playing piano regularly with various bands in the cafés and nightclubs of Prague. Afternoon concerts consisted of popular, accessible works by such composers as Mozart, Strauss, and the Czech composers Smetana, Dvořák and Janáček. In the nightclubs, the repertoire was mostly jazz, swing and dance music influenced by the West.

From 1949 to 1951 Luboš served his compulsory duty in the Czechoslovakian army. Barred from the officers' ranks because of his family connections, he spent most of his time playing music in military bands. He played trumpet in the marching band and piano and accordion in the smaller ensembles which performed at various public functions. He also wrote most of the arrangements for these ensembles. While stationed in the small town of Cheb, in western Bohemia, Luboš encountered his future wife Marie Klimešová for the first time. She was one of a group of girls

recruited from the local high school to perform the female roles in the play *Manon Lescaut* which the soldiers were presenting. Marie, who was also a pianist, was enchanted by his music. "He was a musician in his heart", she says.

Marie was 17 when they met and three years later they married. By then Luboš had completed his military service and was back in Prague, working as a draftsman in an airplane factory by day, and playing piano in various bands at night. He found working as a musician to be infinitely more rewarding. He was sought after by many local band leaders and, shortly after his marriage, Luboš accepted a full-time position and began, in earnest, the life of a professional musician. Much of his time was spent on the road. The bands and musical productions he worked with toured for months at a time, playing in resorts and hotels in the mountains, and in theatres and concert halls throughout Czechoslovakia. They also traveled to other Eastern Bloc countries including Bulgaria and Russia. But the government consistently refused to give Luboš a passport so he was unable to tour to the West.

Meanwhile, Marie had begun to work as a school teacher. She taught for one year in a tiny village on the forgotten edges of the country and for a second year in a village near Prague. Her career came to an end when the teachers were required to renounce their religious beliefs and declare themselves marxist atheists. Marie could not sign such a declaration. She and her family, the Klimešovi, were prominent Catholics whose steadfast refusal to renounce their religious beliefs brought them to the attention of the Secret Police. Marie, herself, was first interrogated shortly after she finished high school in 1952 and the Secret Police kept up their frightening harassment until 1958.

And yet, life continued. After her short-lived teaching career Marie was unable to find any worthwhile employment. Sometimes she accompanied Luboš on tour and was occasionally able to get work in the kitchens of the resorts they toured to. Life on the road was exciting and diverting. In the early sixties the touring shows were big and glamourous, featuring the famous Czech singers Rudolf Cortés and Richard Adam. The repertoire was mostly popular show tunes, jazz standards, even comedy sketches. Photographs of Luboš from this period capture a handsome, lanky young man of the "beat generation" — at the piano, playing recorder, clarinet, accordion or just posing crazily with his fellow performers. Behind the heavy, black-rimmed spectacles, Luboš' face is unmistakable — the dark, soulful eyes and the sensuous, curving mouth, the hint of melancholy. In one photo he sings into an old-style microphone. His head is thrown back and he is brandishing a dagger. The caption confirms what one already imagines — Luboš belting out Kurt Weill's *Mack the Knife*! In addition to many albums of photographs, what remains from this era are hundreds of

hand-made postcards which Luboš painted while on tour and sent back to Marie — little scenes of the countryside, or the towns and villages he visited. Sometimes he painted himself participating in the scene. More often he is depicted viewing the scene from the bottom corner. Years later, Luboš mounted all these small paintings and drawings in a series of albums with extravagantly painted covers and scrupulous annotations on every page. Many of these remarkable albums were created for Marie and bear inscriptions such as "Hommage a Marie". He was a romantic man who never neglected a birthday or other special occasion.

If life on the road was wild and unpredictable, life in Prague was difficult. Housing was scarce, and the couple lived, for 10 years, with Luboš' parents in a cramped two-bedroom apartment. One bedroom was for the parents, one was for his brother Miroslav and his wife, and Luboš and Marie slept in the living room. Even after their first two children were born, Steven in 1959, Judy in 1962, they all lived under one roof and shared one tiny kitchen. Finally, in 1966, after their youngest child Erica was born, a small apartment became available and they were able to move. The chilling shadow of the Communist regime was ever present. Luboš was already under suspicion because of the family connection with his uncle Krajina. His extensive touring brought him under even closer scrutiny by the Secret Police and soon he too was repeatedly taken in for questioning. They both lived in constant, fearful expectation of arrest and imprisonment.

The first half of 1968 was a hopeful time. It was that brief period, from January to June, known as the Prague Spring. The stranglehold of the Communist regime relaxed. People experienced increased personal freedom. Luboš and Marie were finally granted passports and Luboš was able to tour to Norway where he had his first taste of western culture. There was a feeling of optimism in the air. Czechoslovakia seemed poised to join the rest of the world in the swinging sixties. But on August 21 citizens of Prague watched in horror and disbelief as Soviet tanks rolled into the city and squadrons of airplanes roared overhead. Luboš was playing at a club that night. When he returned home, they decided, then and there, to run away. The prospect of sinking once more into the Cold War nightmare of fear and intimidation was unendurable. Contrasted with the brief thaw of the Prague Spring, their experience under Communist rule in the 1950s was so personally threatening that they could not bear to repeat it. In Marie's words, "Luboš had had a terrible life with me; never knowing when I might be called in for questioning, or sent to prison. We couldn't conceive of raising our children in a climate of fear, repression and indoctrination."

Once their decision to flee was made, it was crucial to act quickly, and with utmost secrecy. In the early weeks of the crackdown it was possible to get permission to leave the country if you were sponsored, or invited by someone from another country. Luboš had an old high school friend

who was half French. She arranged for a French family, whom the Černý's had never met, to write a letter inviting them to visit. With this letter they could apply for permits to leave the country for a three-week trip to France. By November everything was arranged. They knew that if the Secret Police were onto them, retaliation would be vengeful and cruel — a surprise visit in the middle of the night, or a heavy hand on the shoulder just as they were about to board the plane. Curiously, Luboš, who had been an atheist all his life, decided at this time to convert to Catholicism and was baptized the Sunday before their escape. On November 4, 1968 the family left behind everything and everyone that was dear and familiar, and boarded a plane bound for Paris via Zurich. They took only a typewriter, one suitcase containing new clothes for each member of the family and two books — a Czech translation of St. Exupery's *The Little Prince* and a copy of the New Testament. They had been given $100 by a friend and had managed to smuggle letters to their cousin in Canada and two couples in the United States asking each for a loan of $300 upon their arrival. When the family landed in Zurich they did not transfer to the plane bound for France. They went directly to the Red Cross, where they were sheltered for two weeks in a converted suburban school, while arrangements were made for a loan to pay for their airplane tickets to Canada.

Upon arriving in Toronto, the family was taken in by Luboš' cousin Milena Janda, the daughter of Vladimír Krajina, who had fled Czechoslovakia with his family in the early 50s. Luboš enrolled in English classes for half a year and then he looked for work — any kind of work. His children were three, six and nine years old and the necessity to provide adequately for them weighed heavily on him. Once, having no idea about the labor unions and hiring practices of North America, he went down to City Hall to offer his services as a street sweeper. On their first Canadian New Year's Eve he played for a party downtown. When it ended at 3 am there were no buses. He would not consider paying for a taxi and so walked through the freezing night, finally arriving at their home in North Toronto about eight o'clock the next morning.

Fortunately Luboš' cousin had a connection with the National Ballet of Canada and she arranged an audition with the Musical Director, George Crumb. The Company needed a pianist to tour with a small ensemble directed by dancer/choreographer Grant Strate. Grant was creating a new lecture/demonstration for a Prologue to the Performing Arts tour. At the audition Luboš was asked to play part of Samuel Barber's *Souvenirs*. He was not a particularly good sight-reader and the audition did not go very well, so he asked to take the music home to work on overnight. The next day he returned, played the piece beautifully and was hired on the spot. The Prologue tour was Luboš' first experience playing for dance. It was evident immediately that he had a natural talent. Grant remembers him as a sensitive, supportive musician who had an "ameliorating influence" on the ensemble. As well as performing for the Lecture/Demonstration and playing for daily class,

Luboš also drove one of the two touring vans. He must have felt somewhat at home "on the road again", and surely would have enjoyed driving through the rugged landscape of northern Ontario en route from town to town.

The following year Grant Strate was invited to establish a dance program in the new Faculty of Fine Arts at York University, and Luboš was the first musician he hired to play for classes. This was to be Luboš' niche for the rest of his working life. And while he did occasionally work in private dance studios, appeared with the band of the German social club "Harmony", and even filled in sometimes at weddings or when the organist at his church was ill, by far the greatest part of his musical life, his energy, his creativity, was devoted to the dance students and teachers at York. Grant Strate and Luboš became very close during their twenty years of friendship. Both Grant and Earl Kraul, a fellow National Ballet dancer who came to York a few years later, recall that teaching was easy with Luboš at the piano. He had an uncanny ability to provide exactly the music they required, if not always the music they expected. For fondue he might play a sensuous tango to help the students drop into their plié, for grand allegro he might offer something with a subversive undercurrent of jazz to propel the dancers through space.

Luboš himself, expressed a particular affinity for modern dance. He said it suited his temperament best, and, since he co-ordinated the musicians' playing schedule, he usually slotted himself into these classes. If the class schedule could not be distributed evenly, he was always willing to play for the extra classes. One teacher for whom he expressed particular gratitude was Ahuva Anbarry — gratitude mixed with fear, for Ahuva could be a terrifying woman. She was a Graham teacher from the old school, exacting, even brutal with her students. At least once a day someone left class in tears. But what Luboš appreciated was that she took the time to work with him on the Graham forms. She knew exactly what she wanted and she insisted that he get it right. This approach appealed to Luboš' impeccable work ethic, the sense of disciplined technique or craft that was instilled in him as a child, and which was surely the secret to his longevity as a dance accompanist.

The polar opposite of Ahuva was Gary Masters, a frequent guest in the early days of the Dance program. Gary was from the José Limon company. He was buoyant and full of joy and he drew, out of the brooding, romantic Luboš, a sweeping, musical vitality. I remember coming out of those classes in a kind of weird ecstasy that I had never before experienced. Gary, a musical and precise dancer, would often ask Luboš to play specific pieces; the Chopin Nocturnes and Preludes especially. I remember trying to work as close to the piano as possible. I tried to imagine what it would be like to be under the piano, or in it. I was awakening to the profound link between music

and dance and to the deep, transformative effect music can have on our minds and bodies. I was discovering that we can do more than just react to music or wallow in it. We can meet it head on and give something back, an exchange of energies, an alchemical marriage. Each class ended with an elaborately choreographed *reverance* which we performed with all the passion and grandeur available to a group of undergraduate dance students. Luboš' expressivity and poignant romanticism stirred something deep within us. I frequently found myself weeping even as I danced, and this too was allowed for in Gary's class.

Often the relationship between dance teacher and musician is one of subordination. The teacher is the boss. The musician does the teacher's bidding. Ideally, however, this relationship should be one of equals leading the class together. Once the material has been carefully taught, the teacher can get out of the way and let the musician and dancers work with each other. The constant shouting of counts, encouragements or corrections becomes unnecessary when the dancers are really listening and collaborating with the musician. Such was the relationship between Luboš and Gary and it is one that I have aspired to in my own working relationships with musicians ever since.

Of the many musicians who have played for classes at York, one who really clicked with Luboš was Michael Leach. In spite of an age difference of 25 years, their musical background and upbringing were very similar. They shared the same philosophy about training, believing that you can only successfully break the rules if you are well schooled in them to begin with. Michael recalls that Luboš was more interested in orchestral works than in traditional piano repertoire and, in terms of dynamic range and colour, he approached the piano more as an orchestra of one than as a solo instrument.

The two men spent many hours talking about music and many other subjects ranging from model trains to mushroom picking to the correct use of dynamite. This latter skill was something Luboš taught himself in order to lay the foundation for the family cottage he was building high on a rocky cliff overlooking Doe Lake in northern Ontario. He built the cottage by hand, step by step, teaching himself each new skill as he needed it. The cottage took 13 years to complete, but he was in no hurry. It was an expression of his impeccable sense of craftsmanship and artistry. The plumbing, for example, is built to last 100 years.

Like many talented people, he took his gifts somewhat for granted, and was impatient with those around him who were not as capable. Early attempts to teach piano to Steve and Judy were disastrous. Years later, however, Luboš gave lessons to the daughter of a family friend, a little girl named Helen Holubec. Perhaps he had mellowed, because this undertaking proved very successful. The standard Royal Conservatory music books didn't interest Luboš in the least. He found them

dull. Instead, he composed a series of études especially for Helen, small pieces he thought would delight the child as well as convey the required piano skills.

I wonder if Luboš fully realized the impact his music had on so many of us. Certainly I, as a student, was too much in awe of him to strike up a conversation. More than a decade later, when I started teaching at York and he played for my classes, some vestige of that same shyness stopped me from gushing out all that was on my mind. I regret my reticence now, but then it was enough just to communicate with him through the language of music and dance. He was a modest, private person, but always courteous and kind, and more important, always one hundred per cent there to support me in class. I cannot remember him ever having an off day, although he would become exasperated if students didn't listen to the music, didn't come in on the beat, didn't feel the rhythm. On occasion, he would abruptly truncate his sweeping melody with a startling, spastic attack on the keyboard — plinkety, plunkety, klink, klank, kabonk! Then he would fold his arms across his chest and scowl furiously as the class gaped at him in shock. Usually, they got the message. One angry fit of dissonance was far more effective than all my careful coaching on the subject of musicality.

In fact, dissonance was an important part of Luboš' music even when he wasn't trying to make a point. There was a rhapsodic quality to his sound, a "thickness", a complexity. There were unexpected harmonies, rhythmic surprises, syncopations. The tone and texture were frequently dark — indigo and purple come to mind when I think of his playing. But in no way was he histrionic or affected. He was a deeply creative and emotional player who had something to say through his music. He especially loved to play for Graham classes where the set structure afforded him the freedom to develop musical ideas and to weave long, long phrases into a rich musical tapestry. His work for Jean-Louis Morin's Second-year class demonstration in the Spring of 1990 was stunning. As the dancers whirled into their final formation and Luboš' last, dramatic chords reverberated in the space, the audience leapt up cheering and clapping wildly. And as the dancers joined in and the applause shifted to a strong unison pulse, there was no doubt who was being honoured. Luboš stood by his piano, bowing repeatedly and smiling as if to say, "What's all this fuss about?"

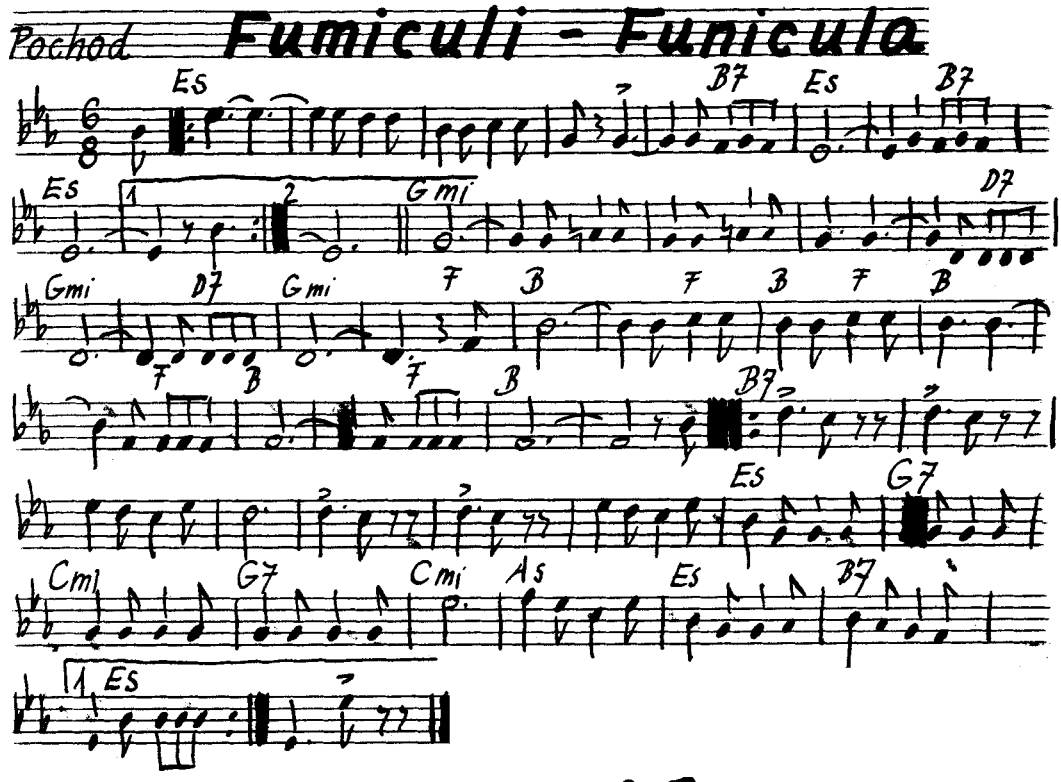
His music always seemed completely original to me. He was not interested in playing the standard repertoire although he frequently quoted thematic material from Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, the Scarlatti *Sonatas*, the Chopin *Preludes*, or more recent standards such as Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*. He used them as a point of departure to help convey the mood, emotion or quality he was looking for. Luboš was a consummate improviser, and yet, one of the most memorable bits of advice Michael Leach received from him was "When in doubt, play Bach." A contradiction? Not at

all. It was simply an indicator of the strength he continued to draw from the classical training acquired in his formative years in Czechoslovakia.

Luboš remained European to the bone. While Marie and the children adapted and thrived in their new home, he never really became a Canadian. And while he did not admit to homesickness, it was clear that immigration had changed him. Marie says, "I cannot speak about him as a happy man. He loved life, and his family, and when he played with his grandchildren he laughed like a child himself. But he was melancholy, temperamental. Perhaps it goes with the territory of being an artist."

In March 1980, Luboš and Marie suffered the worst tragedy that parents can imagine. Their son Steve was killed in a motorcycle accident while vacationing in Jamaica. Perhaps had Steve lived, the Černýs, like a number of their friends, might have moved home to Czechoslovakia when the Communist regime fell in the late 80s. But, when asked if he would go home, he replied, "I cannot. I have this grave here." He visited the cemetery on Jane Street faithfully on his way home from work. In 1990 Luboš retired from York. Three years later he died suddenly of a heart attack. Neighbours found him collapsed on the sidewalk, his hand still gripping his cigarette. He had been on his way to church to play for a wedding. The family arranged a beautiful funeral that took place over two days. There was a large church ceremony attended by many people, including York faculty and students, past and present, then an overnight vigil for family and close friends, and finally, a small service at the cemetery. Two musician friends, playing trumpet and trombone, contributed a last unexpected and heart-rending musical farewell. From their positions concealed in the trees some distance away, they played first, the *Largo* from Dvořák's *Symphony for the New World*, and then the Czech anthem, *Kde domov muj*, which speaks of Luboš beloved homeland as "the eden on earth".

It is marvelous to me that while, on the one hand Luboš fell into dance accompaniment because he needed to support his family in any way he could, on the other hand he found a life's work at which he was sublimely gifted. His talent and temperament seemed ideally suited to the unusual demands of the job. While many musicians dabble in dance accompaniment on their way to greater glories, Luboš' commitment was complete. For twenty years he remained interested, open and sensitive to dance. He taught us, by his example what an artist could be. His passion for music and his dedication to his craft were unwavering. And when he lifted his hands to the keyboard he transported us.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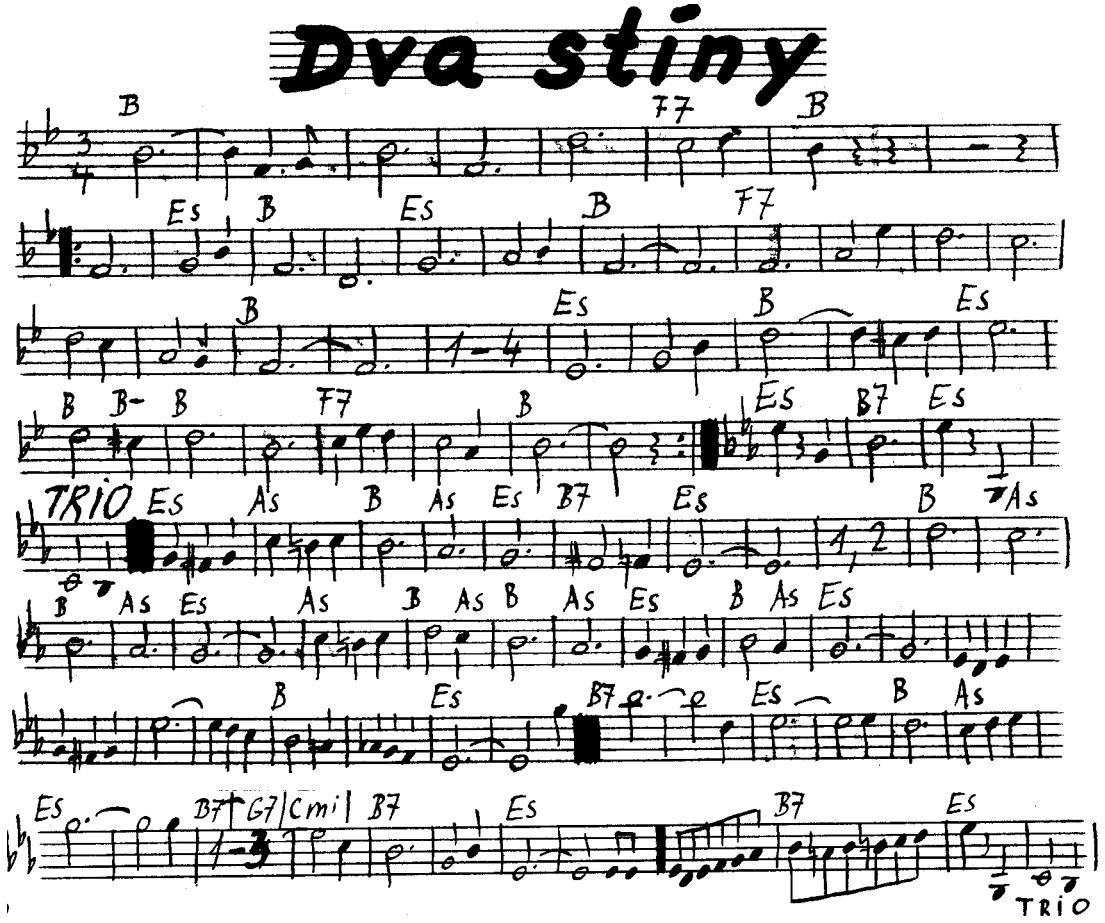
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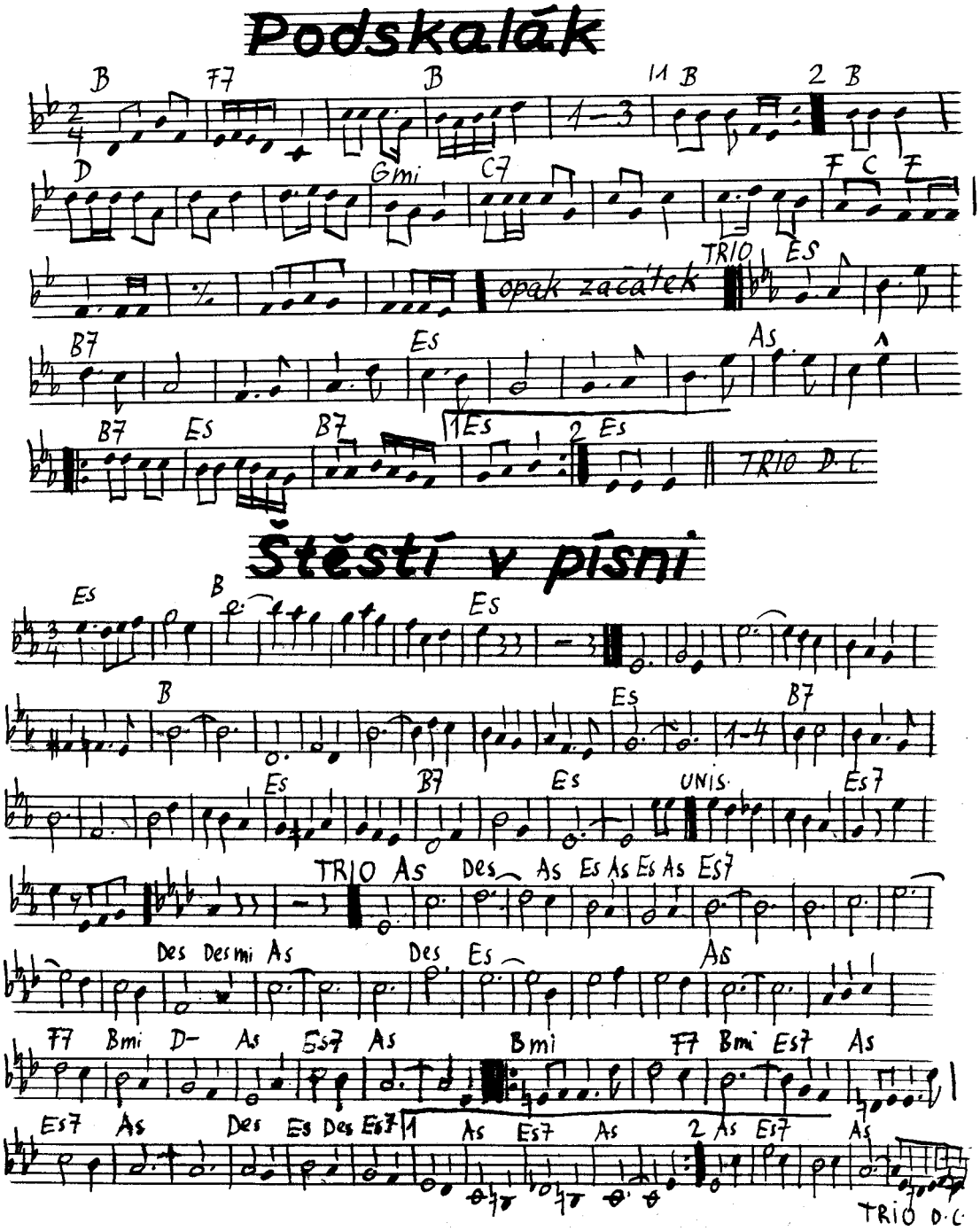
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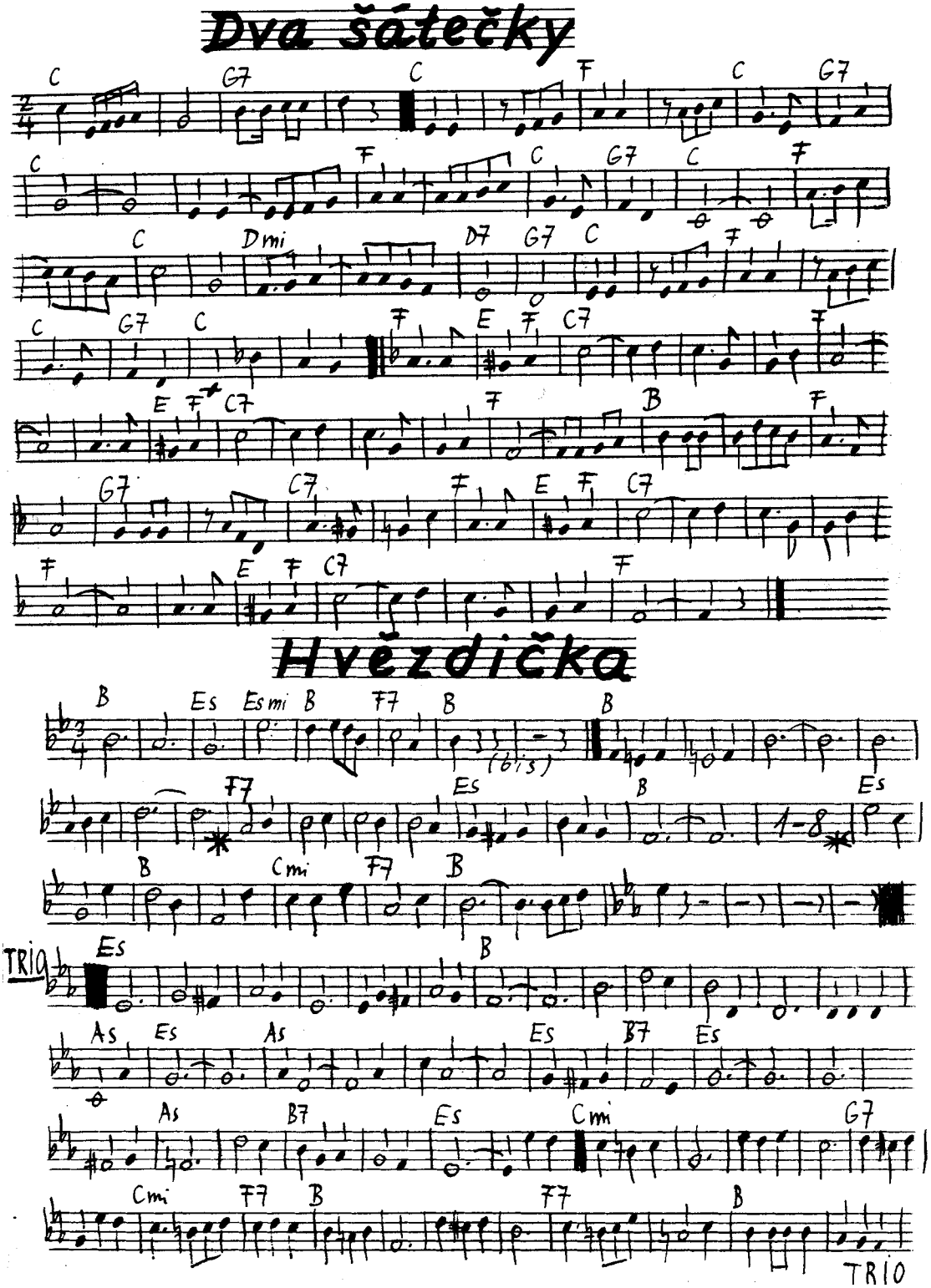
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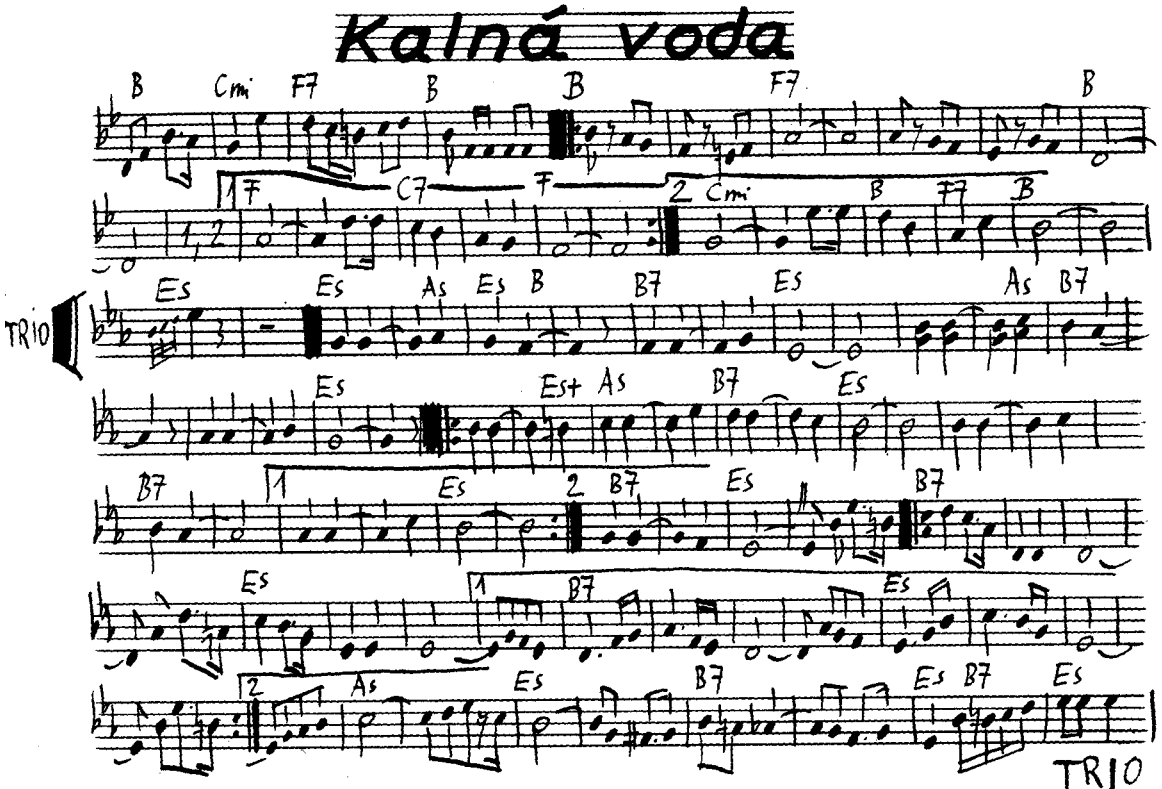
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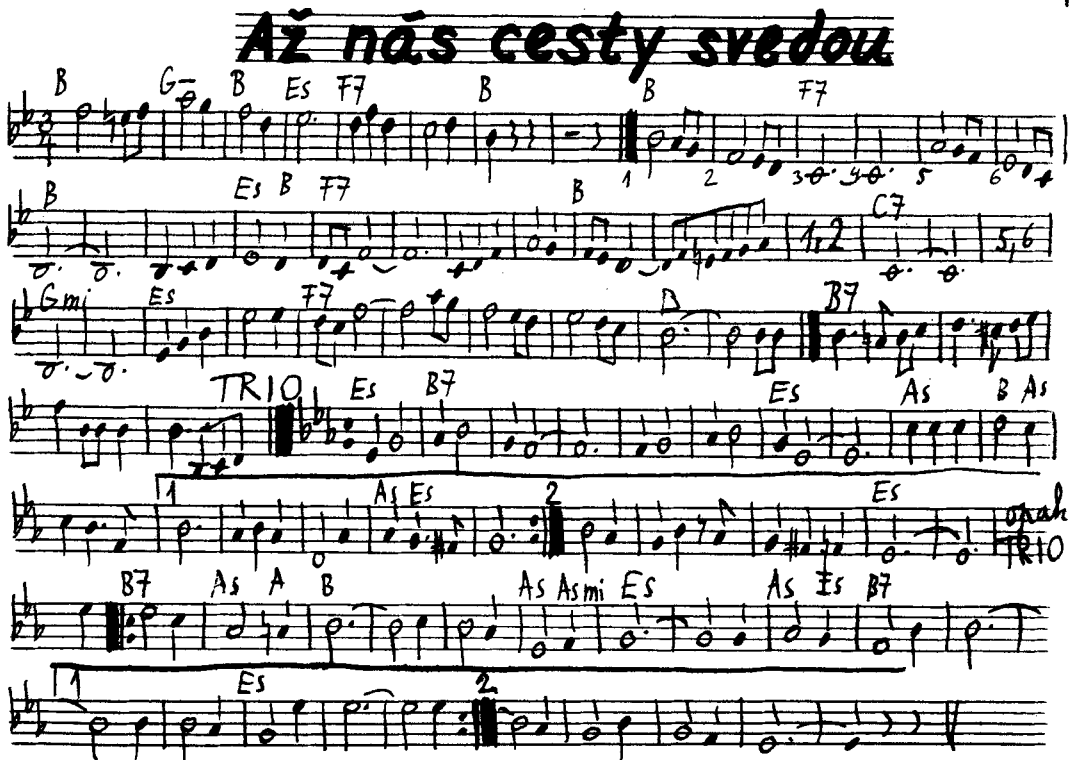
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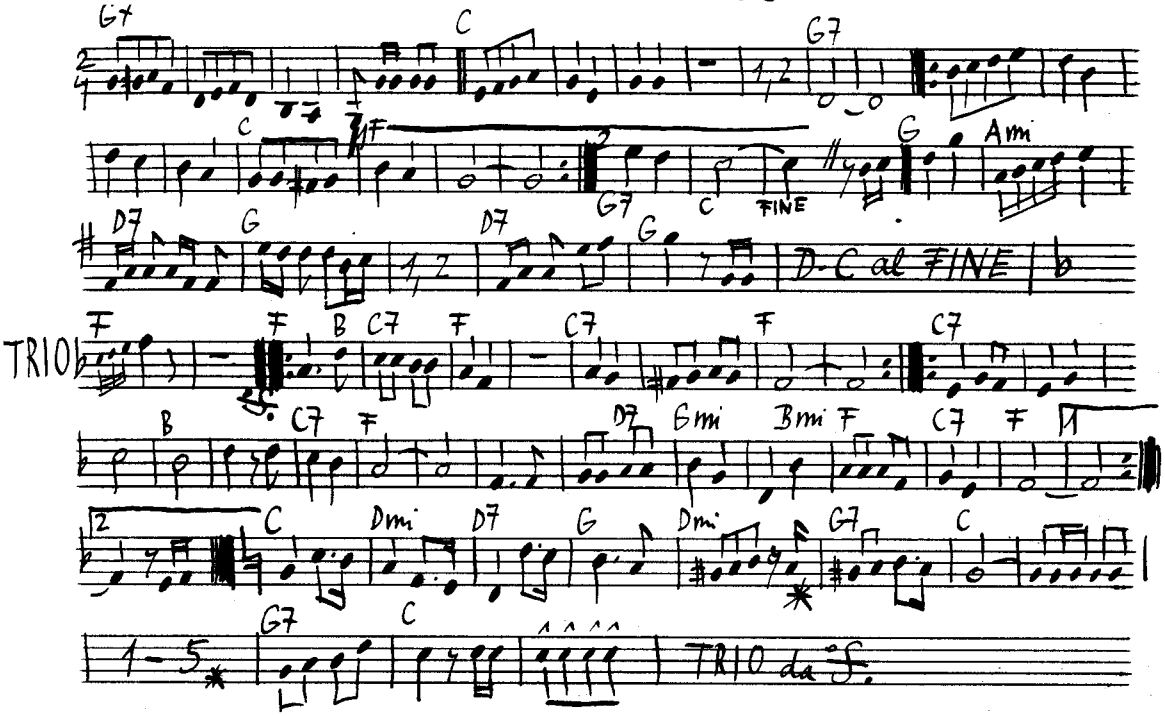
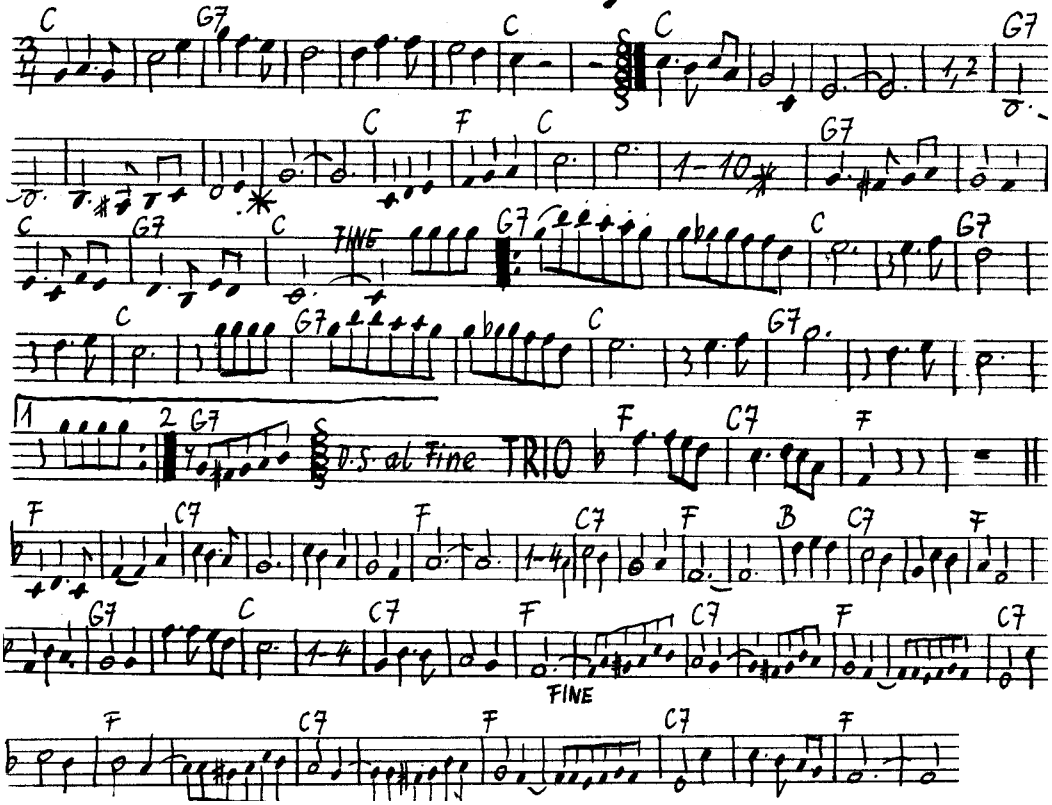
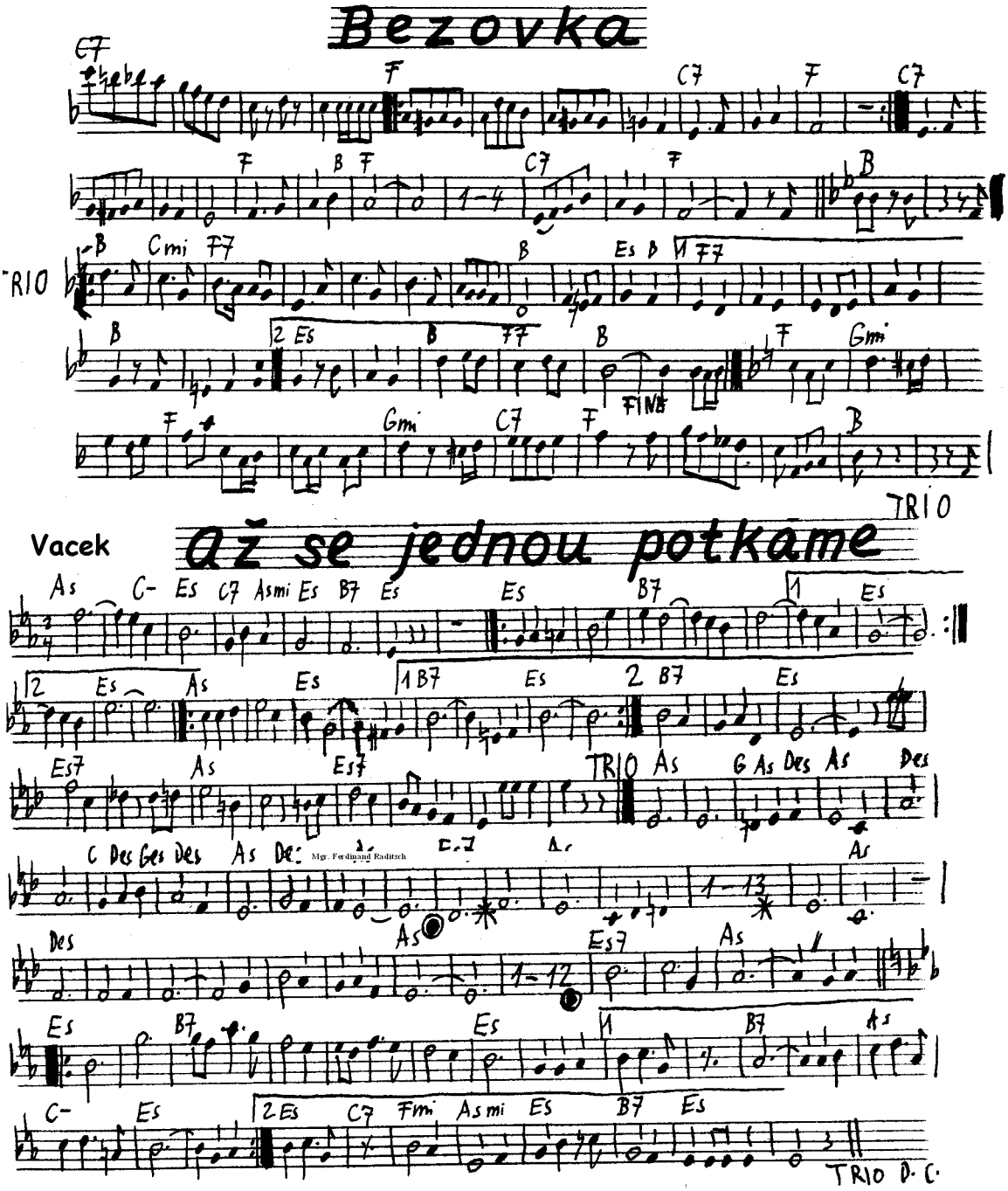
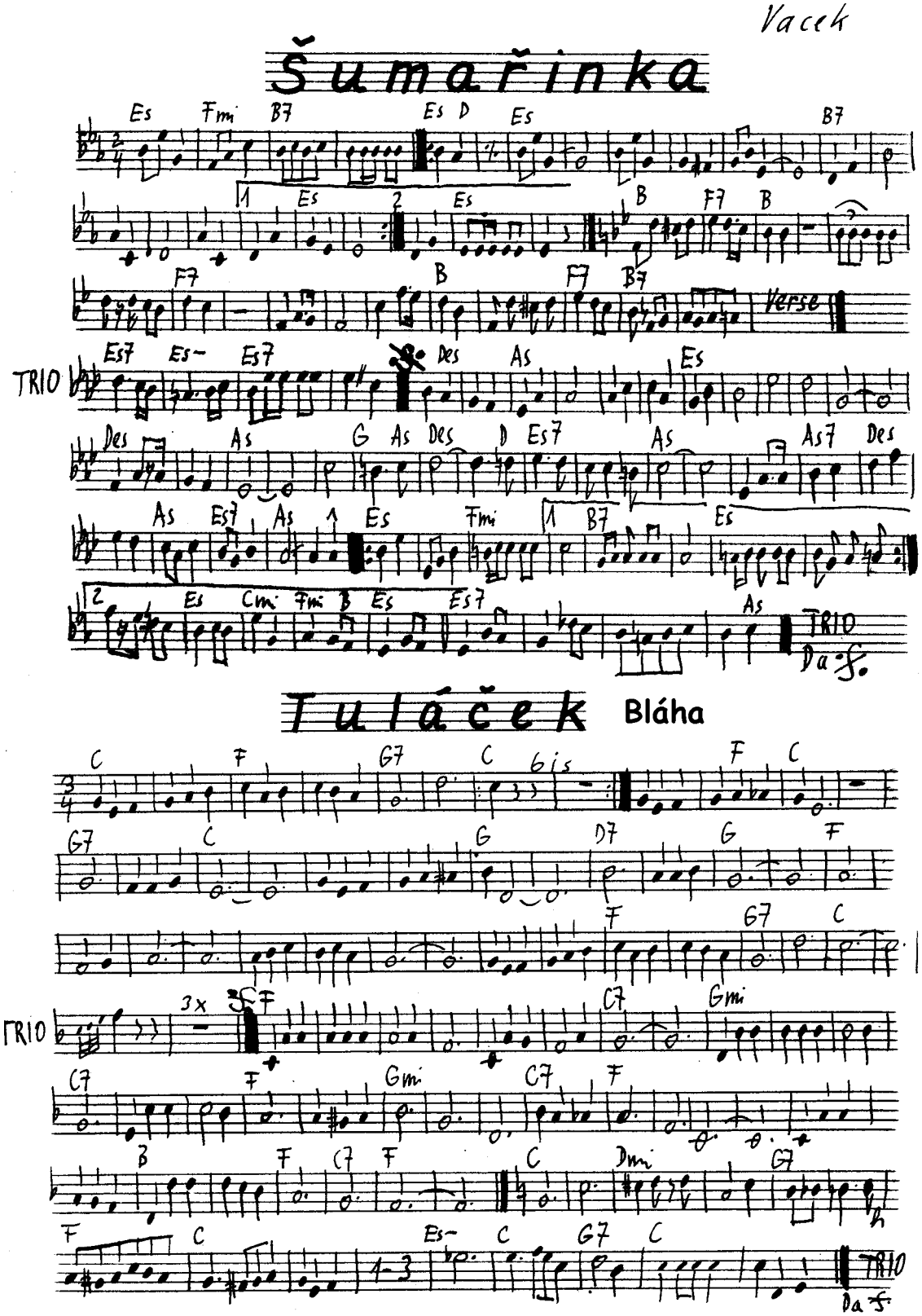


