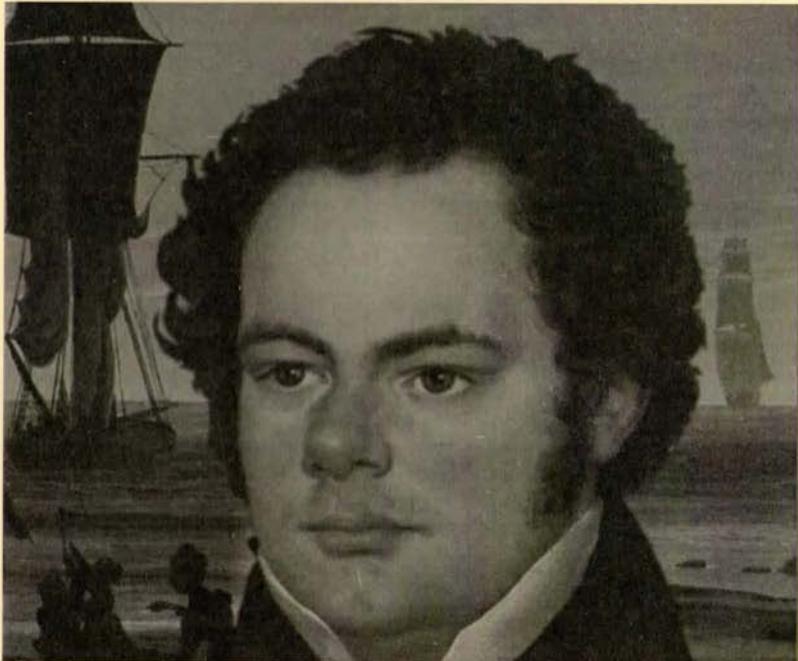


THE FIRM  
2013



CONCERT THREE

**The Firm's annual concert seasons  
are conceived, programmed, curated and directed by  
composers Quentin Grant and Raymond Chapman Smith.**

**The Firm was founded in 1996.  
This is our 99<sup>th</sup> concert.**

Schubert's music draws the listener in and has enduring lessons for composers and players. As Morton Feldman observed, "Schubert is the best example to get a sense of where to put it (the melody). It's not a question of periods, just where he places it is so fantastic with the atmosphere. It just floats. It's within our reach but it's someplace no one else would put the melody in terms of registration. There is a lot to learn in Schubert, just where he puts things. He is so effortless."

Alfred Brendel's characterization of Schubert vis-a-vis his near contemporary is well known: "In Beethoven's music we never lose our bearings, we always know where we are; Schubert, on the other hand, puts us into a dream. Beethoven composes like an architect, Schubert like a sleepwalker."

Elder Hall provides wheelchair access via the side (eastern) doors.

Toilets can be accessed in the foyer.

# **The Firm**

Presents

**Kate Macfarlane, soprano**

**Robert Macfarlane, tenor**

**Leigh Harrold, piano**

**Morgenstern Lieder Dudley**

**Mignon Lieder Beethoven, Schubert &  
Schumann**

**Herbstklavier Chapman Smith**

**Rilke Lieder Grant**

**Interval**

**Wanderer Cycle Schubert**

## Morgenstern Lieder Grahame Dudley

On poems by Christian Morgenstern (1874 -1914)

All his life Morgenstern preserved the child's vision: to see words (and things) as though he had never seen them before. He dedicated his poems "to the child in man"

### The Police Enquiry

Korf gets a police chief's questionnaire,  
written in a stiff, official way,  
asking who he is and how and where.

At what other places did he stay,  
what professional life he claims to lead,  
and when born, exactly, year and day.

Furthermore, was he indeed  
licensed here to live? And would he check  
where he banks, and what his race and creed?

Otherwise he'll get it in the neck  
and be jailed. Below are two  
signatures: Borowsky, Heck.

Korf replies in short, without ado:  
"Honorable gracious Sir,  
after thorough personal review

it is necessary to aver  
that the party signed below  
does not actually occur

in conventional reality, although  
he himself by self-same fact is vexed.  
Korf. (To County Office so-and-so.)"

