



THE FIRM

2019

CONCERT 5

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 126th concert.

Words performed through music can express what language
alone had exhausted.

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.

DEC 9th 2019

The Firm

presents

Bethany Hill, voice

Yundi Yuan, piano

with guests

Mitch Berick, clarinet

James Rawley, guitar

Luke Altmann Nothing Gold can Stay

Alma Mahler Five Songs

Rachel Bruerville Love's Philosophy

Anton Webern Three Songs

- short interval -

Anton Webern Three Songs

Raymond Chapman Smith
Litzlberg

Quentin Grant The Lost Boy

Sebastian Phlox A Curse of a Nation

Luke Altmann

Nothing Gold can Stay (2019)

Nothing Gold Can Stay Robert Frost

Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leaf's a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay.

Alma Mahler (1879 - 1964)

Fünf Lieder (Five Songs)

1. The silent town Richard Dehmel

A town lies in the valley;
A pallid day fades.
It will not be long now
Before neither moon nor stars
But only night will be seen in the heavens.

From all the mountains
Fog presses down upon the town;
No roof may be discerned, no yard nor house,
No sound penetrates through the smoke,
Barely even a tower or a bridge.

But as the traveller became filled with dread
A little light shone out,
And through smoke and fog
A song of praise began,
Sung by children.

2. In my father's garden Otto Erich Hartleben

In my father's garden --
Bloom, my heart, bloom forth! --
In my father's garden
Stands a leafy apple tree --
Sweet dream --
Stands a leafy apple tree.

Three blonde King's daughters --
Bloom, my heart, bloom forth --
Three wondrous maidens
Slept under the apple tree --
Sweet dream --
Slept under the apple tree.

The youngest of the fine ladies --
Bloom, my heart, bloom forth! --
The youngest of the fine ladies
Blinked but did not awake --
Sweet dream --
Blinked but did not awake.

The second moved a hand over her hair --
Bloom, my heart, bloom forth! --
The second moved a hand over her hair,
Saw the morning's hemline of red --
Sweet dream --
Saw the morning's hemline of red.

She spoke: Did you not hear the drum?
Bloom, my heart, bloom forth! --
She spoke: Did you not hear the drum?
Clearly through the twilight space --
Sweet dream --
Clearly through the twilight space?

My beloved joins me on the battlefield --
Bloom, my heart, bloom forth --
My beloved joins me on the battlefield,

Kisses me as the victor on the hem of my uniform --
Sweet dream --
Kisses me as the victor on the hem of my uniform.

The third spoke -- and spoke so softly --
Bloom, my heart, bloom forth! --
The third spoke -- and spoke so softly --
I kiss the hem of my beloved's uniform.
Sweet dream --
I kiss the hem of my beloved's uniform.

In my father's garden --
Bloom, my heart, bloom forth! --
In my father's garden
Stands a leafy apple tree --
Sweet dream --
Stands a leafy apple tree.

3. *Mild summer night* Otto Julius Bierbaum

Mild summer night, in the sky
There are no stars; in the wide woods
We searched deep in the darkness
And we found ourselves.

We found ourselves in the wide woods,
In the night, the starless night;
We held ourselves in wonder in each other's arms
In the dark night.

Was not our entire life
Simply groping, simply searching?
There, into its darkness
Tumbled your light, Love.

4. *I am at ease with you* Rainer Maria Rilke

I am at ease with you,
faint clocks strike as from olden days,
Come, tell your love to me,
But not too loud!

Somewhere a gate moves
Outside in the drifting blossoms,
Evening listens in at the window panes,
Let us stay quiet,
So no one knows of us!

5. *I wander among the flowers* Heinrich Heine

I wander among the flowers
and blossom myself along with them;
I wander as if in a dream
and sway with every step.

Oh hold me tightly, my beloved!
Or, drunk with love,
I will collapse at your feet;
and the garden is full of people!



Gustav and Alma

Rachel Bruerville

Love's Philosophy

Love's Philosophy Percy Bysshe Shelley

The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one spirit meet and mingle.
Why not I with thine?—

See the mountains kiss high heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What is all this sweet work worth
If thou kiss not me?

Anton Webern (1883 - 1945)

op. 18. Drei Lieder für Sopran, Klarinette und Gitarre

1. Little darling Peter Rosegger

Little darling,
you must not be mournful;
before the year has ended
you will be mine.
Before the year has ended
the rosemary will turn green,
and the parson will proclaim:
"You are man and wife."
The rosemary will turn green,
the myrtle sprigs will turn green,
and the gillyflower
will bloom inside the house.

2. Salvation

Folksong

Mary:

My child, look upon my soul!
permit no sinner to go astray.