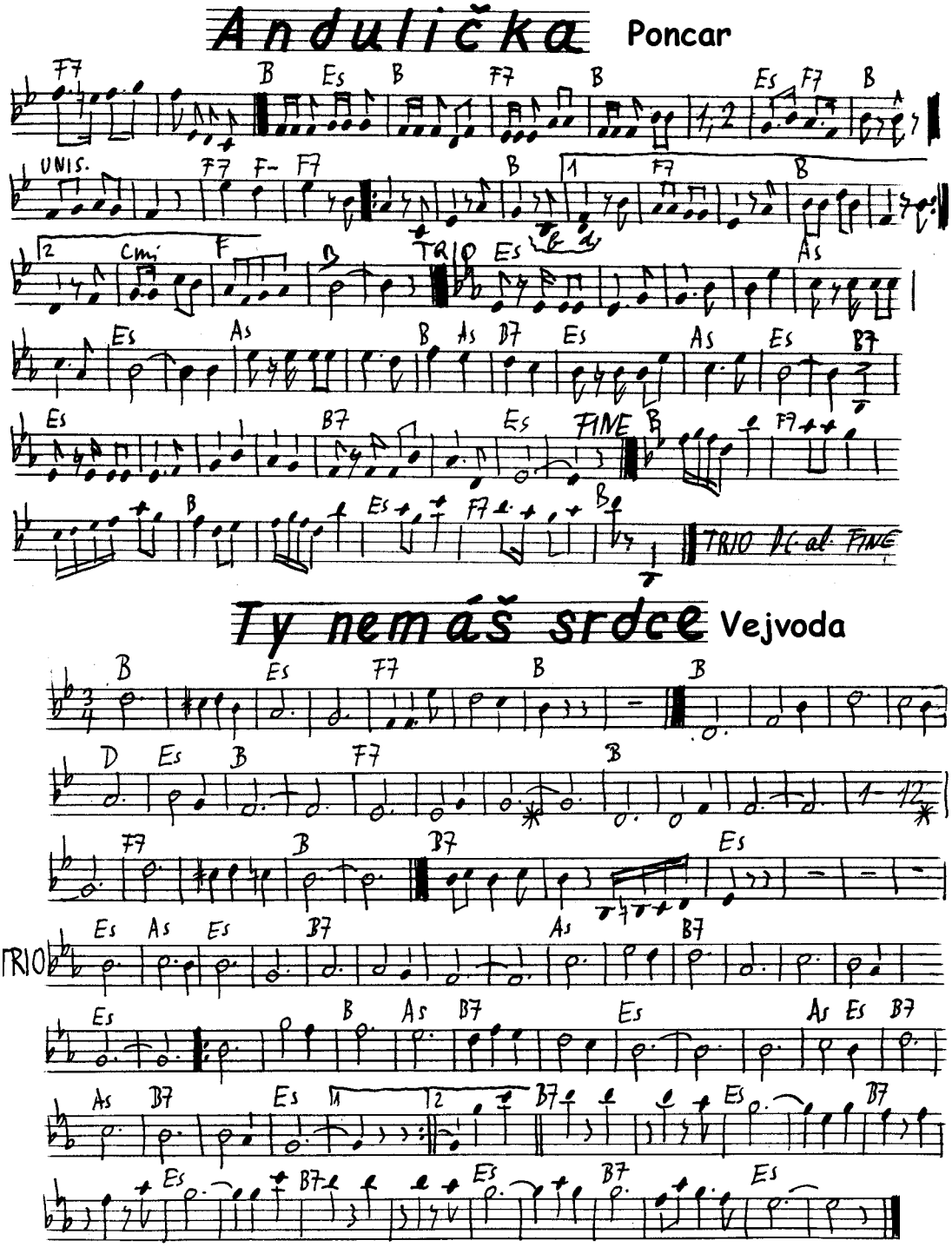
Až si budeš jinou brát

Valdauf

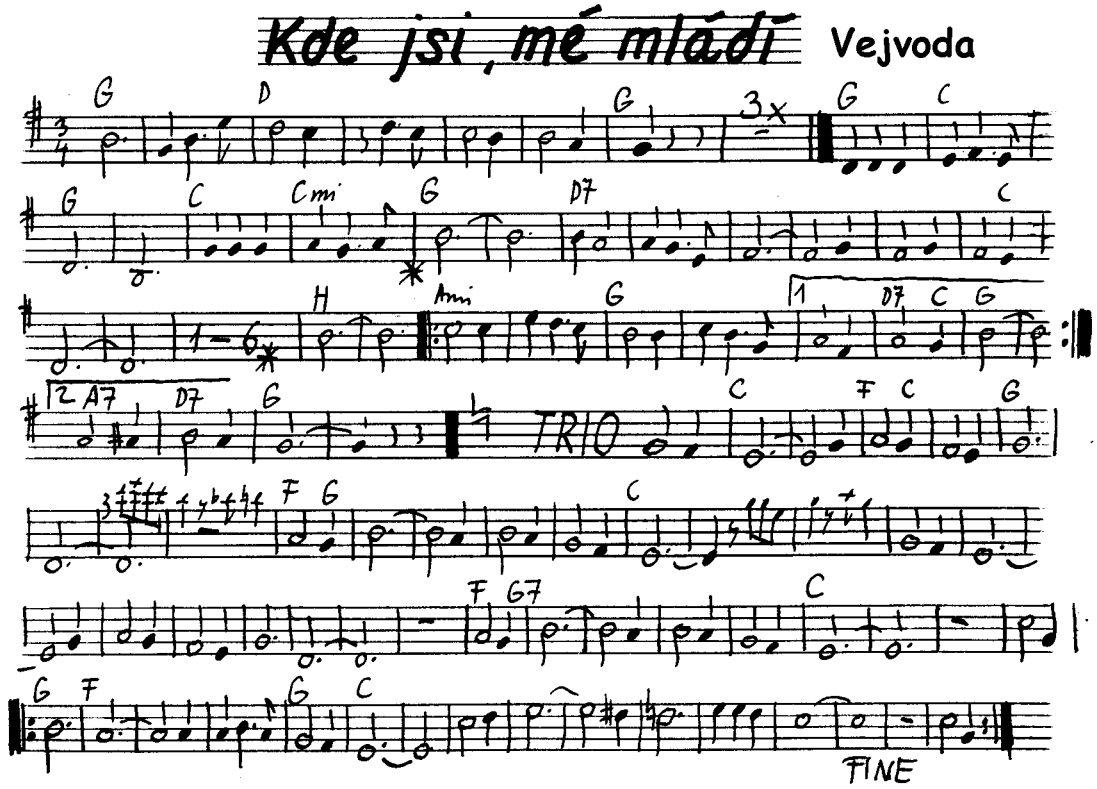


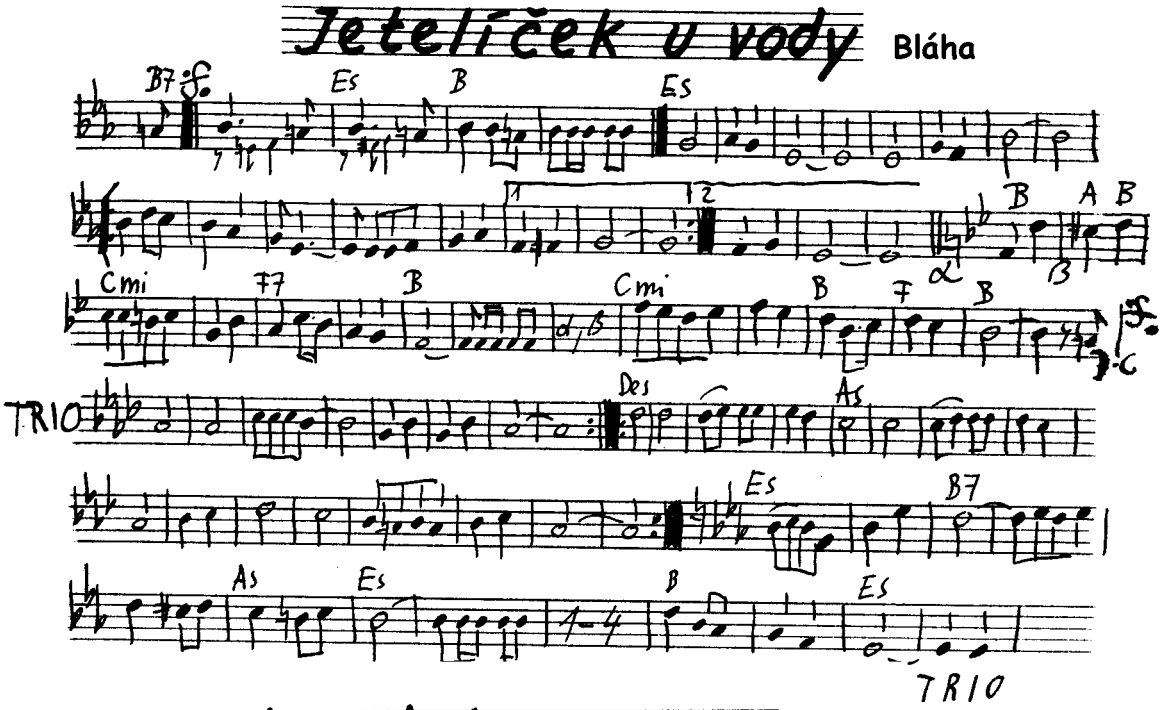

Bezovka
TRIO
Vacek
Až se jednou potkáme
TRIO
TRIO D. C.

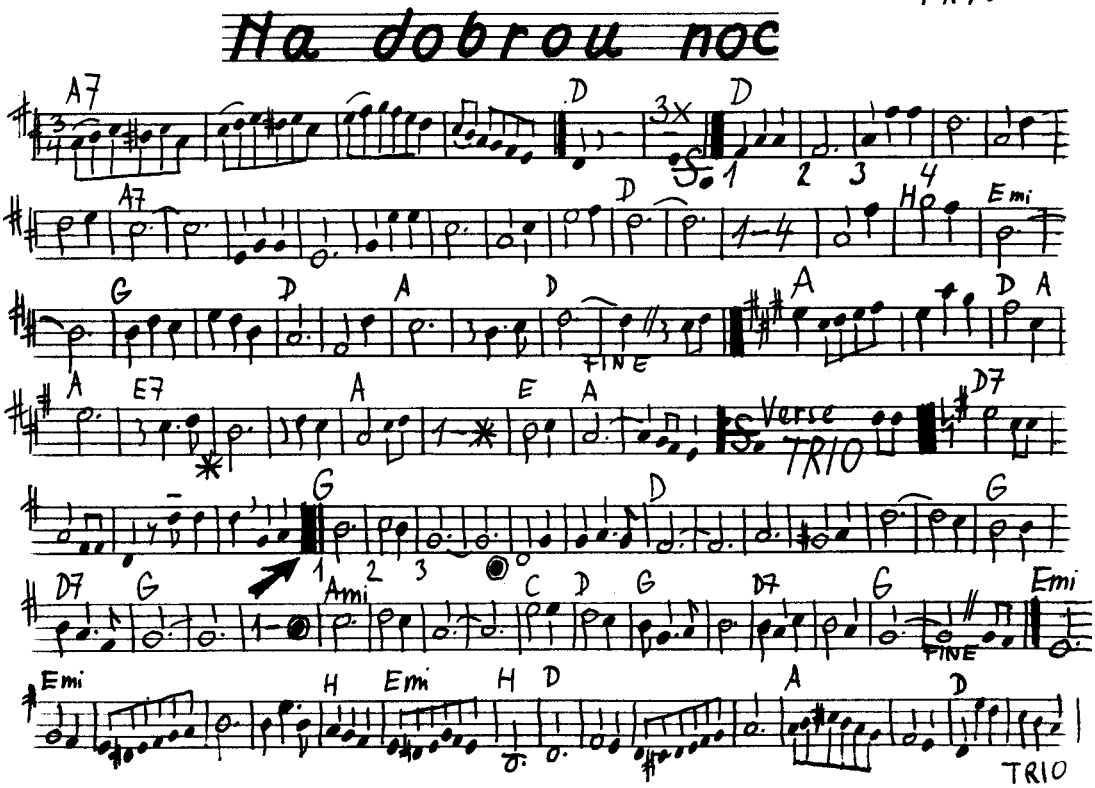

Vacek
Šumařinka
Es Fmi B7 Es D Es B7
1 Es 2 Es B F7 B
F7 B F7 B7 Verse
TRIO Es7 Es- Es7 Des As Es
Des As G As Des D Es7 As As7 Des
As Es7 As 1 Es Fmi 1 B7 Es
2 Es Cmi Fmi B Es Es7 As TRIO
Da fo.
Tuláček Bláha
C F G7 C 6/5 F C
G7 C G D7 G F
F G7 C
TRIO 3x F C7 Gmi
C7 F Gmi C7 F
B F C7 F C Dmi G7
F C 1-3 Es- C G7 C TRIO
Da fo.

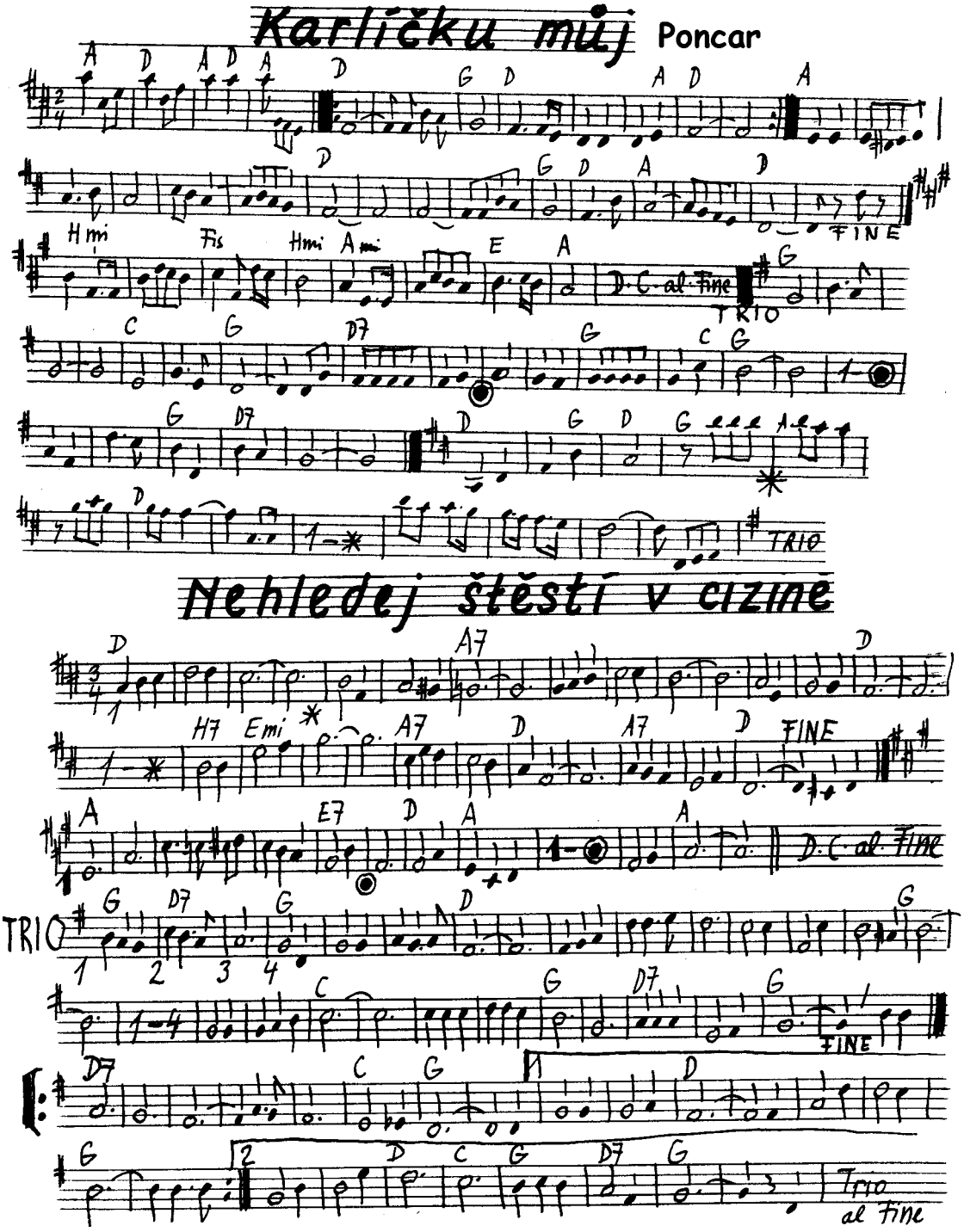

Anduličká
Poncar
UNIS.
TRIO
FINE
TRIO D.C. al FINE
Ty nemáš srdce
Vejvoda
TRIO

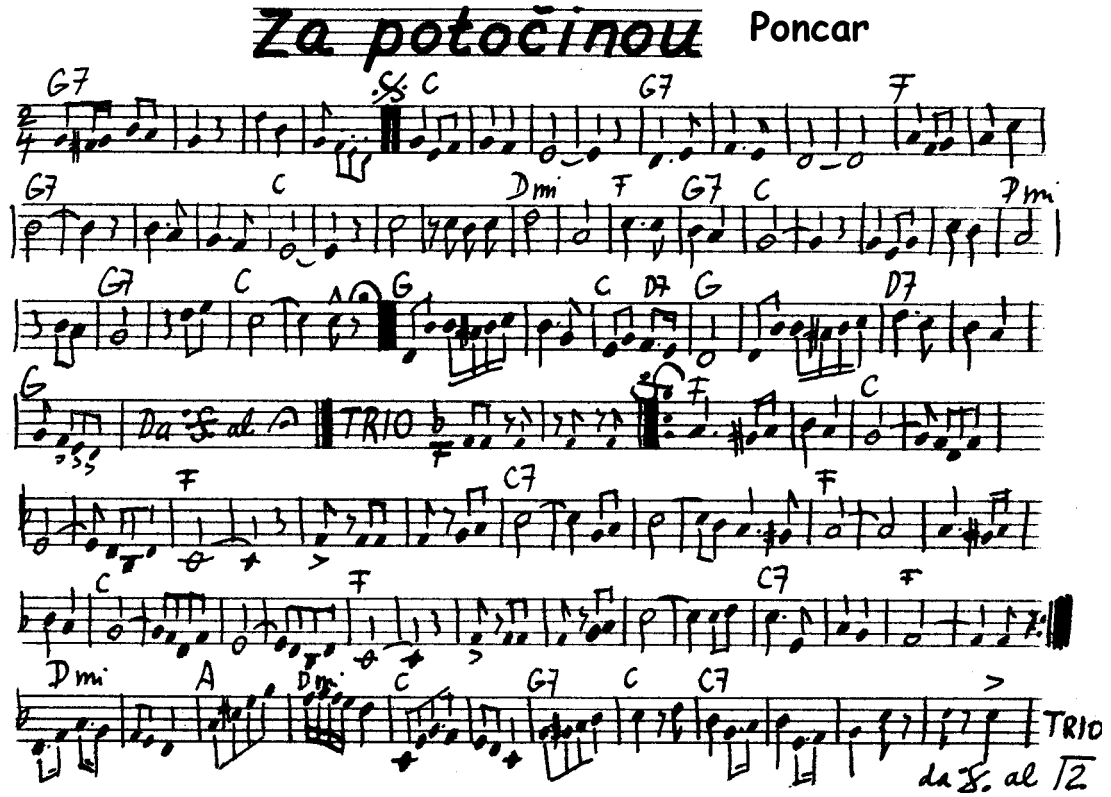
Až budou trumpety zpívat
Borovicka
TRIO

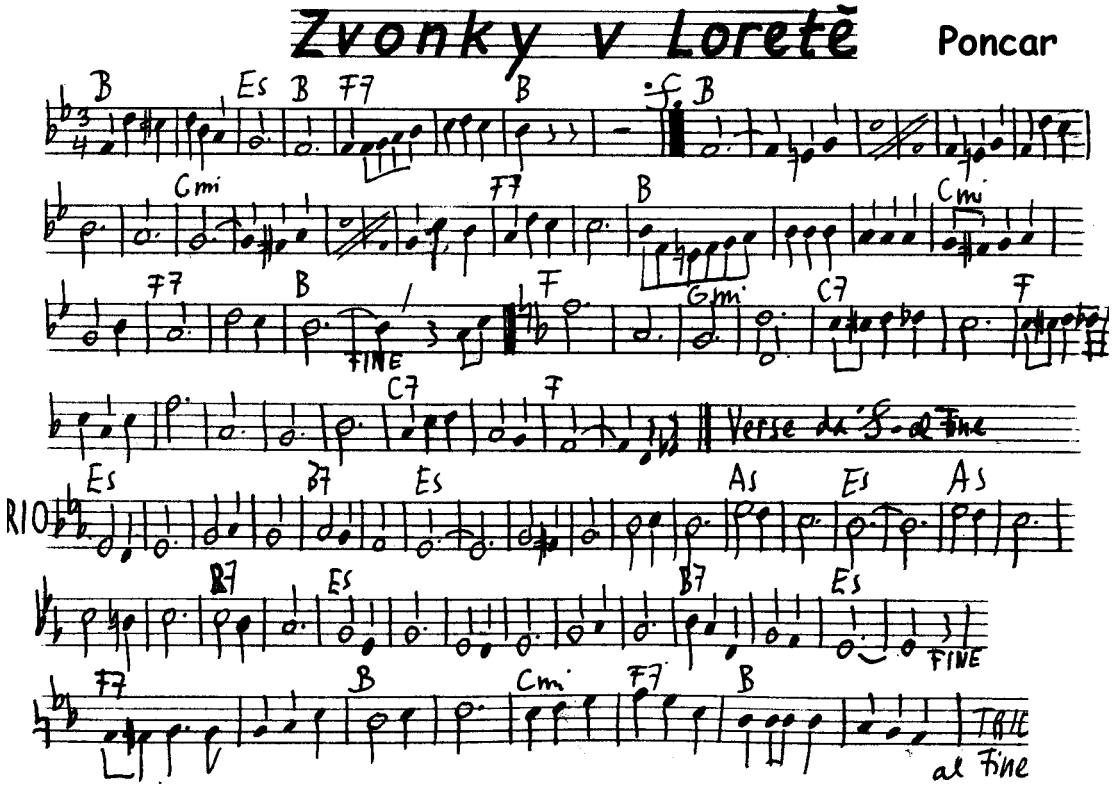

Kde jsi, mé mládí
Vejvoda
TRIO
FINE

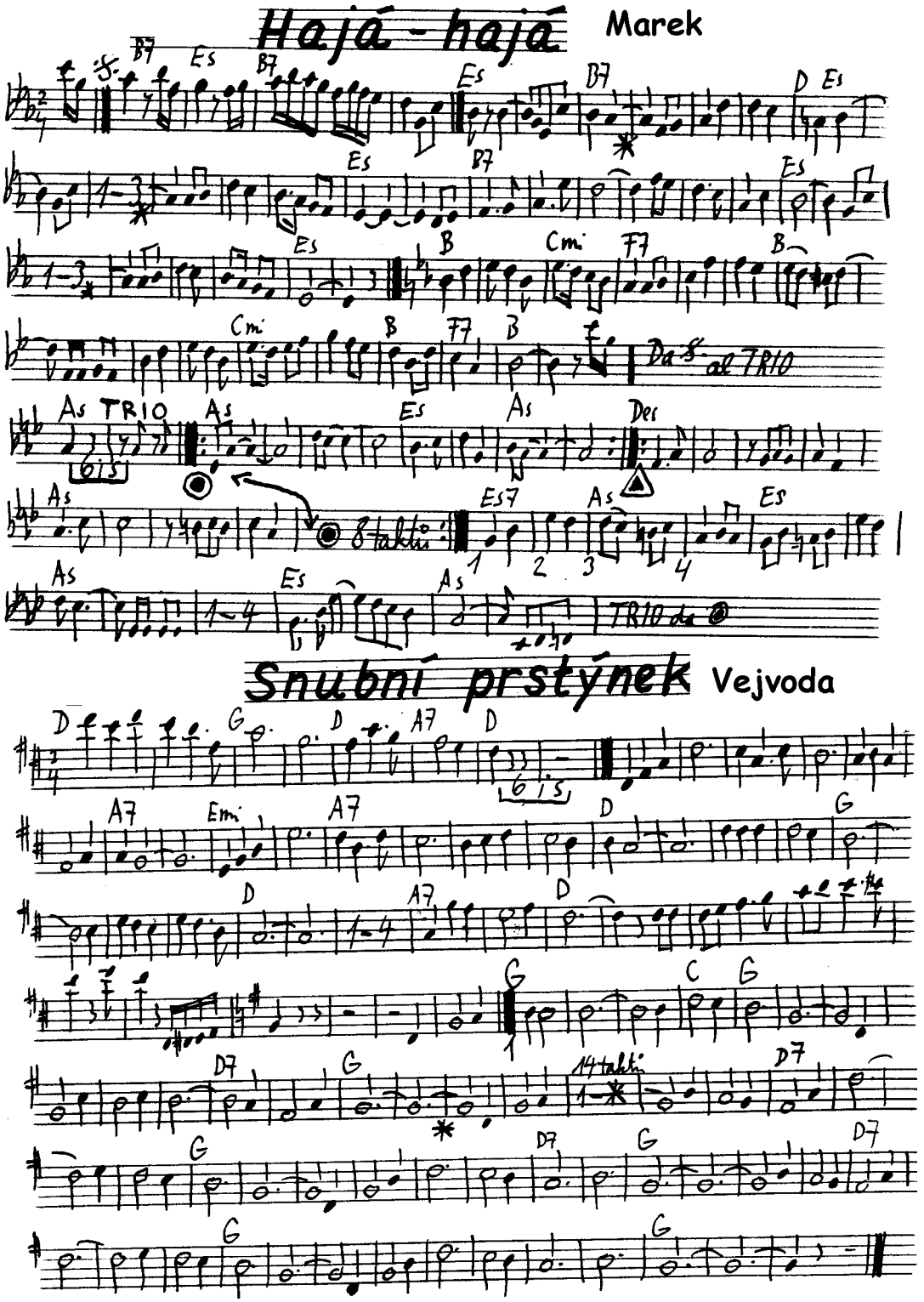

Jetelíček u vody
Bláha
TRIO
TRIO

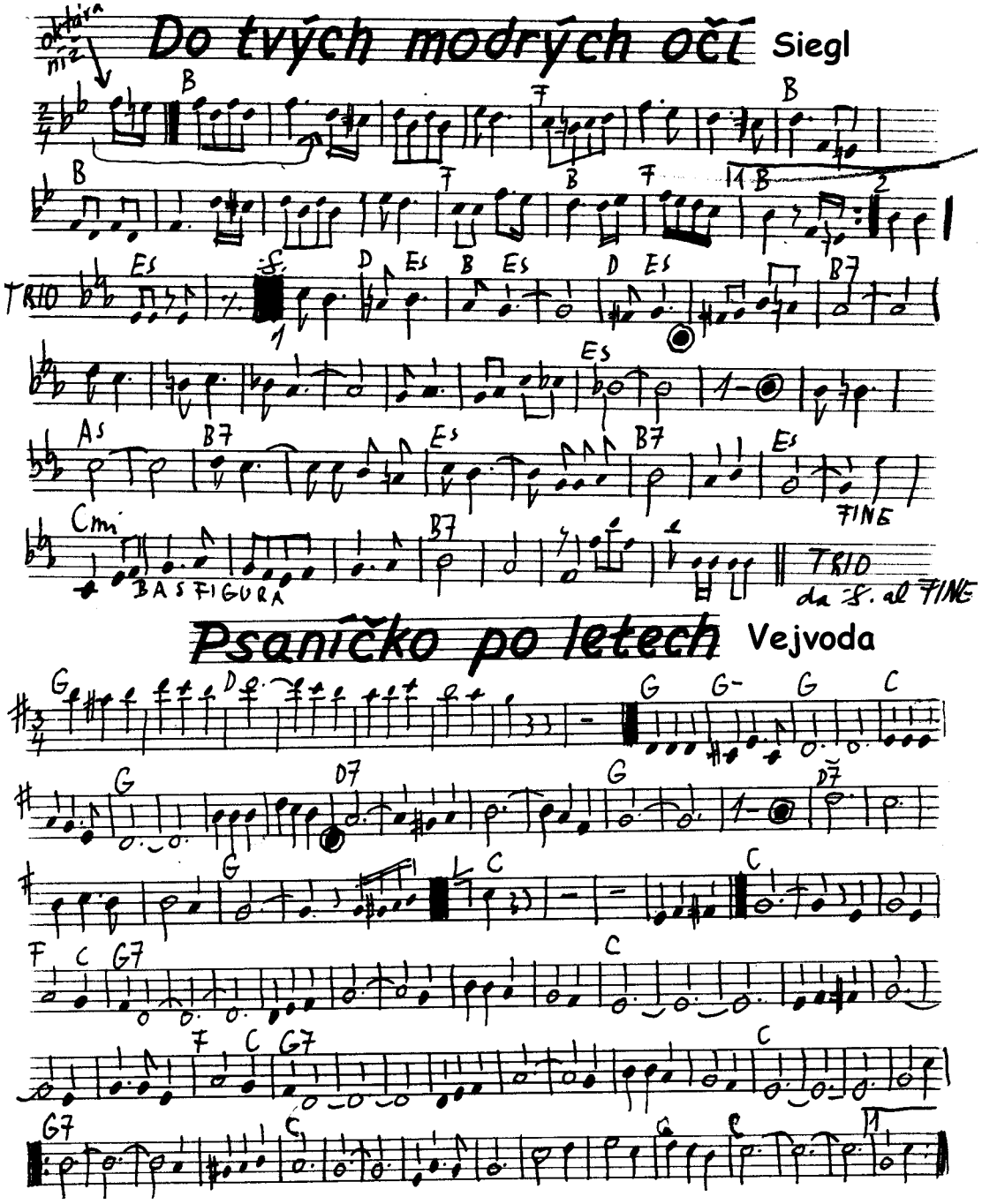

Na dobrou noc
Verse
TRIO
TRIO

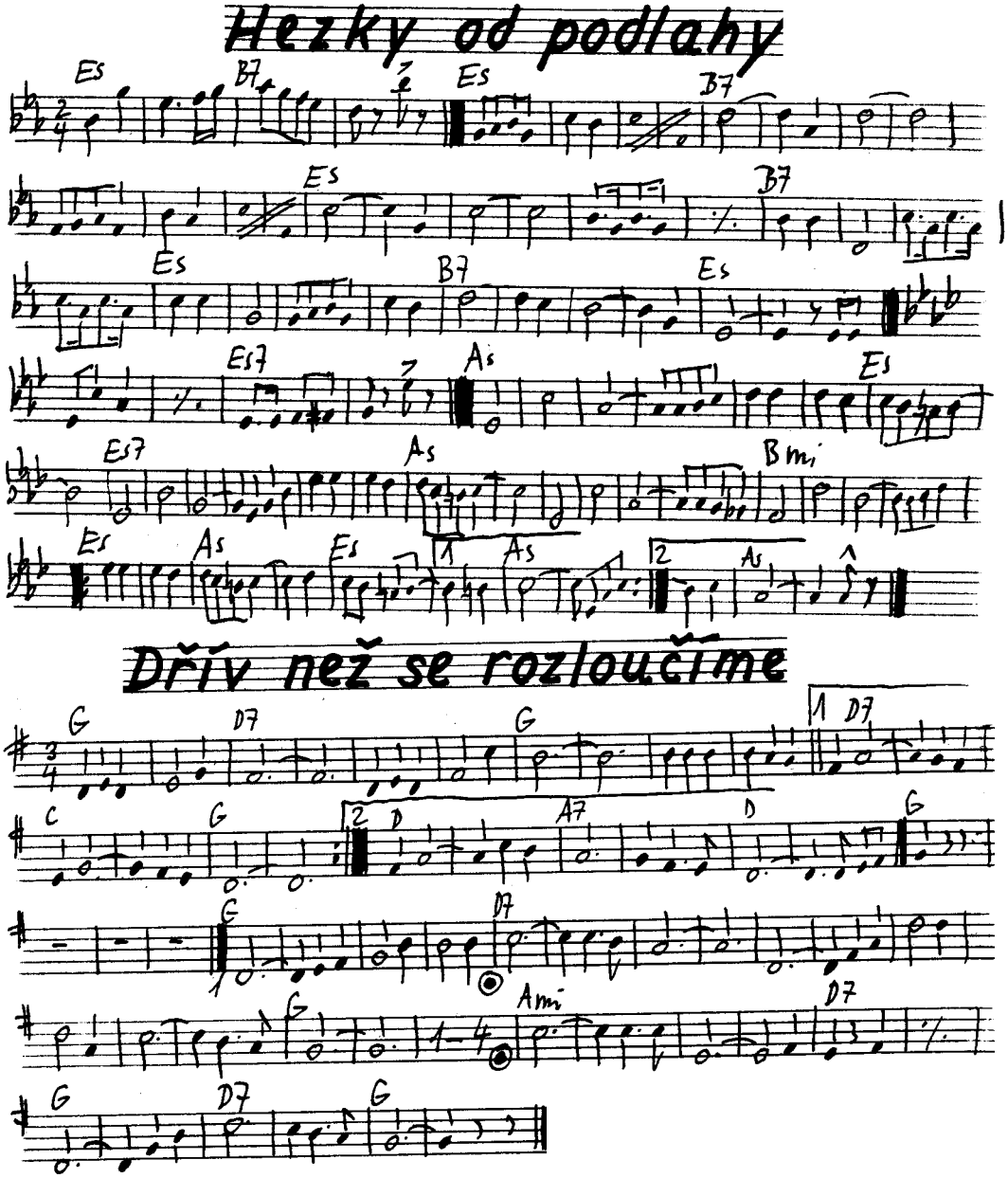

Karličku můj
Poncar
TRIO
FINE
D.C. al Fine
Nehledej štěstí v cizině
TRIO
FINE
Trio
al Fine