The concerned police chief reads, perplexed.

### The Fish's Nightsong



### Korf's Clock

Korf a kind of clock invents  
where two pairs of hands go round:  
one the current hour presents,  
one is always backward bound.

When it's two—it's also ten;  
when it's three—it's also nine.  
You just look at it, and then  
time gets never out of line,

for in Korf's astute invention  
with its Janus-kindred stride  
(which, of course, was his intention)  
time itself is nullified.

### *Das grosse Lalulā*

Kroklokwafzi? Semememi!  
Seiokrontro—prafriplo:  
Bifzi, bafzi; hulalemi:  
quasti basti bo . . .  
Lalu, lalu lalu lalu la!

Hontraruru miromente  
zasku zes rü rü?  
Entepente, leiolente  
klekwapufzi lü?  
lalu lalu lalu lalu la!

Simarar kos malzipempu  
silzuzankunkrei (;)!  
Marjomar dos: Quempu Lempu  
Siri Suri Sei []!  
Lalu lalu lalu lalu la!

### The Doe's Prayer

The does, as the hour grows late,  
med-it-ate;

med-it-nine;

med-i-ten;

med-eleven;

med-twelve;

mednight!

The does, as the hour grows late,  
meditate.

They fold their little toesies,  
the doesies.

### The Snail's Monologue

Shall I dwell in my shell?  
Shall I not dwell in my shell?  
Dwell in shell?  
Rather not dwell?  
Shall I not dwell,  
shall I dwell,  
dwell in shell  
shall I shell,  
shall I shell I shall I shell I shall I . . . ?

### The Picket Fence

One time there was a picket fence  
with space to gaze from hence to thence.

An architect who saw this sight  
approached it suddenly one night,

*removed the spaces* from the fence  
and built of them a residence.

The picket fence stood there dumbfounded  
with pickets wholly unsurrounded,

a view so naked and obscene,  
the Senate had to intervene.

The architect, however, flew  
to Afri- or Americoo.

## Mignon Lieder

Three settings by:

Ludwig van Beethoven

Op.75 No.1 (1809)

Franz Schubert

D.321 (October 23, 1815)

Robert Schumann

Op.98a No.1 (1849)

### Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen...

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühn,  
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühn,  
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,  
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht?  
Kennst du es wohl?

Dahin! dahin

Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.

Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach.  
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,  
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:  
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan?  
Kennst du es wohl?

Dahin! dahin

Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer, ziehn.

Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?  
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg;  
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut;  
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut!  
Kennst du ihn wohl?  
Dahin! dahin  
Geht unser Weg! O Vater, laß uns ziehn!  
*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

Do you know the land?

Do you know the land where the lemon trees blossom?  
Among dark leaves the golden oranges glow.  
A gentle breeze from blue skies drifts.  
The myrtle is still, and the laurel stands high.  
Do you know it well?  
There, there  
would I go with you, my beloved.

Do you know the house? On pillars rests its roof.

The great hall glistens, the room shines,  
and the marble statues stand and look at me,  
asking:  
"What have they done to you, poor child?"  
Do you know it well?  
there, there  
Would I go with you, oh my protector.

Do you know the mountain and its path?  
The muletier searches in the clouds for his way;  
in the caves dwell the dragon of the old breed.  
The cliff falls, and over it the flood.  
Do you know it well?  
There, there  
leads our way; oh father, let us go!

## **Herbstklavier**

## **Raymond Chapman Smith**

- I. Molto moderato e cantabile
- II. Sostenutissimo
- III. Andante con moto
- IV. Andante amabile
- V. Andante mesto, non troppo lento
- VI. Adagietto
- VII. Andantino
- VIII. Sostenutissimo
- IX. Adagio, ma non troppo

## **Venedig**

An der Brücke stand  
jüngst ich in brauner Nacht.  
Fernher kam Gesang;  
goldener Tropfen quoll's  
über die zitternde Fläche weg.  
Gondeln, Lichter, Musik -  
trunken schwamm's in die Dämmerung hinaus ...

