

MAY 31

# The Firm

present

Grete Bräuninger and Leigh Harrell

from January 1998 to the present

harrell.org

your journey

it has inspired

Frederic Chopin

Raymond Chandler

Quentin Tarantino

Ben Edwards



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**the firm 2010**  
**concert one**

The dignity of art perhaps appears most eminent in music because it has no material of a kind for which detailed accounting may be needed. It is all form and content and it heightens and ennobles all it expresses.

*Goethe: Maxims and Reflections*

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

**Greta Bradman and Leigh Harrold**

**Frederic Chopin**

**Four Songs**

**Raymond Chapman Smith**

**In the Long Grass**

**Quentin Grant**

**Five Songs**

**Ross Edwards**

**Christina's Lullaby**

**Brief Interval**

**Richard Strauss**

**Four Last Songs**

## Four Songs

Frederic Chopin

### Spring *Stefan Witwicki (1801-1847)*

Droplets of dew sparkle,  
A spring whispers in the open field;  
Hidden in heather,  
Somewhere a heifer's bell rings.

Pretty gentle open field  
Picture views form happily,  
All around, flowers release fragrance,  
And bushes bloom.

Graze and wander, my little herd,  
I sit by a rock,  
A sweet song that I like  
I'll sing for myself.

A pleasant quiet abandoned place!  
Yet some regrets wander in my mind,  
my heart mourns,  
and a tear forms in my eye.

The tear escapes my eye,  
Within me sings a stream,  
To me from above,  
A skylark responds.

His wings he spreads,  
Barely visible to the eye,  
Higher, higher...  
Lost already among the clouds.

Above prairies and fields he flies,  
Still singing his song;  
And the song from the ground  
He takes up into the sky!

## Handsome lad *Bohdan Zaleski (1802-1886)*

Young and tall and handsome,  
Oh, he's my choice and my liking!  
What more handsome would you seek?  
Raven hair and golden cheek!

Just an eyelid's flicker  
Will make my heart beat quicker.  
What more handsome would you seek?  
Raven hair and golden cheek!

When we're dancing together  
All eyes turn to us.  
What more handsome would you seek?  
Raven hair and golden cheek!

Should he be late in coming  
My heart grows faint and numb in me.  
What more handsome would you seek?  
Raven hair and golden cheek!

Every fond word he whispers  
In my ear, my heart remembers.  
What more handsome would you seek?  
Raven hair and golden cheek!

He's already told me  
That I am all the world to him.  
What more handsome would you seek?  
Raven hair and golden cheek!

**The bridegroom**    *Stefan Witwicki*

The wind howls in the forest,  
And you gallop wildly on.  
Your black hair streams behind you.  
But, strange horseman, you ride in vain.

Can you not see above the forest  
How the ravens gather,  
Soaring, crying, flying, swooping,  
Down upon the heather?

Won't you come to greet me, my darling?  
I am here to greet you.  
How can she come? She is dead.  
She lies cold in her grave.

On must I ride to her.  
Sorrowing heart - come, away!  
Did she, as she lay dying,  
Look for me?

When she hears me calling,  
My tears falling to the earth,  
May she wake from death,  
And rise once more.

**Leaves are falling**    *Wincenty Pol (1807-1872)*

Leaves are falling thickly;  
Where once the tree grew free  
Now there sits a wild bird  
Calling by a grave.

O, for ever and ever,  
Poland's fate is clouded;  
Endeavours fade like dreams,  
And the land is shrouded in sorrow.

Cottages are burned;  
Villages destroyed;  
Women lament,  
Homeless in the fields.

Men have fled,  
From family and friends;  
Crops shrivel and die,  
Untended.

Young men gather to defend  
The walls of Warsaw;  
Poland begins to rise  
From darkness.

Fighting on through blizzard,  
And summer heat,  
Then came autumn  
To thin our ranks.

Now the war is over,  
Our toil expended in vain.  
The fields we once tilled  
Remain empty.



Some lie buried;  
Some languish in prison;  
Some wander in exile,  
Homeless and hungry.

Heaven has not helped us;  
Mens' heads hang down.  
The unsown fields turn to waste,  
And nature's gifts are as nothing.

Leaves are falling thickly;  
And more leaves, thick and dark.  
Dear cherished land,  
See how your sons,  
Driven for your sake,  
Now suffer and die for you.

With but a handful of Polish soil,  
We can create a new land.  
Freedom through force now seems impossible.  
Traitors flourish and the people too good-hearted.

