

THE FIRM

2019

CONCERT 2

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 122nd concert.

Reality lies in the greatest enchantment you have ever
experienced.

Hugo von Hofmannsthal

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

Toilets can be accessed in the foyer.

Parking: can be accessed in the University car park to the east of
Bonython hall.

SEP 16th 2019

The Firm

presents

Bethany Hill, voice

Jamie Cock, piano

with guest

Aiden Sullivan, viola

Johannes Brahms

Gestillte Sehnsucht

Anne Cawrse

Flame and Shadow

Gustav Mahler

from Kindertotenlieder

Raymond Chapman Smith

Rosenwind

Gustav Mahler

from Das Knaben Wunderhorn

Johannes Brahms

Geistliches Wiegenlied

Johannes Brahms (1833 – 97)

Zwei Gesänge für eine Altstimme mit Bratsche und Klavier Op.91

Two Songs for Voice, Viola and Piano, Op. 91, were composed by Johannes Brahms for his friends Joseph Joachim and his wife Amalie.

The text of the first song, "Gestillte Sehnsucht" (Longing at rest), is a poem by Friedrich Rückert, composed in 1884. The second, "Geistliches Wiegenlied" (Sacred lullaby) was written by Emanuel Geibel after Lope de Vega, and set to music in 1863. They were published together in 1884.

The celebrated violinist Joachim, who also played viola, married Amalie Schneeweiss in 1863. She appeared as a contralto singer under the stage name Amalie Weiss. Both were friends of Brahms, who composed "Geistliches Wiegenlied" for the occasion of their wedding; he withdrew it but sent it again a year later for the baptism of their son, named Johannes after Brahms. Probably in 1884, Brahms revised the song and added the setting of Rückert's poem, beginning "In goldnen Abendschein getaucht". It was again intended for the couple, but this time to help their troubled marriage.

Brahms announced to his publisher Simrock in a letter from August 1884 that he would send "einige Kleinigkeiten für Gesang" (a few small pieces to be sung) to be published, Opp. 91–95. The first public performance was on 30 January 1885 in Kammermusiksoirée (evening of chamber music) in Krefeld, on the occasion of the Stiftungsfeier of the Singverein. The singer was contralto Auguste Hohenschild, the violist Alwin von Beckerath, and the composer played the piano.

Gestillte Sehnsucht

In gold'nen Abendschein getaucht,
Wie feierlich die Wälder stehn!

In leise Stimmen der Vöglein hauchet
Des Abendwindes leises Weh'n.
Was lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein?
Sie lispeln die Welt in Schlummer ein.

Ihr Wünsche, die ihr stets euch reget
Im Herzen sonder Rast und Ruh!
Du Sehnen, das die Brust beweget,
Wann ruhest du, wann schlummerst du?
Beim Lispeln der Winde, der Vögelein,
Ihr sehrenden Wünsche, wann schlaft ihr ein?

Ach, wenn nicht mehr in gold'ne Fernen
Mein Geist auf Traumgefieder eilt,
Nicht mehr an ewig fernen Sternen
Mit sehrendem Blick mein Auge weilt;
Dann lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein
Mit meinem Sehnen mein Leben ein.

Stilled longing

Steeped in a golden evening glow,
how solemnly the forests stand!
In gentle voices the little birds breathe
into the soft fluttering of evening breezes.
What does the wind whisper, and the little birds?
They whisper the world into slumber.

You, my desires, that stir
in my heart without rest or peace!
You longings that move my heart,
When will you rest, when will you sleep?
By the whispering of the wind, and of the little birds?
You yearning desires, when will you fall asleep?

Alas, when no longer into the golden distance
does my spirit hurry on dream-wings,
when no more on the eternally distant stars
does my longing gaze rest;
Then the wind and the little birds
will whisper away my longing, along with my life.

Anne Cawrse

Flame and Shadow

Flame and Shadow by Sara Teasdale

What do I care, in the dreams and the languor of spring,
That my songs do not show me at all?
For they are a fragrance, and I am a flint and a fire,
I am an answer, they are only a call.

But what do I care, for love will be over so soon,
Let my heart have its say and my mind stand idly by,
For my mind is proud and strong enough to be silent,
It is my heart that makes my songs, not I.

~

Alone in the night
On a dark hill
With pines around me
Spicy and still,

And a heaven full of stars
Over my head
White and topaz
And misty red;

Myriads with beating
Hearts of fire
The aeons
Cannot vex or tire;

Up the dome of heaven
Like a great hill
I watch them marching
Stately and still.

And I know that I
Am honored to be
Witness
Of so much majesty.