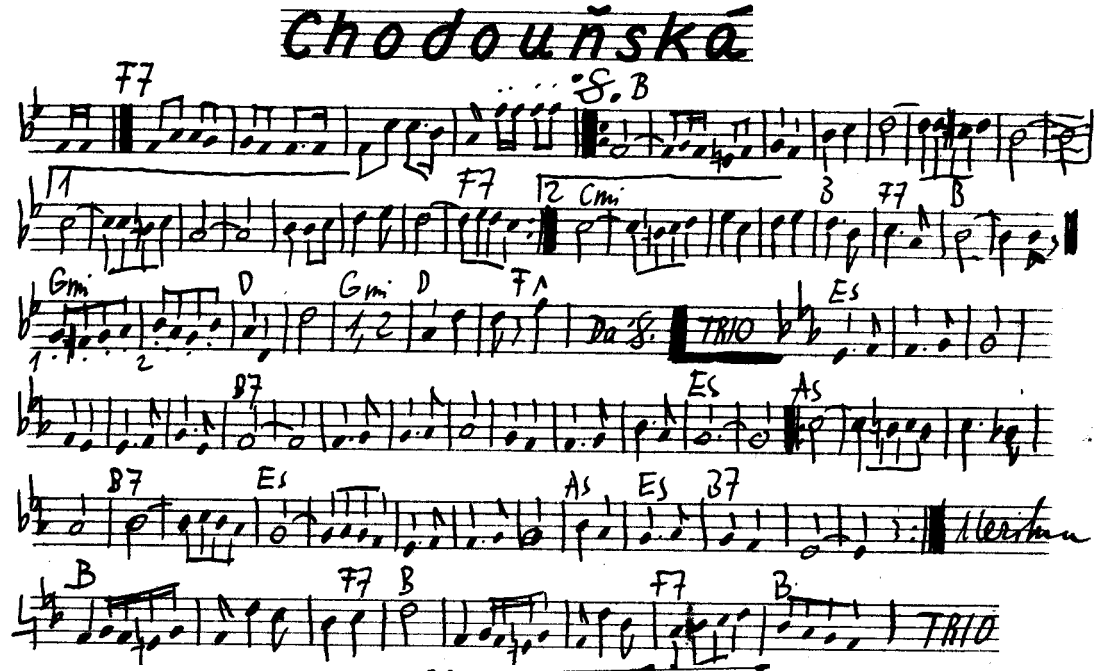

Za potočinou
Poncar
TRIO
da S. al 2

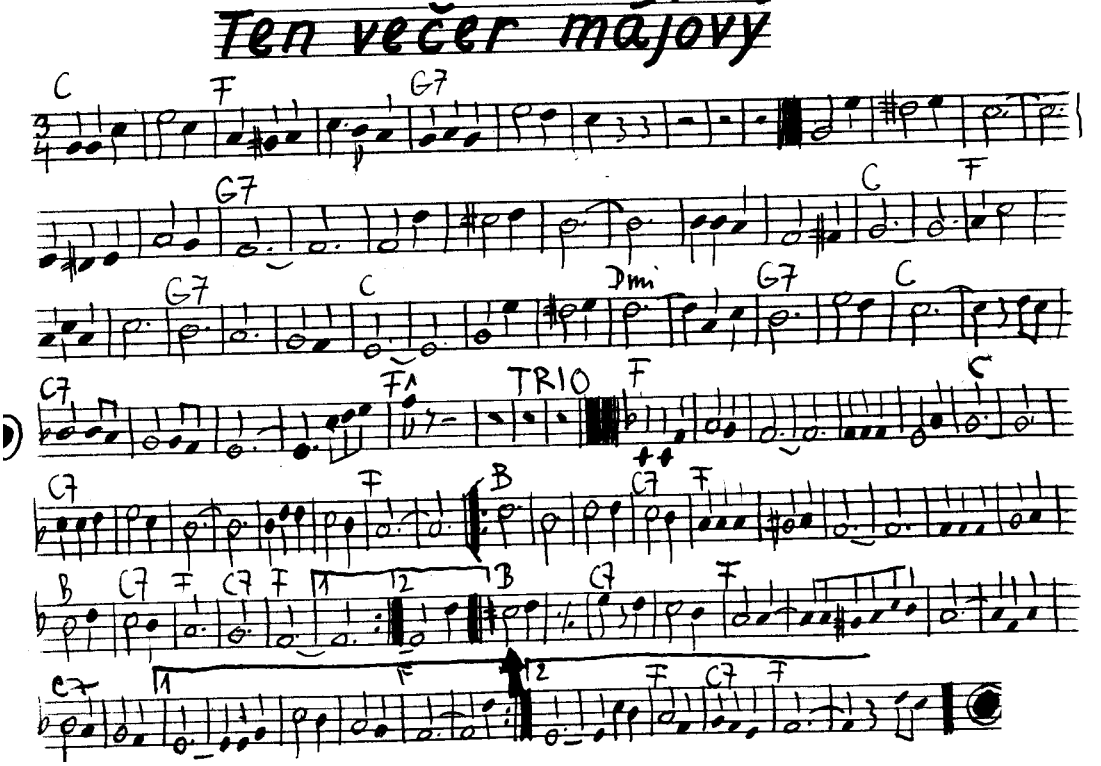

Zvonky v Loretě
Poncar
FINE
Verse da S. al Fine
TRIO
FINE
al Fine


Hajá - hajá
Marek
Snubní prstýnek
Vejvoda


Do tvých modrých očí
Siegl
TRIO
BASFIGURA
FINE
TRIO da S. al FINE
Psaníčko po letech
Vejvoda


Hezky od podlahy
Dřív než se rozloučíme


Chodouňská
F7
S. B
F7
2 Cmi
3
F7
B
Gmi
D
Gmi
D
F7
Da S.
TRIO
Es
B7
Es
As
B7
Es
As
Es
B7
B
F7
B
F7
B
TRIO


Ten večer májový
C
F
G7
G7
C
F
G7
C
Dmi
G7
C
C7
F7
TRIO
F
C
C7
F
B
C7
F
B
C7
F
C7
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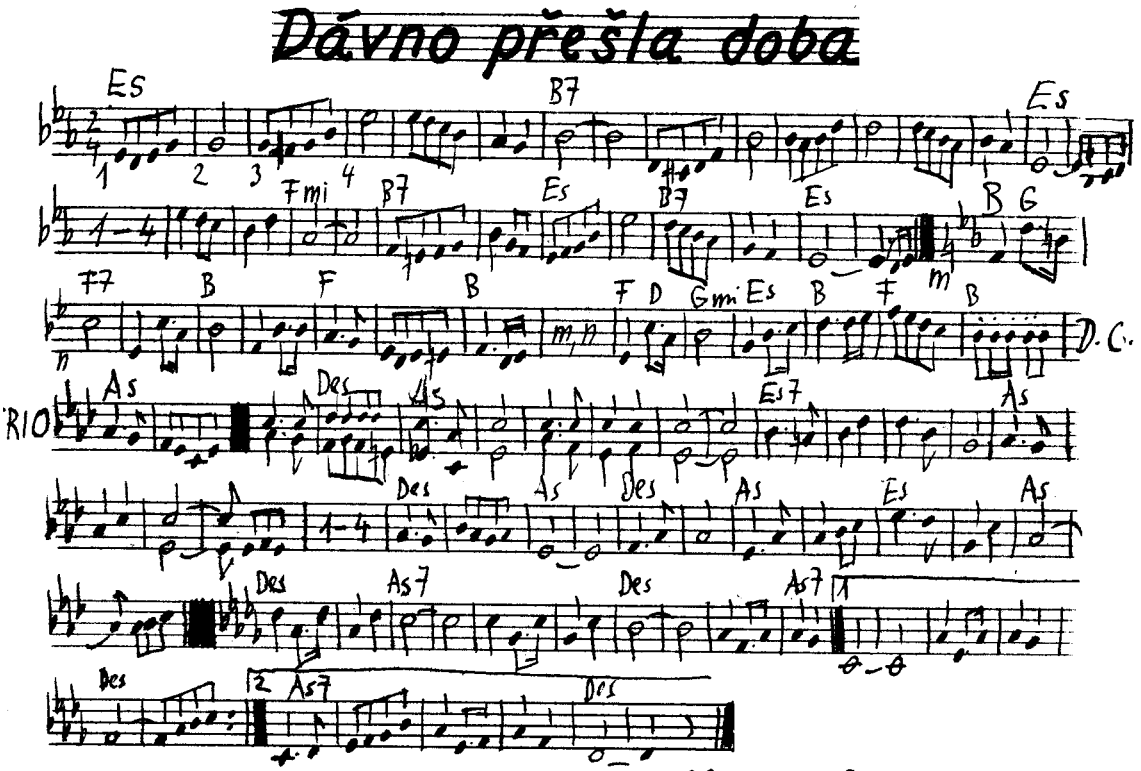
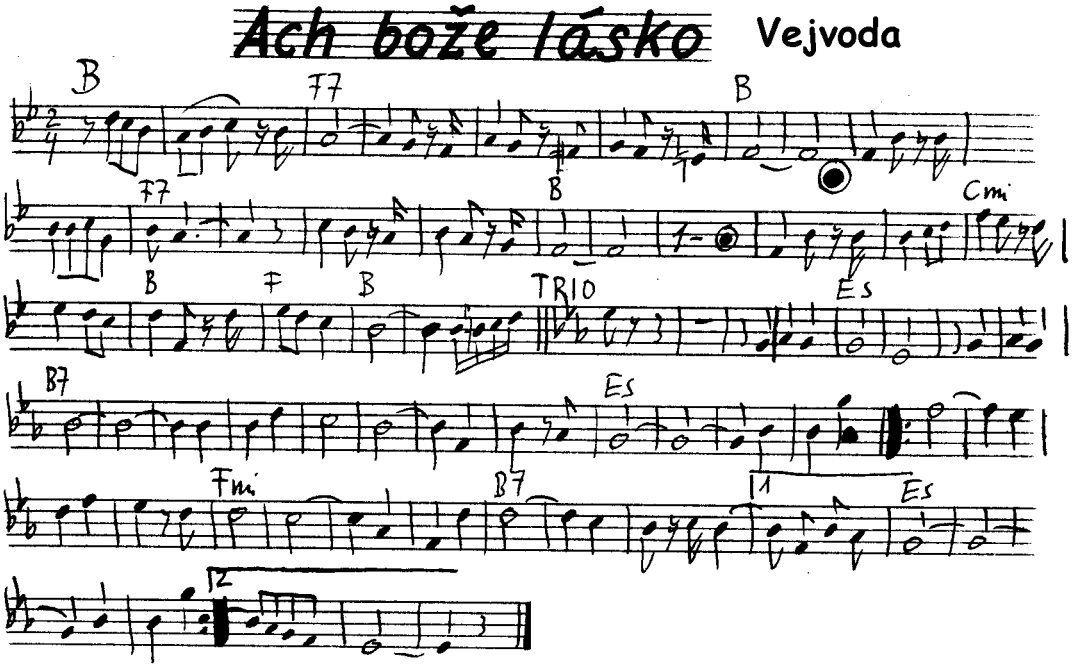
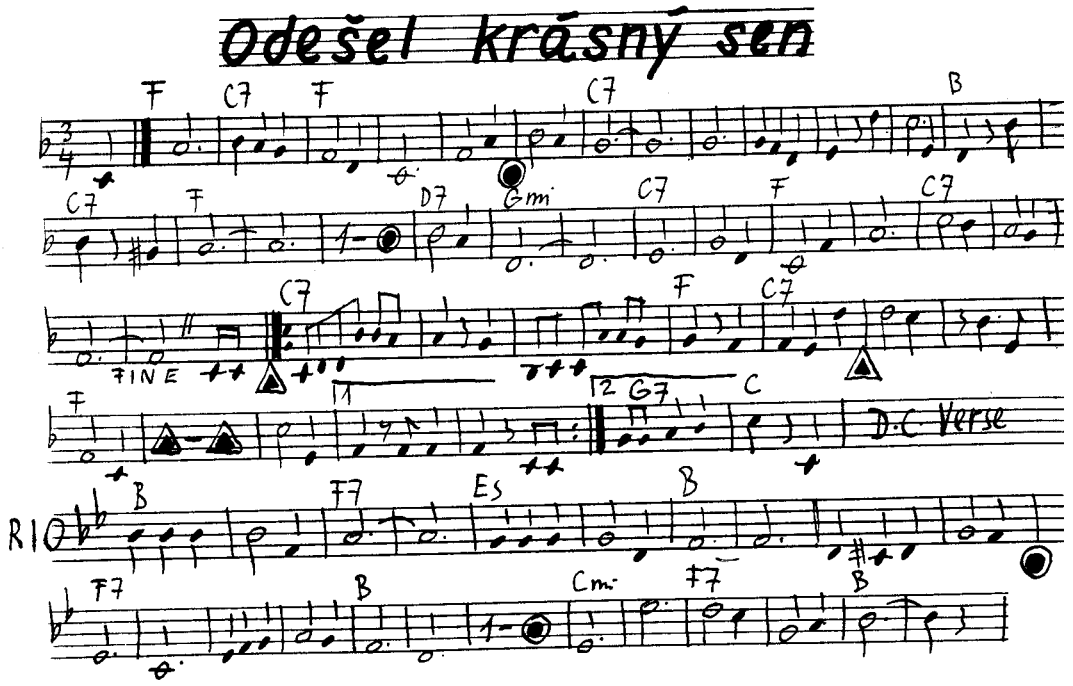
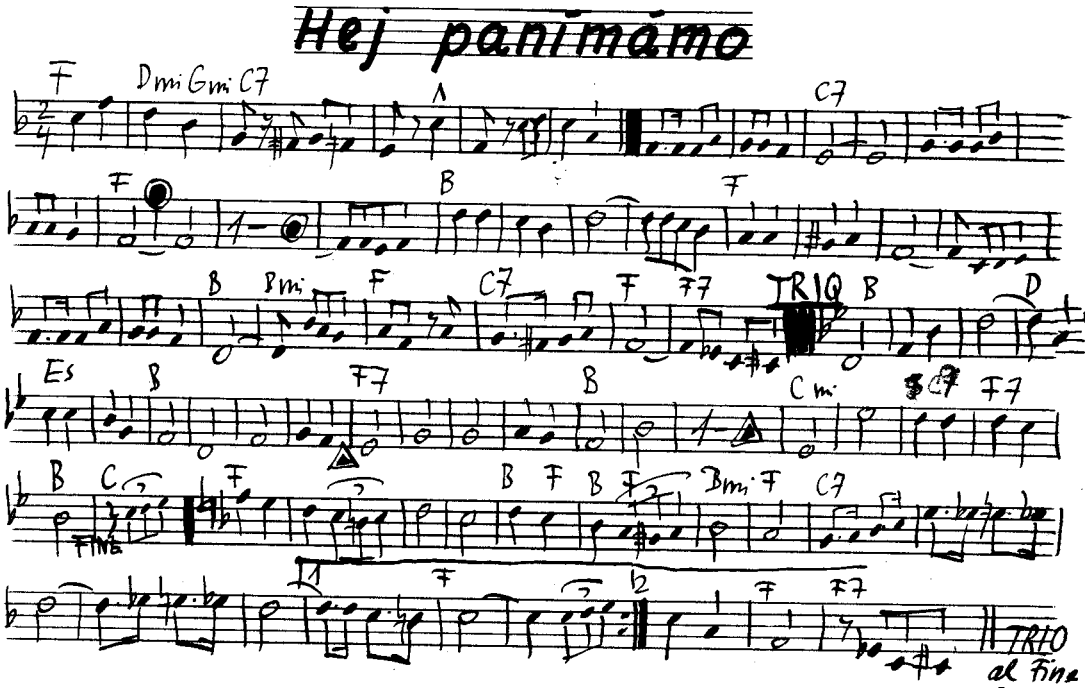
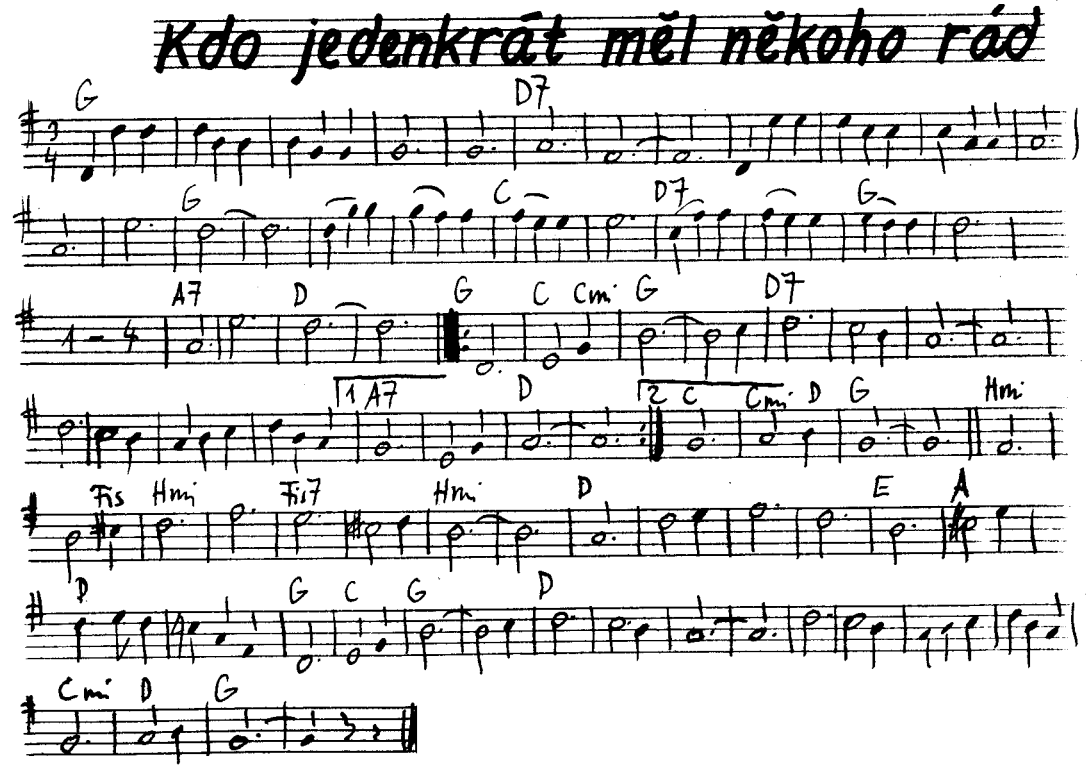
1
2
B
C7
F
C7
1
F
2
F
C7
F

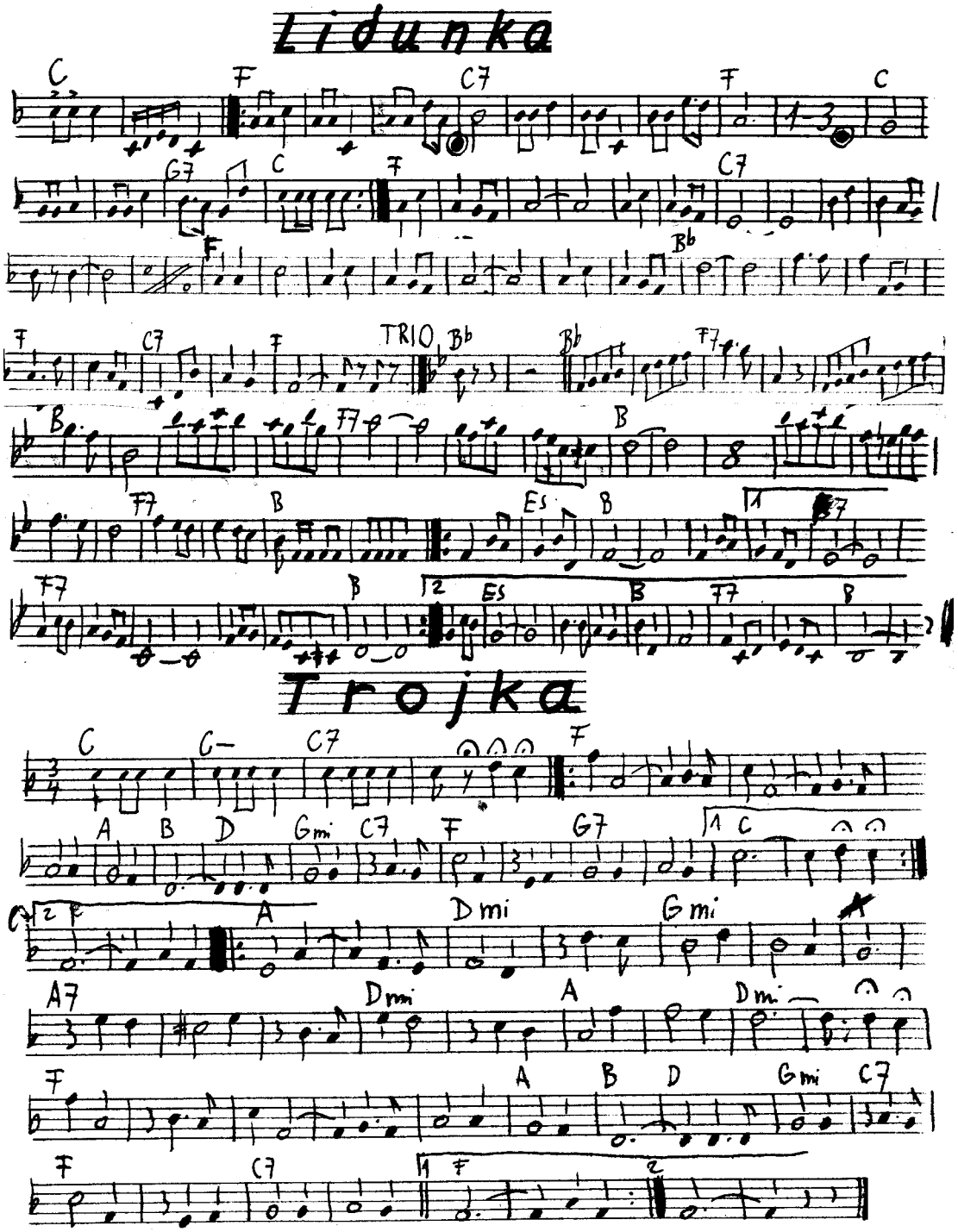

Dávno přešla doba
Es
B7
Es
Fmi
B7
Es
B7
Es
B
G
F7
B
F
B
F
D
Gmi
Es
B
F
B
D. C.
RIO
As
Des
As
Es7
As
Des
As
Des
As
Es
As
Des
As7
Des
As7
Des
As7
Dětičky jděte už spát
G
D7
G
C
D
G
A7
D7
G
Ami
G
D7
G
G7
C
Dmi
G7
C
Dmi
G7
C
G7
C


Ach bože lásko
Vejvoda
TRIO


Odešel krásný sen
FINE
D.C. Verse
TRIO


Hej panímámo
TRIO
TRIO al Fine


Kdo jedenkrát měl někoho rád


Lidunka
C
F
C7
F
C
G7
C
F
C7
F
Bb
F
C7
F
TRIO
Bb
Bb
F7
B
F7
B
B
F7
B
Es
B
F7
B
Es
B
F7
B
Trojka
C
C–
C7
F
A
B
D
Gmi
C7
F
G7
C
C
A
Dmi
Gmi
A7
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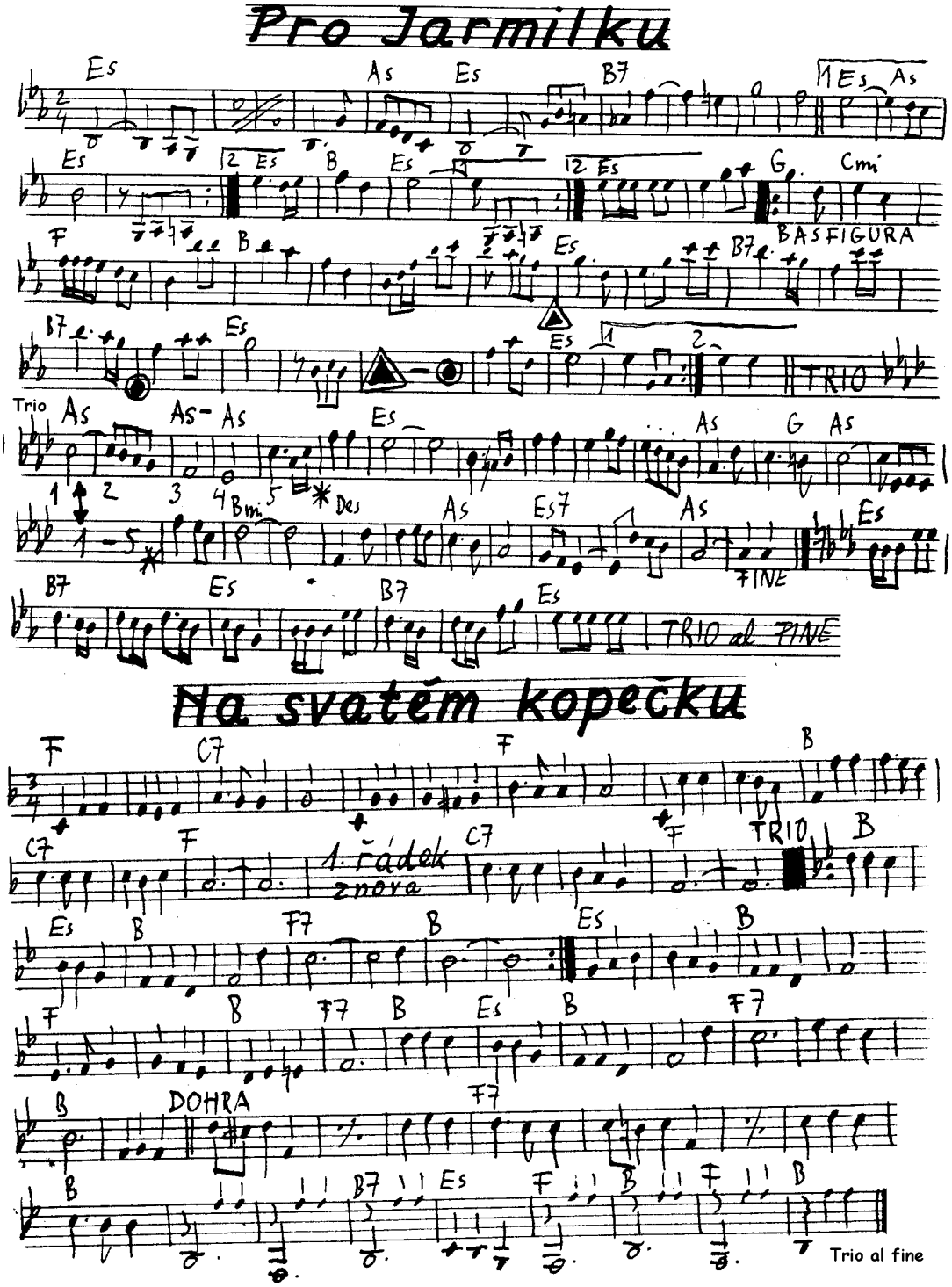
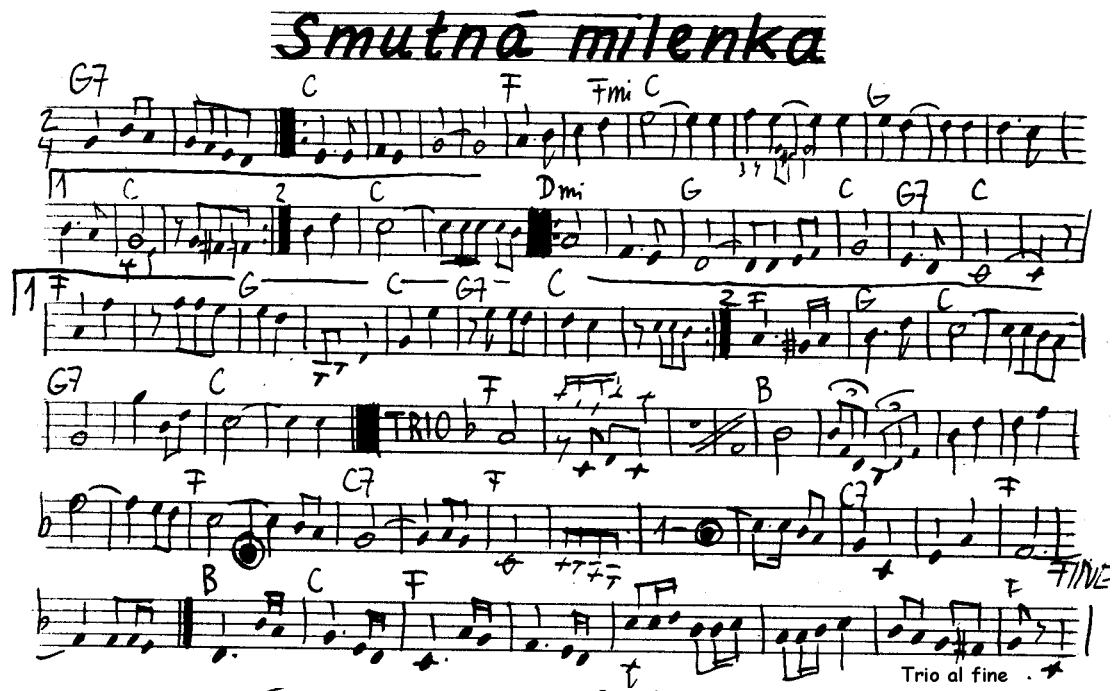
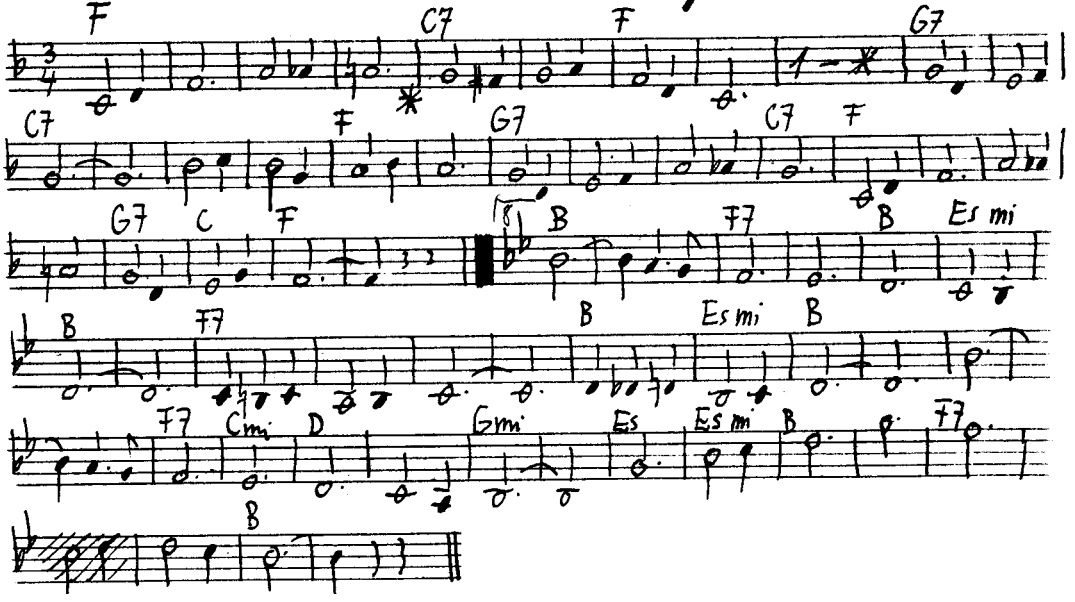
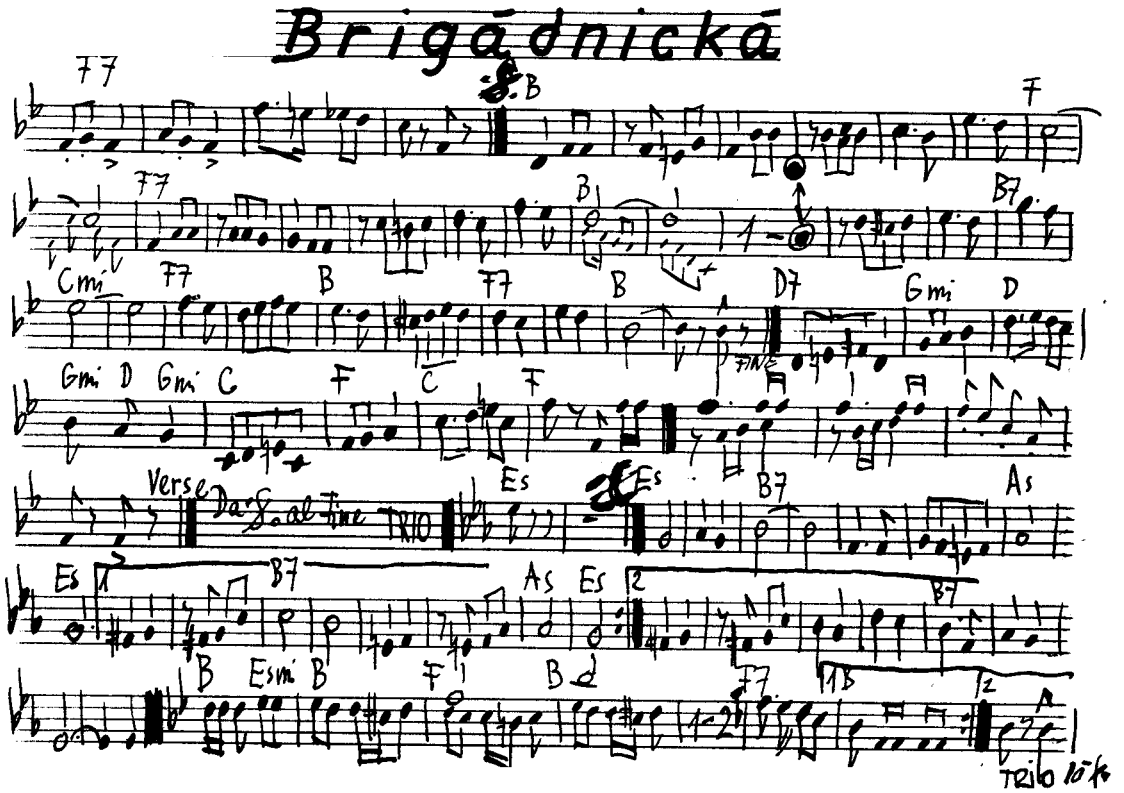
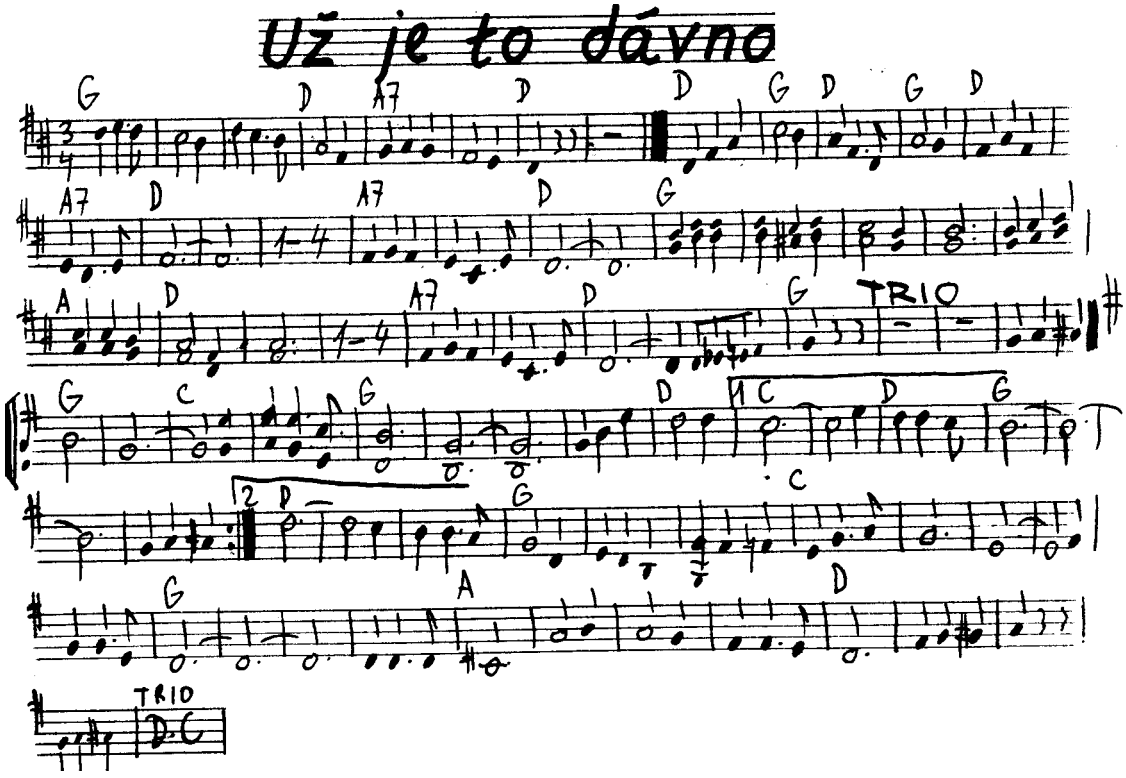
A
Dmi
F
A
B
D
Gmi
C7
F
C7
F

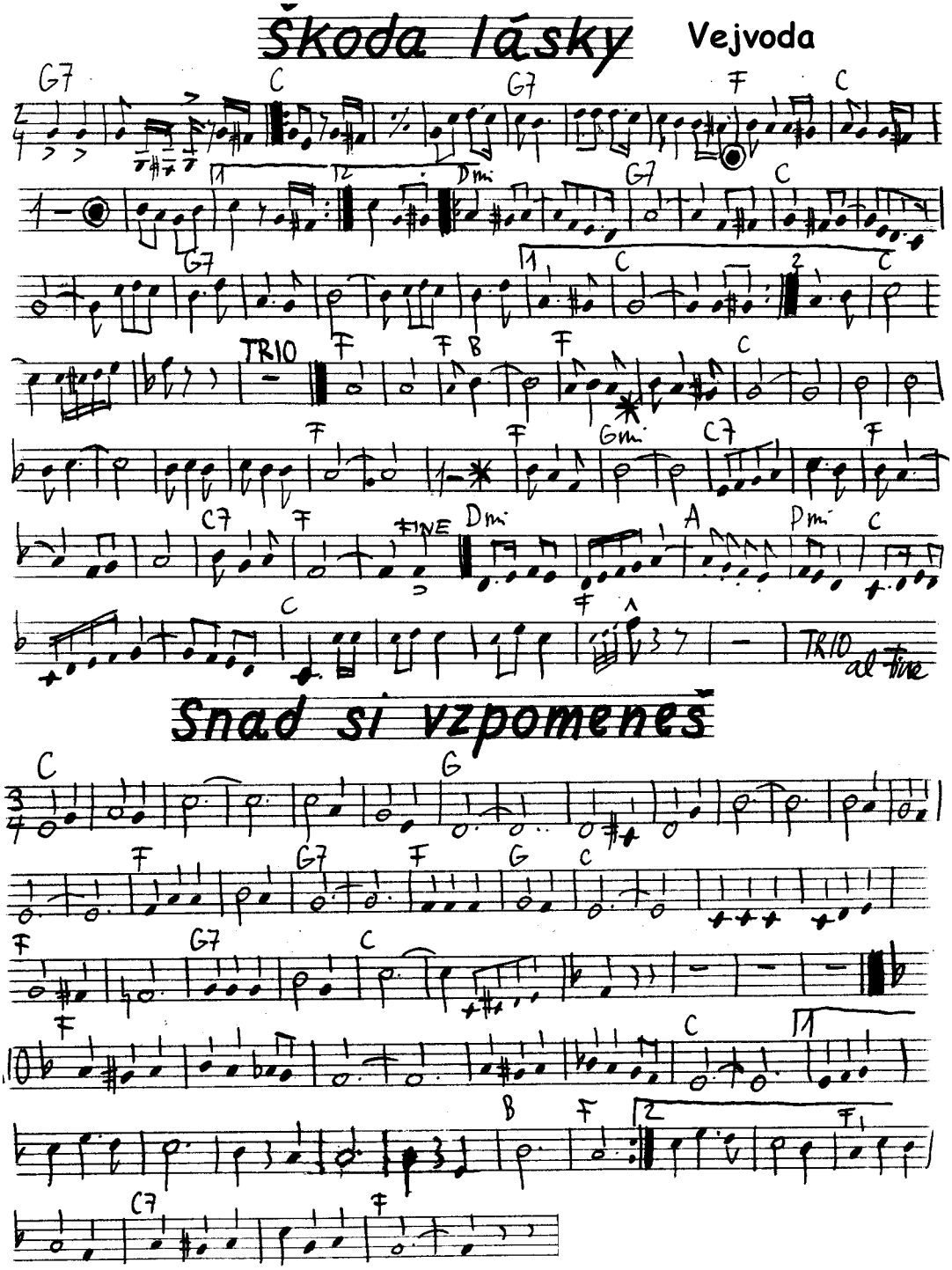

Pro Jarmilku
BASFIGURA
TRIO
Trio
FINE
TRIO al FINE
Na svatém kopečku
1. řádek znova
TRIO
DOHRA
Trio al fine

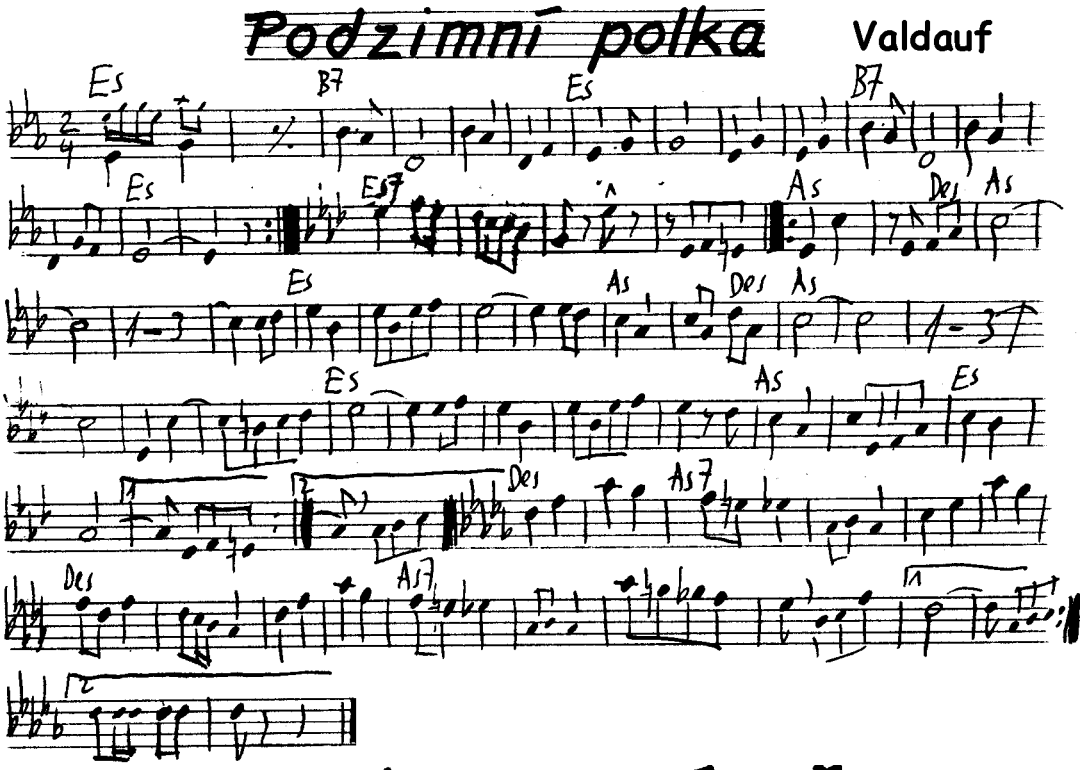

Smutná milenka
TRIO
FINE
Trio al fine


Už není lásky


Brigádnická
Verse
Da Capo al Fine
TRIO


Už je to dávno
TRIO
D.C.

