



THE FIRM  
2020  
CONCERT 1



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 127th concert.

"Music is the one incorporeal entrance into the higher world of  
knowledge which comprehends mankind but which mankind  
cannot comprehend."

**Ludwig van Beethoven**

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.

AVG 10th 2020

## The Firm

presents

**Bethany Hill**

**Charlotte Kelso**

**Yundi Yuan**

**Caleb Lavery-Brooks**

<b>Beethoven:</b>	<b>Op 82 No. 1 Hoffnung No. 2 Liebes-Klage No. 3 L'amante impaziente "Arietta buffa" No. 4 L'amante impaziente"</b>
<b>Beethoven:</b>	<b>Von Tod An die Mond</b>
<b>Raymond Chapman Smith</b>	<b>Kleinigkeiten</b>
<b>Anne Cawrse</b>	<b>A Woman's Song  - Short interval -</b>
<b>Quentin Grant</b>	<b>Songs on Poems by Ilse Weber</b>
<b>Ilse Weber</b>	<b>Weigala</b>
<b>Rachel Bruerville</b>	<b>The Ebony and Ivory Cat Suite</b>
<b>Beethoven</b>	<b>Adelaide</b>
<b>Beethoven</b>	<b>Op 82 No. 5 Lebens-Genuss</b>

## Beethoven: Five Songs Op 82

### Hoffnung

Say, my love, you love me,  
Say that you are mine  
And I will not envy  
The gods their power divine.

With one single look from you,  
My dear, with just one smile  
You will show me paradise,  
Blissful content the while.

### