



THE
FIRM
2005

Six Adelaide Concerts

We invite you to join us at the conclusion
of the concert for the launch of Emma and
Jamie's new CD, *Night Dreams*.

Pilgrim Church provides wheelchair access via the
rear (northern) doors.

Toilets can be accessed through the door on the left
of the performance area.

THE FIRM

presents

Performer -in-Residence 2005

EMMA HORWOOD

Soprano

and

JAMIE COCK

Piano

MONDAY APRIL 4, 2005

Anton Webern

Four Early Songs

Alban Berg

Two Songs

Raymond Chapman Smith

In the Long Grass

Quentin Grant

Trakl Songs

Kurt Schwertsik

Nocturnes for Piano Op.10b

short interval

Raymond Chapman Smith

Hymns to the Night

Alban Berg

Four Songs Op.2

Johannes Brahms

Five Songs

Four Early Songs

Anton Webern (1883 – 1945)

'Leise tritt auf': "Enter softly". The first line of Webern's first song – "Vorfrühling", written when he was 15 – could be the password into his entire output. Like many young composers he found his way along paths of words put down by poets of an older generation. These poets gave him a tone of voice: intimate, brief, cherishing simple things (flowers, moon and stars in the imagery, short lines and full rhymes in the wording, small motives and chords in the music) as quiet mirrors of emotion.

When we turn to the texts he chose 30 or 40 years later, from Hildegard Jone, not much has changed in the subject matter, only in the subjectivity, which the singular development of Webern's style has made more precise and, perhaps, more lonely.

I. Vorfrühling / Early Spring (1899) Ferdinand Avenarius

Enter softly...

The countryside lies
Only in light slumber,
No longer in deep sleep;
and the blackbird's early call
already plays lovely images
of morning into his dream.

II. Fromm / Devout (1902) Gustav Falke

The moon shines on my couch,
I do not sleep.
My folded hands rest
In its light.

My soul is calm,
It has returned from God,
And my heart has but one thought:
You and my happiness.

III. Blumengruss / Flower Greeting (1903) Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

May the posy that I gathered
Greet you many thousand times!
I have bent often –
ah, certainly a thousand times –
and pressed it to my heart
many a hundred thousand!

IV. Sommerabend / Summer Evening (1903) Wilhelm Weigand

O summer evening! Holy, golden light!
The meadow is bathed in a soft glow.
Not a sound disturbs listening to this peace;
Everything is merged into one emotion.

My soul too yearns for the night
And for the dew-pearled rising of the dark,
And wishes only to listen in rosy splendour
To the radiant silence of heaven's dark hours.

Alban Berg (1885 - 1935)

'Schliesse mir die Augen beide...' / 'Close both my eyes...'

(1900 and 1925)

In recognition of the first 25 years of Universal Edition and its founding publisher Dr. Emil Hertzka, Berg brought together these two settings of Theodor Storm's lyric poem as a celebratory presentation. The 1925 setting is Berg's first known composition produced with the 12-tone method.

Berg's personal commentary on the songs:

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF UNIVERSAL EDITION

Matching the enormous distance covered as music has gone from tonal composition to the "method of composing with twelve Tones which are related only one with another", from the C- major triad to the "Mutterakkord" (Note: the 12-note chord discovered by F.H.Klein; which contains all twelve intervals). It is the imperishable achievement of Emil Hertzka to have been the only publisher who covered the distance from the very start. To him are dedicated these two settings which should illustrate how far music has gone. They were composed (one at the beginning, the other at the end of the quarter-century 1900 - 1925) by ALBAN BERG.

'Schliesse mir die Augen beide...' / 'Close both my eyes...'

Theodor Storm

Close both my eyes
with your dear hands!
Under your hand
All my sufferings are assuaged.

And as wave after wave of anguish
Ebbs away,
As the last pang throbs,
You fill my whole heart.

Im Grase / In the Long Grass (2003) Raymond Chapman Smith (1951 -)

These songs were written for Emma Horwood in 2003.

I wanted to give her a woman's words to sing – preferably written during the literary era I knew she most favoured. Born in the same year as Franz Schubert, Annette von Droste-Hülshoff (1797 – 1848) is often described as Germany's greatest woman writer.