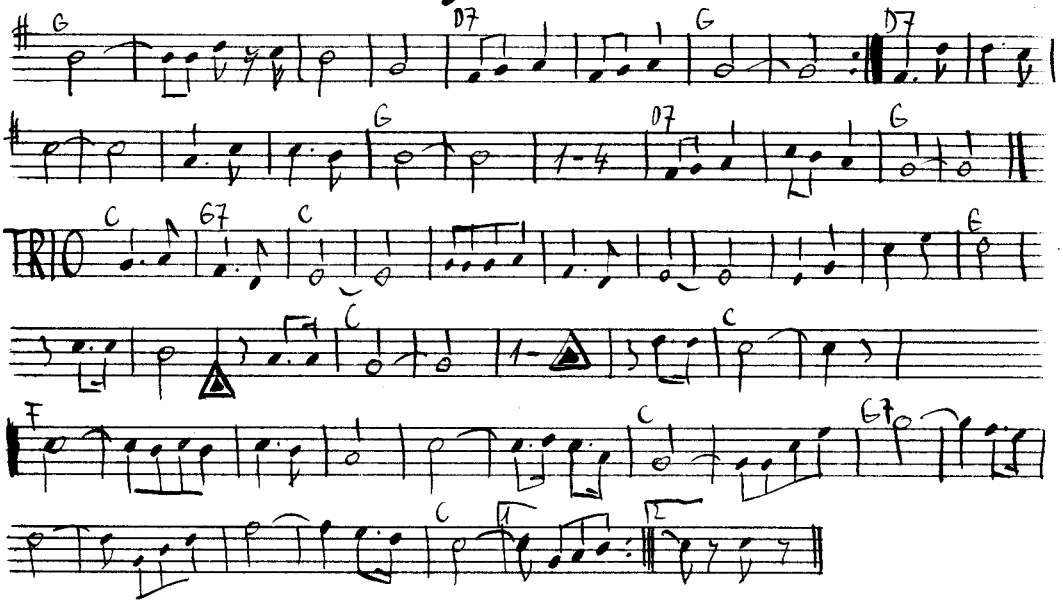

Škoda lásky
Vejvoda
TRIO
FINE
TRIO al fine
Snad si vzpomeneš


Podzimní polka
Valdauf

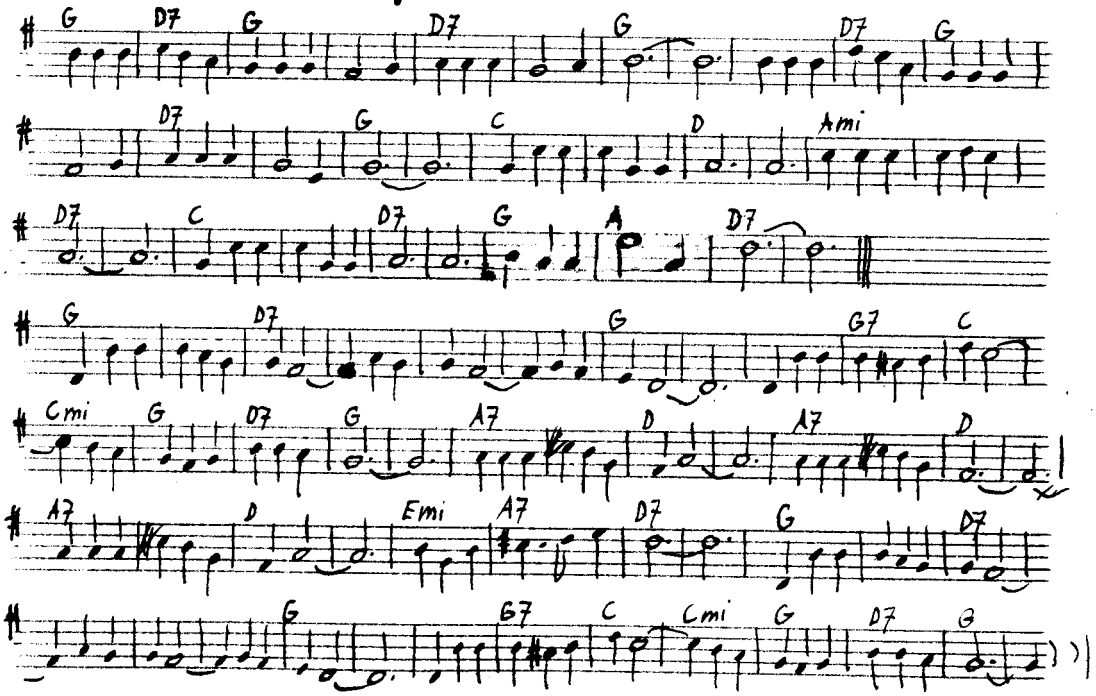
Herkulovy lázně

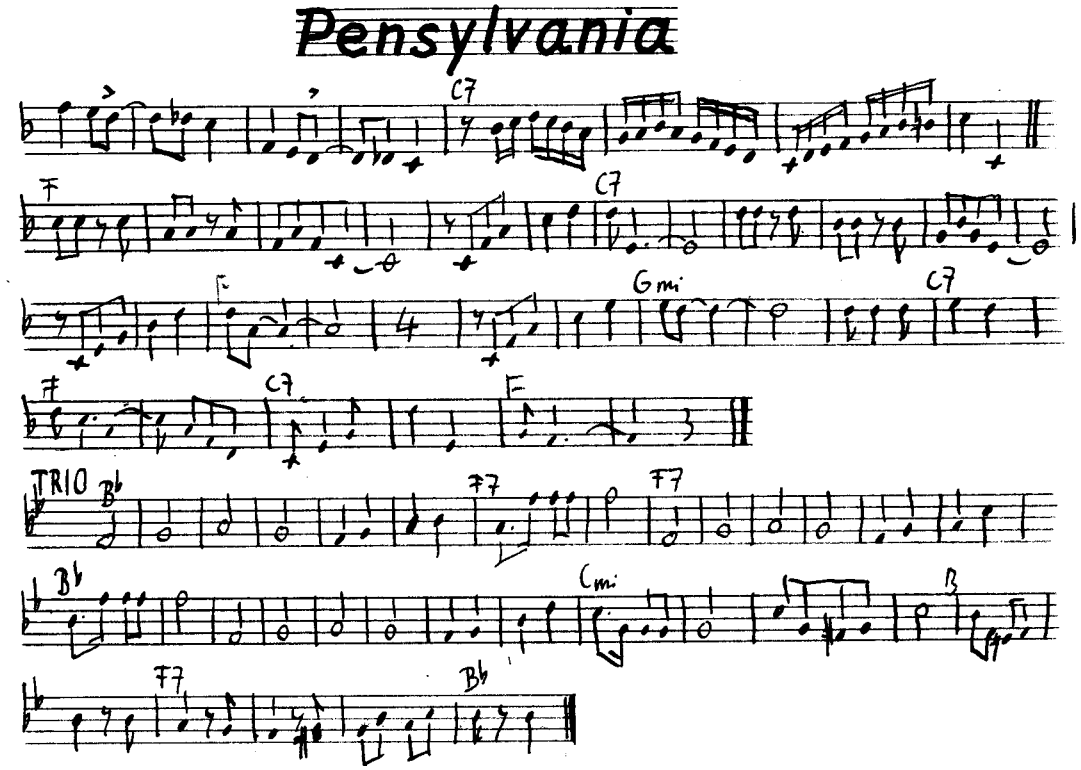
Bezejmenná

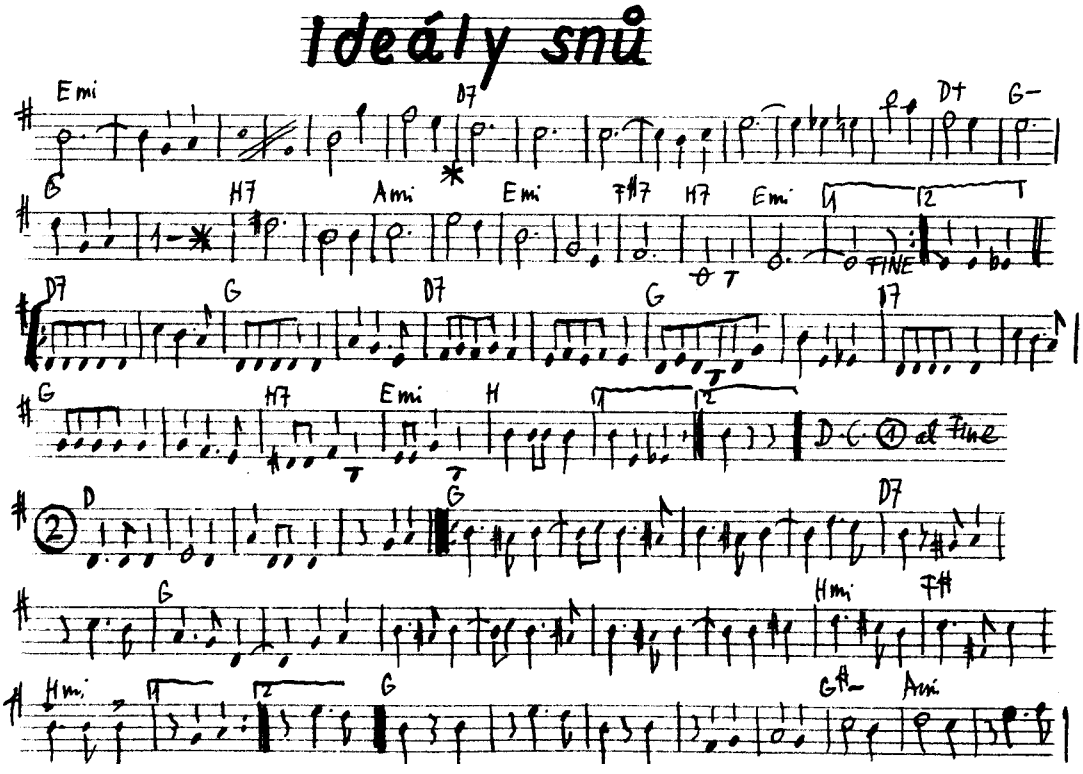
Vacek



Stupavská krčma




Pensylvania
C7
F
C7
Gmi
C7
F
C7
F
TRIO
Bb
F7
F7
Bb
Cmi
F7
Bb


Ideály snů
Emi
D7
D7
G
G
H7
Ami
Emi
F#7
H7
Emi
FINE
D7
G
D7
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D7
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D.C. al fine
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D
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Hmi
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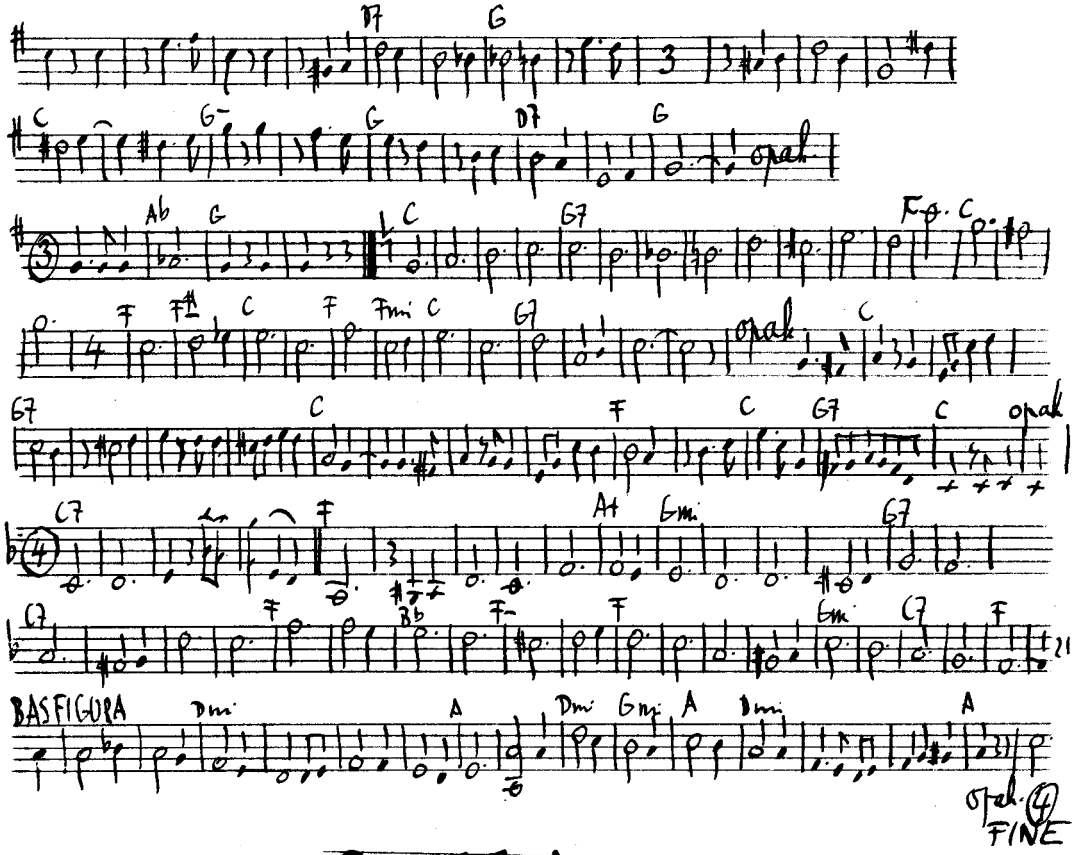
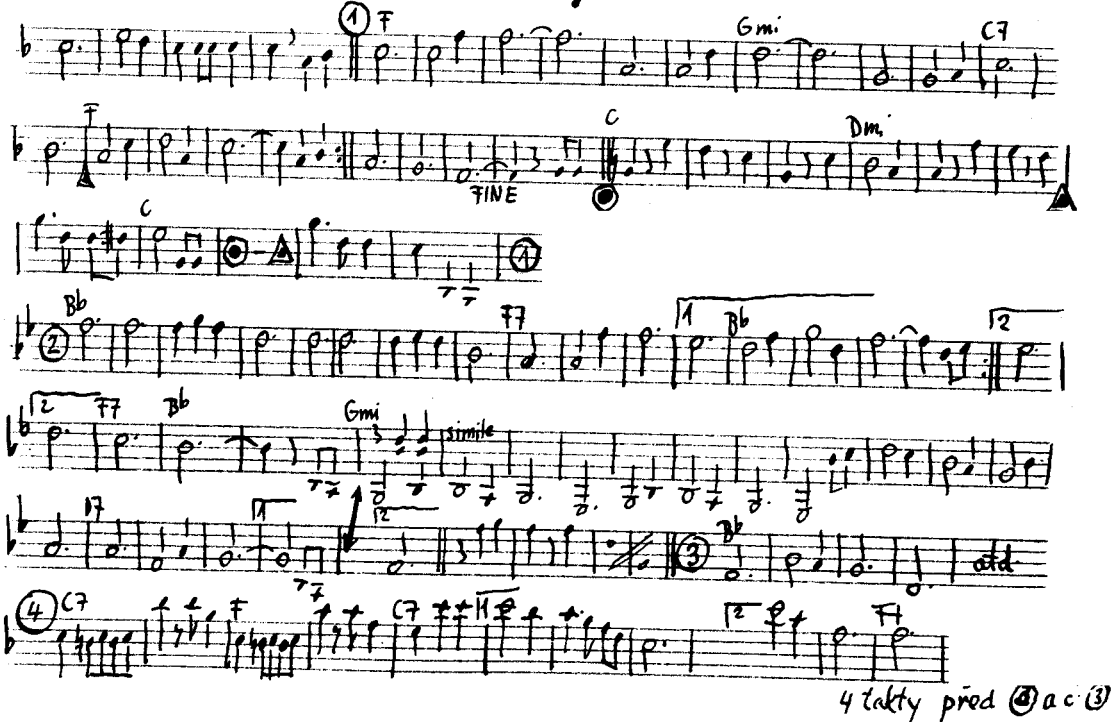
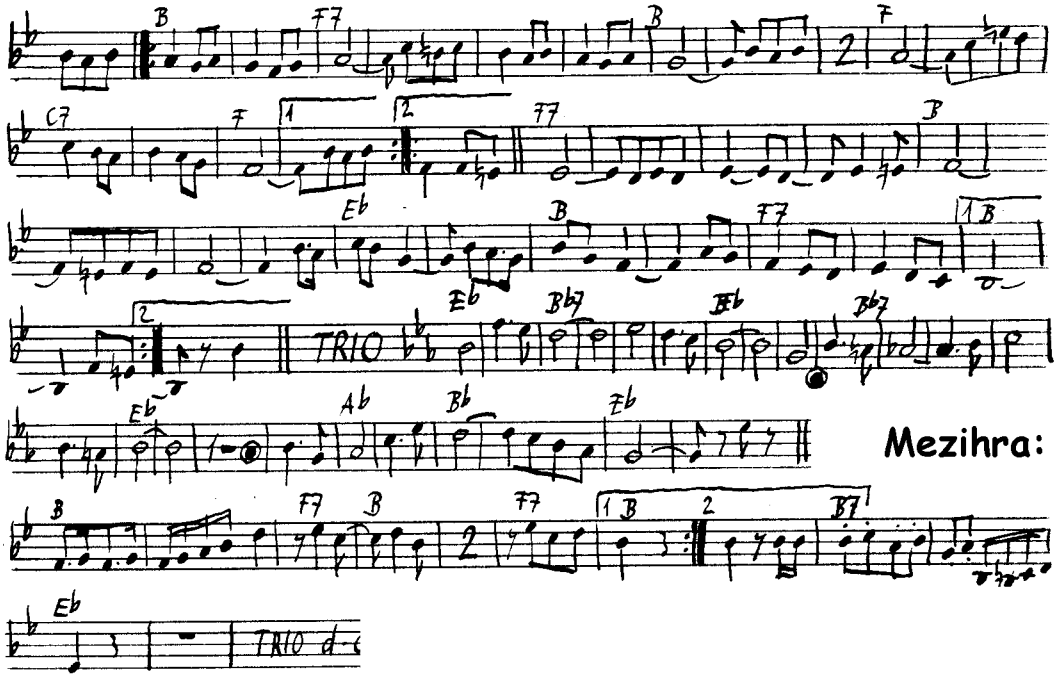
Hmi
G
G
Ami