Meine Seele, ein Saitenspiel,  
sang sich, unsichtbar berührt,  
heimlich ein Gondellied dazu,  
zitternd vor bunter Seligkeit.  
- Hörte zu?

*Friedrich Nietzsche*

## **Venice**

By the bridge I stood  
recently in the brown night.  
From the distance came the sound of song;  
golden drops surged away  
over the vibrating surface.  
Gondolas, light, music -  
drunk, it floated off into the dusk...

My soul, a lute,  
unseeably moved, sang  
a gondolier's song secretly to itself,  
trembling with colourful delight.  
- Was anyone listening?



**Rilke Lieder****Quentin Grant****Burn Out My Eyes**

Burn out my eyes: I can still see you,  
Deafen my ears: I can still hear you.  
and without feet I can still come to you  
and without a voice I still can call to you.

Tear my arms from me and I'll still hold you,  
with all my heart as in a single hand,  
stop my heart, and my brain will keep on beating and  
beating, Should your fire at last my brain consume,  
the flowing of my blood will carry thee.

**Pathways**

Understand, I'll slip quietly  
away from the noisy crowd  
when I see the pale  
stars, blooming, over the oaks.

I will pursue solitary pathways  
through the twilit meadows,  
with only one dream:  
That you come too.

**Sacrifice**

How my body blooms from every vein  
more fragrantly, since you appeared to me;  
look, I walk slimmer now and straighter,  
and all you do is wait: who are you then?

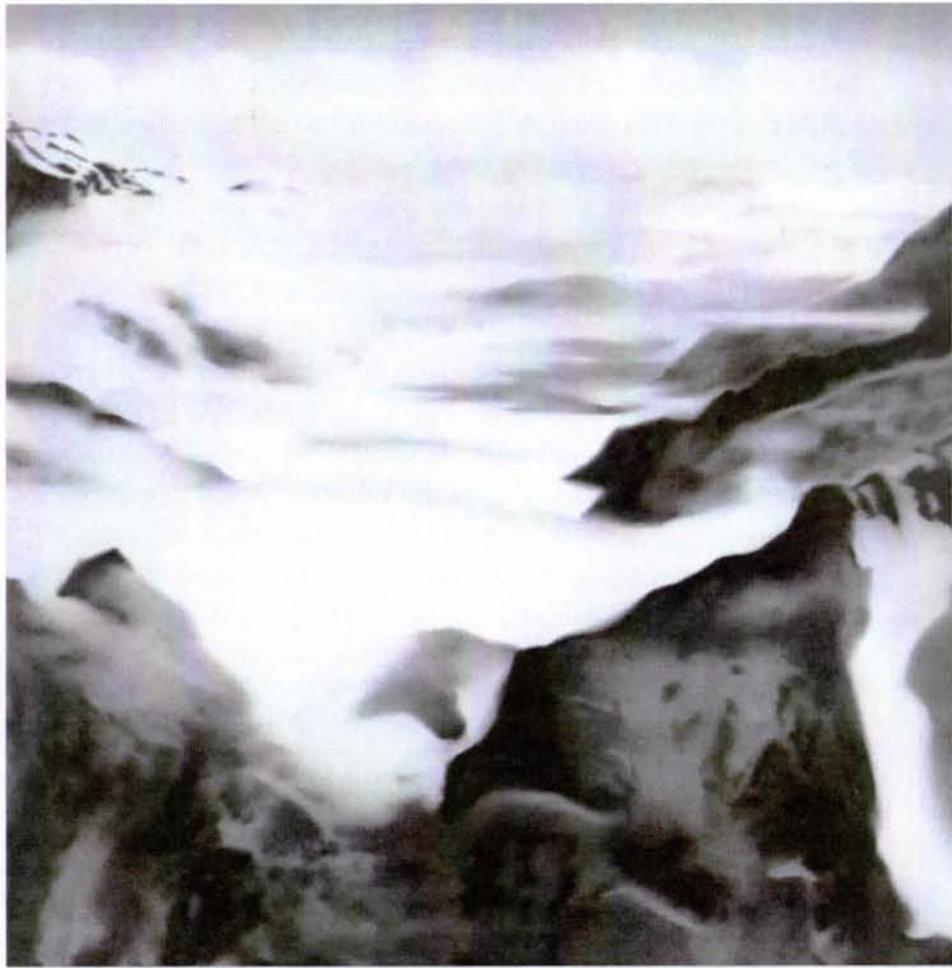
Look: I feel how I'm moving away,  
I'm shedding my old life, leaf by leaf.  
Only your smile spreads like untouched stars  
over you and, soon now, over me.