In setting "Im Grase" I have attempted to make a brief cycle which follows the model of Beethoven's "An die ferne Geliebte" – a series of short songs, connected by piano interludes which return, as cycles are compelled, to their beginning.

Im Grase

Annette von Droste-Hülshoff

Sweet repose, sweet bemusement in the long grass,
With the breath of the scent of herbs around you,
A deep stream, deep, deep ecstatic stream,
When the cloud evaporates into the azure,
When sweet laughter dances down
Onto your weary swimming head,
A dear voice murmurs and drifts
Like lime-blossom onto a grave.

Then, when the dead in your breast,
Every corpse stretches and gently stirs,
Gently draws breath.
Flutters its closed eyelashes –
Dead love, dead pleasure, dead time,
All these treasures buried deep in rubble,
Touch one another with a hesitant note
Like little bells in the playful wind.

Hours, you are more fleeting than the kiss
Of a sunbeam on the mourning lake;
Than the migrating bird's call
Which comes to me like pearls from the sky;
Than the flash of the brilliant beetle
When he hurries across the sunlit path;
Than the warm pressure of a hand
Which lingers for the last time.

Even so, Heaven, grant me always
Just this one thing for myself:
For the song of every free bird in the blue
A soul to travel with it;
Only for every meagre ray
My hem of iridescent colour,
For every warm hand the pressure of my hand,
And for every happiness a dream.

Trakl Songs (2003)

Quentin Grant (1962 -)

Three songs on poems of Georg Trakl (considerably adapted by the composer)

A contemporary of Berg and Webern the Salzburg-born poet Georg Trakl (1887 – 1914) produced his mature work – just over a hundred poems and prose works – between 1912 and 1914. A drug addict, his tragic vision of life was only made darker by the horrors he witnessed as a medical officer in the First World War; horrors he escaped when he overdosed.

The tone of his work is expressionist and though a mood of pessimism generally dominates the surface a deep, lyrical spiritual order is always affirmed.

The great poet Rilke wrote of Trakl:

" In his work...falling is the pretext for the most continuous ascension."

1. Mankind

Round gorges deep with fire, mankind;
A roll of drums, dark drums of soldiers marching,
Footsteps in blood, in fog dark with blood
Sad night of thought, high flying despair.
Cloud broken by golden light,
Eve's shadow falls the supper's end,
This bread, this wine cold silence keeps.
Here do the holy twelve stand,
Under the trees they cry at night,
Into the wound St. Thomas dips his hands.

2. Eastern Front

The anger of the people is dark,
Like the wild organ notes of a winter storm.
The battle's crimson wave, a naked
Forest of stars.

With silver arms
To dying soldiers night comes beckoning.
In the shade of the trees
Ghosts of the fallen are sighing.
Look! Thorny wildness holds the town,
From bloody doorways the moon
Chases fearful girls,
Wild wolves have poured through gates.

3. Credo

The clouds are filling the deep forest with ghostly eyes,
Brushing every shadow,
Staining every hand, each heart with blood unseen.
Fallen now your eyelids,
Tangled your hair,
Fallen, your sister's eyes.

Over the new graves a single dark cry floating, silently;
 With hollow echo moves a stream, darkly crimson.
 Pass the dead child,
 Pass the single daisy, shining daisy
 Touched with the blood of Christ.
 Fruit of human kindness,
 Touched with the fruit of human kindness,
 Touched with the blood of human kindness.

From: **Five Nocturnes op.10b (1964) Kurt Schwertsik (1935 -)**

1. Simple
2. Intermede
3. Fantaisie

"The masters formulated their music boldly and without circumlocutions, and today we are still occupied with the task of absorbing the intellectual content of the powers of expression inherent in their works. The task is at once an encouragement and stimulus to every living composer: each one should offer, without shyness, whatever is his or her own. It may not stand up to the test of proximity to the masters; it may even appear laughably simple; and yet it is our hope of reaching outwards and upwards. And so I say again: without shyness!" K.S.

