Concert Four

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

TRANSCENDENCE

EVE VOCAL TRIO

Greta Bradman, soprano Emma Horwood, soprano and harp Christie Anderson, mezzo soprano

Ivan Moody

Words of the Angel

Anne Cawrse

White Sustenances (1)

Melisande Wright

Songs of Solomon

Raymond Chapman Smith Three Songs of Faery

INTERVAL

Raymond Chapman Smith Eve

Quentin Grant

The Last Words of Christ on the Cross

Callie Wood

Drift

Anne Cawrse

White Sustenances (2)

Grahame Dudley

Psalm 131

Words of the Angel

Ivan Moody

White Sustenances (1)

Anne Cawrse

1. Song

2. When I am Dead (Song) (text Christina Rossetti)

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:
Be green grass above me
With showers and dew drops wet:
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on as if in pain:
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise and set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

Eve the Shulamite Woman

Melisande Wright

Scored for harp and three voices, these three short pieces are based on excerpts from Songs of Solomon and two psalms of David. The first two focus solely on the Shulamite woman's love for Solomon, a piece of scripture which is said to represent not only this love but Christ's love for His people. Eve sings and plays the Shulamite's song to her beloved and the daughters of Jerusalem. The third piece explores the precious nature of divine love. The textual and musical languages are romantic. Eve the Shulamite Woman is based on excerpts of chapters one and two from what could be regarded as the most passionate book in the Bible – Songs of Solomon. Eve becomes the Shulamite woman and sings to her beloved and the 'daughters of Jerusalem'.

1. Eve, the Shulamite Woman

Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth; for your love is better than wine.

He brought me to the banquetting room.

His banner over me is love.

Sustain me with raisins, refresh me with apples;

For I am lovesick.

His left hand is under my head.

His right hand embraces me.

I charge you, o the daughters of Jerusalem, by the gazelles, or by the does of the field, do not stir up, nor awaken love, until it pleases.

2. Until the Day Breaks

3. Shadows

Three Songs of Faery - John Keats 1795 - 1821

1

SPIRIT here that reignest!
Spirit here that painest!
Spirit here that burnest!
Spirit here that mournest!
Spirit, I bow
My forehead low,
Enshaded with thy pinions.
Spirit, I look
All passion-struck
Into thy pale dominions.

Spirit here that laughest!
Spirit here that quaffest!
Spirit here that dancest!
Noble soul that prancest!
Spirit, with thee
I join in the glee
A-nudging the elbow of Momus!
Spirit! I flush
With a Bacchanal blush,
Just fresh from the Banquet of Comus.

II

Ah! Woe is me! Poor Silver-wing!
That I must chant thy lady's dirge,
And death to this fair haunt of spring,
Of melody, and streams of flowery verge, Poor Silver-wing! Ah! Woe is me!
That I must see
These blossoms snow upon thy lady's pall!

Go, pretty page! and in her ear
Whisper that the hour is near.
Softly tell her not to fear
Such calm favonian burial!
Go, pretty page! and soothly tell, The blossoms hang by a melting-spell,
And fall they must, ere a star wink thrice
Upon her closed eyes,
That now in vain are weeping their last tears.
At sweet life leaving, and these arbours green, Rich dowry from the Spirit of the Spheres, Alas! poor Queen!

Ш

Shed no tear - O shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Weep no more - O weep no more!
Young buds sleep in the root's white core.

Dry your eyes - O dry your eyes, For I was taught in Paradise To ease my breast of melodies -Shed no tear.

Overhead - look overhead
'Mong the blossoms white and red Look up, look up - I flutter now
On this flush pomegranate bough.
See me - 'tis this silvery bill
Ever cures the good man's ill.
Shed no tear - O shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Adieu, Adieu! I fly, adieu!
I vanish in the heaven's blue Adieu! Adieu!

On the 31st of August, 1902, having just arrived in Paris, Rilke wrote to his wife, Clara: "I have also seen Notre-Dame de Paris. Adam and Eve, who stand right and left on the balustrade of kings, alone and far apart, seem to me done with especially sensitive and simple feeling."