Christ:

Mother, look upon the wounds
that I endure every moment for your sins.
Father, grant that my wounds
be a sacrifice for all sins.

Father:

Son, my dear son,
all that you have asked, shall be.

3. Hail queen of heaven Sacred Text

Hail queen of heaven
Hail mistress of the angels
Hail the root of holiness, hail the gate [of heaven]
From whom light rose on the world;
Rejoice glorious virgin
Beautiful above all;
Farewell, most noble one,
Pray to Christ for us always.



Litzlberg for solo piano Raymond Chapman Smith

1. Adagio
2. Moderato
3. Allegro
4. Andante
5. Vivace
6. Allegretto
7. Vivace, ma non troppo
8. Andante
9. Moderato



Klimt and friend on Lake Attersee, near Litzlberg

Quentin Grant

The Lost Boy

on texts collected and translated by Christina Tsibolskia

The Mother

The long childless wife,
came home from the town with a baby boy.
Brown like ground, no sound,
just staring at the good wife's face.
The husband is lost in fear,
Tell me my good wife, where did you find this boy?
I found him in a basket all alone,
In the churchyard of the village square.
I watched him there for a hour or more,
and no-one came to take him,
His tiny cries wore a hole in my heart,
and I could not bear to forsake him.

Ten years passed with the blowing of the wind,
and the boy grew in his mother's love.
She gives him all her food, not eating herself.
So growing sickly the good mother dies.

Sadly now the father cannot stand to look at the boy any more.
He takes him to the town, and leaves him where he was found
ten years before, in the churchyard.

The Tree

Out in an open field a man in the twilight digging,
He slowly opens the earth to the sky.
Why do you work alone, turning the ancient soil?
He lifts his dark weary face to the sky,
I plant a tree here for my son.

Slowly the red moon rises, over the fading sun,
Tell me where is your son on this night?
He sits at home, beside his dying mother.

I will take my son to town,
My boy by his little hand,

Take him to the churchyard by the square,
I'll leave him there and quietly walk away.

Out in an open field a man in the darkness digging,
I leave him there under a lonely moon,
but I can see he doesn't have a tree.

The Son

Blackbird, crow,
Will you fly into the black and misty night,
for I cannot find my dear father.
Blacker bird from the blackness of my song,
cast your sharp eye and find where a heart of mercy lies for me.
Fly from my twilight, fly from the churchyard blackbird!

The forest is burning so fly out your warning,
The trees will all cry to your darkened eye.
Bring your blackened light cover the hope of the day.
So let it burn and I'll burn too,
forlorn I'll be and so will you,
the sadness that cradles me will spread over all.

The Father

On the death of his wife,
the father took his son, took his son to a church yard,
there he left him, turned away his eyes and he left him,
but the Son wouldn't stay and he ran,
That Son ran and ran until the dark forest,
then down he lay, fast asleep dreaming of his Dad.

Then in the dark of the woods in the dark of the bush
is the sound of the footsteps acoming,
three dark men with a bottle of joy
singing a song of the grave and then they saw him,
"Who has left this tiny boy here?"
"We must take him home".

Many years later a man passing through the forest
is stopped by the boy, now a strong young robber.
Now see them fight in the dark of the night
with the screech of the owl and the howl of the wind,

Now the youth stabs with his knife and the blood is aflowing,
the older man feels the sigh of his life ebbing by
and as he dies he looks and says:
Thank you, you have saved me,
from the hell I've lived in ever since I left my son,
left him in a church yard.

The First Mother

Once upon a sunny day,
a young mother went out to play,
All through the old town holding baby close,
meeting each greeting with a smile,
tell me what shadow followed her.

Once upon this sunny day,
Young mother went into the church to pray,
Leaving her baby out side to quietly doze,
In his crib in the churchyard.

Inside the church the shadow dark
In his priestly robes like a fallen starry spark.
When he saw the soft girl praying,
took the way that priests so often do,
Trapped her in his church, for an unholy hour,
Until she finally ran away.

When she came outside her baby was gone!
Gone. He is gone.
Wanders off in a veil of tears,
and so ends this little tale.
Life is full of such stories.



Sebastian Phlox
A Curse of a Nation

Through her poem of 1854 *A Curse for a Nation*, Elizabeth Barrett Browning expresses a potent indignation at the injustices of her time. In the process of decrying slavery *across the Western Sea* in America's Deep South, she firstly acknowledges the many iniquities of her own country, declaring: "*what curse to another land assign, when heavy-souled for the sins of mine?*" The sensitivity with which she issues these denouncements makes them particularly powerful and pertinent not just then, but equally in our own time when the capacity to be outraged at the unjust without sanctimony is as relevant as ever.

A Curse for a Nation (excerpted)

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Prologue

I heard an angel speak last night,
And he said 'Write!
Write a Nation's curse for me,
And send it over the Western Sea.'