Kurt Schwertsik celebrates his 70th birthday this year. Coincidentally, he was born in the year that Alban Berg died and, even more coincidentally, inhabits a remarkable, maze-like Biedermeier apartment that is just around the corner from Berg's house in Vienna's leafy 14th Bezirk.

A man of spritely charm, with a zest for driving his Studebaker like a rally car, Schwertsik is one of the most celebrated Viennese composers of his generation.

A certain, curiously French wit is just one distinctive quality of his work and the spirit of Erik Satie, as a household musical deity, is often present in Schwertsik's very characteristic style which, most unusually for a composer of his era, has always stood wryly aside from the pieties of High European Modernism.

Hymnen an die Nacht / Hymns to the Night (2005)

Raymond Chapman Smith

Novalis was the nom de plume of Friedrich Philip, Freiherr von Hardenberg (1772 - 1801). Since their publication in 1800 his Hymns to the Night have been recognised as the central masterpiece of the first phase of German Romanticism.

The intention to set this poem came into my head when, on a wintry Viennese day, last November, my esteemed colleague Herr Doktor Grant and I visited the house in which Schubert died at Kettenbrückengasse 6. Schubert spent the last three months of his life in his brother's modest apartment which is maintained as a marvel of memorial restraint. In these simple, unadorned rooms Schubert completed, amongst many other works, his last three piano sonatas and the sublime String Quintet in C major. The experience of this place was deeply moving and its poignancy was only heightened when we realised that, quite by accident, we were there on November 19 - the day of Schubert's death.

Schubert was familiar with Novalis's Hymns - he had set four of them in 1819 but, somewhat surprisingly, not the one I have chosen which has long been the most celebrated and anthologised of the sequence.

I have divided the text into three sections and have attempted to set the music in a manner that owes much to Schubert's 'Hymn' style.

Hymnen an die Nacht

Novalis

I.
 I quest over there,
 And each pain
 Will someday be a sting
 Of delight.
 In a few moments
 I shall be free,
 And lie drunk
 In Love's lap.

II.

Endless living
Wells up strongly in me,
I look from above
Down here after you.
At that mound
Your splendour pales –
A shade brings
The cooling wreath.

III.

O! Breathe me, Beloved,
Ravish me,
So I can pass on to sleep
And to love.
I feel death's
Rejuvenating tide
Transform my blood
To balm and ether –
I live by day
Full of faith and courage
And perish by night
In holy fire.

Four Songs op.2 (1909) Alban Berg

Berg's Lieder op.2 and his Piano Sonata op.1 were the first works he created at the end of his four years of study with Arnold Schoenberg - a period devoted exclusively to the attainment of a thorough and rigorous mastery in the traditional devices of tonal counterpoint and its formal expressions.

The songs were composed in 1909 and traverse an apparent boundary between tonal and atonal music. The specific model for the songs is Schoenberg's String Quartet No. 2 (1907-8), in which a stylistic journey across the four movements, from tonality into overt atonality, is articulated through the expression of soul-searching and then transcendence.

In their published order, the poetry of Berg's Op. 2 songs begins with a yearning for total sleep; it continues with an involuntary journey, still in sleep, 'to my homeland', which is explained further as a hero's fairytale return after overcoming 'the strongest of giants' in 'the darkest land'; and ends by presenting a dreamlike state which may or may not be death.

(1) Aus: 'Dem Schmerz sein Recht' / From: 'Let Anguish Have Its Due'
Friedrich Hebbel

To sleep, to sleep, only to sleep!
No awakening, no dream!
Let the pains I had to bear
Be hardly remembered –
So that, when the fulness of life
Sounds into my sleep
I draw my sheet closer around me
And hold my eyes more tightly shut!

(2) Drei Lieder aus: 'Der Glühende' / Three Songs from 'Glowing with Ecstasy'
Alfred Mombert

i

In sleep I am borne to my homeland.
I come from afar, over mountains and valleys,
Over a dark sea to my homeland.

ii

Now that I have conquered the strongest giant
And found my way home from the darkest land
Led by a white fairy hand,
The bells sound darkly,
And unsteadily, lost in sleep,
I walk through the streets.

iii

The air is warm, grass grows on sunlit meadows.