## Im Grase / In the Long Grass

Raymond Chapman Smith

*Annette von Droste-Hulshoff (1797-1848)*

I.  
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.

II  
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.

III  
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.

#### IV

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.



*Annette von Droste-Hulshoff*

#### In the Park

Quentin Grant

*Maira Morris (1925 – 1962)*

#### The Park

In the city is a small park,  
Inside the park many trees.  
And under these green trees, is a thin path,  
Beside this path a park bench.  
So here will I lie at the end of the day,  
and its here I will find my rest.

Out side this park, life rushes quickly on,  
All here is quite and calm.  
And here I will lay at the close of the day,  
here I'll find my rest.

#### Dusk

So I lie at close of day, Shadows loom around me.  
City people turn away, turn and run to the safety.  
Here I stay in my park softly saying la la

Dim the light, dark the moon,  
let the shadows grow to blue,  
Why do I talk 'round and 'round and 'round?  
Why do I sing? I sing to keep away the shadows.  
Dim the light, dark the sky.

### Someone

Someone to feed me and to hold me in the winter  
when the wolves are at the curtain  
when the knife cuts in the darkness  
when rain falls in the forest to to hide me,

So I follow the man with the smile,  
so I trot after him in the twilight.

No one in the deepening gloom,  
beside me,  
just the falling rain.  
Someone to find out how the father  
and his broken vow  
in the forest and the frightened howl  
in the darkness, where the father goes.

So follow the man with the smile,  
so I trot after him in the twilight  
for a hole to hide me, hole to hide me,

### Raindrop

My hands are feeling cold and  
I hear a voice from far away,  
It's saying to be bold, to wait and see another day,  
Then a single raindrop falls from up high,  
In the streetlight gleaming, ever, ever closer.  
Within that single drop a vision of my childhood hope,  
the long forgotten smiles of faces from a distant life.  
I beg that it may stop and leave me on my lonely way.  
My hands are cold, so cold, so cold.

### Warm Arms

Softly the rain falls,  
around me the darkness calls,  
and I will close my eyes.  
Raindrop I am here now  
and feeling the arms that surround me, so warm.  
Arms that now hold me and keep me so safe and warm,  
I know not whose sweet arms  
now shield me from the storm.  
Raindrop, home



*Moira Morris*



**Christina's Lullaby**

**Ross Edwards**

The baby's head was covered in down  
like a night jar.

Lullaby.

I wrapped him up and I laid him down  
like a white star - with a night light for company  
I sent him out to sea.

Lullaby. I sent him out to sea.

The waves lapped soft on the beach that night  
up, up and down,

Lullaby.

The little lamp burned with a steady light  
up, up and down,

As I waved it away from me  
it disappeared into the sea.

Lullaby. It disappeared into the sea.

*Longing which soars away into the distance,  
but confines its melody within itself, creates  
the minor key.*

*Goethe*

**Vier letzte Lieder/Four last songs**

**Richard Strauss (1864-1949)**

**1.Spring (Frühling)** *Hermann Hesse (1877-1962)*

composed *Pontresina, July 18 1948*

In dusky vaults  
I have long dreamt  
of your trees and blue skies,  
of your scents and the songs of birds.

Now you lie revealed  
in glistening splendour,  
flushed with light,  
like a wonder before me.

You know me again,  
you beckon tenderly to me;  
all of my limbs quiver  
from your blissful presence!



*Richard Strauss*



2. September     *Hesse*  
                         *Montreux, September 20 1948*

The garden is mourning,  
the rain sinks coolly into the flowers.  
Summer shudders  
as it meets its end.

Leaf upon leaf drops golden  
down from the lofty acacia.  
Summer smiles, astonished and weak,  
in the dying garden dream.

For a while still by the roses  
it remains standing, yearning for peace.  
Slowly it closes its large  
eyes grown weary.



*Hermann Hesse*

3, While going to sleep (Beim Schlafengehen) *Hesse*  
                         *Pontresina, August 4 1948*

Now that the day has made me so tired,  
my dearest longings shall  
be accepted kindly by the starry night  
like a weary child.

Hands, cease your activity,  
head, forget all of your thoughts;  
all my senses now  
will sink into slumber.

And my soul, unobserved,  
will float about on untrammelled wings  
in the enchanted circle of the night,  
living a thousandfold more deeply.