O Beauty, out of many a cup
You have made me drunk and wild
Ever since I was a child,
But when have I been sure as now
That no bitterness can bend
And no sorrow wholly bow
One who loves you to the end?
And though I must give my breath
And my laughter all to death,
And my eyes through which joy came,
And my heart, a wavering flame;
If all must leave me and go back
Along a blind and fearful track
So that you can make anew,
Fusing with intenser fire,
Something nearer your desire;
If my soul must go alone
Through a cold infinity,
Or even if it vanish, too,
Beauty, I have worshipped you.

~

I have loved hours at sea, gray cities,
The fragile secret of a flower,
Music, the making of a poem
That gave me heaven for an hour;

First stars above a snowy hill,
Voices of people kindly and wise,
And the great look of love, long hidden,
Found at last in meeting eyes.

I have loved much and been loved deeply --
Oh when my spirit's fire burns low,
Leave me the darkness and the stillness,
I shall be tired and glad to go.

Gustav Mahler
from Kindertotenlieder

Nun seh' ich wohl

Now I see well why with such dark flames
your eyes sparkled so often.
O eyes, it was as if in one full glance
you could concentrate your entire power.

Yet I did not realize - because mists floated about me,
woven by blinding fate -
that this beam of light was ready to be sent home
to that place whence all beams come.

You would have told me with your brilliance:
we would gladly have stayed near you!
But it is refused by Fate.

Just look at us, for soon we will be far!
What to you are only eyes in these days -
in future nights shall be stars to us.

In diesem Wetter

In this weather, in this windy storm,
I would never have sent the children out;
They were carried outside -
I could say nothing about it!

In this weather, in this roaring storm,
I would never have let the children out.
I was afraid they had fallen ill,
but these thoughts are now idle.

In this weather, in this cruel storm,
I would never have let the children out;
I was worried they would die the next day -

but this is now no concern.

In this weather, in this cruel storm,
I would never have sent the children out;
They were carried outside -
I could say nothing about it!

In this weather, in this roaring, cruel storm,
they rest as they did in their mother's house:
they are frightened by no storm,
and are covered by the hand of God.

Raymond Chapman Smith
Rosenwind for solo piano

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

Gustav Klimt, most renowned of Secessionist painters,
frequently summered and worked at the Attersee, the largest
lake of the Salzkammergut region in the Austrian state of
Upper Austria.

One of the most cherished winds on Attersee and a zephyr
most anticipated by Herr K, is the so-called "Rosenwind"
meaning "breeze of roses". It is an easterly wind that crosses
a castle's rose garden and fills the air across the lake with the
scent of a thousand roses.

Gustav Mahler

Das Knaben Wunderhorn, selection

Wer hat dies liedlein erdacht

Up there on the mountain,
in the high house,
in the house!
There peers out a fine, dear maiden!
There is not her home!
She is the innkeeper's daughter!
She lives on the green heath!

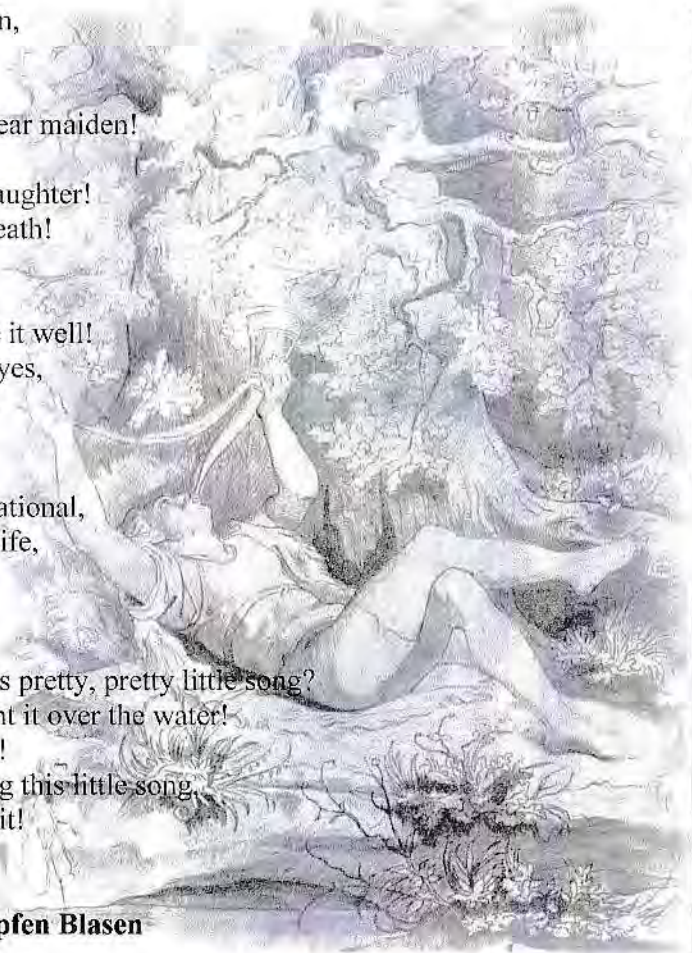
My heart has a wound!
Come, sweetheart, make it well!
Your dark brown little eyes,
they have wounded me!
Your rosy mouth
makes hearts well.
It makes young people rational,
brings the dead back to life,
makes the ill healthy,
yes, healthy.