Whatever shines through my childhood years  
still nameless and gleaming like water,  
I will name after you at the temple,  
which blazes brightly from your hair  
and braided gently with your breasts.

**Again and Again**

Again and again, however we know the landscape of love,  
and the little churchyard with its sorrowing names,  
and the silent abyss into which the others  
fall: again, again the two of us walk out together  
under the ancient trees, lie down again and again  
among the flowers, face to face with the sky.





The Wanderer Cycle      Franz Schubert

1. Der Wanderer, D.649 (Op.65 No.2)

Wie deutlich des Mondes Licht  
Zu mir spricht,  
Mich beseelend zu der Reise;  
"Folge treu dem alten Gleise,  
Wähle keine Heimat nicht.  
Ew'ge Plage  
Bringen sonst die schweren Tage;  
Fort zu andern  
Sollst du wechseln, sollst du wandern,  
Leicht entfliehend jeder Klage."

Sanfte Ebb und hohe Flut,  
Tief im Mut,  
Wandr' ich so im Dunkeln weiter,  
Steige mutig, singe heiter,  
Und die Welt erscheint mir gut.  
Alles reine  
Seh ich mild im Widerscheine,  
Nichts verworren  
In des Tages Glut verdorren:  
Froh umgeben, doch alleine.

*Friedrich von Schlegel*

The wanderer

How clearly the moon's light  
Speaks to me,  
Inspiring me to journey;  
"Follow truly the ancient path,  
Choose no homeland whatsoever.  
Otherwise the heavy days bring  
Endless troubles ;  
Away, to the other

Should you change, should you wander,  
Lightly shedding every woe."

Gentle ebb and lofty flood,  
Deep in courage,  
I wander farther in darkness,  
I climb bravely, singing cheerfully,  
And the world seems good to me.  
All pureness  
See I softly in the twilight,  
Without confusion  
Fading in the day's afterglow:  
Surrounded by joy, but alone.

Drang des Lebens aus der Hülle,  
Kampf der starken Triebe wild  
Wird zur schönsten Liebesfülle,  
Durch des Geistes Hauch gestillt.  
Schöpferischer Lüfte Wehen  
Fühlt man durch die Seele gehen.

Windes Rauschen, Gottes Flügel,  
Tief in dunkler Waldesnacht!  
Freigegeben alle Zügel,  
Schwingt sich des Gedankens Macht,  
Hört in Lüften ohne Grausen  
Den Gesang der Geister brausen.

*Friedrich von Schlegel*

## 2. Im Walde D.708

Windes Rauschen, Gottes Flügel,  
Tief in kühler Waldesnacht!  
Wie der Held in Rosses Bügel,  
Schwingt sich des Gedankens Macht.  
Wie die alten Tannen sausen,  
Hört man Geisteswogen brausen.

Herrlich ist der Flamme Leuchten  
In des Morgenglanzes,  
Oder die das Feld befeuchten,  
Blitze, schwanger oft von Tod.  
Rasch die Flamme zuckt und lodert,  
Wie zu Gott hinaufgefodert.

Ewig's Rauschen sanfter Quellen  
Zaubert Blumen aus dem Schmerz,  
Trauer doch in linden Wellen  
Schlägt uns lockend an das Herz;  
Fernab hin der Geist gezogen,  
Die uns locken, durch die Wogen.

Winds rushing, wings of God,  
Deep in a cold forest night;  
Like the hero into the steeds stirrup  
The power of thought hoists itself;  
As the old pine trees swish  
One hears spirit waves blustering.

Glorious is the glow of flame  
In the dew of radiant morning  
Or, illuminating the meadow,  
Lightning that often foretells death.  
Quickly the flame flickers and flares  
As if summoned aloft to God.