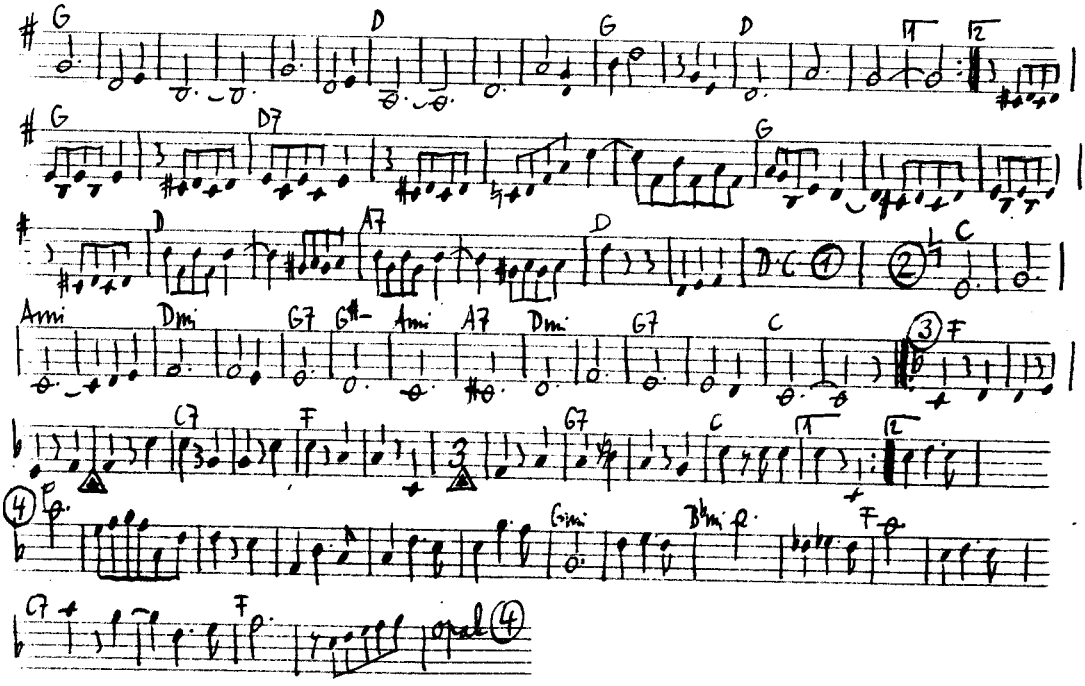
Sen lásky



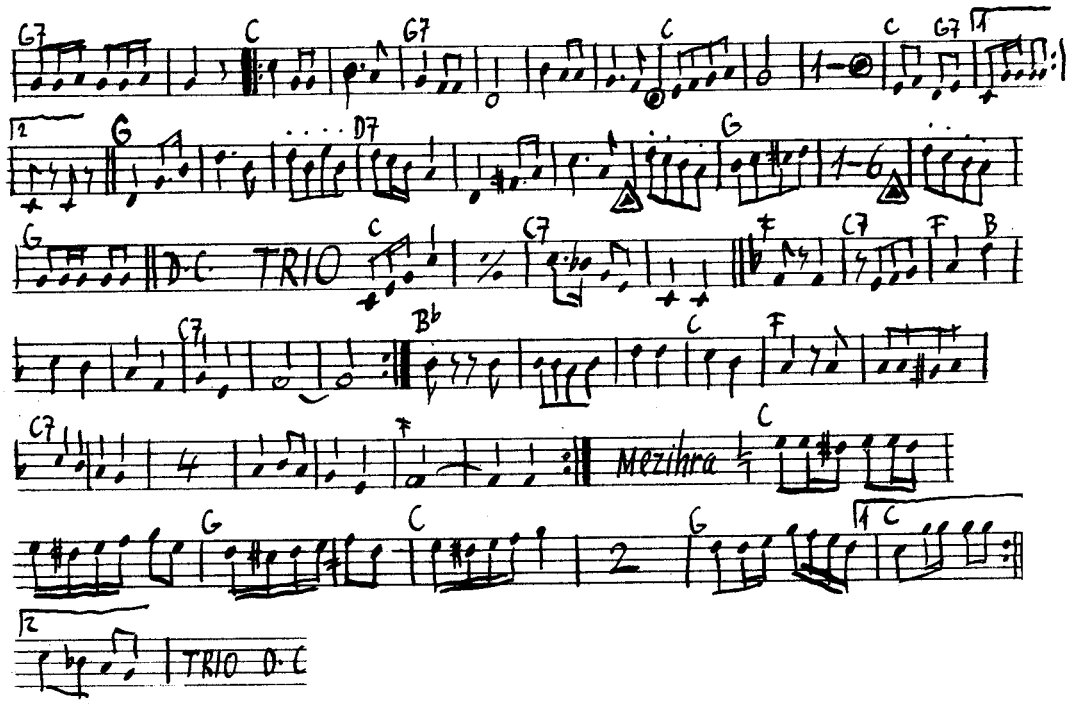
Černý kos



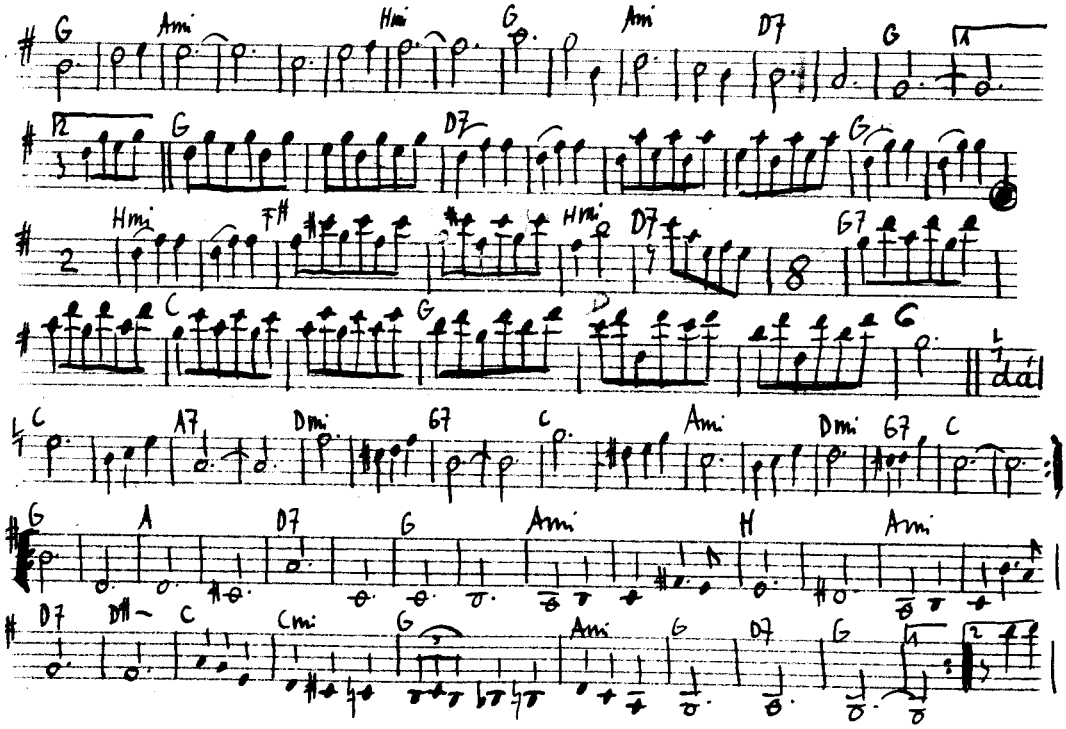
Kouzlo sirén

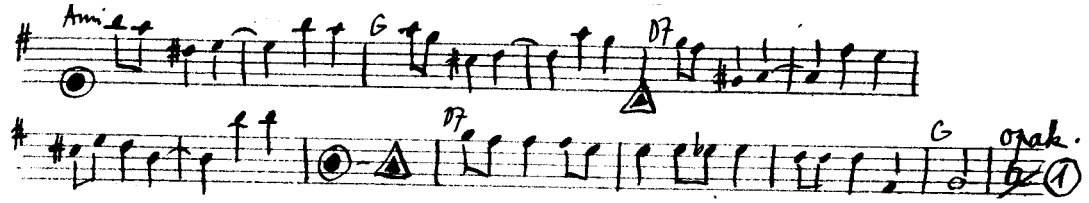


Staročeská

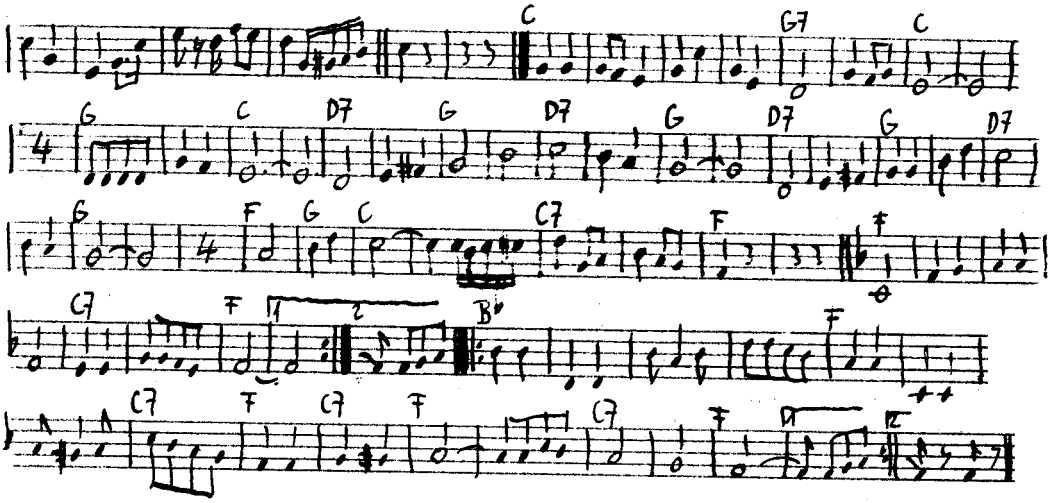


Bruslaři

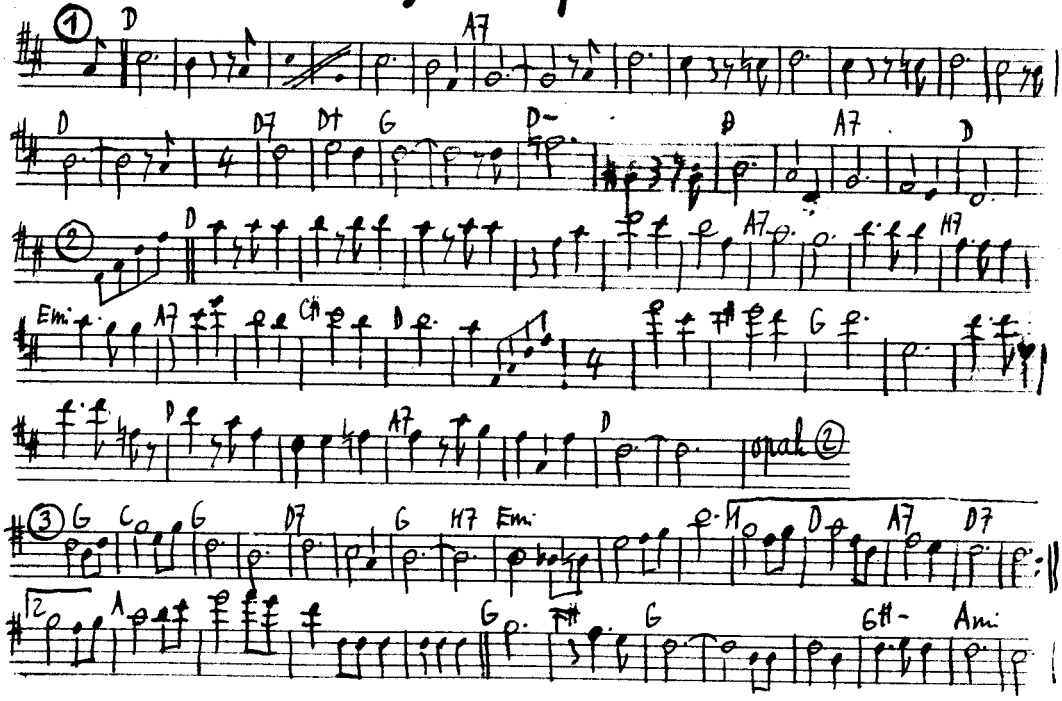


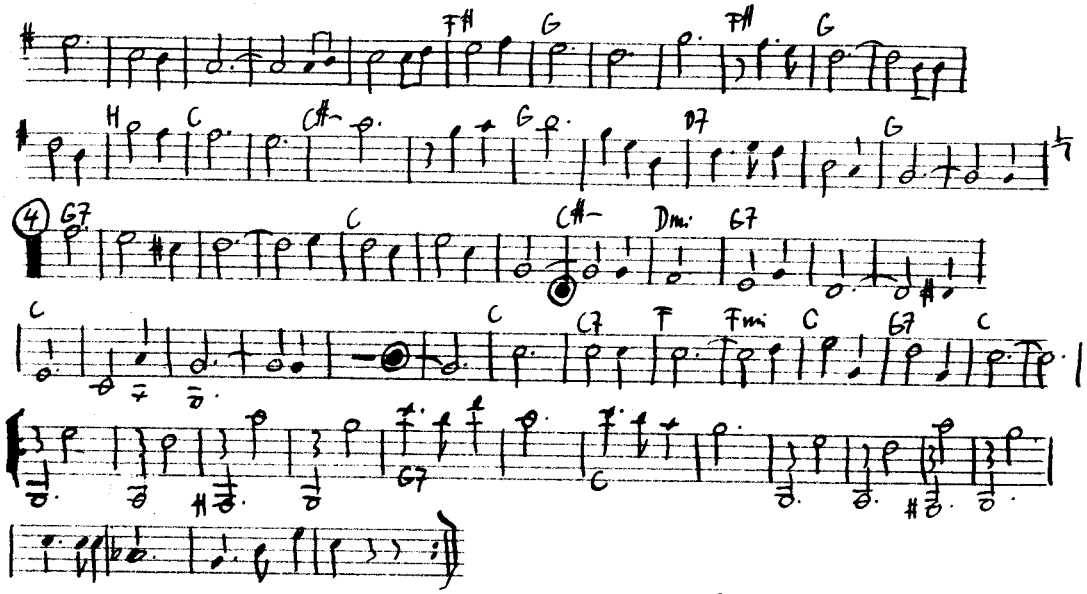


Bříza zelená

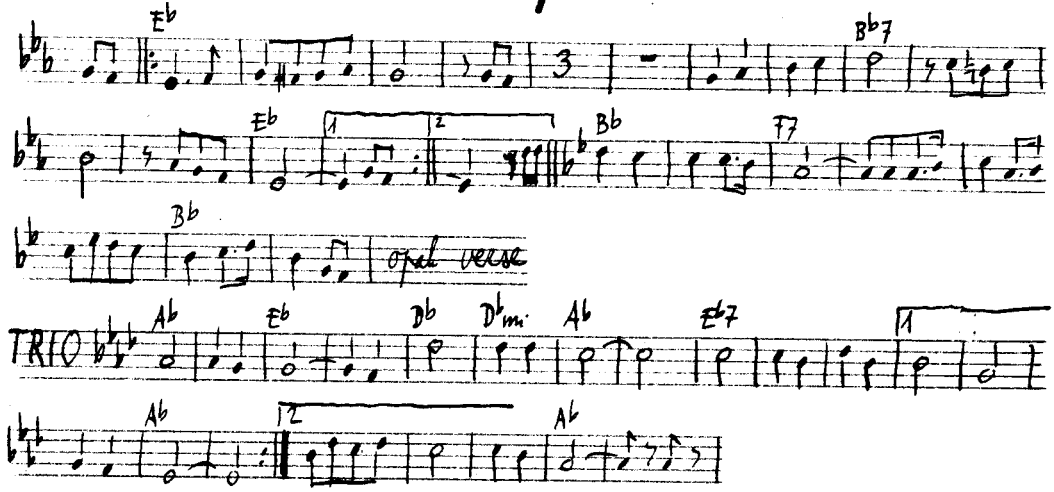


Dunajské pověsti

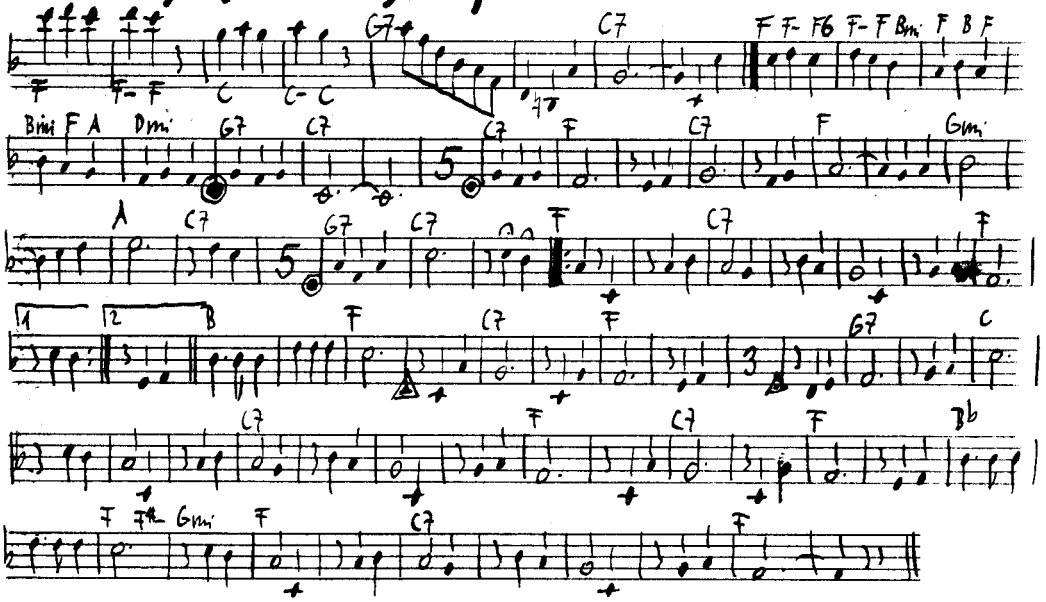




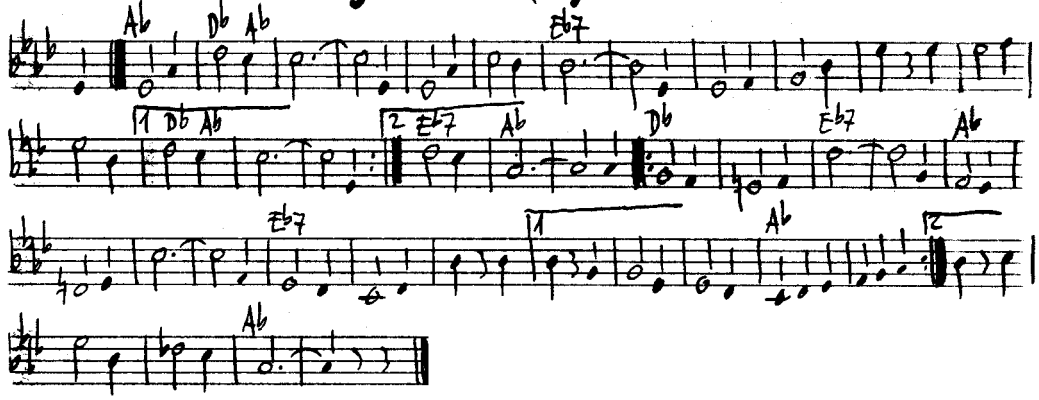
~~Dnes naposled~~



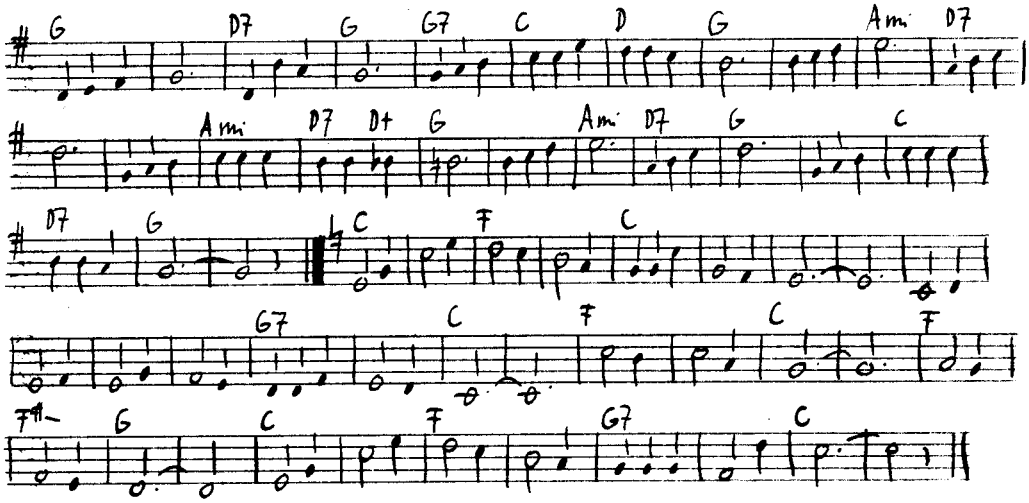
Ty jsi moje první láska Jankovec

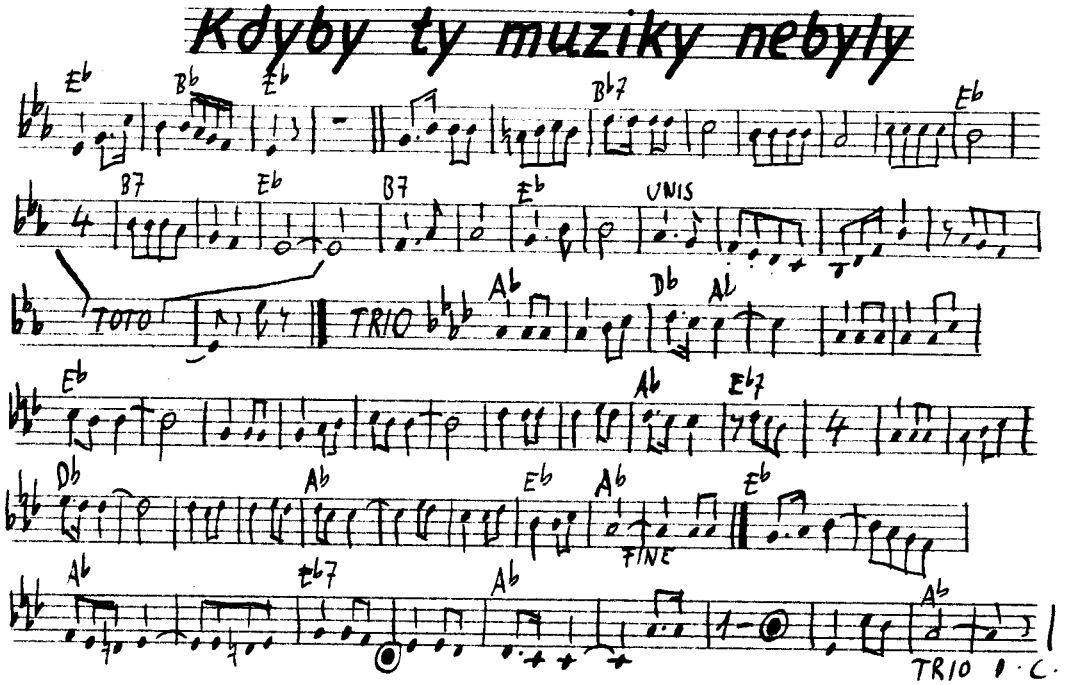


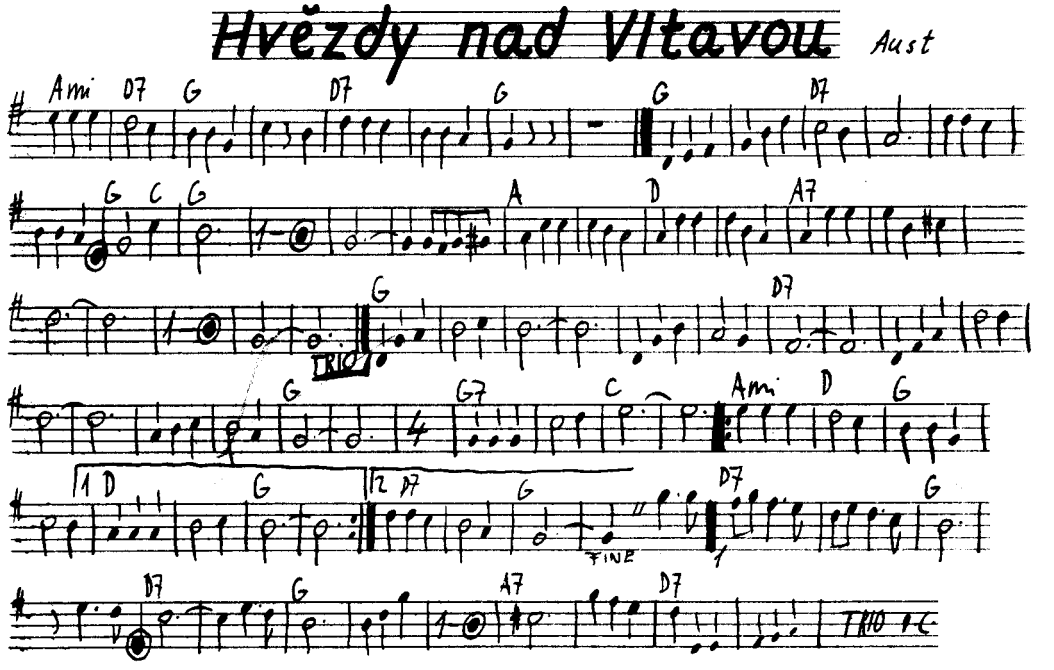
Srdce je lásky chrám



Boženko

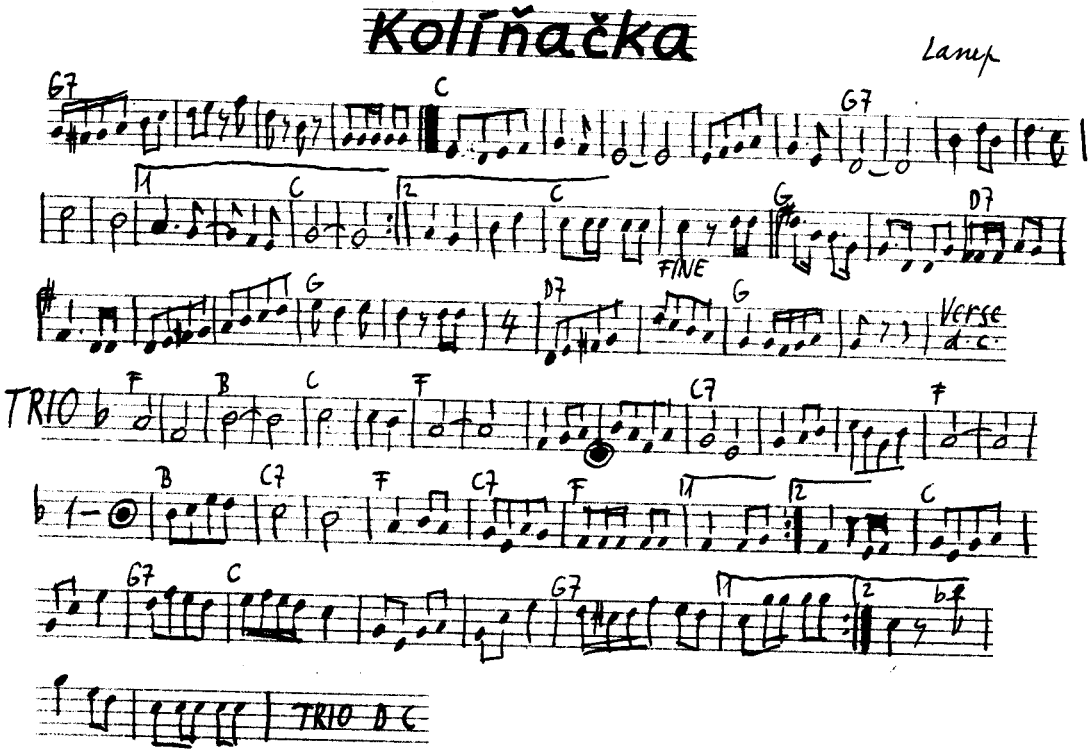



Kdyby ty muziky nebyly
TOTO
TRIO
UNIS
FINE
TRIO

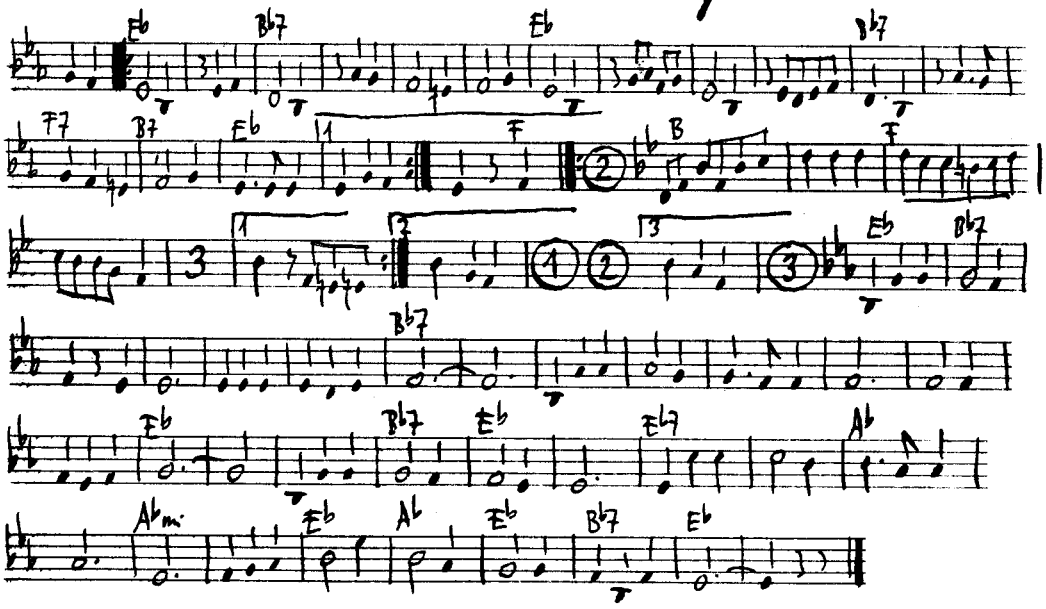

Hvězdy nad Vltavou
Aust
TRIO
FINE
TRIO

Kolíňačka

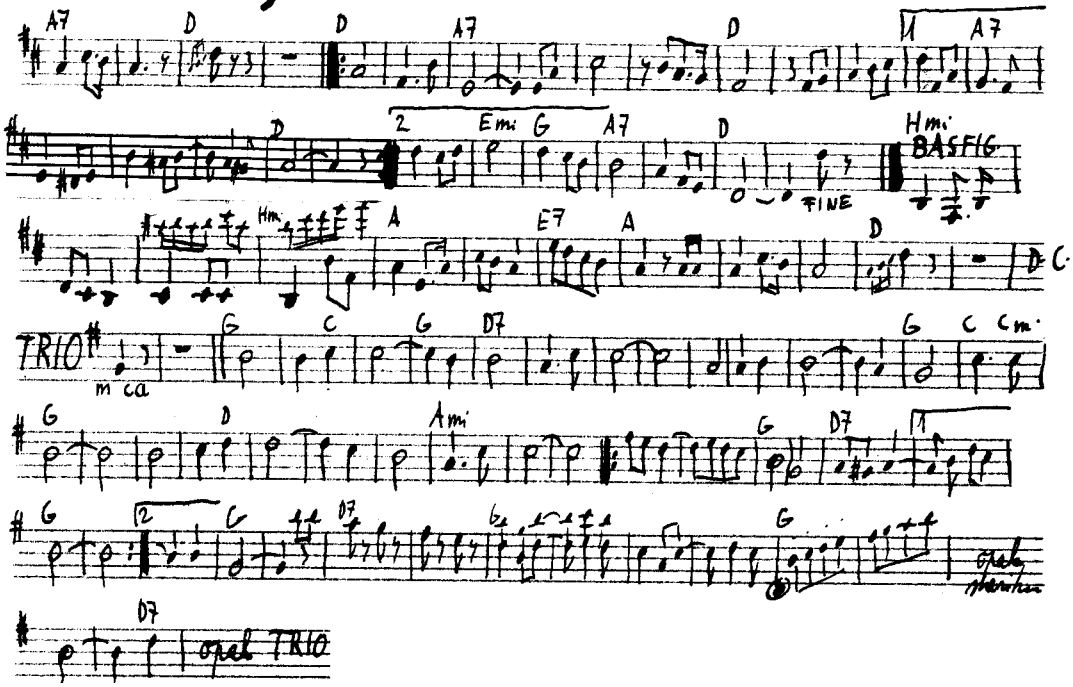
Lanep



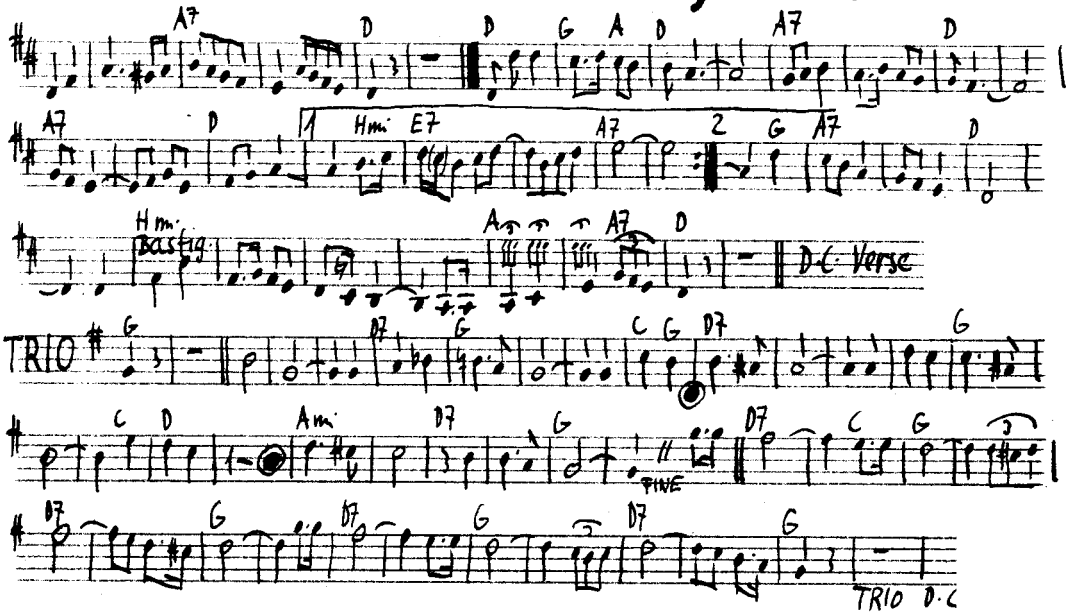
Bábinčin maršovský valčík



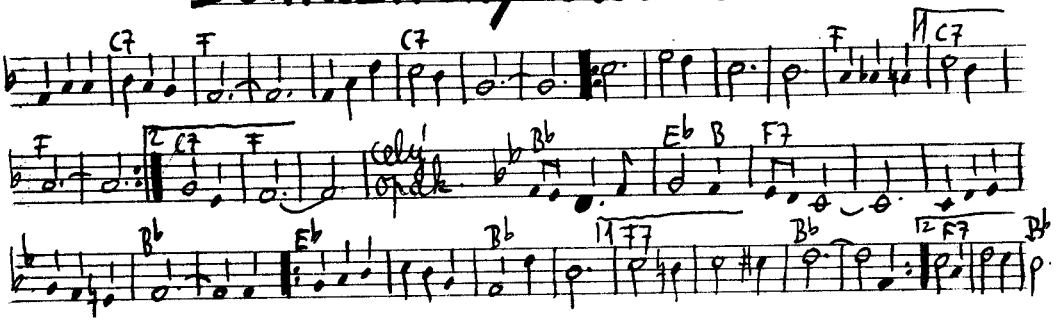
Borovicka **Nejhezčí koutek na světě mám**



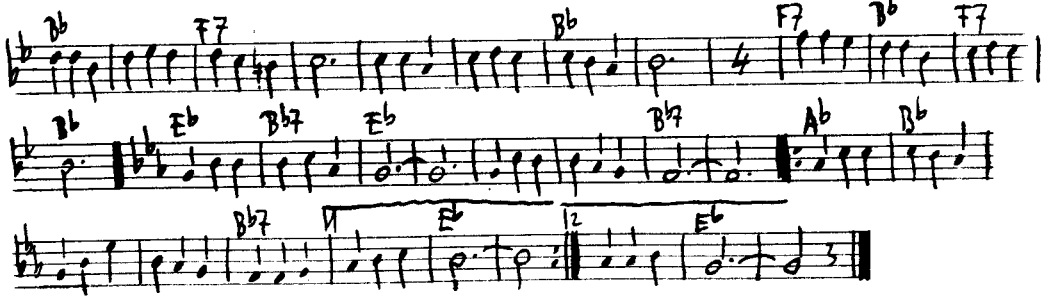
Já ráda tancuju Vejvoda



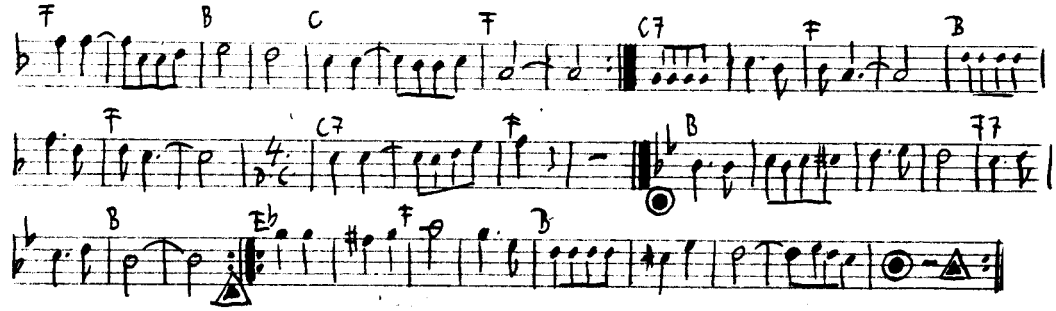
Domažlický dudáček



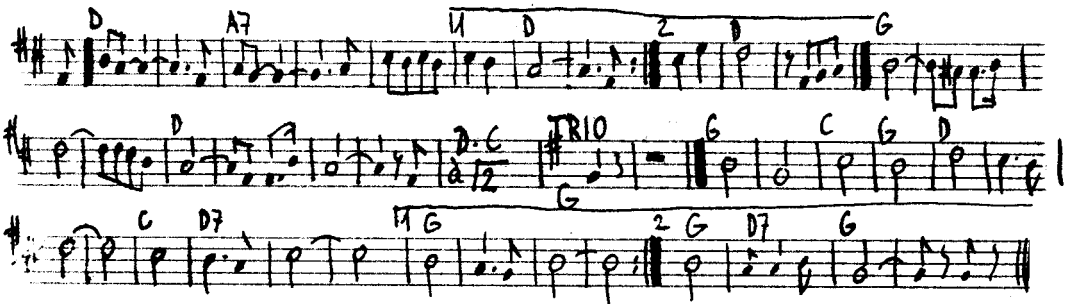
Harmonikář



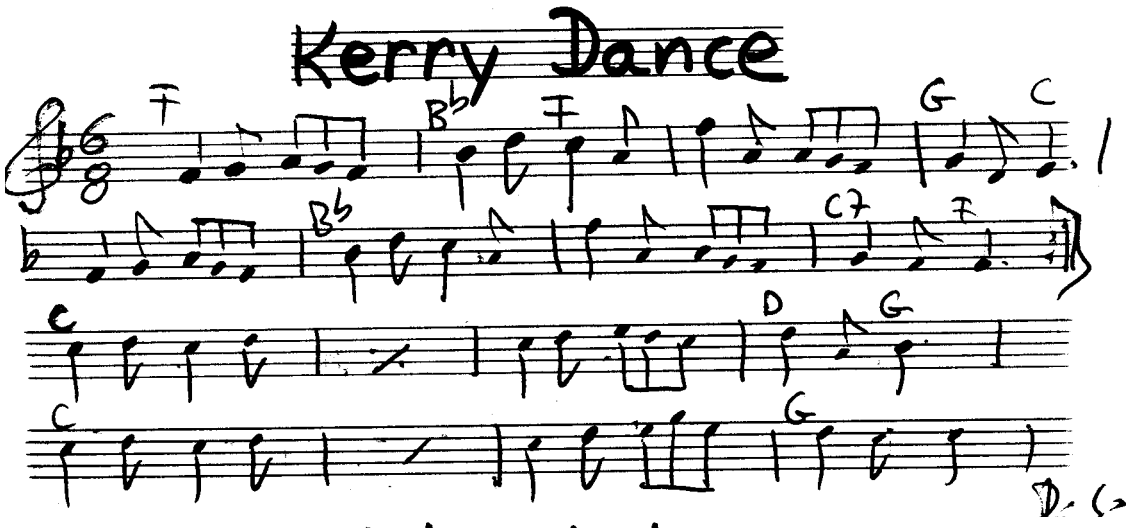
Hů a hů



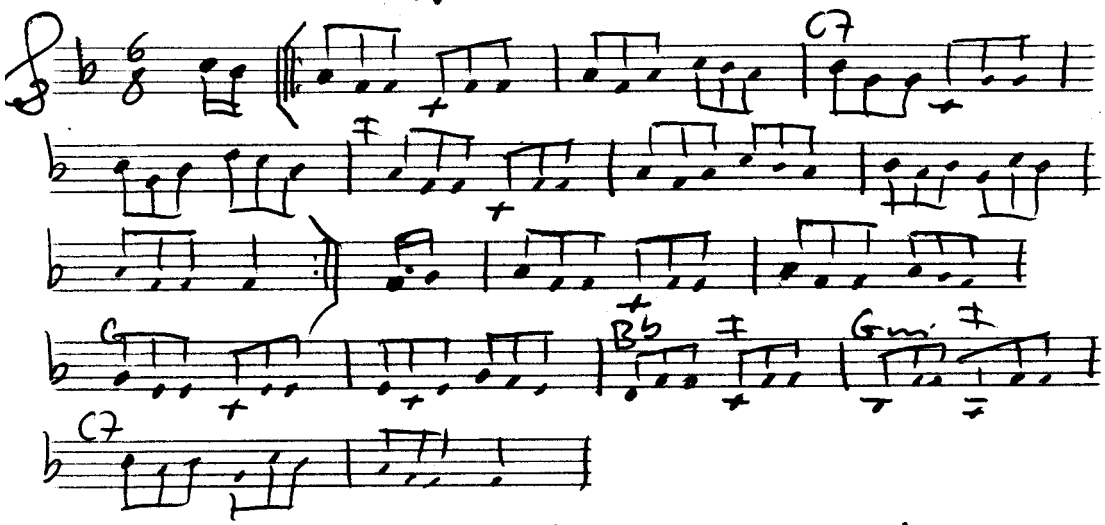
Náno Náno



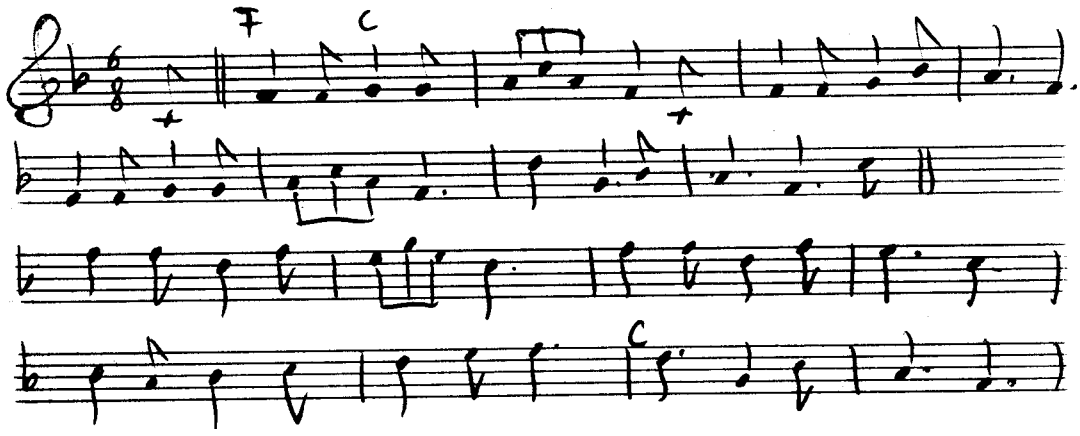
Kerry Dance



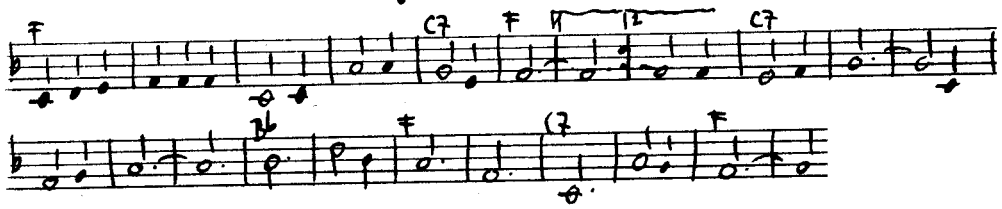
Irish Washerwoman



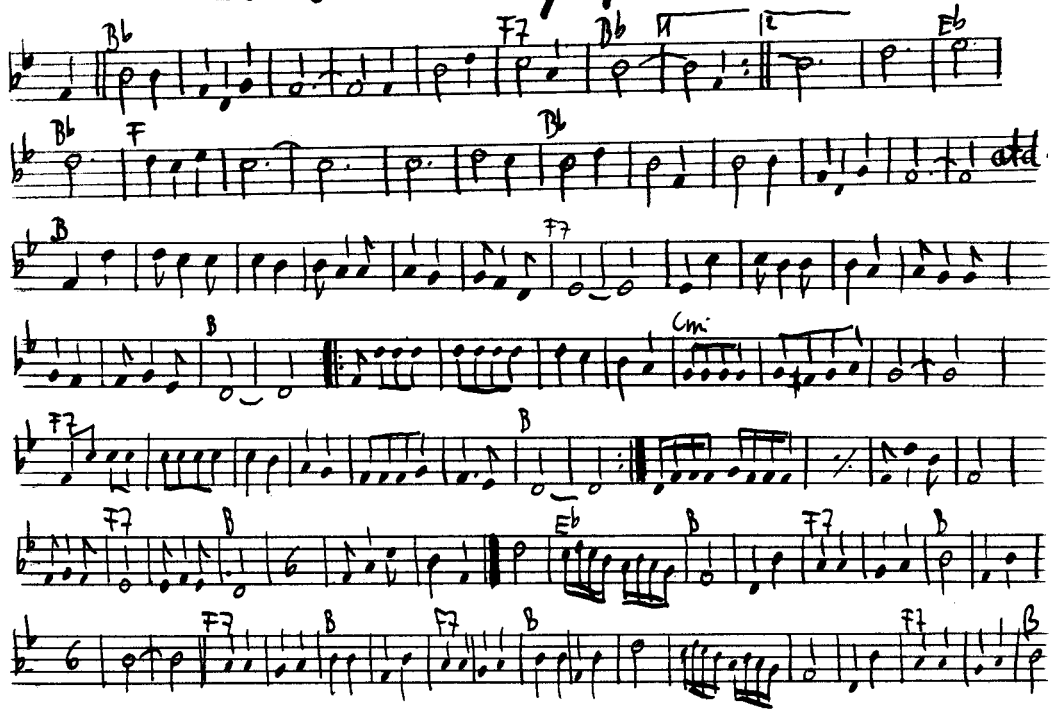
Pop goes the Weasel



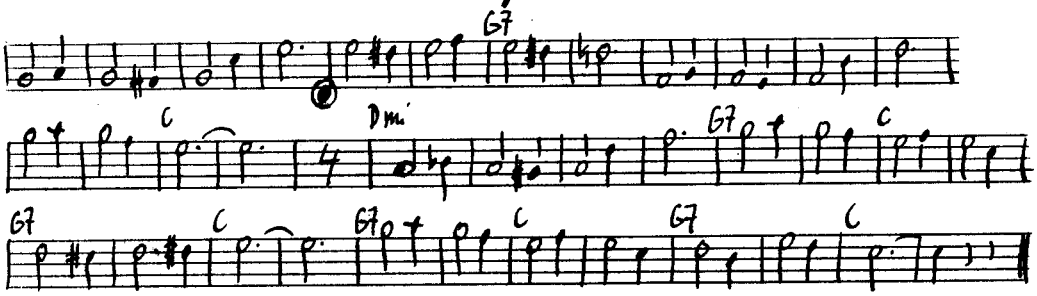
Pytlák



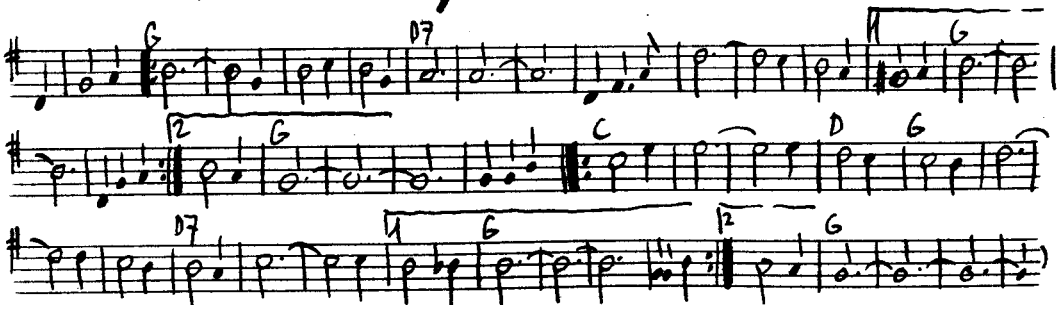
Nešťastný pátek



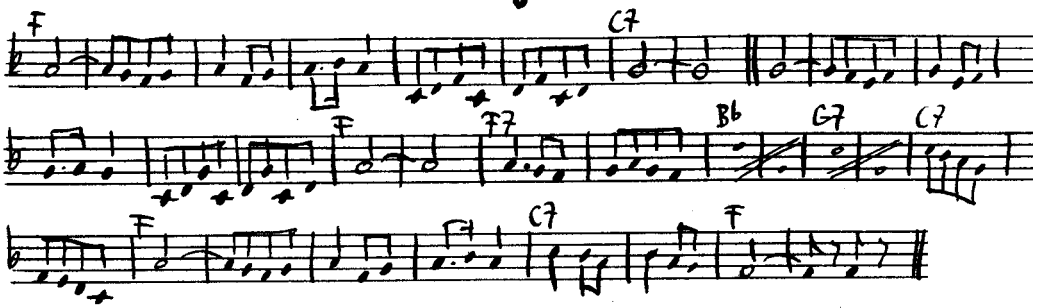
Kamaráde, co děláš



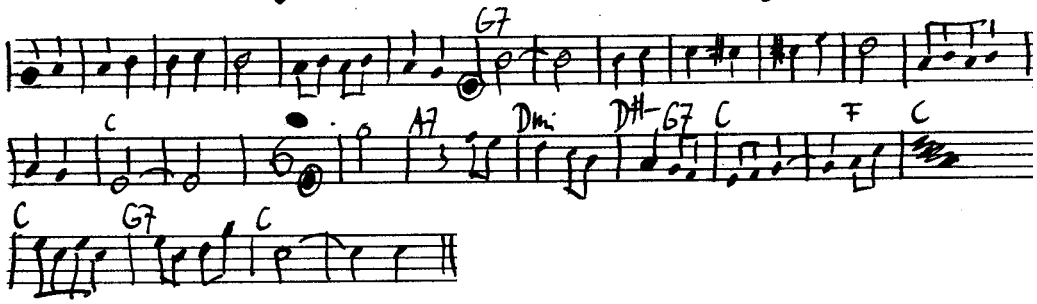
Já miloval ty krásné oči černé



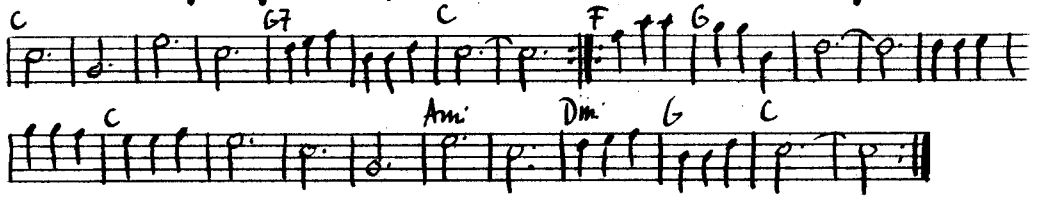
Koulelo se jablíčko



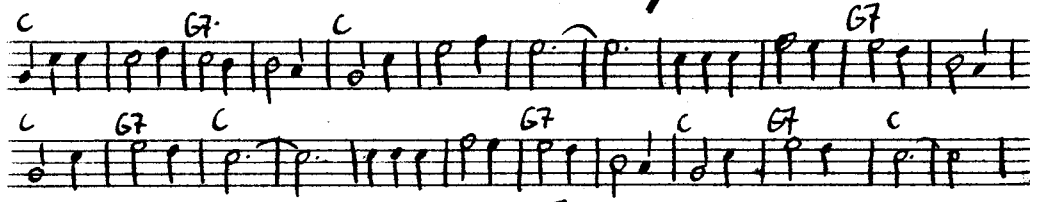
Pojď se mnou do hangáru



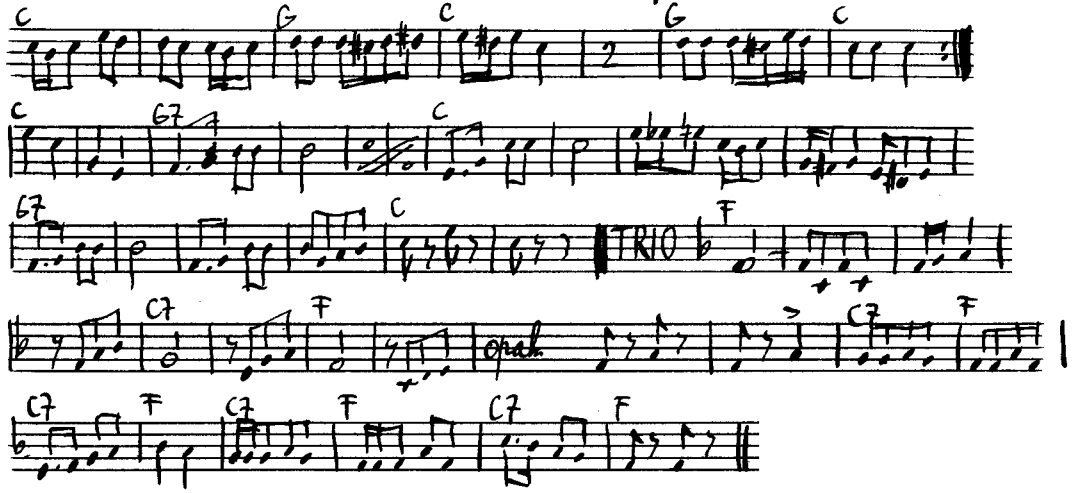
Když jsem přišel do Košíř na Mlynářku

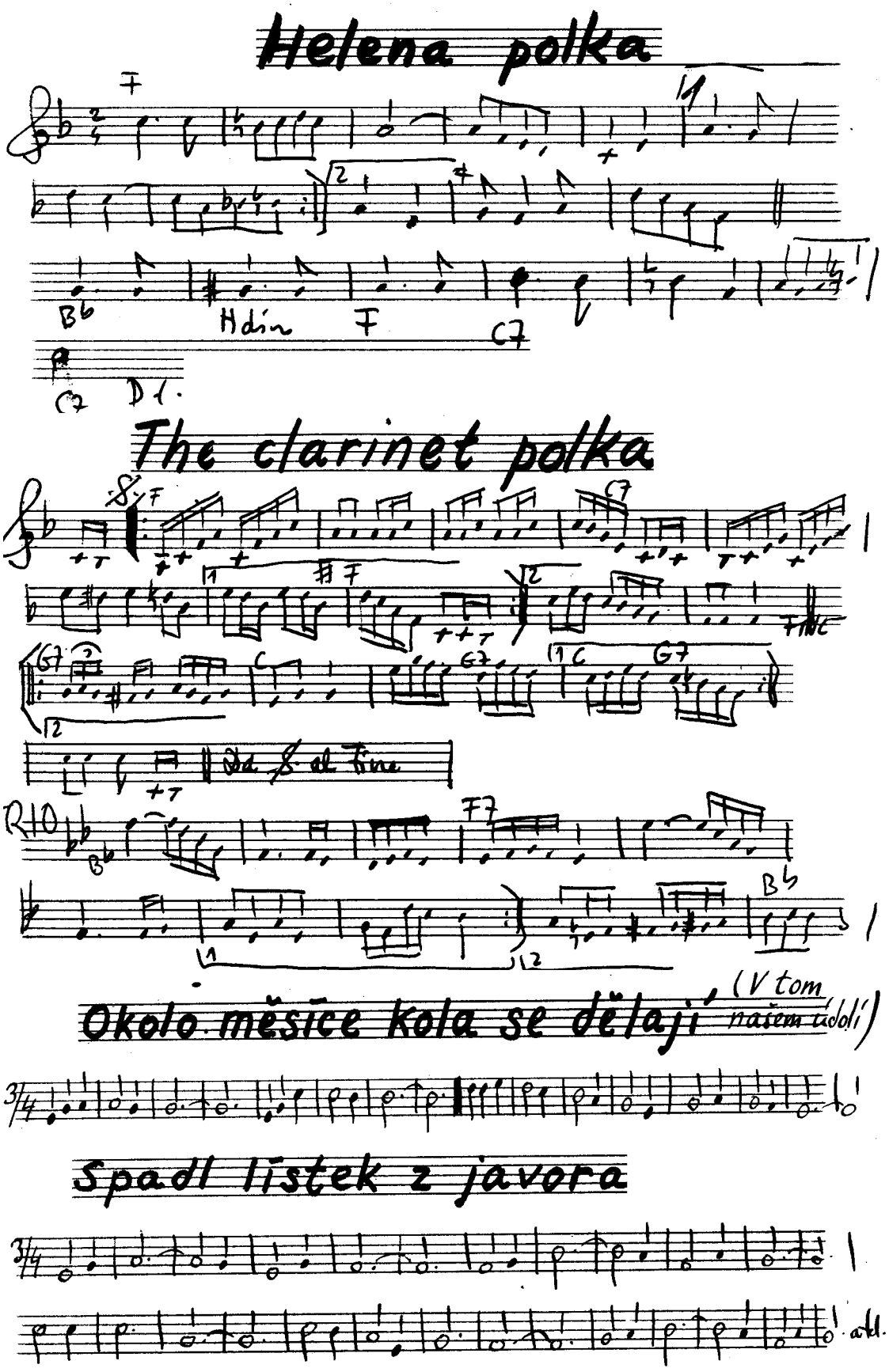


Potůček bublavý

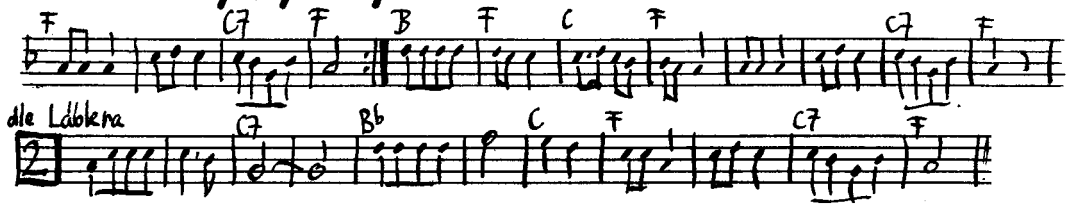


Chasnická

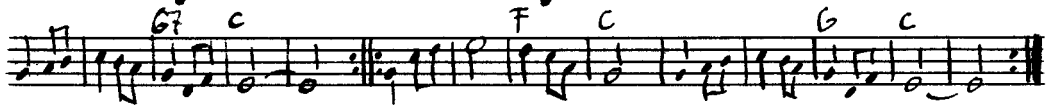



Helena polka
The clarinet polka
Okolo měsíce kola se dělají
(V tom našem údolí)
Spadl lístek z javora