*Joseph von Eichendorff*

#### 4. At Evening (Im Abendrot)

Joseph von Eichendorff (1788-1857)  
Montreux, May 6 1948

We've gone through joy and crisis  
Together, hand in hand,  
And now we rest from wandering  
Above the silent land.

The valleys slope around us,  
The air is growing dark,  
And dreamily, into the haze,  
There still ascends two larks.

Come here, and let them flutter,  
The time for sleep is soon.  
We would not want to lose our way  
In this great solitude.

O vast and silent peace!  
So deep in twilight ruddiness,  
We are so wander-weary -  
Could this perchance be death?

*"You may marvel, said Gryphius, that these enchanted, valedictory songs of the oft maligned Herr Richard Strauss were composed in the same year as Monsieur Pierre Boulez's oft esteemed Second Piano Sonata – that noisome encyclopaedia of sonic gibberish so hedged around with programme note justifications, sartorial imperialism and ideological flummery.*

*Which of them, wondered Gryphius, will truly stand the test of time or must they remain as ever opposing monuments to the withering, schizoid lunacy of their grim century?"*

*The Gryphius Papers vol.15 part 1*

You are warmly invited to join us after  
the concert for complimentary drinks and  
a selection of Tortes by Gabriele.

**Forthcoming concerts!!!!!!!**

Special Event (In association with the  
Accompanists' Guild of SA)

**Friday July 2<sup>nd</sup>, 7.30pm**  
Hugo Wolf The Italian Songbook  
with Rosalind Martin, soprano  
Robert Macfarlane, tenor  
Anthony Legge, piano

**Monday July 12<sup>th</sup>, 8pm**  
Chopin: The Complete Etudes  
Mark Kruger, piano

Please refer to our web site for further  
information on upcoming concerts

[www.firmmusic.com.au](http://www.firmmusic.com.au)

**the firm**

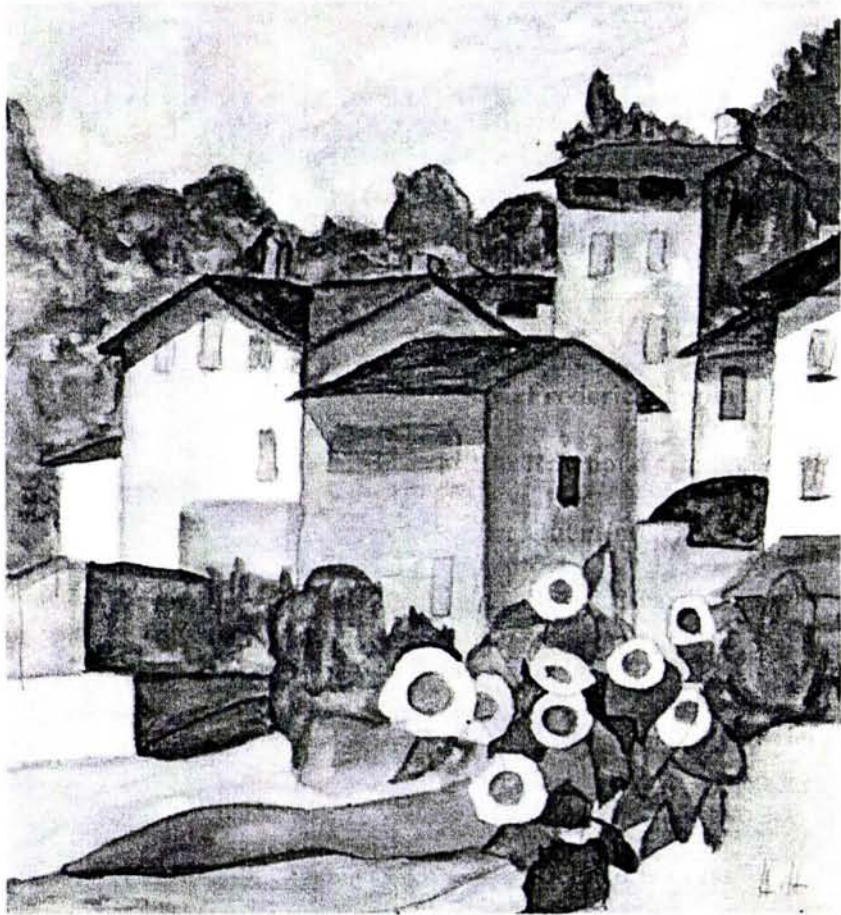
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All the Firm musicians  
Passing Out







H.H.