Eternal rushing of gentle springs  
Charms flowers from pain;  
Though grief in gentle sounds  
Strikes us enticingly on the heart.  
The spirit is drawn far hence  
Through the waves which entice us.

In the Forest (Forest Night)

The urge for unprotected life,  
The savage battle of strong impulsion,  
Turns to fairest brimming love  
Quietened by the whisper of spirits.  
The breath of creative air  
Can be felt moving through the soul.

Winds rushing, wings of God,  
Deep in a cold forest night;  
Freed from every bridle  
The power of thought hoists itself,  
And in the air hears without sorrow  
The song of spirits blustering.

### 3. Wandrers Nachtlied II D.768

Über allen [Gipfeln]  
ist Ruh,  
in allen Wipfeln  
spürest du  
kaum einen Hauch;  
die Vögelein schweigen im Walde,  
warte nur, balde  
ruhest du auch!

*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

Wanderer's Night Song II

Over all the peaks  
it is peaceful,  
in all the treetops  
you feel  
hardly a breath of wind;  
the little birds are silent in the forest...  
only wait - soon  
you will rest as well.

### 4. Der Mondabend, D.141 (Op.131 No.1)

Rein und freundlich lacht der Himmel  
Nieder auf die dunkle Erde,  
Tausend goldne Augen blinken  
Lieblich in die Brust der Menschen,  
Und des Mondes lichte Scheibe  
Segelt heiter durch die Bläue.

Auf den goldenen Strahlen zittern  
Süßer Wehmut Silbertropfen,  
Dringen sanft mit leisem Hauche  
In das stille Herz voll Liebe,  
Und befeuchten mir das Auge  
Mit der Sehnsucht zartem Taue.

*Johann Gottfried Kumpf*

The moonlit evening

Pure and friendly smile the heavens  
down upon the dark earth;  
a thousand golden eyes gaze  
sweetly into the hearts of men,  
and the bright slice of moon  
sails cheerfully through the blue.

On the golden rays tremble  
the sweetest silver drops of nostalgia,  
pervading gently with soft breath  
the silent, love-filled heart,  
and moistening my eye  
with the tender dew of longing.

## 5. Wanderers Nachtlied, D.224 (Op.4 No.3)

Der du von dem Himmel bist,  
Alles Leid und Schmerzen stillest,  
Den, der doppelt elend ist,  
Doppelt mit Erquickung füllest,  
Ach! ich bin des Treibens müde!  
Was soll all der Schmerz und Lust?  
Süßer Friede,  
Komm, ach komm in meine Brust!

*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

You who are from heaven,  
you quiet all sorrow and pain;  
and he who is doubly wretched  
you fill with twice as much comfort.  
Ah! I am tired of being driven!  
For what is all this pain and joy?  
Sweet peace,  
Come, ah, come into my heart!

## 6. Der Wanderer an den Mond D.870

Auf Erden - ich, am Himmel - du  
Wir wandern beide rüstig zu:  
Ich ernst und trüb, du hell und rein,  
Was mag der Unterschied wohl sein?

Ich wandre fremd von Land zu Land,  
So heimatlos, so unbekannt;  
Berg auf, Berg ab, Wald ein, Wald aus,  
Doch bin ich nirgend, ach! zu Haus.

Du aber wanderst auf und ab  
Aus Ostens Wieg' in Westens Grab,  
Wallst Länder ein und Länder aus,  
Und bist doch, wo du bist, zu Haus.

Der Himmel, endlos ausgespannt,  
Ist dein geliebtes Heimatland;  
O glücklich, wer, wohin er geht,  
Doch auf der Heimat Boden steht!

*Johann Gabriel Seidl*

The wanderer speaks to the moon

I on the earth, you in the sky -  
we both wander briskly on:  
I stern and troubled, you mild and pure;  
what might be the difference between us?

A stranger, I wander from land to land,  
so rootless and unknown;  
up mountains and down, into forests and out,  
but nowhere am I - alas! - at home.