Who then thought up this pretty, pretty little song?
Three geese have brought it over the water!
Two grey and one white!
And whoever cannot sing this little song,
to him they will whistle it!
Yes –

Wo die Schönen Trompfen Blasen

Who then is outside and who is knocking,
that can so softly awaken me?

It is your dearest darling,
get up and let me come to you!
Why should I go on standing here?
I see the red of morn arise,



the red of morn, two bright stars.
I long to be with my sweetheart!
With my dearest darling.

The maiden got up and let him in;
she bade him welcome, too.
Welcome, my dear lad!
You have been standing so long!

She offered him too her snow-white hand.
From far away the nightingale sang,
then the maiden began to weep.

Ah, do not weep, beloved mine
after a year you will be my own.
My own you shall certainly become,
as is no other on earth!

Oh love on the green earth.
I'm off to war, on the green heath,
the green heath is so far away!
Where there the fair trumpets sound,
there is my home,
my house of green grass!

Lob des hohen Verstandes

Once in a deep valley
the cuckoo and the nightingale
struck a wager.
Whoever sang the masterpiece,
whether won by art or won by luck!
Thanks would he take away.

The cuckoo spoke: 'If you agree,
I have chosen the judge,'
and he at once named the ass.
'For since he has two large ears,
he can hear all the better,
and recognize what is right!'

Soon they flew before the judge.
When he was told the matter,
he decreed that they should sing!

The nightingale sang out sweetly!
The ass spoke: 'You muddle me up!
You muddle me up! Heehaw! Heehaw!
I can't get it into my head!'

There upon the cuckoo began quickly
his song in thirds and fourths and fifths.
It pleased the ass, he spoke but:
'Wait! Wait! Wait!
I will pronounce thy judgement,
yes, pronounce.

You have sung well, nightingale!
But, cuckoo, you sing a good chorale!
And hold the beat precisely!
I speak from my higher understanding!
And even if it cost a whole country,
I thus pronounce you the winner, the winner!
Cuckoo, cuckoo! Heehaw



Johannes Brahms **Geistliches Wiegenlied**

Die ihr schwebet
Um diese Palmen
In Nacht und Wind,
Ihr heiligen Engel,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem
Im Windesbrausen,
Wie mögt ihr heute
So zornig sausen!
O rauscht nicht also!
Schweiget, neiget
Euch leis und lind;
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Der Himmelsknabe
Duldet Beschwerde,
Ach, wie so müd er ward
Vom Leid der Erde.
Ach nun im Schlaf ihm
Leise gesänftigt
Die Qual zerrinnt,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Grimmige Kälte
Sauset hernieder,
Womit nur deck ich
Des Kindleins Glieder!
O all ihr Engel,
Die ihr geflügelt
Wandelt im Wind,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein kind.

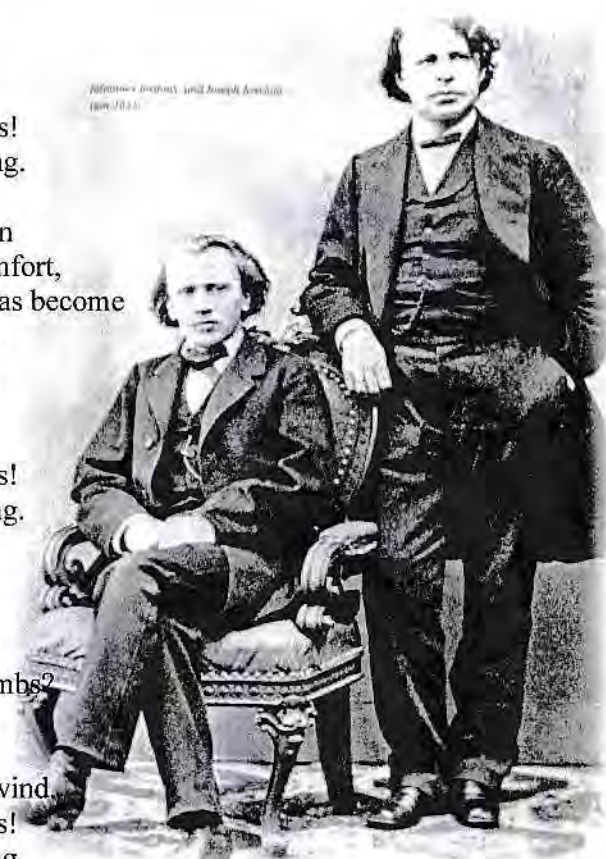
Sacred lullaby

You who hover
Around these palms
In night and wind,
You holy angels,
Silence the treetops,
My child is sleeping.