The statues of Adam and Eve stand directly above the gallery of kings on the main façade of the church.

Rilke's beautiful sonnet first appeared in his *New Poems* (the other part) which was published in 1908.

Eve - Rainer Maria Rilke 1875 - 1926

She, on the cathedral's vast ascent, Simply stands there near the window-rose, With the apple in the apple pose, Ever henceforth guilty - innocent

Of the growingness she brought to birth Since that time she lovingly departed From the old eternities and started Struggling like a young year through the earth.

Ah, she could have stayed so gladly, though, Just a little longer there, attending To the sense and concord beasts would show.

But she found the man resolved to go, She went with him, on the trail of death; And yet God she'd scarcely come to know. The seeds for this work came from a book on the revelations of the 14th Century English mystic and nun known as Julian of Norwich. Her revelations took the form of a series of visions, or imaginings, of christ suffering on the cross and included vivid evocations of green decaying flesh, weeping wounds and the prophet's suffering. Rather then just staying with Julian's texts I decided to look at the writing of others through the ages that resonated on some of the themes, as I see them, of christ's life and matyrdom. The poets I chose are, with the exception of Julian, all German (three German/Jewish) and all sit in the lyrical romantic stream: an aesthetic that makes a blend of joy, hope, despair, love and the death wish, and thus having much in common with the Christian myth of the passion.

1. They have tormented me - Heinrich Heine 1797-1856

They have tormented me, Each day tormented me. Some with their love, Some with their hate

The wine I drank, The bread I ate, Some poisoned with love, Some poisoned with hate.

Yet she who has grieved me Most of all, She never hated me, Nor loved me at all.

2. *I believe in the sun* - anon., Jewish, 1930s I believe in the sun though it is late in rising.

I believe in love though it is absent.

I believe in God though he is silent.

3. It is I - Julian of Norwich c.1342-1400s

It is I, it is I who am the highest,
It is I who am the lowest,
It is I who am all.

It is I you long for, It is I you desire.

4. Tenebrae - Paul Celan 1920-1970

We are near, Lord, near and at hand.

Broken, Lord, clawed and clawing as though our bodies were your body, O Lord.

Pray, Lord, pray to us, we are near. We went there, down to the pit, down to the crater.

To be watered we went there, Lord.

It was blood, it was what you shed, Lord.

It gleamed.

It cast your image into our eyes, Lord.

Our eyes and our mouths are so open and empty, Lord.

We have drunk, Lord.
The blood and the image that was in the blood, Lord.

Pray, Lord. We are near.

For in Falling - Erica Überbrech 1862-1942
 For in falling,
 We fall to peace,
 Night rising into blackness warm,
 Distant starlight calling.

No more singing, My song will cease, Come the sweet fall of moon's delight, In the dawn's ringing.

The wind's touch, the sunshine, A child's voice beseeching.

6. from Moonlit Night - Joseph von Eichendorff 1788-1857
When the loud merriment of man is silenced,
The earth rustles breathlessly
With all her trees as in a dream,
The breeze crosses the fields,
The night shines starry clear,

Then my soul stretches its wings wide and flies through the tranquil lands, As though it is flying home.

7. from Hymns to the Night - Novalis 1772-1801

I am wandering across and every pain some day a sting of bliss will be. Just some time, a little more time I'll be free, And drunkenly lie in the lap of love.

Infinite life flows in me, Swells mighty in me, I look from above down after you, Your glow grows dim.

A shadow brings the cooling wreath, I feel death's rejuvenating sacred flood, Through this day I live full of courage and faith, And die in holy fire.

Drift

Callie Wood

Drift is a song cycle in three movements for harp and three voices; Strange Paths Singing, Drift, and The Space Between. It is based on various aspects or moments of 'love lost' within different relationships. The music closely reflects the poetry. In Strange Paths Singing there is a dreamy quality to the music, and in Drift, there is a definite feeling of wandering or drifting. There is slight tension in the music of The Space Between, but also a gentle feeling of poignancy.