I faltered, taking up the word:
'Not so, my lord!
If curses must be, choose another
To send thy curse against my brother.

'For I am bound by gratitude,
By love and blood,
To brothers of mine across the sea,
Who stretch out kindly hands to me.'

'Therefore,' the voice said, 'shalt thou write
My curse to-night.
From the summits of love a curse is driven,
As lightning is from the tops of heaven.'

'Not so,' I answered. 'Evermore
My heart is sore
For my own land's sins...
What curse to another land assign,

When heavy-souled for the sins of mine?'
'Therefore,' the voice said, 'shalt thou write
My curse to-night.
Because thou hast strength to see and hate
A foul thing done within thy gate.'

'Not so,' I answered once again.
'To curse, choose men.
For I, a woman, have only known
How the heart melts and the tears run down.'

'Therefore,' the voice said, 'shalt thou write
My curse to-night.
Some women weep and curse, I say
(And no one marvels), night and day.

'And thou shalt take their part to-night,
Weep and write.
A curse from the depths of womanhood
Is very salt, and bitter, and good.'

The Curse

Because ye have broken your own chain
With the strain
Of brave men climbing a Nation's height,
Yet thence bear down with brand and thong
On souls of others, -- for this wrong
This is the curse. Write.

Because yourselves are standing straight
In the state
Of Freedom's foremost acolyte,
Yet keep calm footing all the time
On writhing bond-slaves, -- for this crime
This is the curse. Write.

Because ye prosper in God's name,
With a claim
To honor in the old world's sight,
Yet do the fiend's work perfectly
In strangling martyrs, -- for this lie
This is the curse. Write.

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:
sometime in 2020!**

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, we have been referencing throughout our programming for the year.

the firm

and

Chamber Music Adelaide

acknowledge the support of:

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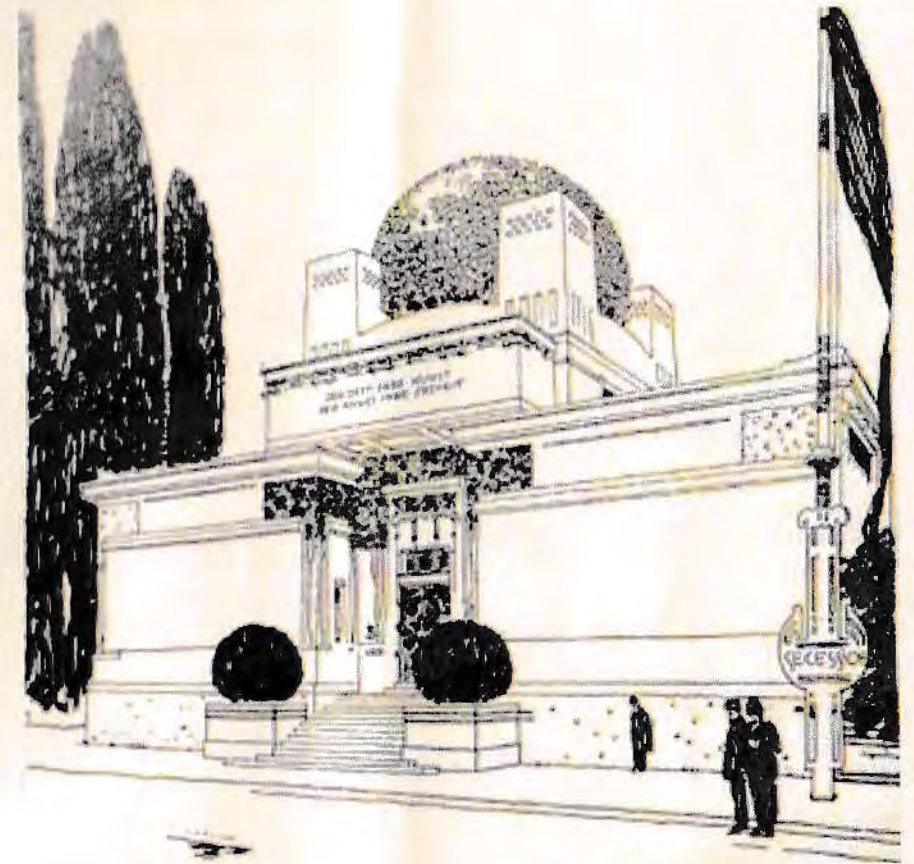
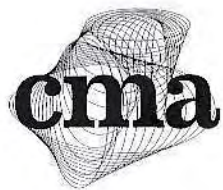
Radio Adelaide

Elder Hall

Martin Victory

All the Firm musicians

The Australia Council



Pavillion Secession, Vienna, built 1897