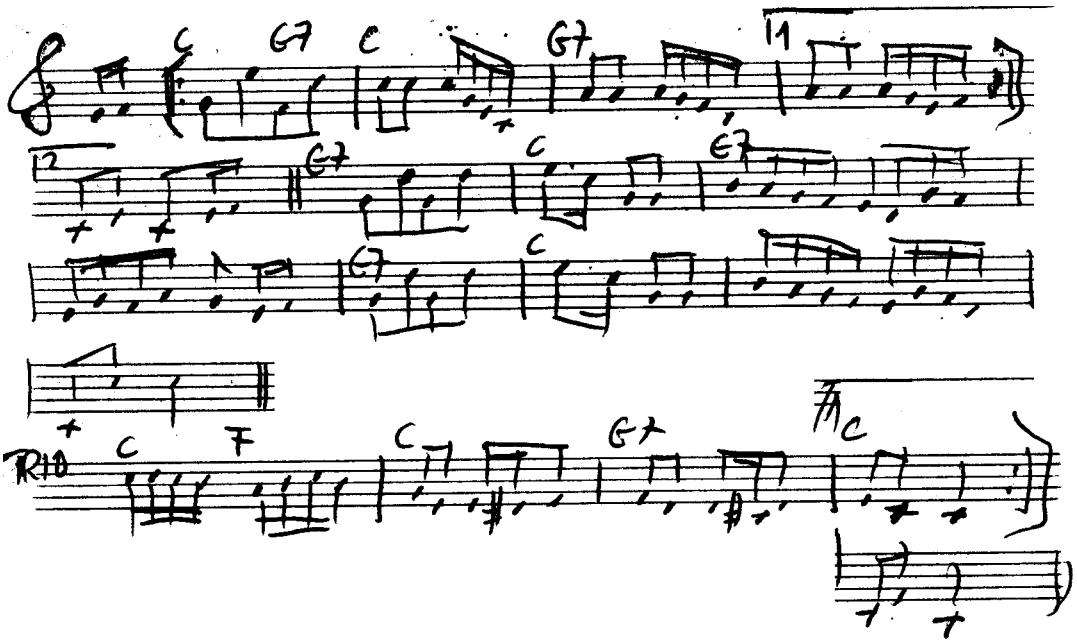
Kdyby byl Bavorov



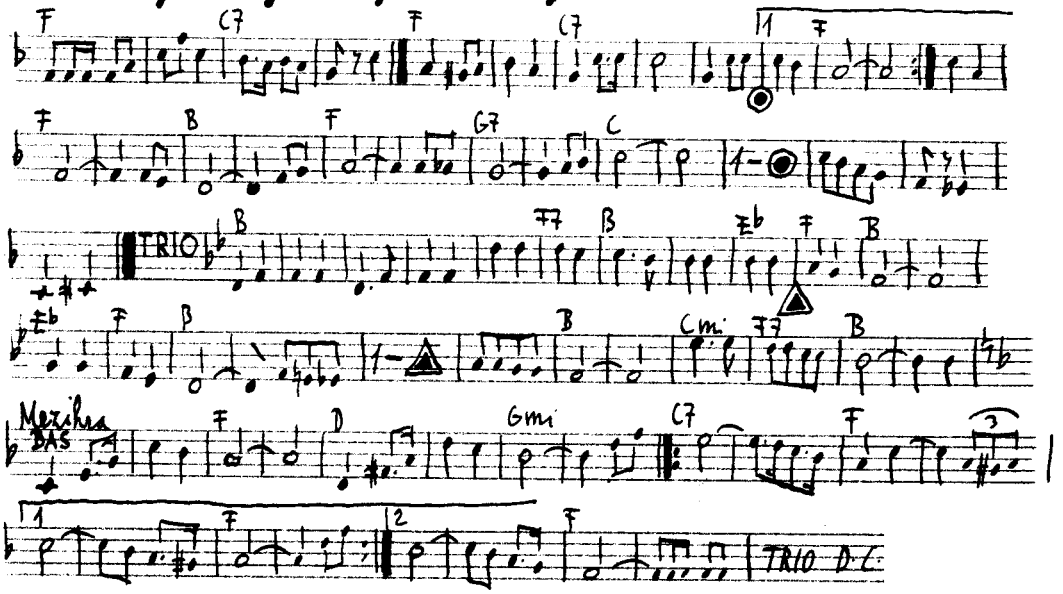
Ty křenovský luka

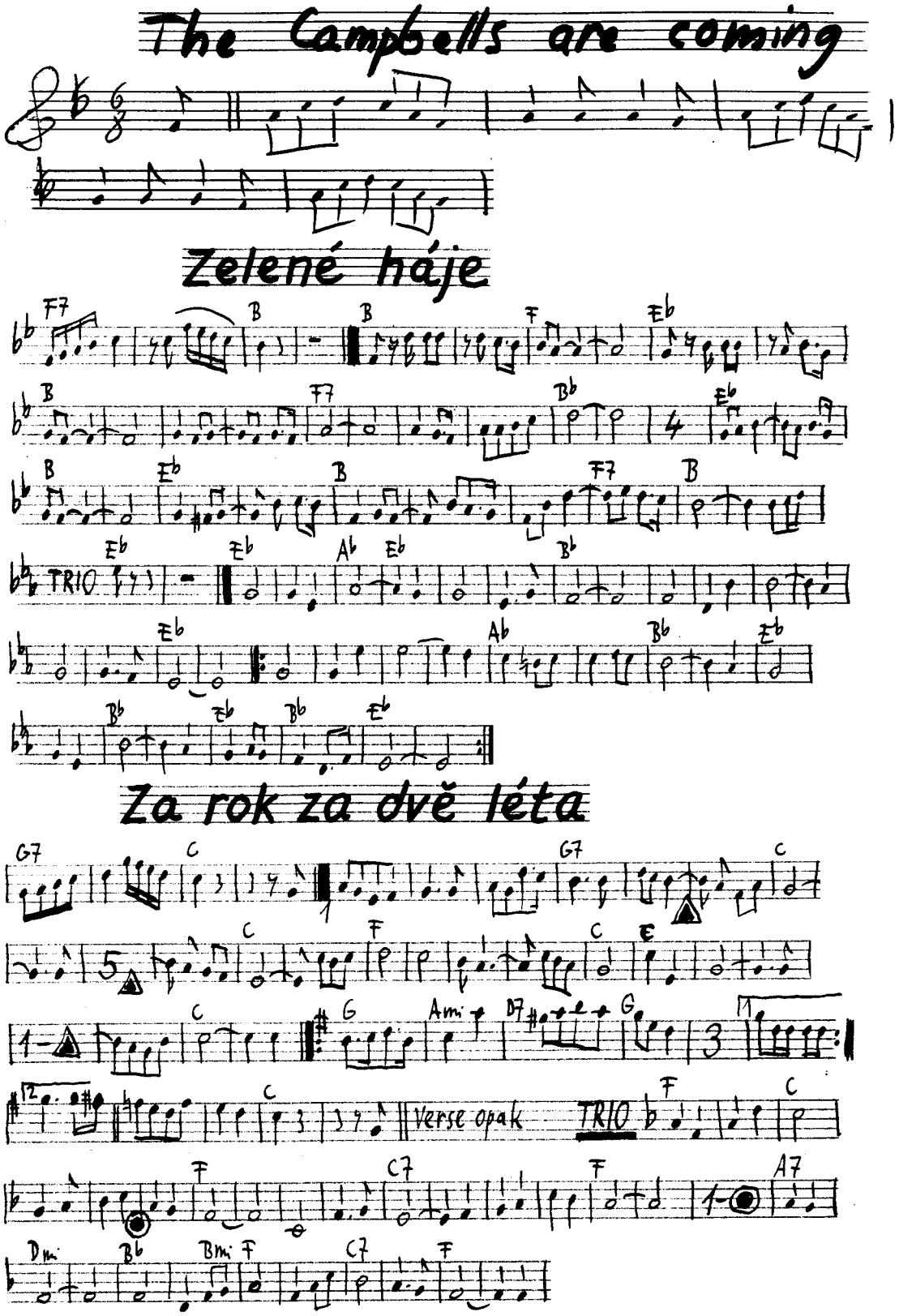


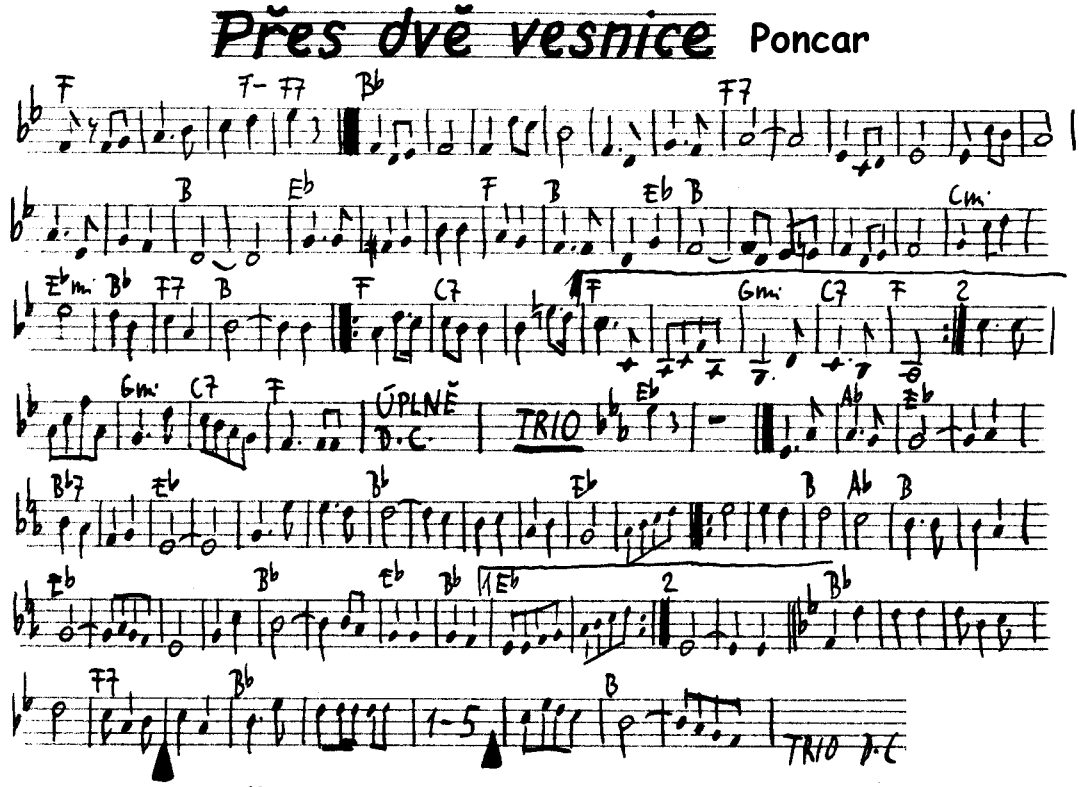
Yankee Heel and Toe Polka

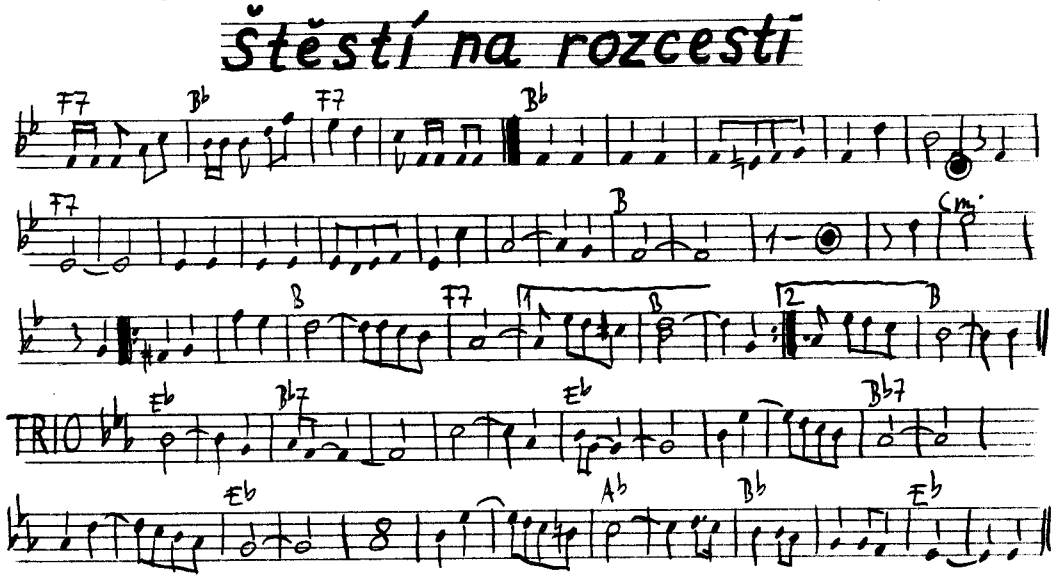


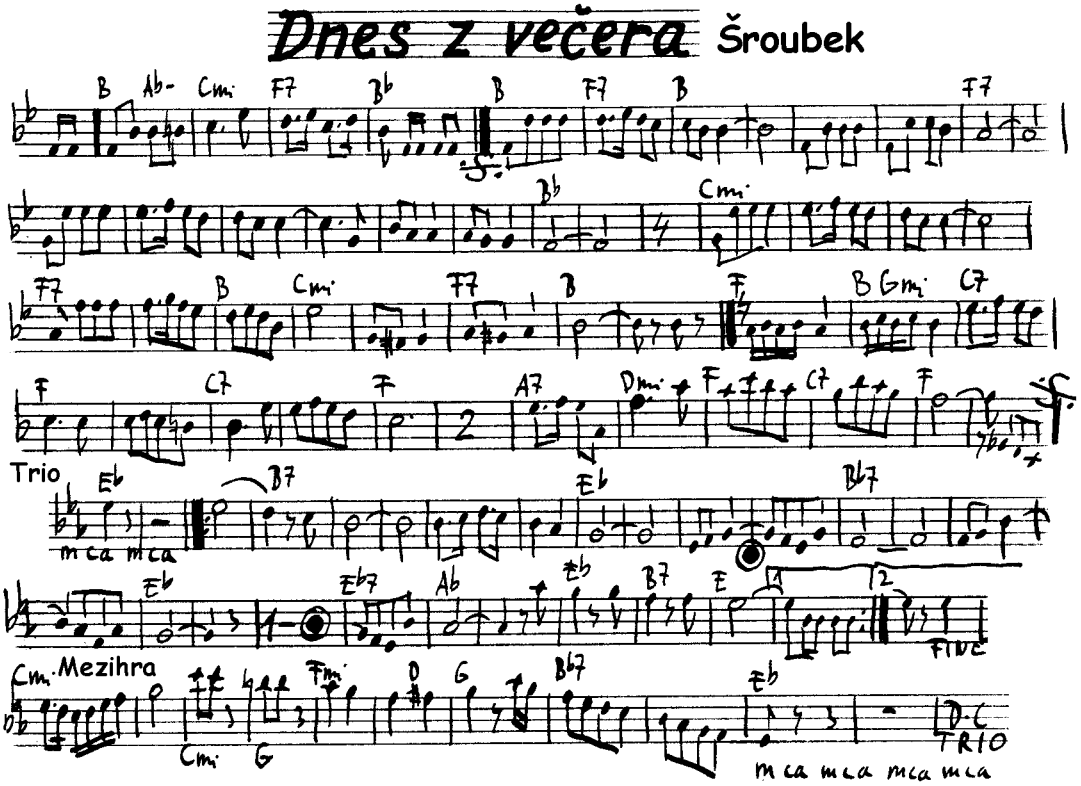
Čtyři páry bílejch koní

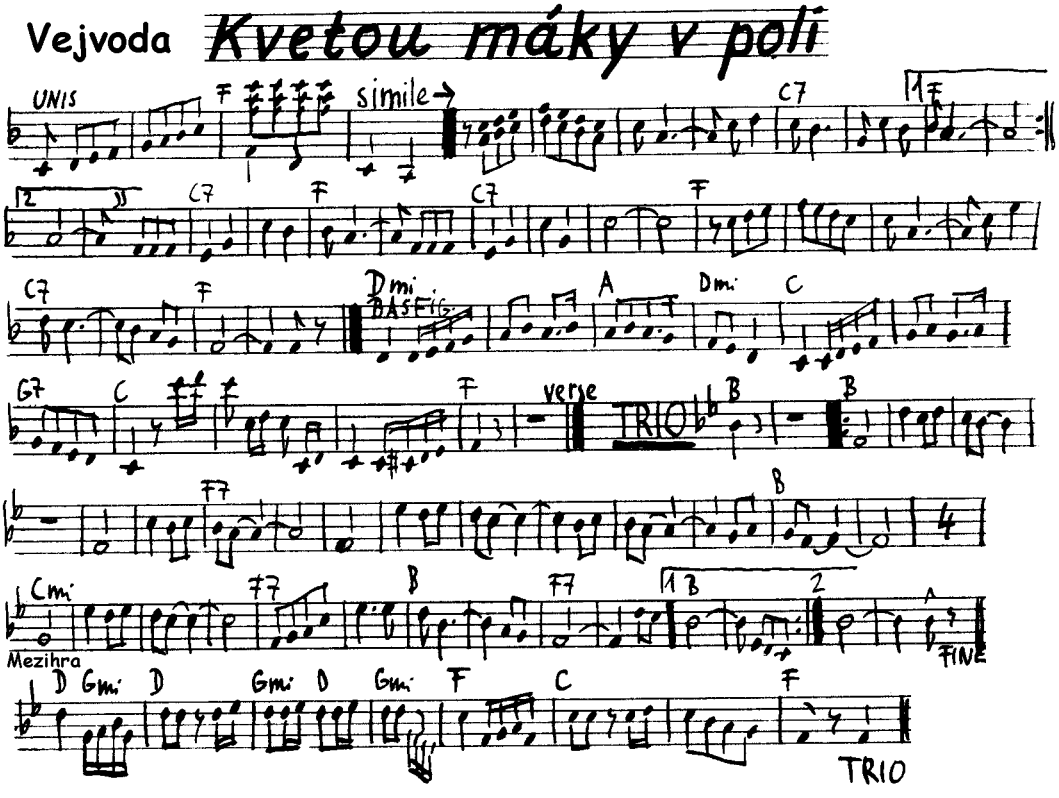


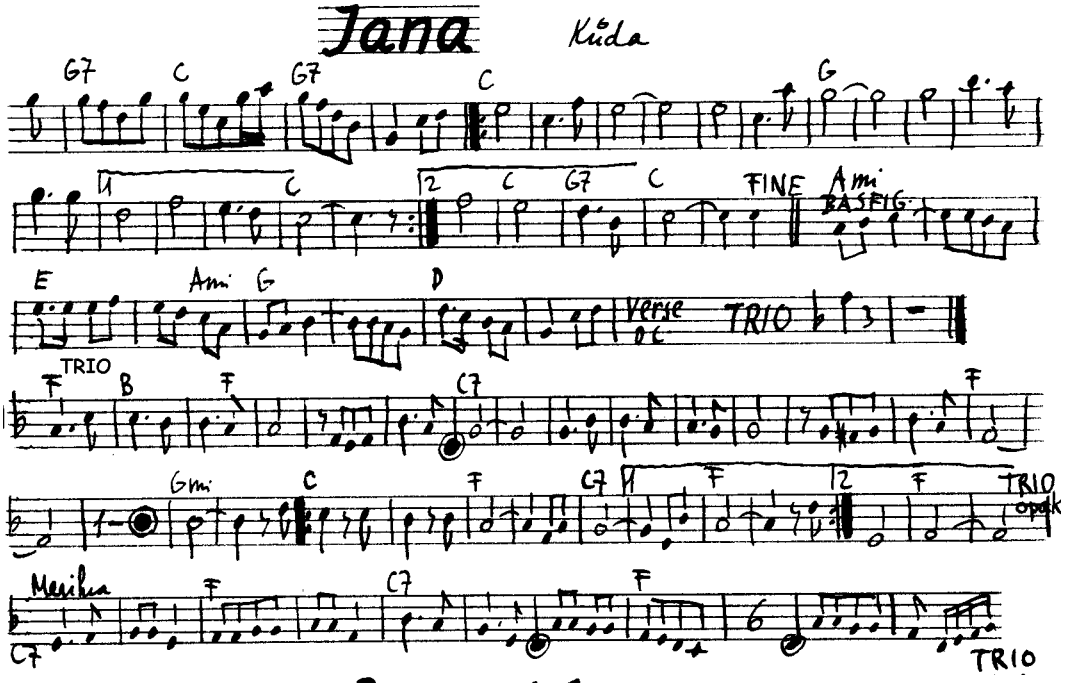

The Campbells are coming
Zelené háje
TRIO
Za rok za dvě léta
Verse opak
TRIO

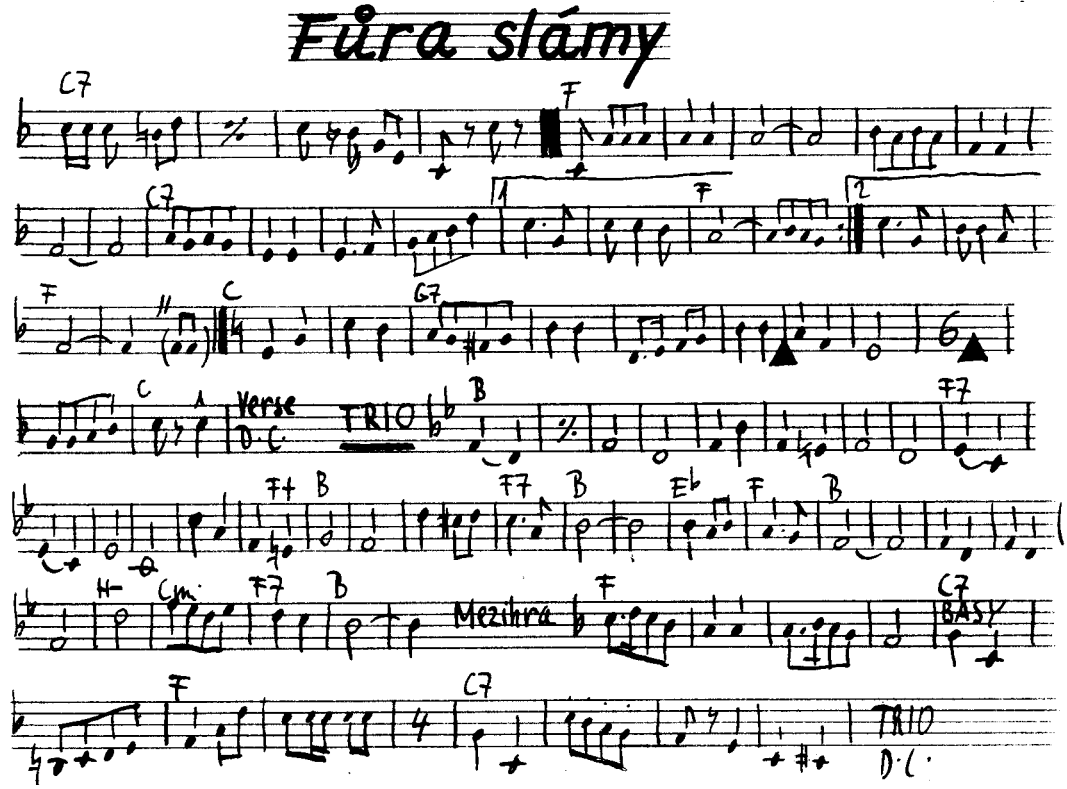

Přes dvě vesnice
Poncar
ÚPLNĚ D.C.
TRIO
TRIO D.C.

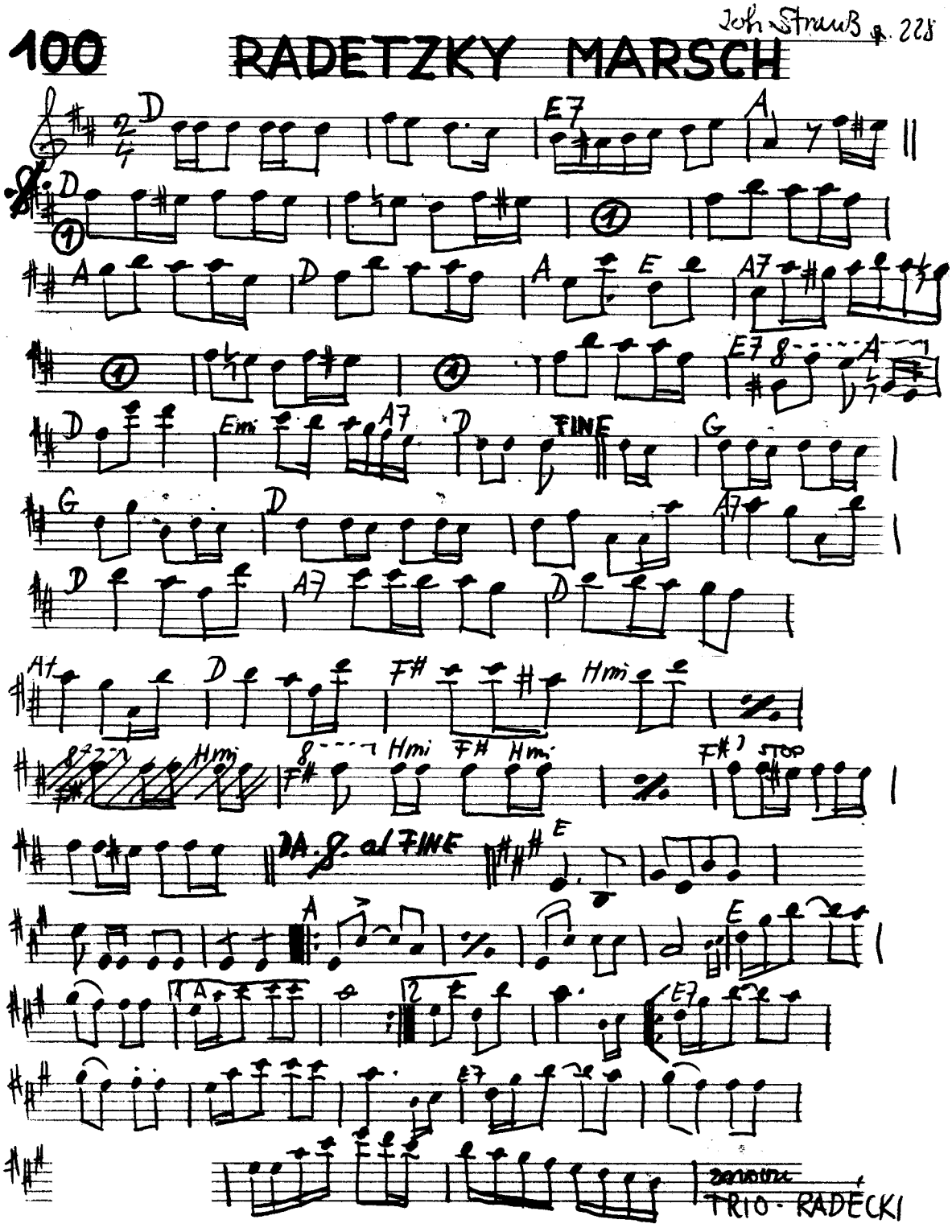

Štěstí na rozcestí
TRIO

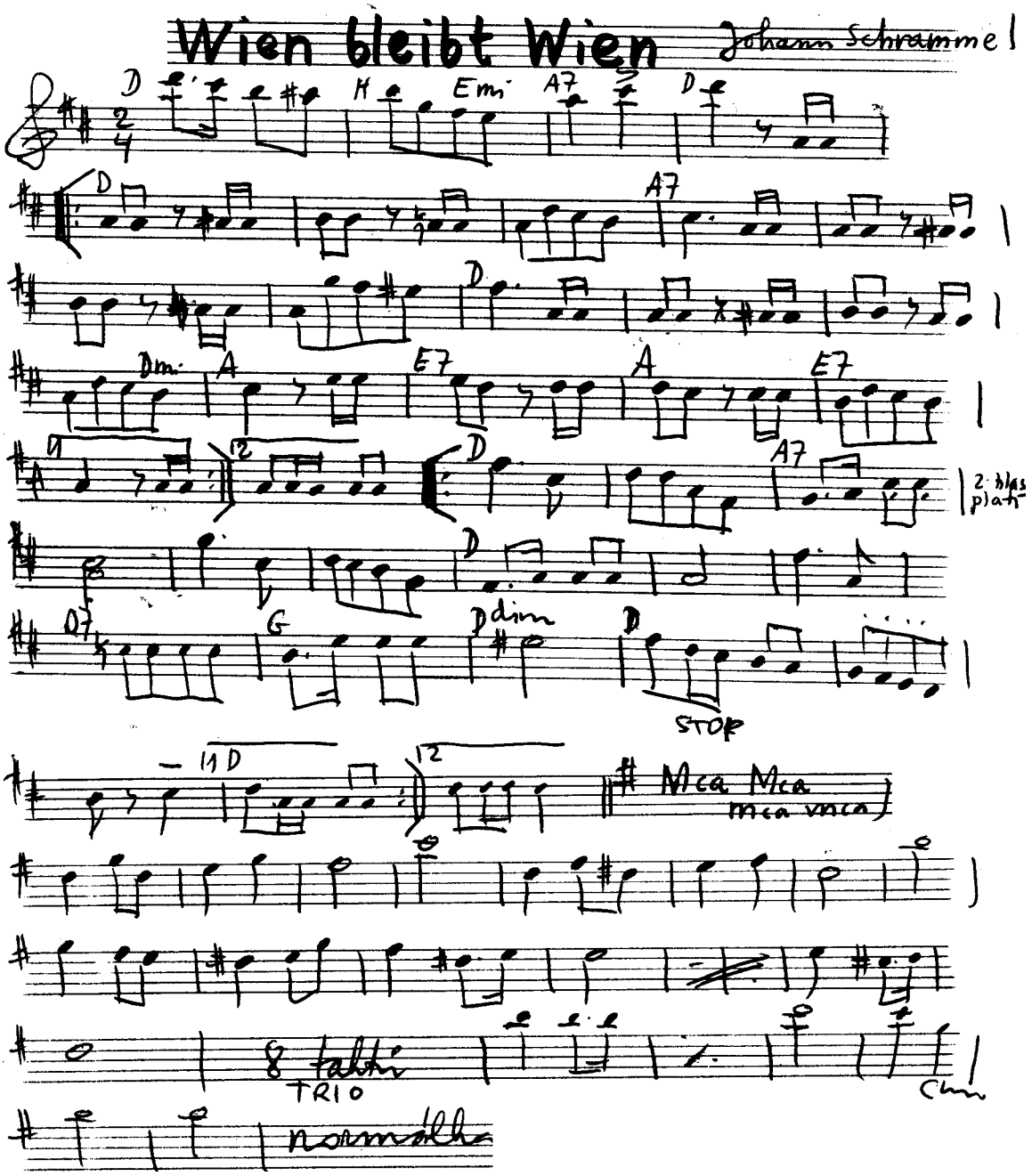

Dnes z večera
Šroubek
Trio
Mezihra
TRIO

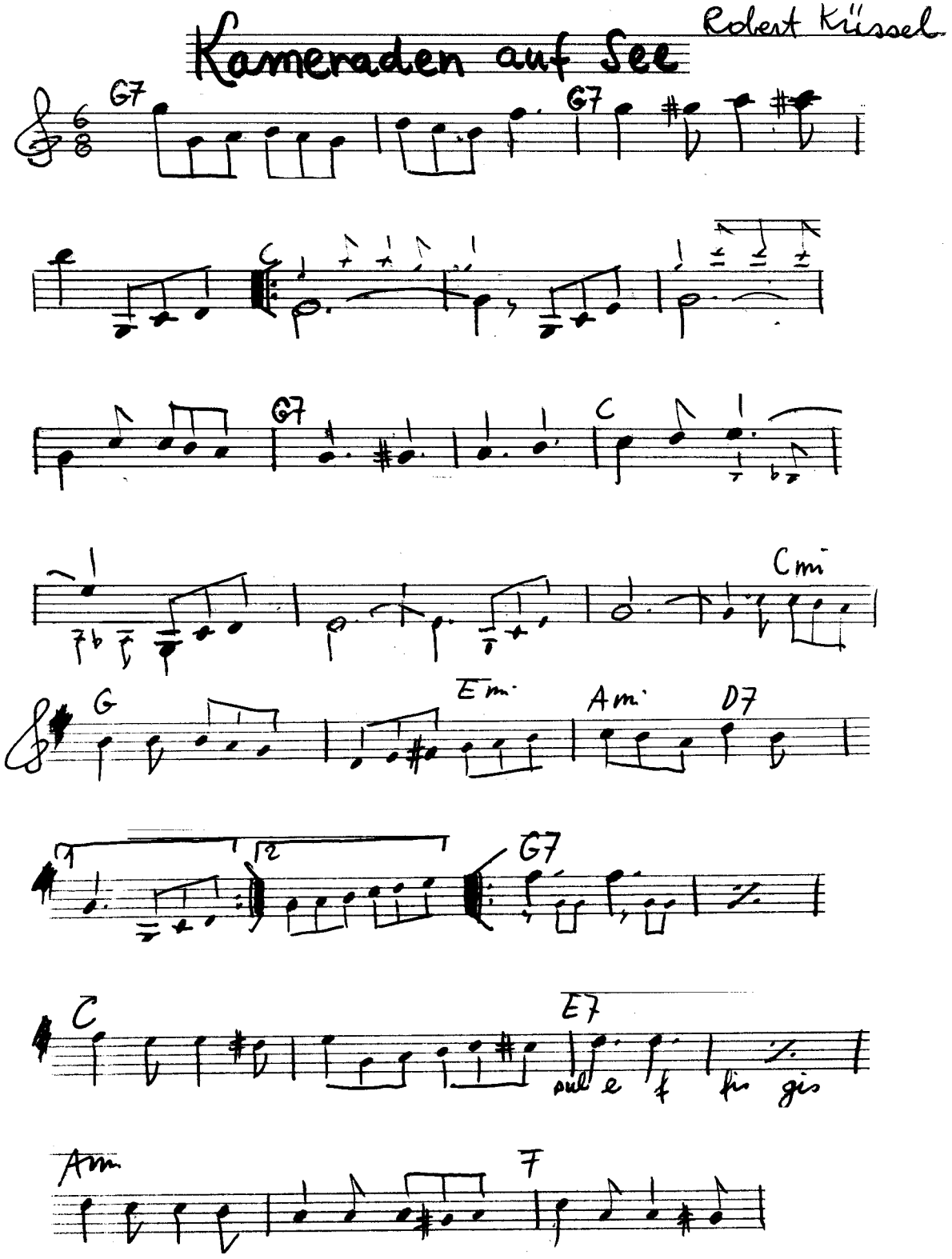

Vejvoda
Kvetou máky v poli
UNIS
simile
verse
TRIO
Mezihra
TRIO

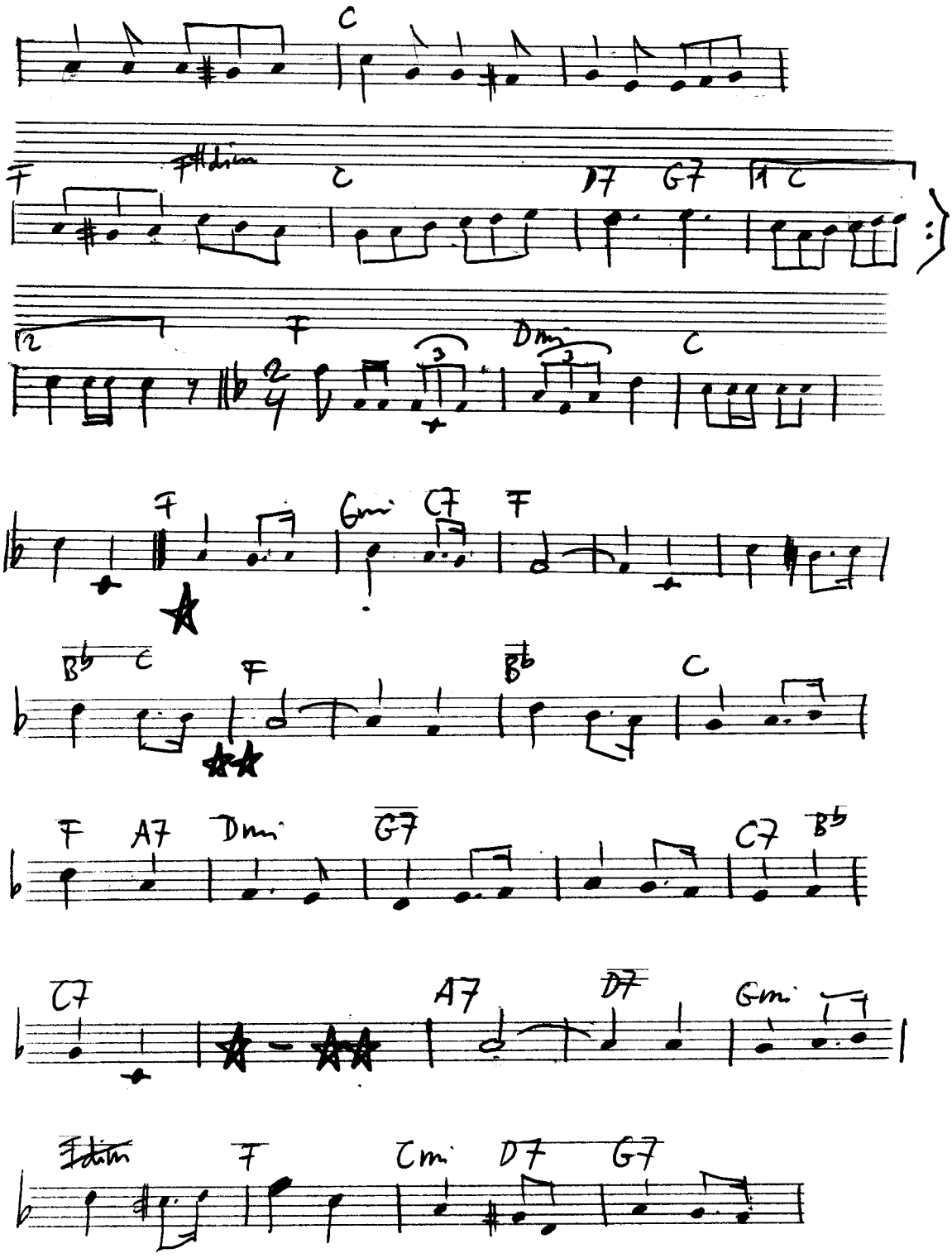

Jana
Kuda
TRIO
Mezihra
TRIO

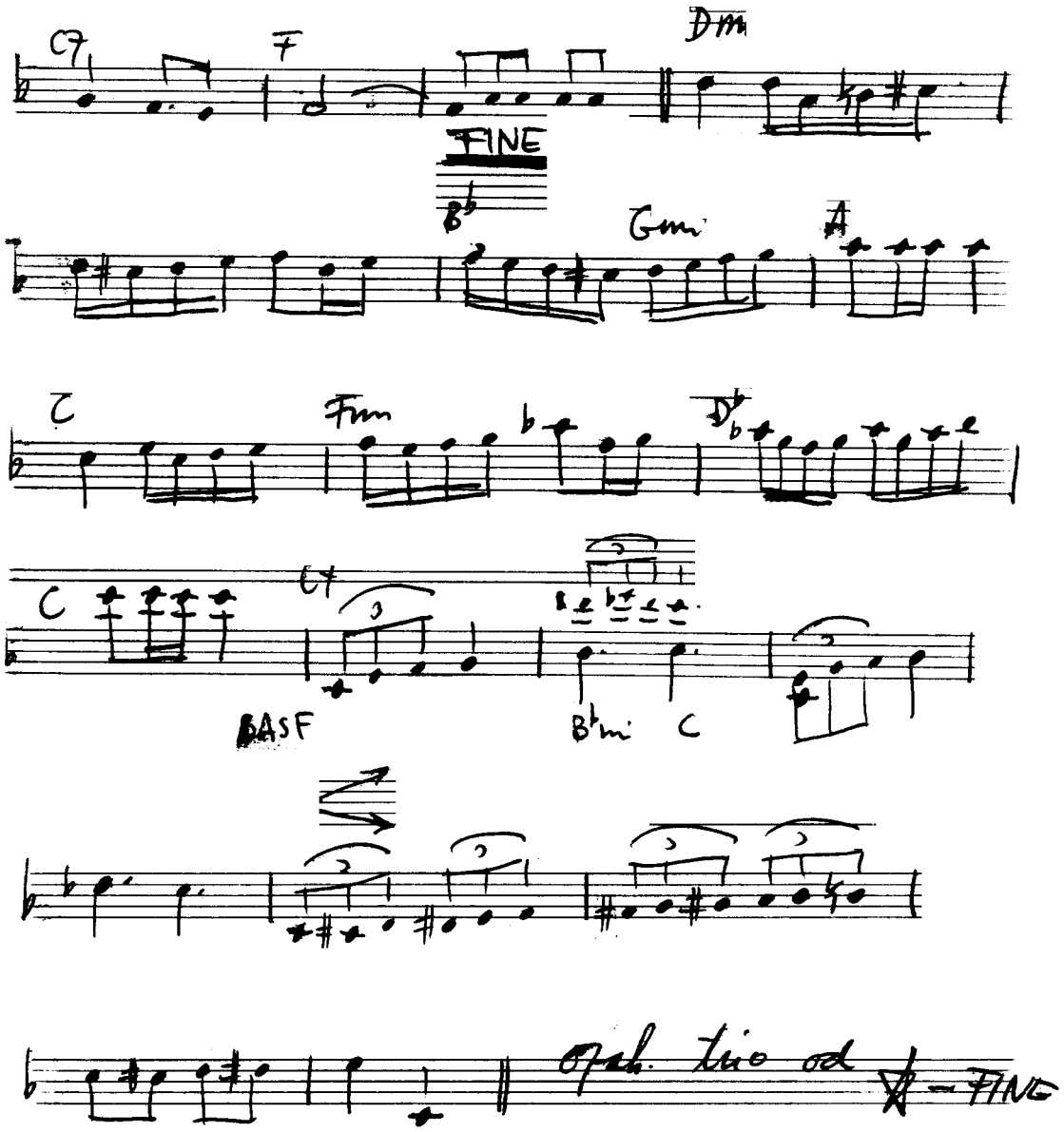

Fůra slámy
Verse
TRIO
Mezihra
TRIO

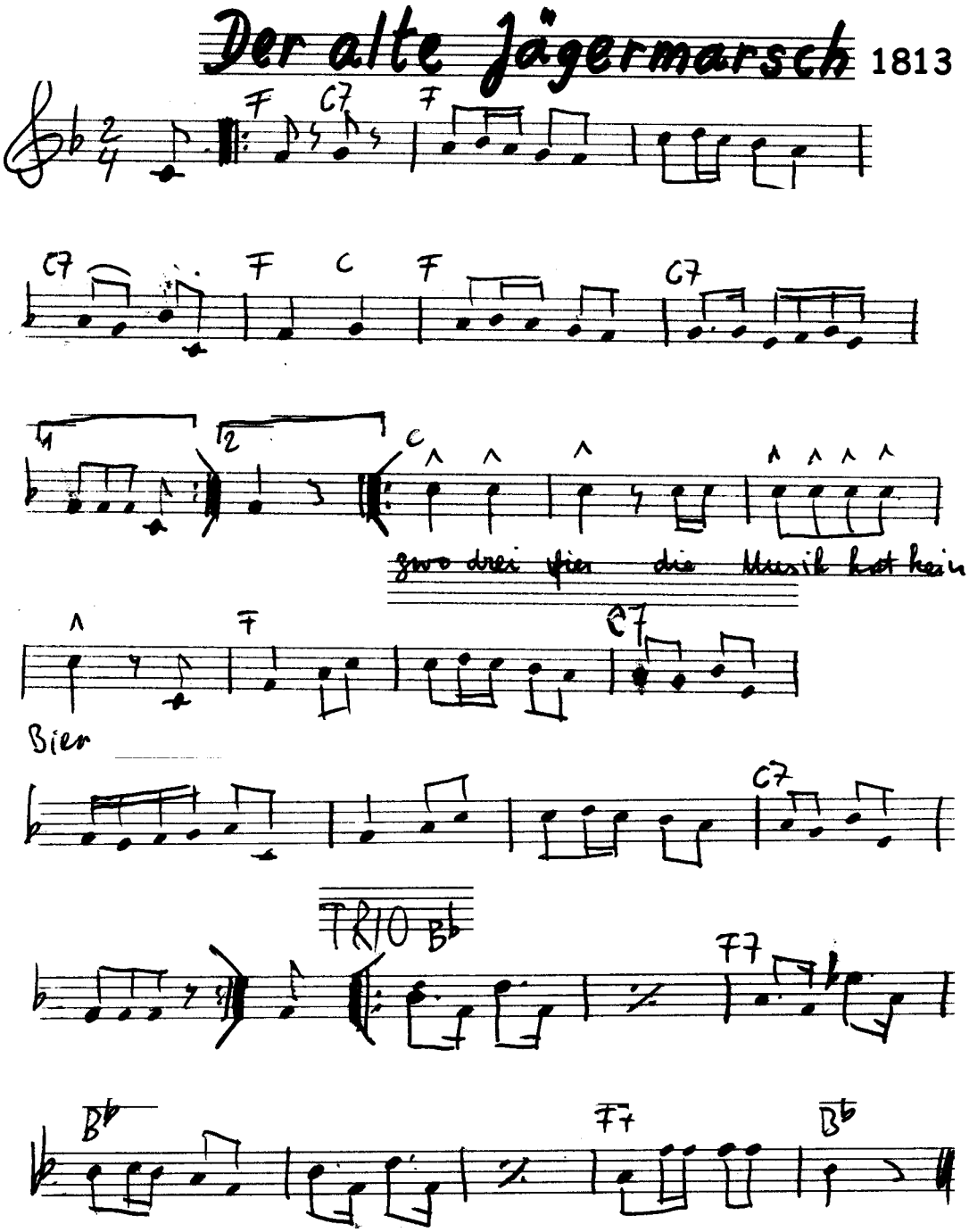

100
RADETZKY MARSCH
Joh. Strauß op. 228
FINE
STOP
TRIO - RADECKI

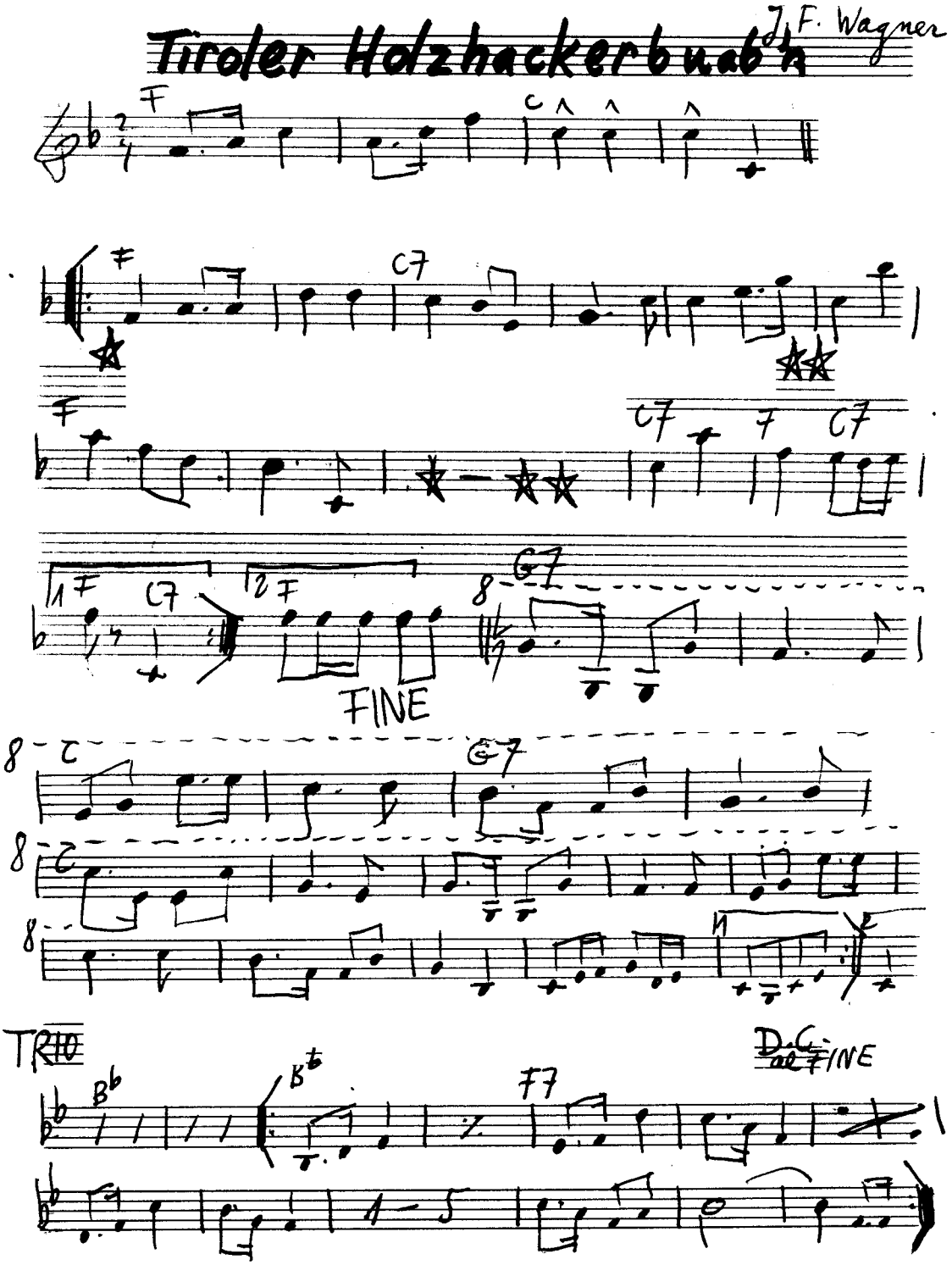

Wien bleibt Wien
Johann Schrammel
D
H
Emi
A7
D
Dm
A
E7
2 blas plati
G
dim
STOP
Mca Mca
mca mca
8 taktů
TRIO
normálka