You palms of Bethlehem
In the roaring wind,
How can you today
Bluster so angrily!
O roar not so!
Be still, bow
Softly and gently;
Silence the treetops!
My child is sleeping.

The child of heaven
Endures the discomfort,
Oh, how tired he has become
Of earthly sorrow.
Oh, now in sleep,
Gently softened,
His pain fades,
Silence the treetops!
My child is sleeping.

Fierce cold
Comes rushing,
How shall I cover
The little child's limbs?
O all you angels,
You winged ones
Wandering in the wind,
Silence the treetops!
My child is sleeping.



You are warmly invited to join us after the concert for complimentary wines from Firm sponsor Karland Estate, and a selection of Tortes and soft drinks.

Please join our email list to be informed of all Firm events and concerts: send an email with 'subscribe' to:

info@firmmusic.com.au

Next concert:

**Michael Ierace, solo piano
October 21**

www.firmmusic.com.au

www.facebook.com/FirmNewMusic



“To every age its art, to every art its freedom”

This was the motto of the Vienna Secession, the Firm’s Movement-in-Residence for 2019 which, however obliquely, will be referenced throughout our programming for the year.

the firm

and

Chamber Music Adelaide

acknowledge the support of:

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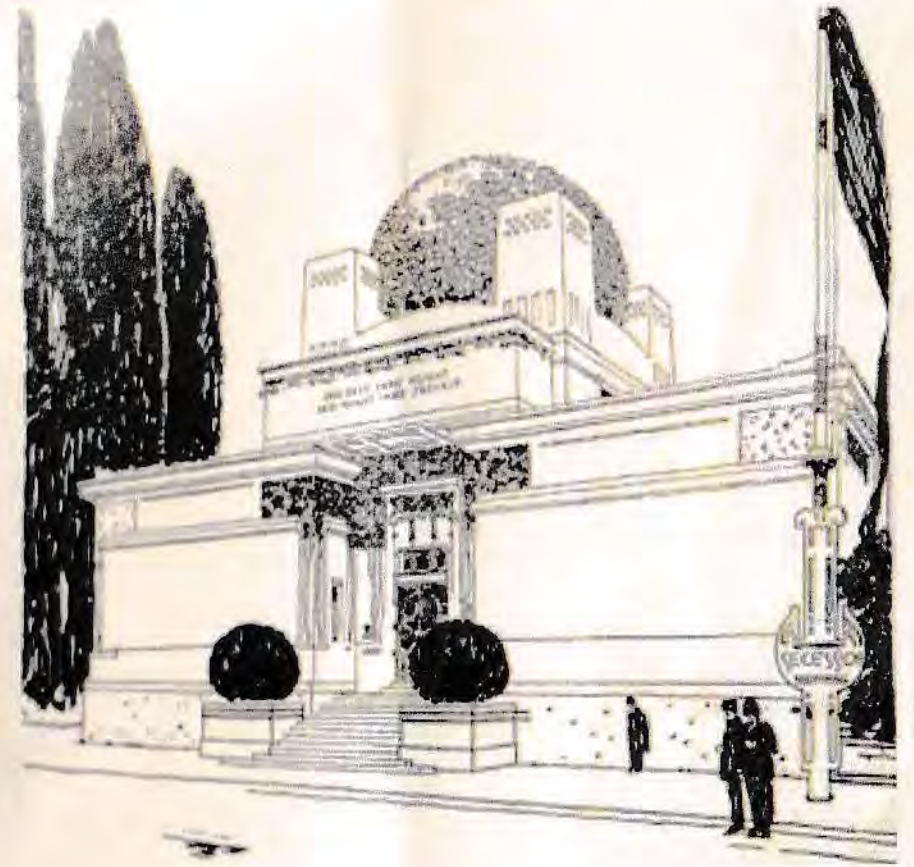
Elder Hall

Martin Victory

All the Firm musicians

The Australia Council





Pavillion Secession, Vienna, built 1897