But you wander up and down,  
from the eastern cradle to the western grave,  
on your pilgrimage from land to land;  
and wherever you are, you are at home.

The sky, endlessly spreading,  
is your beloved homeland;  
o happy is he who, wherever he goes,  
still stands on native ground!

## 7. Im Walde, D.834 (Op.93 No.1)

Ich wand're über Berg und Tal  
Und über grüne Heiden,  
Und mit mir wandert meine Qual,  
Will nimmer von mir scheiden.  
Und schifft' ich auch durch's weite Meer,

Sie käm' auch dort wohl hinterher.

Wohl blüh'n viel Blumen auf der Flur,  
Die hab' ich nicht gesehen,  
Denn eine Blume seh' ich nur  
Auf allen Wegen stehen.  
Nach ihr hab' ich mich oft gebückt  
Und doch sie nimmer abgeplückt.

Die Bienen summen durch das Gras  
Und hängen an den Blüten;  
Das macht mein Auge trüb' und naß,  
Ich kann mir's nicht verbieten,  
Ihr süßen Lippen, rot und weich,  
Wohl hing ich nimmer so an euch!

Gar lieblich singen nah und fern  
Die Vögel auf den Zweigen;  
Wohl säng' ich mit den Vögeln gern,  
Doch muß ich traurig schweigen.  
Denn Liebeslust und Liebespein,  
Die bleiben jedes gern allein.

Am Himmel seh' ich flügelschnell  
Die Wolken weiterziehen,  
Die Welle rieselt leicht und hell,  
Muß immer nah'n und fliehen.  
Doch haschen, wenn's vom Winde ruht,  
Sich Wolk' und Wolke, Flut und Flut.

Ich wand're hin, ich wand're her,  
Bei Sturm und heiter'n Tagen,  
Und doch erschau' ich's nimmermehr  
Und kann es nicht erjagen.  
O Liebessehnen, Liebesqual,  
Wann ruht der Wanderer einmal?

In the woods

I wander over hill and vale  
and over the green heath,  
and with me goes my pain,  
Will it never leave me?  
Even if I sail upon the wide sea  
It comes there right behind

More flowers are blooming in the field  
than I have ever seen,  
But one flower only do I see  
standing on every path.  
over which I have often stooped  
but have never plucked

The bees buzz through the grass  
and hang upon the blumes;  
That makes my eyes sad and damp,  
I cannot deny myself  
their sweet lips,red and soft,  
I never hung so well on yours.

So sweetly sing far and near  
the birds on the branches;  
I would like to sing with the birds,  
But sadly I must remain silent.  
So love's joy and love's pain,  
Each stay gladly alone.

In the sky I see swift as birds  
the clouds drifting along,  
the waves gently roll light and bright,  
always passing by.  
Then, when from the winds they rest,  
become cloud on cloud, flood on flood.

I wander here, I wander there,  
in storms and more cheerful days,

Ernst Schulze

and don't respond to them any more  
or seek them out.  
O love's longing, love's anguish.  
When will the wanderer at last find rest?

### 8. Wiegenlied, D.304

Schlummre sanft! - Noch an dem Mutterherzen!  
Fühlst du nicht des Lebens Qual und Lust;  
Deine Träume kennen keinen Schmerzen,  
Deine Welt ist deiner Mutter Brust.

Ach! wie süß träumt man die frühen Stunden,  
Wo man von der Mutterliebe lebt;  
Die Erinnerung ist mir verschwunden,  
Ahndung bleibt es nur, die mich durchbebt.

*Theodor Körner*

### Cradle Song

Slumber softly! Still in your mother's arms  
You do not feel life's joy and torment.  
Your dreams know no pain;  
Your whole world is your mother's breast.

Ah, how sweetly we dream in those early hours,  
When we live by our mother's love;  
My memory of them has faded;  
Just an impression remains to thrill through me.

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



### Forthcoming concert:

8pm Monday, 7 October

**Clemens Leske piano**

Sonata in A major, D.959  
Metamorphosis Two  
New work  
Winterklavier

Franz Schubert  
Philip Glass  
Anne Cawse  
Raymond Chapman Smith

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