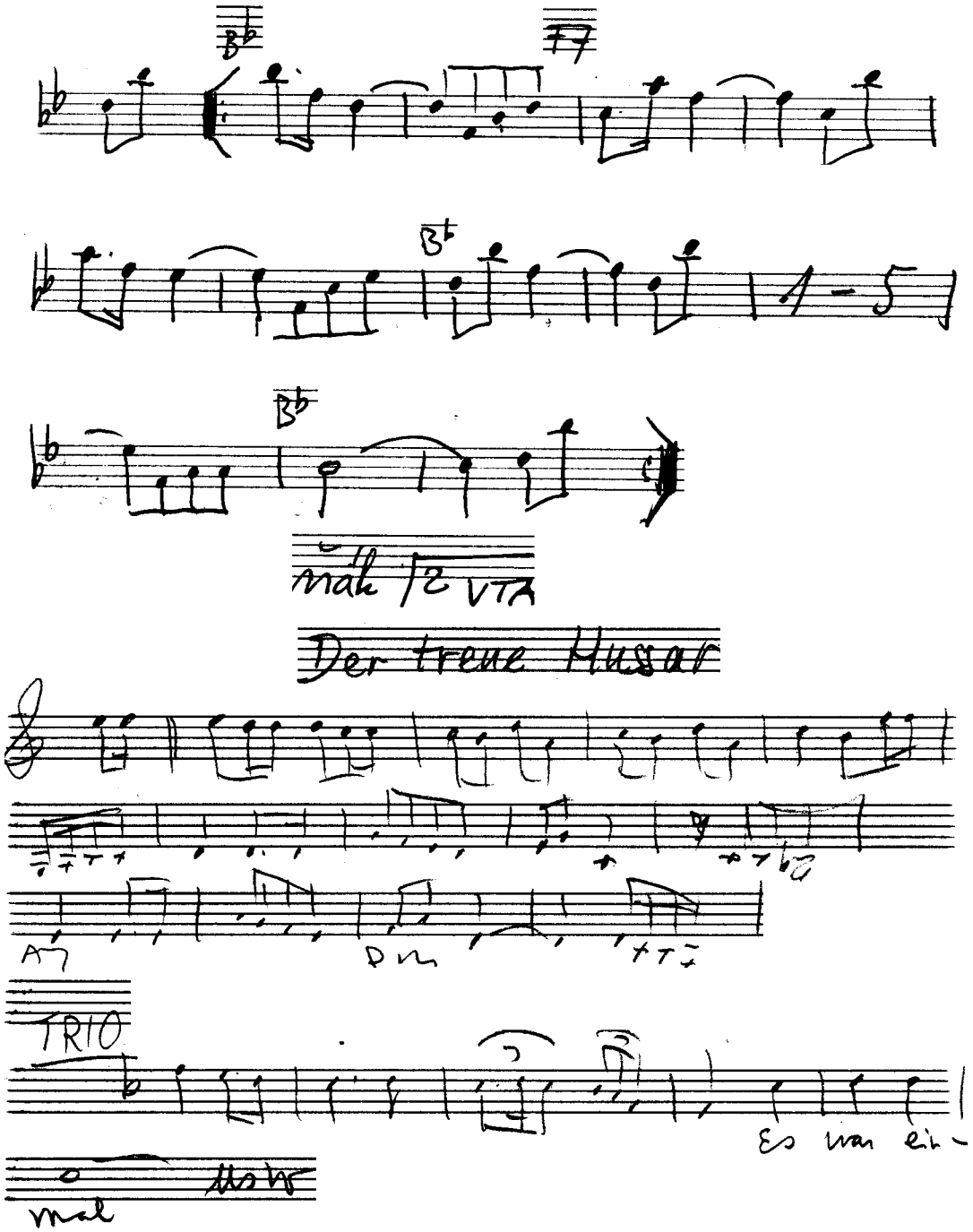

Kameraden auf See
Robert Küssel
G7
G7
C
G7
C
Cmi
G
Emi
Ami
D7
1
2
G7
C
E7
Am
F

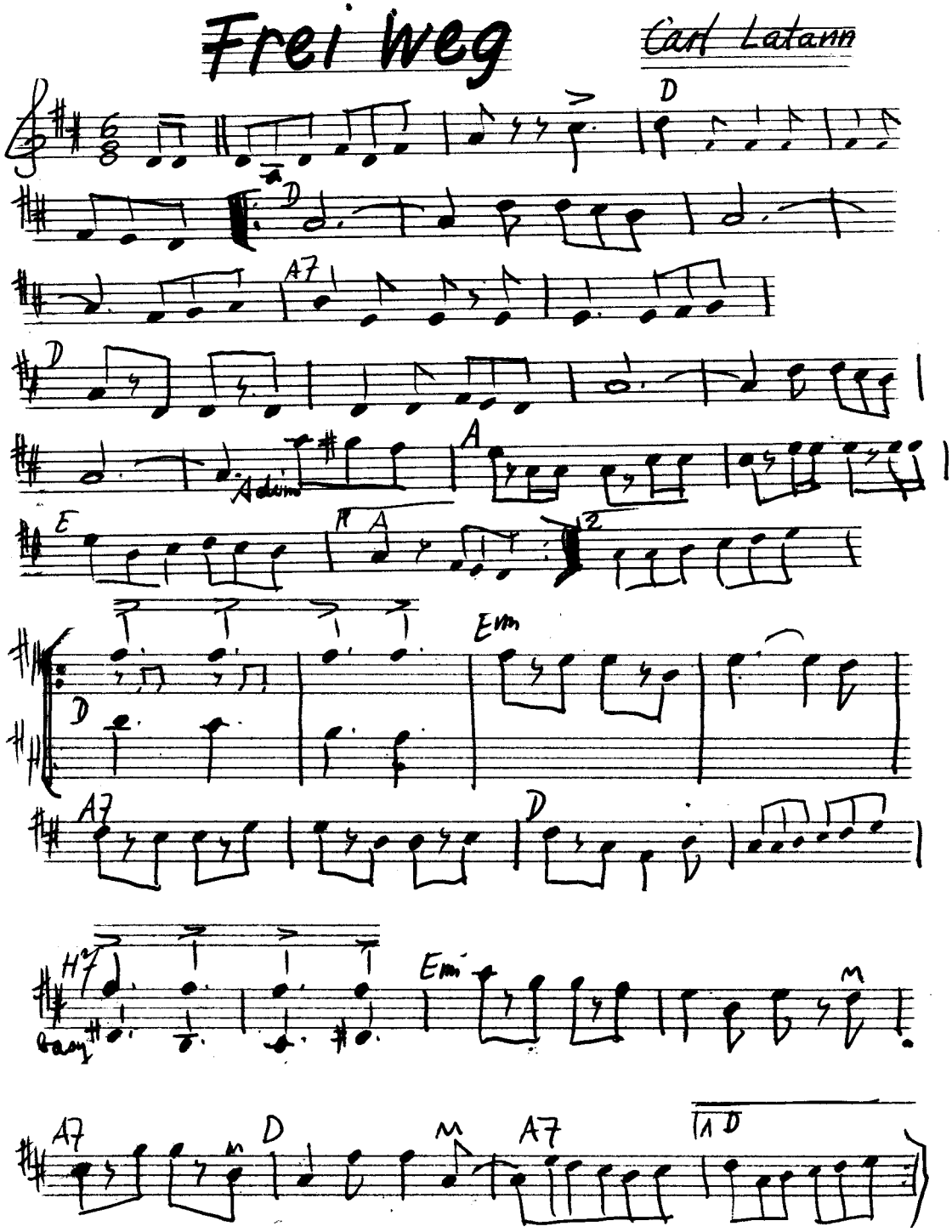

C
F
C
D7
G7
C
F
Dm
C
F
Gmi
C7
F
B♭
C
F
B♭
C
F
A7
Dmi
G7
C7
B♭
C7
A7
D7
Gmi
F
F
Cmi
D7
G7