Listen – the nightingale is singing.

I will sing:

High up in the dark mountain forest,

where cold snow melts and glistens,

a grey-clad girl leans against the wet trunk of
an oak-tree.

Her tender cheeks show sickness,

Her grey eyes look feverishly past dark,

Gigantic tree trunks.

'Still he does not come. He makes me wait.'

Die!

One dies, while another lives:

This makes the world so lovely and so deep.

Five Songs

Johannes Brahms (1833 – 1897)

I. Mädchenlied / Girl's Song op. 95 no. 6 (1883 – 4) Paul Heyse

At daybreak I rise

And at once look for my sweetheart;

And if I cannot find him

I lie down again to sleep.

O heartache, you eternity!

Only the after-life is like you.

And if my sweetheart does not enter there

I do not want to be in Paradise!

II. Mädchenlied / Girl's Song op. 85 no. 3 (1878)

Siegfried Kapper

Ah, you cool stream of mine!

Ah, you red rose of mine!

Why have you blossomed so early for me?

I have nobody to pick you for.

Shall I pick you for my mother?

No mother have I, an orphan.

Shall I pick you for my sister?

Forsooth, she is long betrothed.

Shall I pick you for my brother?

He's gone to the field of battle.

Shall I pick you for my sweetheart?

Alas, my sweetheart tarries far away.

Beyond three green mountains,

Beyond three cool streams!

III. Das Mädchen spricht / The Girl Speaks op. 107 no. 3 (1886)

Otto Friedrich Gruppe

Tell me, swallow,

Is it your old mate

With whom you've built your nest,

Or have you only

Just lately wed him?

Tell me, what do you twitter,

Tell me, what do you whisper

So secretively of a morning?

Am I right, you too haven't

Long been a bride?

IV. Mädchenlied / Girl's Song op. 107 no. 5 (1887) Paul Heyse

At night in the spinning-rooms
The girls are singing,
The village boys are laughing.
How quickly the wheels go!

Each girl spins for her trousseau
So that her sweetheart may be glad.
Before long there will be
A noise of weddings.

No man that I like
Will ask for me.
How anxious are my spirits!
To whom shall I complain?

The tears flood
Over my face:
For what shall I spin?
I do not know!

V. Wiegenlied / Lullaby op. 49 no. 4 (1868) From "Des Knaben Wunderhorn"

Good evening, good-night,
Covered with roses,
Adorned with carnations,
Slip under the coverlet.
Tomorrow morning, if God wills,
You will be awoken again.

Good evening, good-night,
Guarded by angels
Who in dreams show
You the Christ child's tree.
Now sleep blissful and sweetly,
In your dreams behold paradise.

Emma Horwood graduated from the Elder Conservatorium in 2001 and is a harpist, singer, teacher and conductor. She is currently pursuing her vocal studies with Rosalind Martin and is a well-known soprano in both an ensemble and soprano capacity. She has been a core member and soloist with the *Adelaide Chamber Singers* since 2000. Emma is a founding member of the female vocal trio *Eve* and also sings with the vocal quartet *Syntony*.

Since 2001 Emma has been soprano soloist with *The Firm* and in 2005 she will be their first *Performer-in-Residence*.

Jamie Cock graduated from the Elder Conservatorium in 1993, having studied with Noreen Stokes and Stefan Ammer. He pursued further studies in Prague with Boris Krajny and later in chamber music at the Musikhochschule in Freiburg, Germany with Professor Felix Gottlieb. As a pianist specializing in chamber music he has performed concerts with singers and instrumentalists throughout Europe. Now based in Adelaide he works as a professional chamber musician, accompanist and teacher.

Don't forget to join us after the concert to launch
the series and the CD,
with complimentary drinks, and tortes by Gabriele.

next concert

Monday, 23 May 2005

The Firm presents
Leigh Harrold solo piano

BERG *Sonata Op.1*
JAMES CUDDERFORD *New work*
GRANT *Schubert variations*
LUKE ALTMANN *Three piano pieces*
BERG *Variations*

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