Drift (text Callie Wood)

Strange Paths Singing

You whisper 'I love you' while I'm sleeping and my smile answers in a dream. And all night I wander strange paths singing 'do I love you too? Do I love you?'

Drift

I drift across water wrinkled sand barnacle sharp rocks at the mangroves end. I drift in turquoise currents, a turtle flies beneath me. I drift through constellations, the mass of land at my back. You drift away from me cross a continent across a sky. We drift apart, an ocean lies between us. I drift.

The Space Between

The space between us is filled with memory. I am a knot, a meeting of threads, a tangle of emotion and reason. Last night unravelled in dream I travelled the old road. This morning, waking, I cut the threads that bound me to you.

White Sustenances (2)

Anne Cawrse

3. Remember Me

4. Echo (text Christina Rossetti)

Come to me in the silence of the night;
Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
As sunlight on a stream;
Come back in tears,
O memory, hope, love of finished years.

O dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet, Whose wakening should have been in Paradise, Where souls brimfull of love abide and meet; Where thirsting longing eyes Watch the slow door That opening, letting in lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live My very life again though cold in death: Come back to me in dreams, that I may give Pulse for pulse, breath for breath: Speak low, lean low, As long ago my love, how long ago.

Psalm 131 Grahame Dudley

Psalm 131 is the first of three psalms composed for eve. Psalm 131 is the shortest and simplest of all the psalms and one of the most beautiful.

Psalm 131

O Lord, my heart is not proud, nor are my eyes haughty.

I do not busy myself in great matters, nor in things too wonderful for me.

But I have calmed and quieted my soul, like a weaned child upon his mother's breast.

Like a weaned child is my soul within me.

O Israel trust in the Lord, from this day forward, now and forever.

eve is Greta Bradman - soprano, Emma Horwood, soprano and harp and Christie Anderson - mezzo soprano, all graduates of the Elder School of Music. The trio is defined by its distinctive vocal blend, clarity, expressiveness and ensemble style. eve is dedicated to diverse, innovative programming, regularly performing Australian music and championing new South Australian works. Formed in 2002, eve has since presented an annual concert series to critical acclaim and performed two concert programmes as part of ABC Classic FM's live national broadcast programme Sunday Live.

In 2004 eve released their debut CD evesong, which was nominated for a MusicOz award (Australia's independent label recording awards), won an Advertiser OzCart for Best New CD and was voted Best CD of 2004 by ABC Classic FM broadcaster Colin Fox. Described as "outstanding talent... superbly gifted, combining in a delectably sensual, well-blended vocal sound of a calibre rarely heard in a capella groups ..." (Adelaide Review January 2005).

eve delights in performing challenging and evocative music from all ages.

More about eve:

For further information about eve concerts and the evesong CD, visit our website www.evevocaltrio.com.au or email us eve@evevocaltrio.com.au

The composers and musicians invite you to join us after the concert for complimentary drinks and tortes by Gabriele.

Tonight:' selection:

Marmor Sachertorte

(Marble Sachertorte)

Kokosbusserl

(Coconut Macaroons)

Furstenfelder Apfeltorte

(Apple Torte)

Wiener Vanillekipferl

(Vanilla Crescent Cookies)

Kirschstrudel

(Cherry Strudel)

Muskazonerl

(Rum-Almond Cookies)

Firm Special Event

This Uncharted Hour August 18-20, 2005, 8pm Space Theatre, Adelaide Festival Centre

A collaboration between the Firm and Brink Theatre
Productions featuring Emma Horwood and introducing
the Narrenturm Ensemble.

Book at Bass: \$15 for 'Firm Friends'

next Firm subscription concert

Monday, October 10

Langbein String Quartet and Emma Horwood, soprano

Berg Lyric Suite, final movement
Ernst Ludwig Leitner Alles ist nur ein Sang
Luke Altmann String Quartet No.3
Chapman Smith String Quartet No.6
Grant String Quartet No.3

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