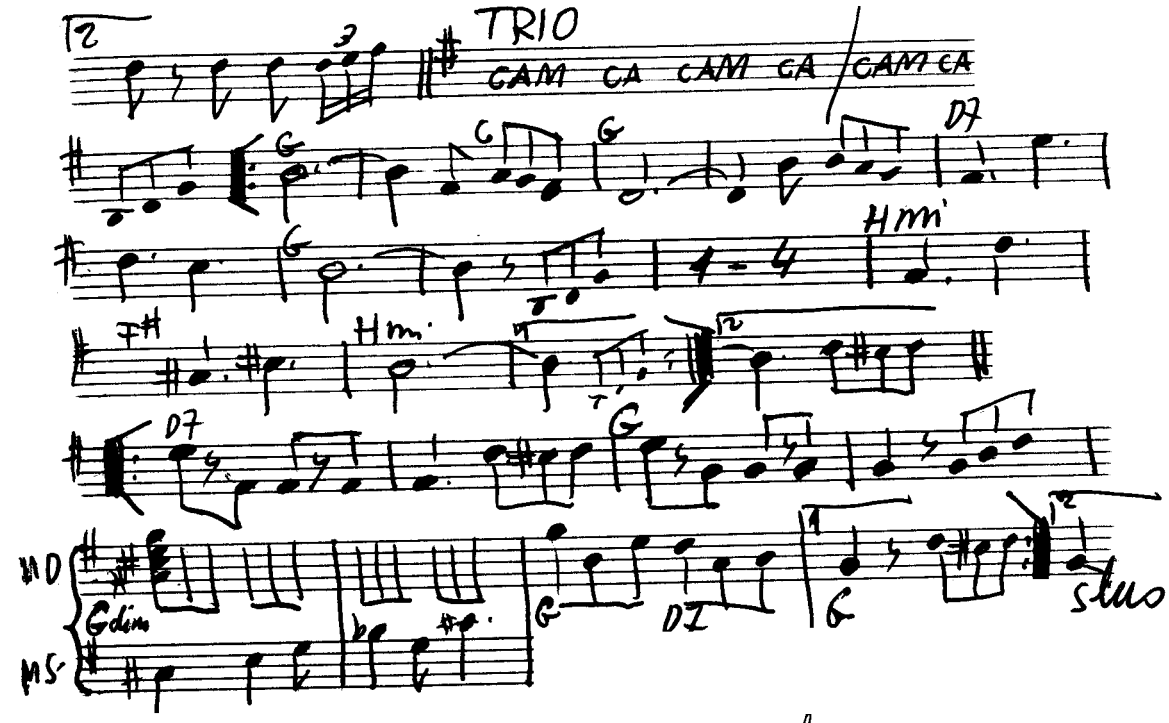

C7
F
Dm
FINE
Gm
A
C
Fm
C
C7
BASF
B♭m
C
Opak. trio od
FINE


Der alte Jägermarsch 1813
zwo drei vier die Musik hat kein
Bier
TRIO

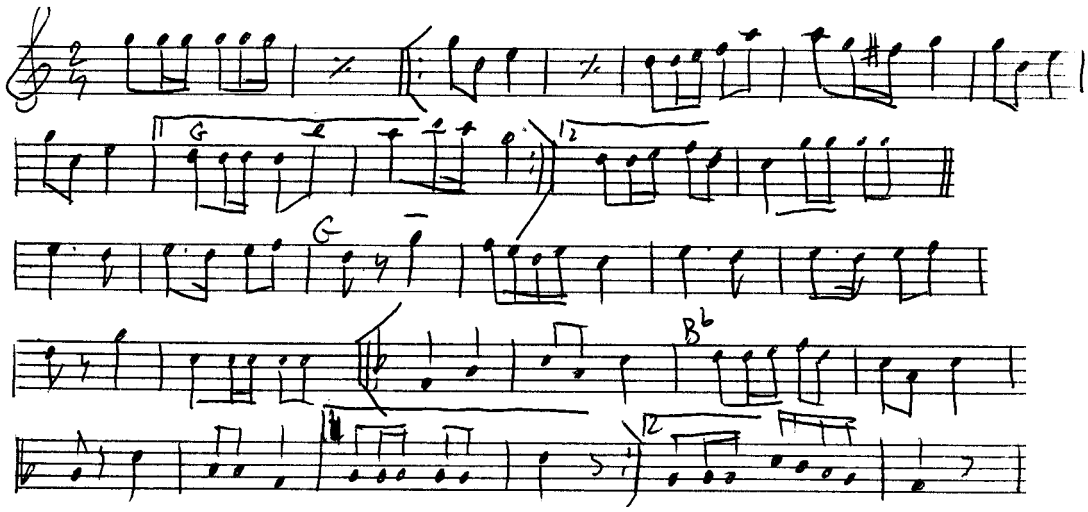

Tiroler Holzhackerbuab'n
J. F. Wagner
FINE
TRIO
D.C. al FINE

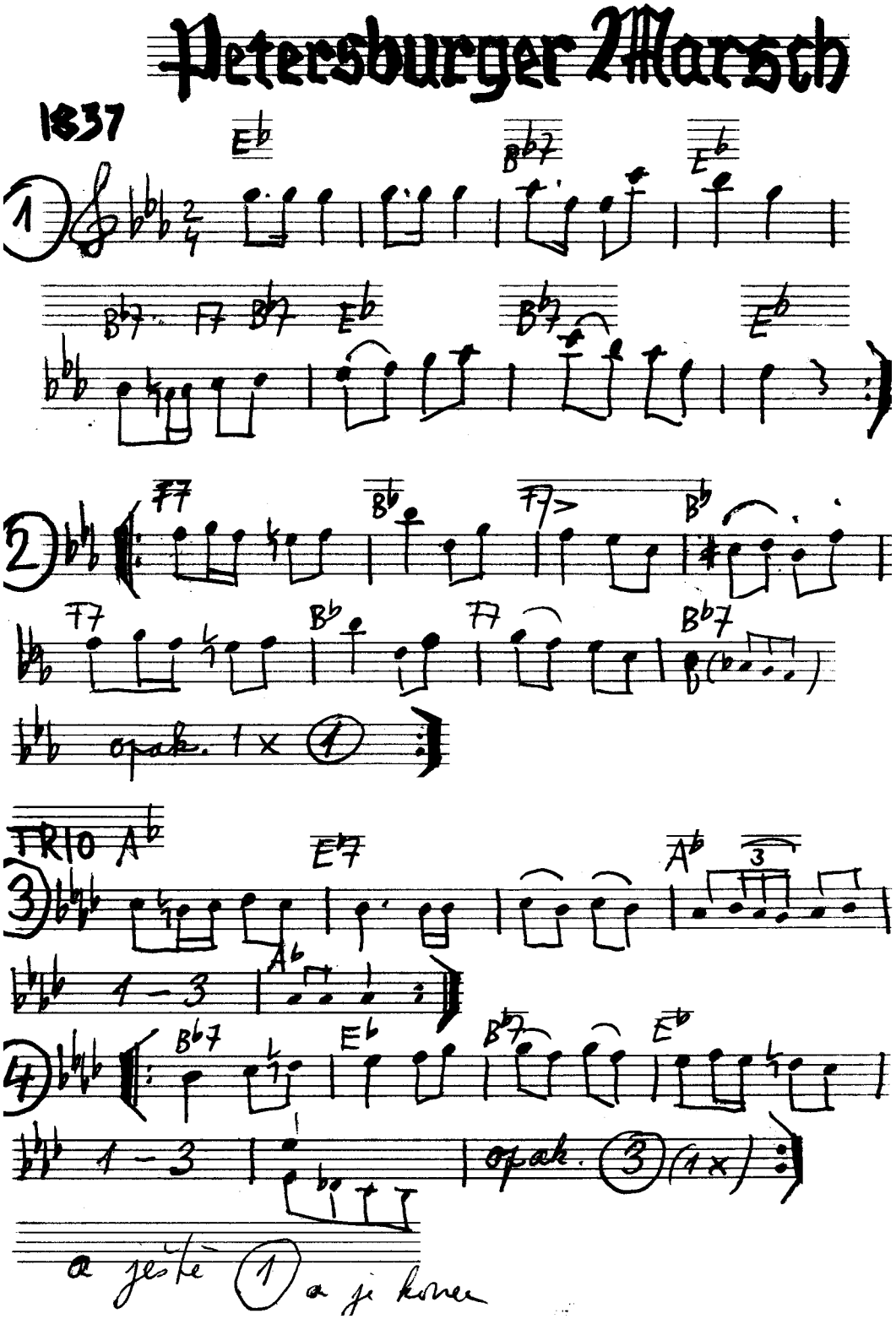

Der treue Husar
TRIO
Es war ein-

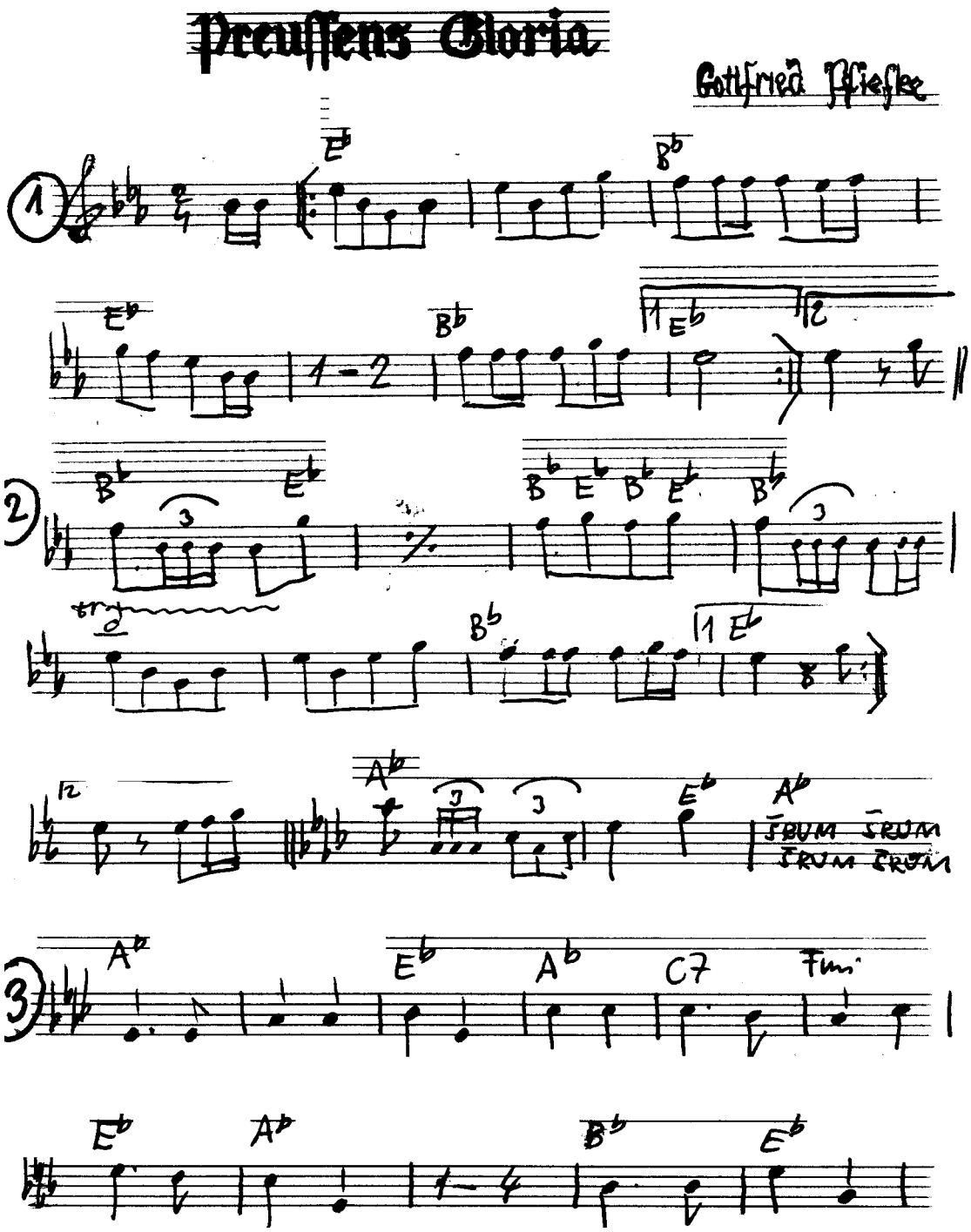

Frei weg
Carl Latann
D
A7
A
E
Em
H7
Bass



Mainzer Narrhalla Marsch




Petersburger Marsch
1837
TRIO
opak. 1x
opak. 3 (4x)
a ještě 1 a je konec



Preussens Gloria

Gottfried Pfieffke

1

E♭ B♭

E♭ 1–2 B♭ 1 E♭ 2

2

B♭ E♭ B♭ E♭ B♭ E♭ B♭ 3 3

tr

B♭ 1 E♭ 8

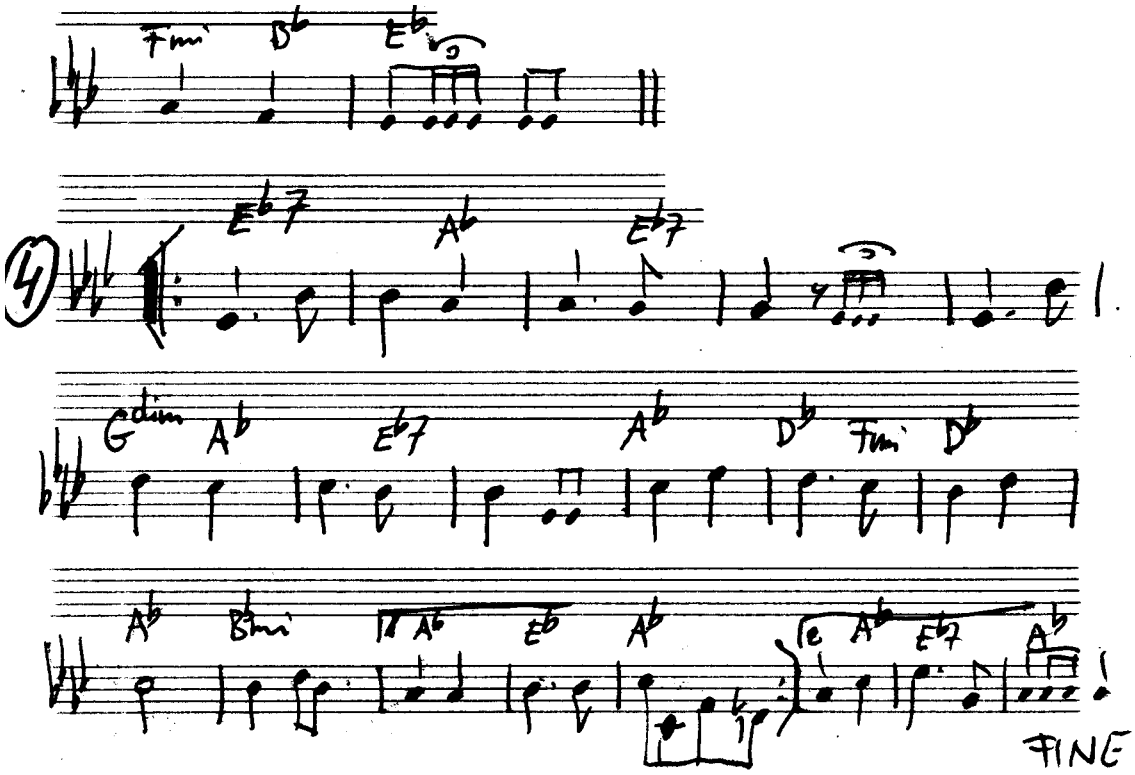
2 A♭ 3 3 E♭ A♭

ŠRUM ŠRUM
ŠRUM ŠRUM

3

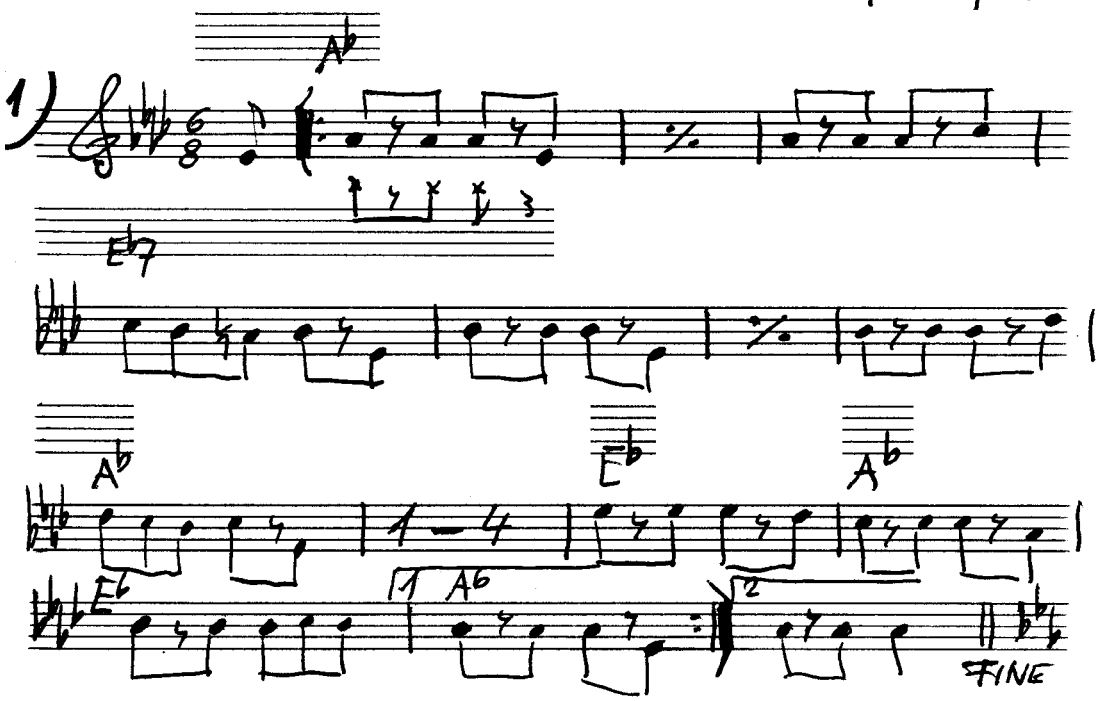
A♭ E♭ A♭ C7 Fmi

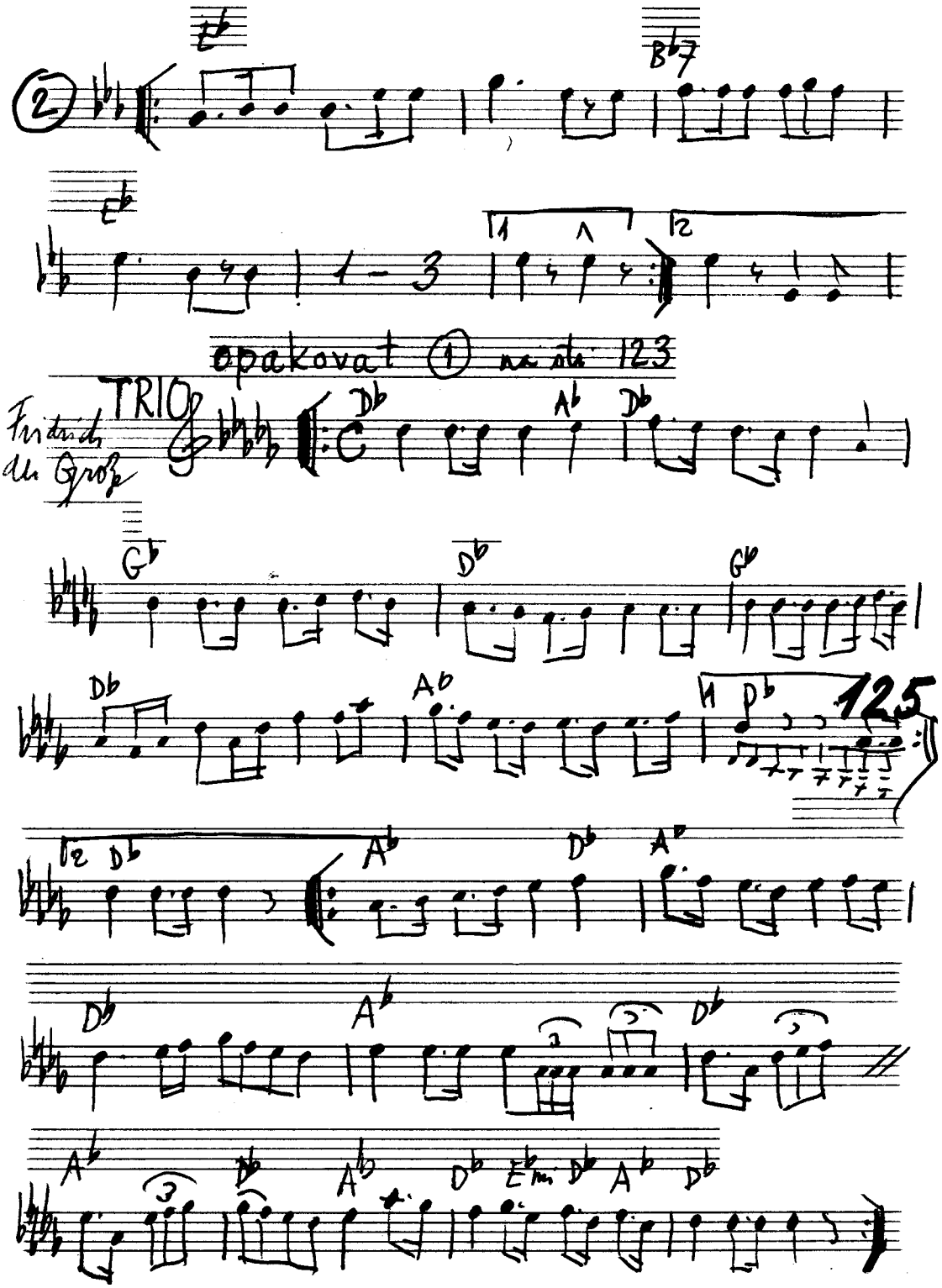
E♭ A♭ 1–4 B♭ E♭

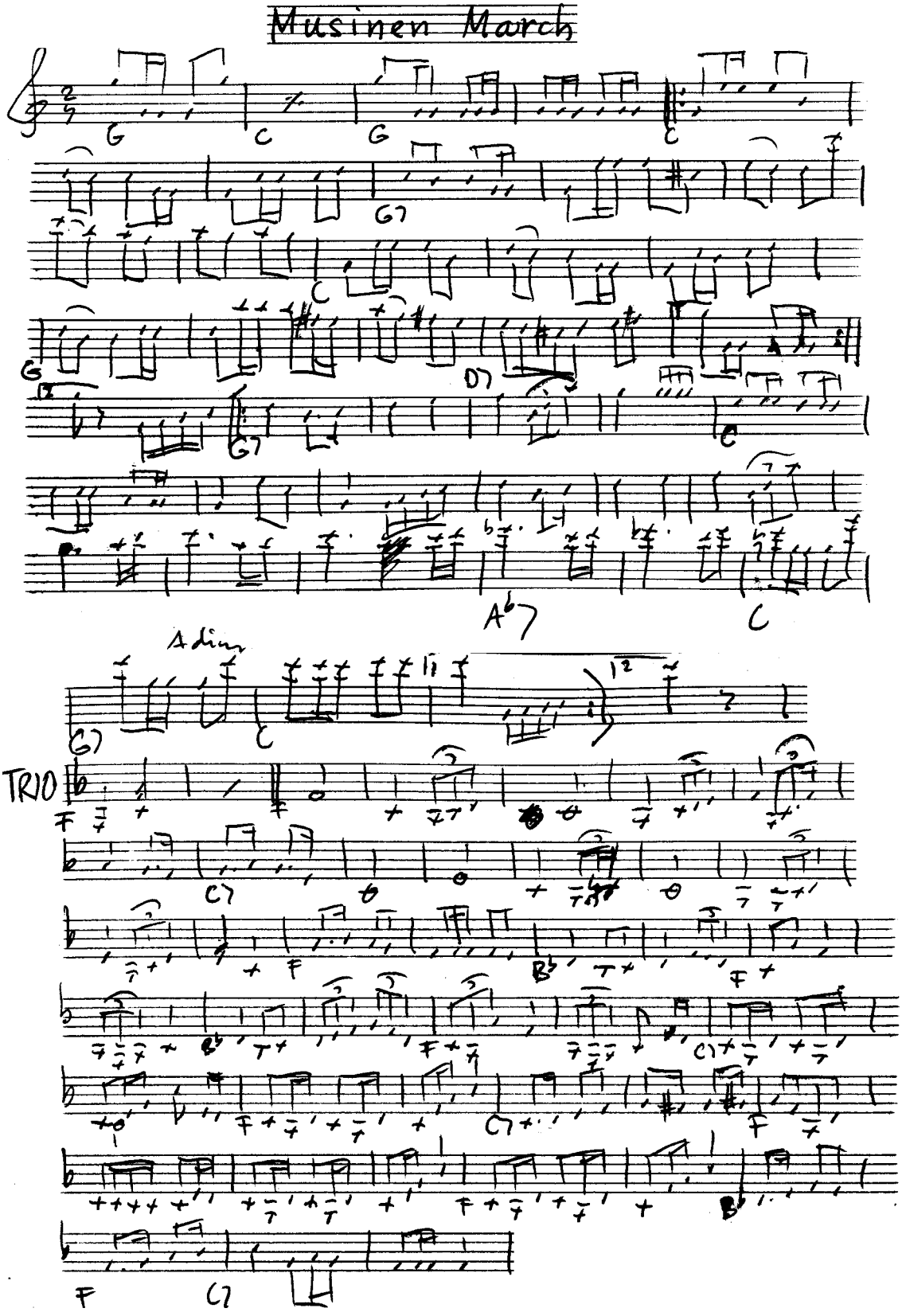


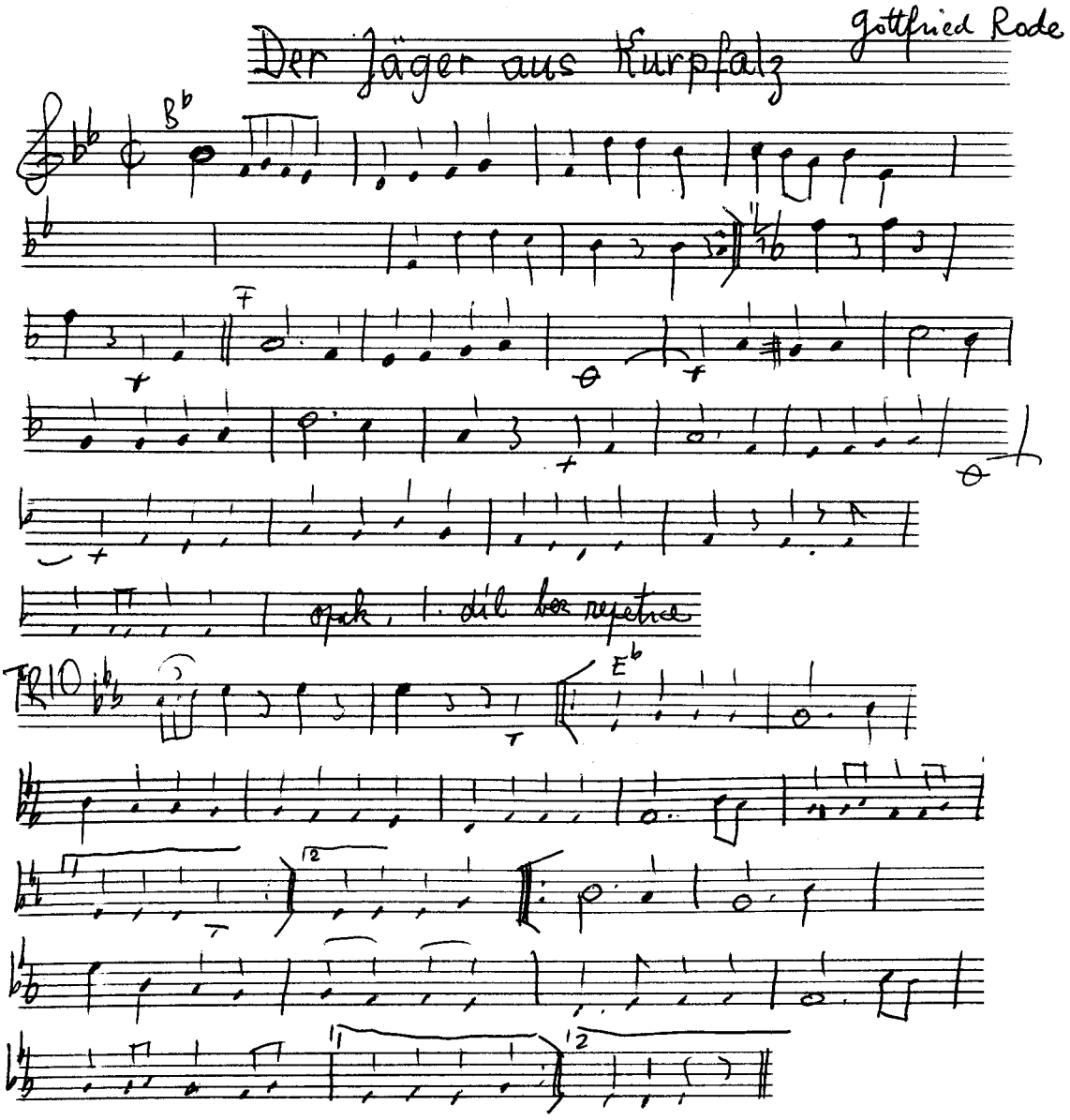
Königgrätzer Marsch

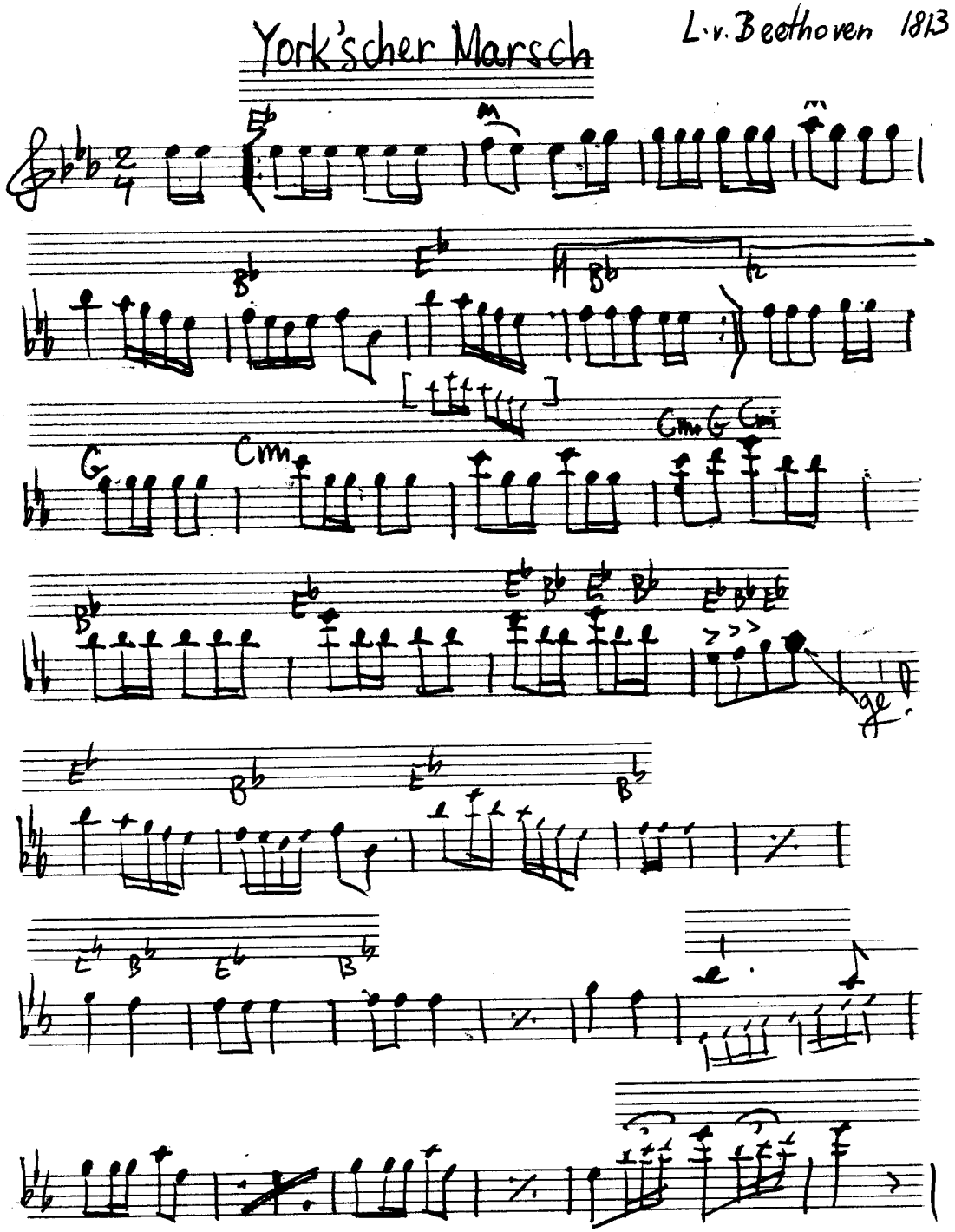
Gottfried Piefke

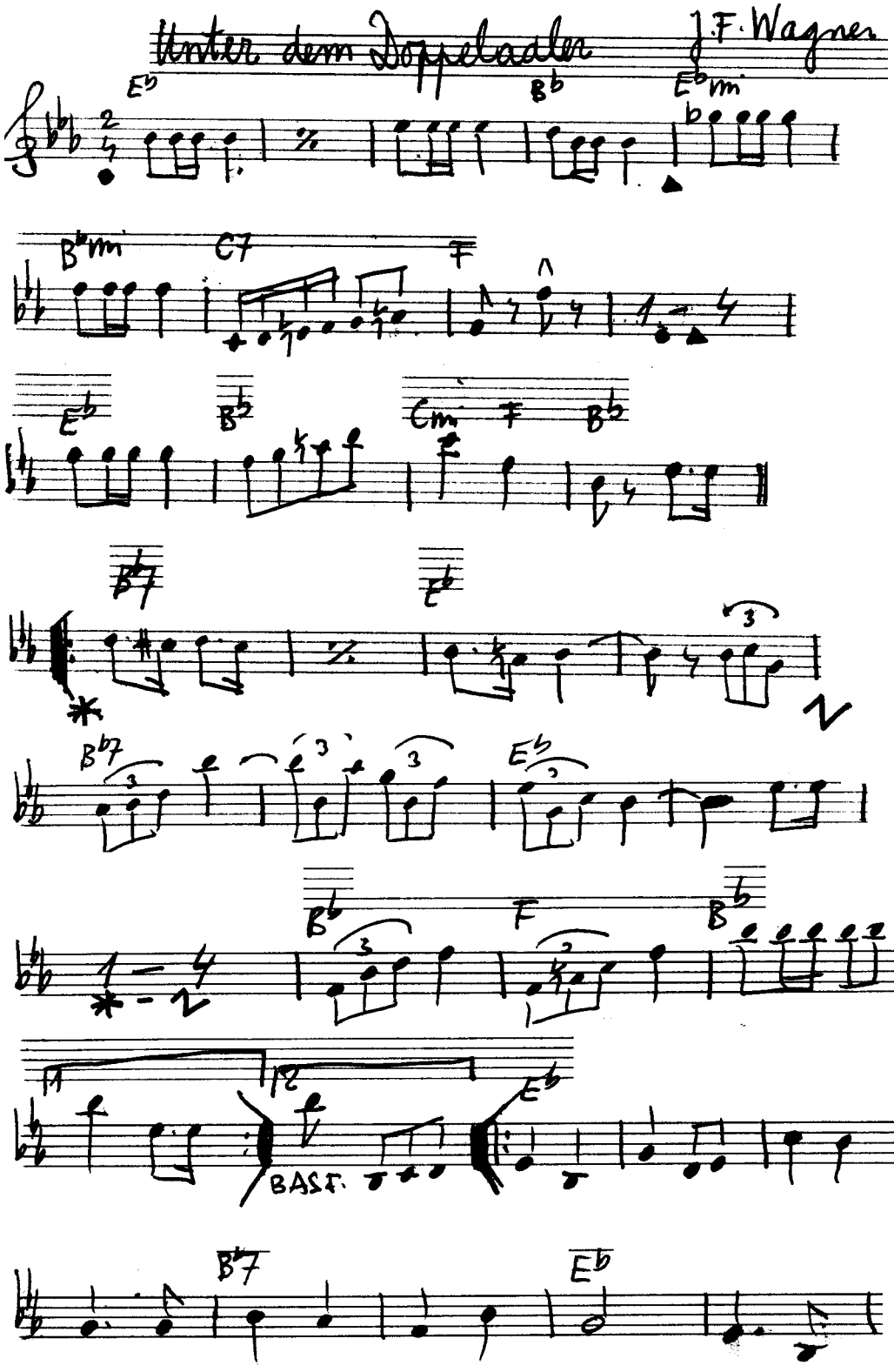


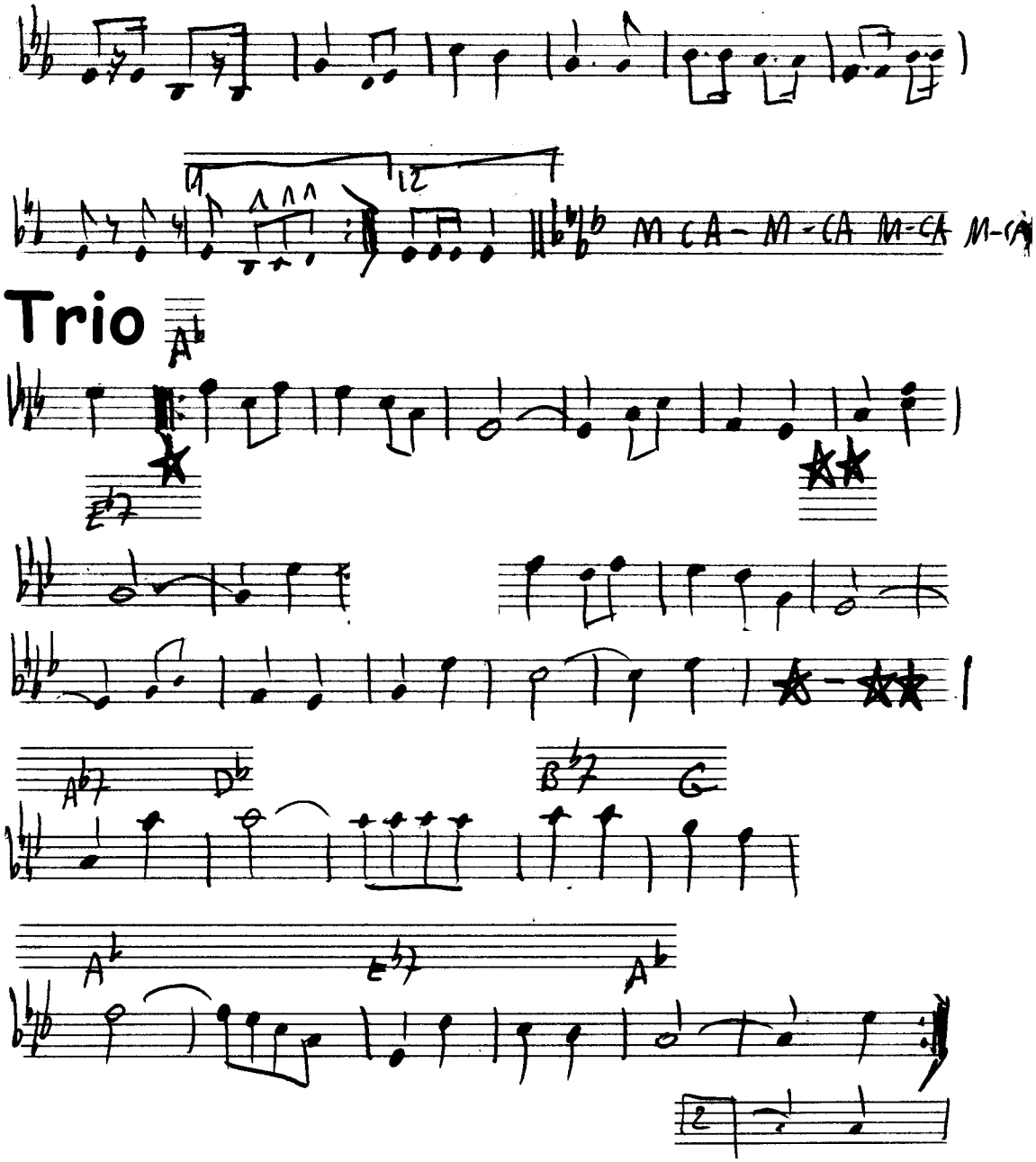

2
1 - 3
opakovat (1) na str. 123
TRIO
Fridrich der Große
125

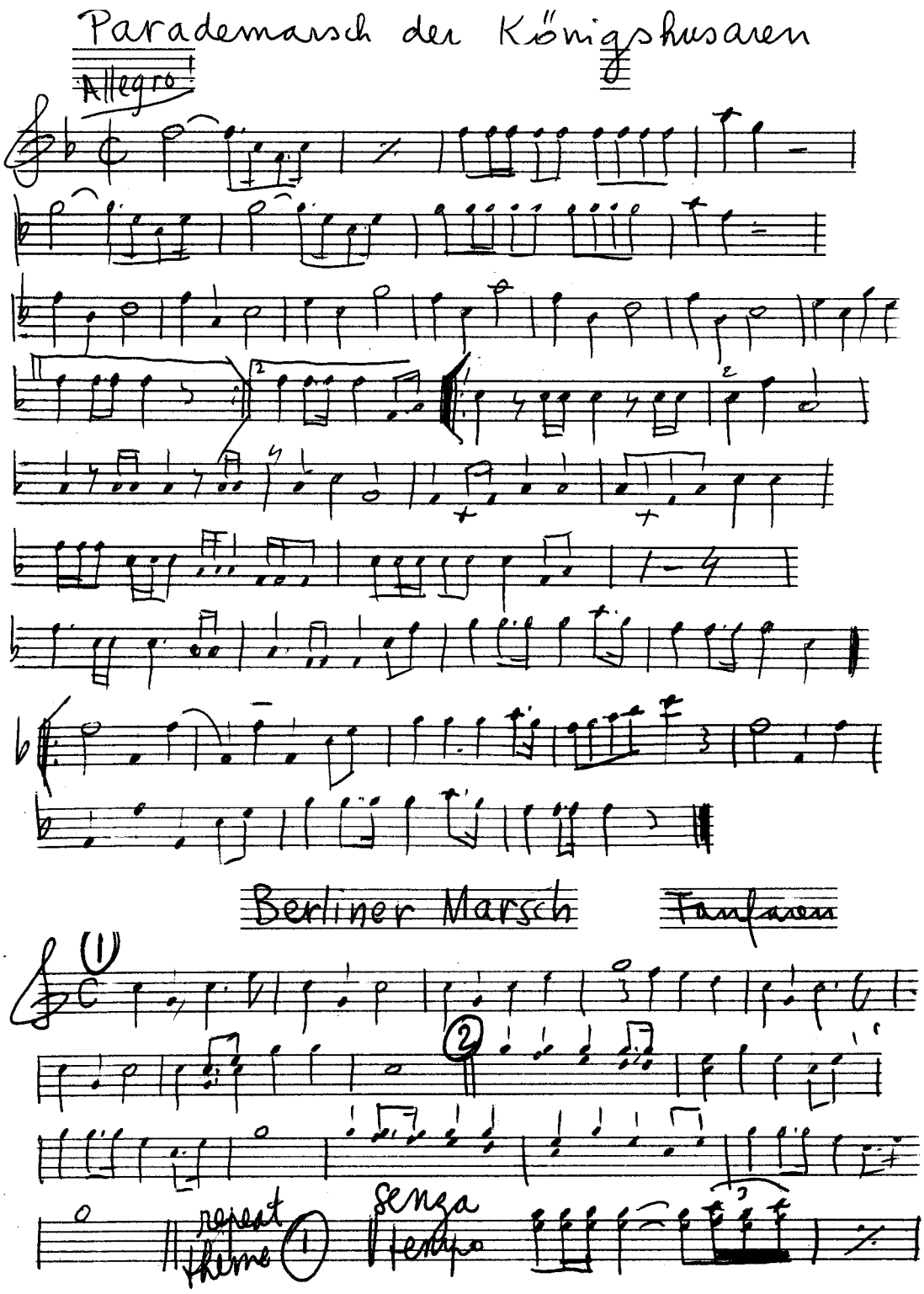

Musinen March
TRIO

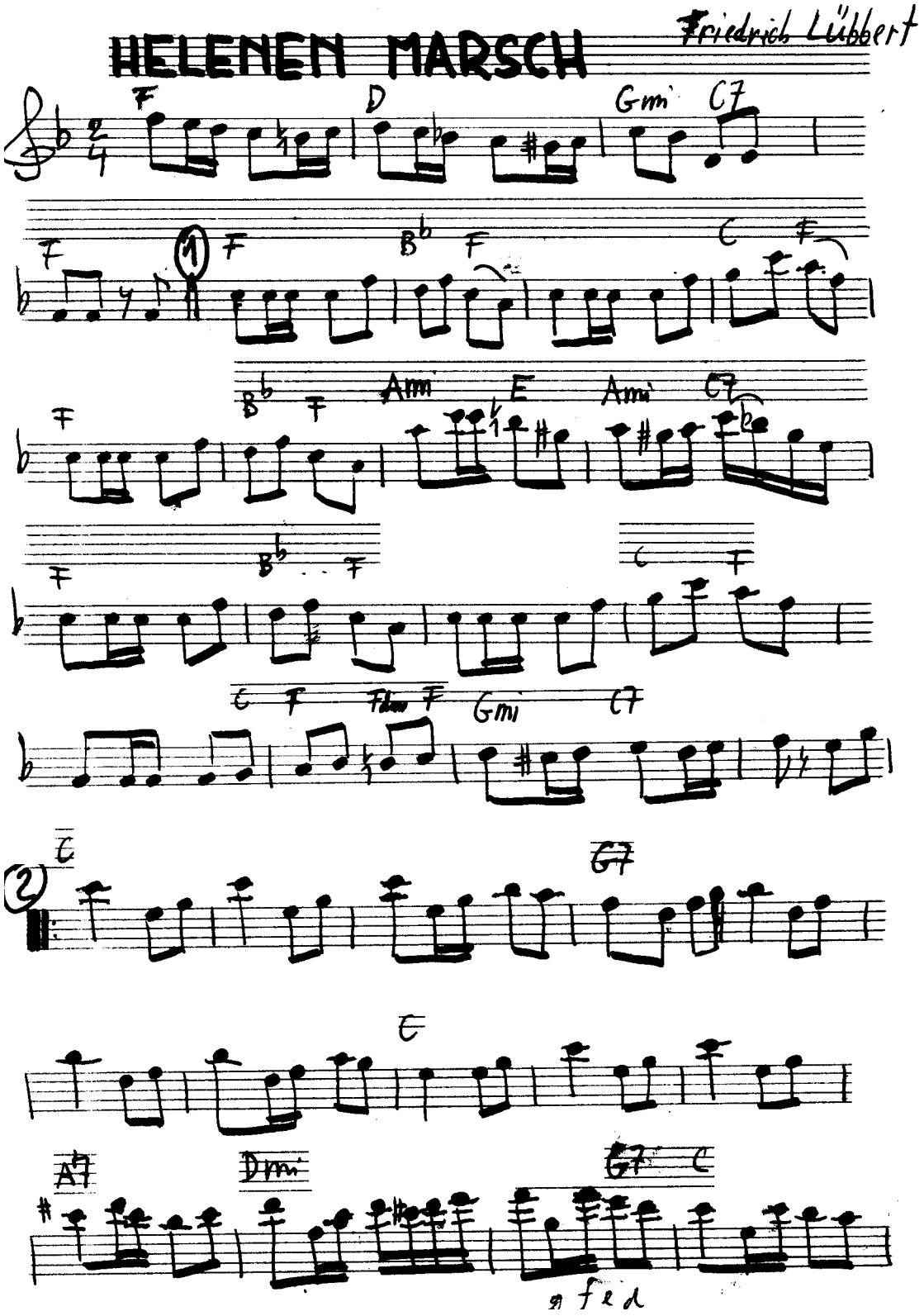

Der Jäger aus Kurpfalz
Gottfried Rode
B♭
opak. 1. díl bez repetice
TRIO
E♭

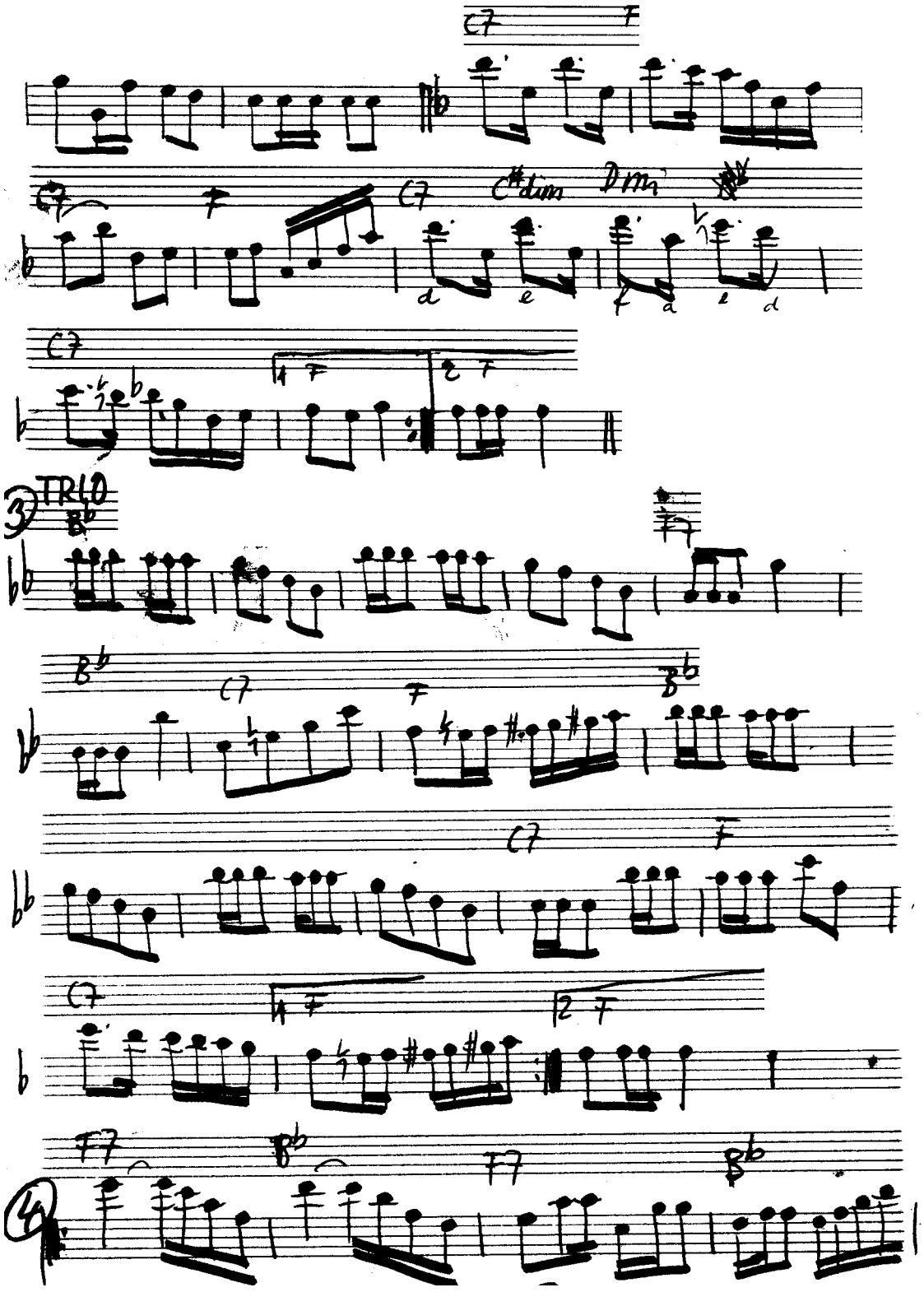

York'scher Marsch
L.v.Beethoven 1813
Cm
G
Cm
G
Cm

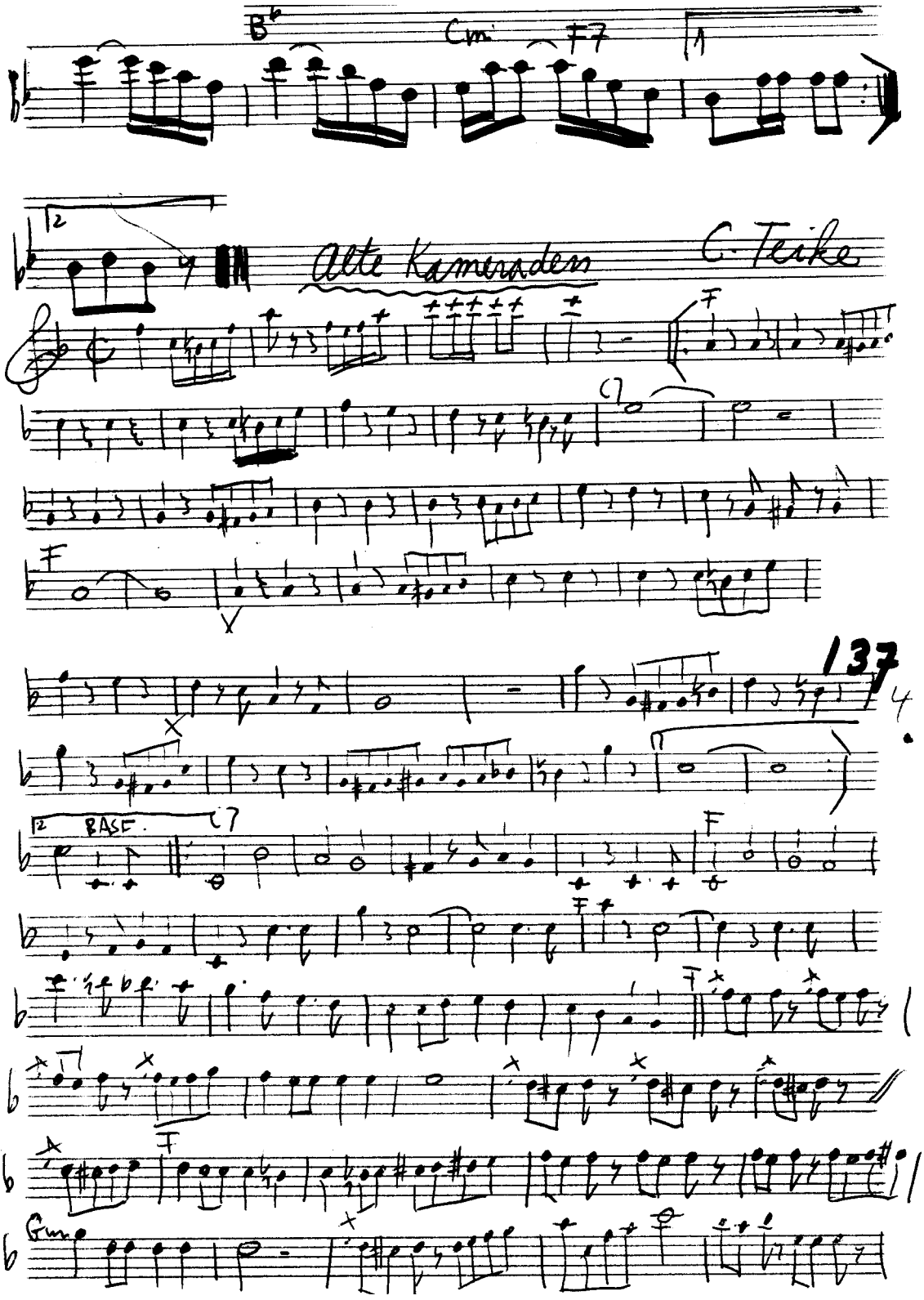

Unter dem Doppeladler
J.F. Wagner
Eb
Bb
Ebm
Bbm
C7
F
Eb
Bb
Cm
F
Bb
Bb7
Eb
Bb7
Eb
Bb
F
Bb
11
12
Eb
BASS
Bb7
Eb

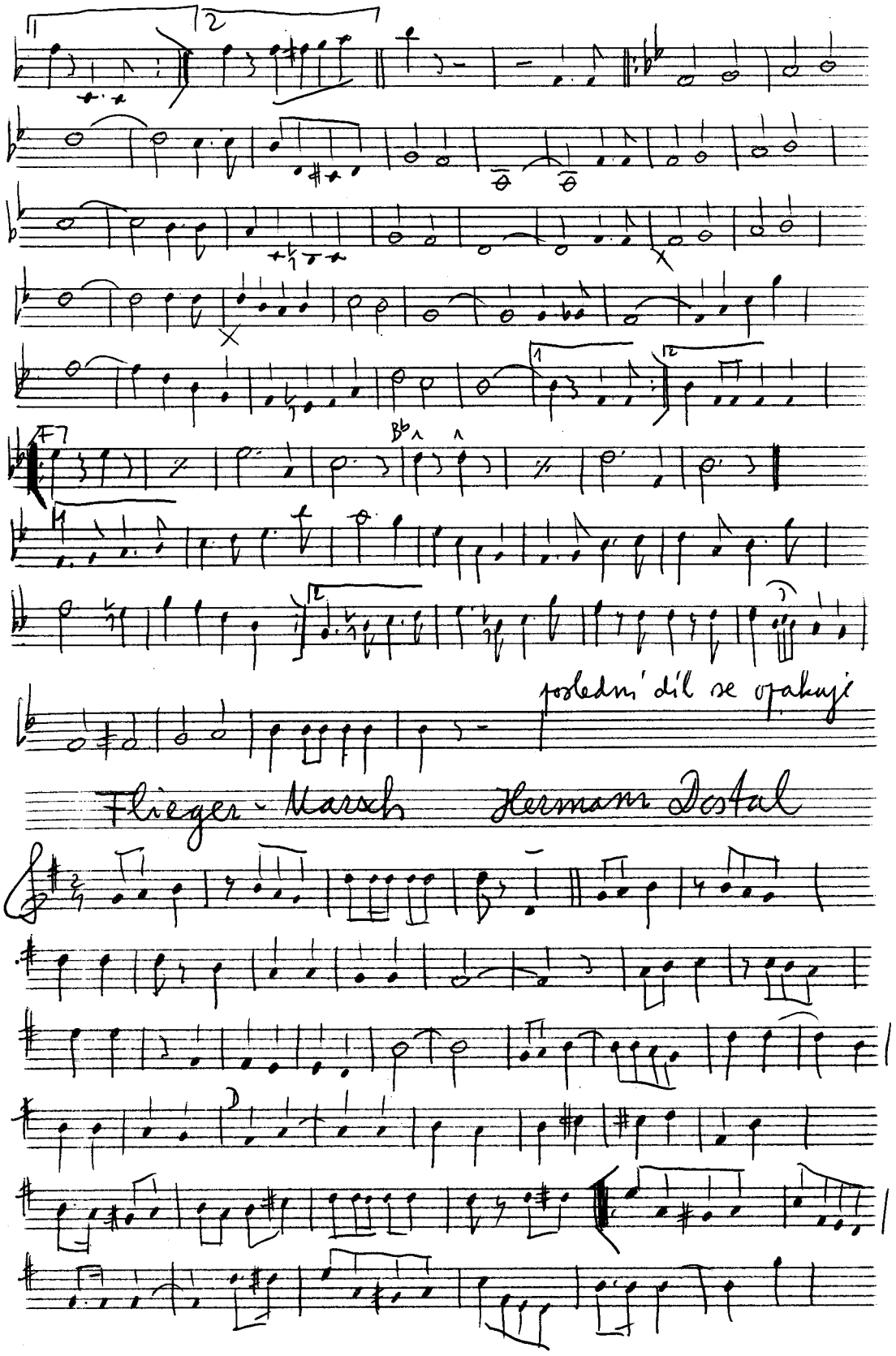

Trio

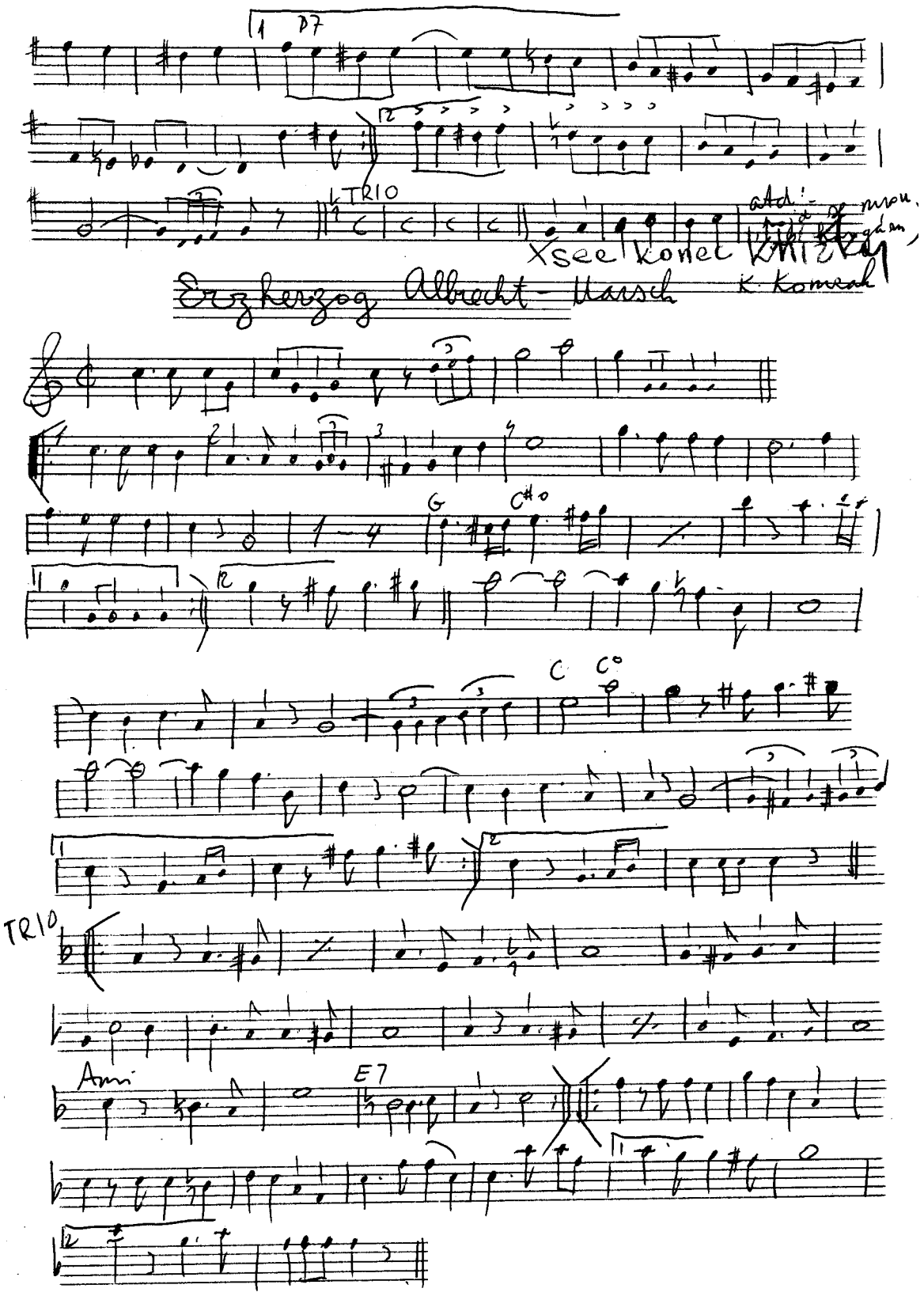

Parademarsch der Königshusaren
Allegro
Berliner Marsch
Fanfares
repeat theme (1)
Senza tempo

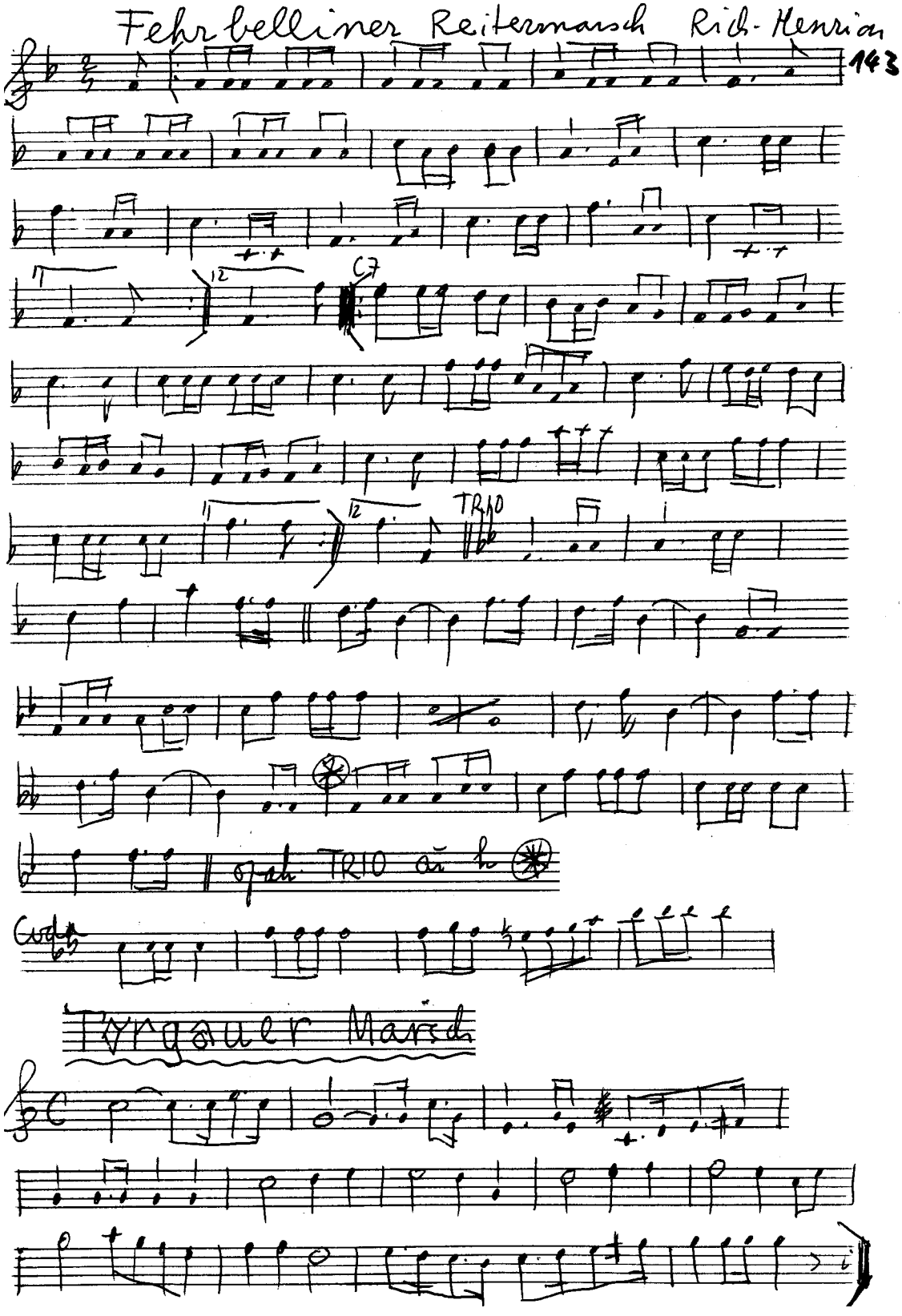

HELENEN MARSCH
Friedrich Lübbert
F D Gmi C7
F 1 F B♭ F C F
F B♭ F Ami E Ami C7
F B♭ F C F
C F Fdmi F Gmi C7
2 C G7
C
A7 Dmi G7 C

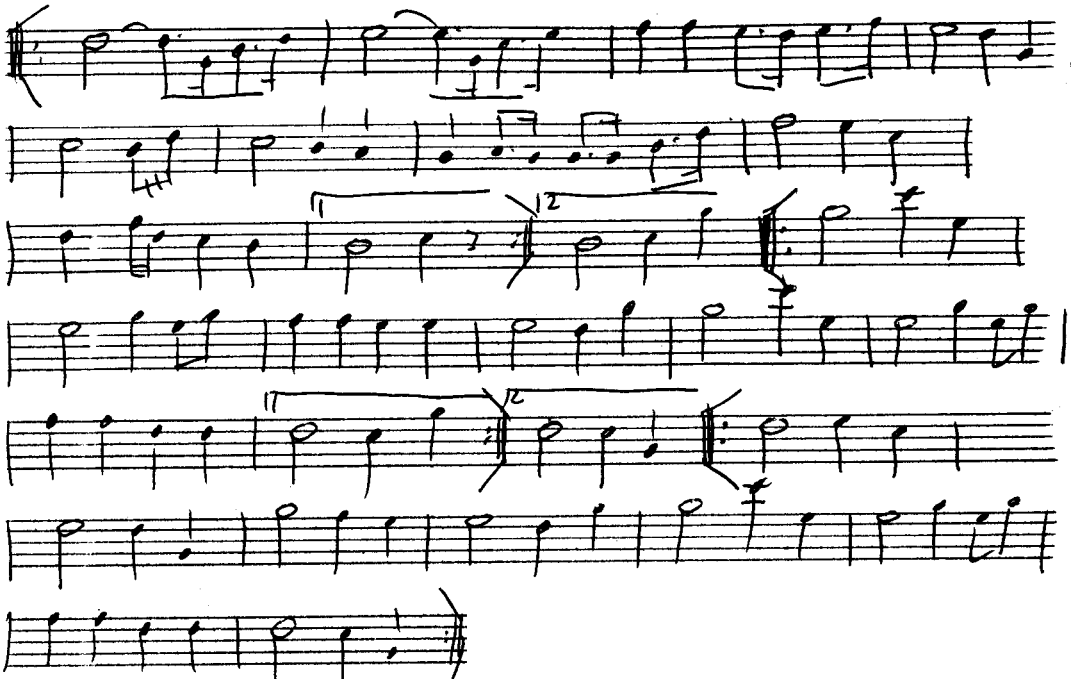

TRIO


Alte Kameraden
C. Teike
137
BASS.


poslední díl se opakuje
Flieger - Marsch Herman Dostal


D7
TRIO
Erzherzog Albrecht-Marsch
K. Komrak
G
C#o
C
C°
TRIO
Ami
E7


Fehrbelliner Reitermarsch Rich. Henrion
143
TRIO
Tyrnauer Marsch



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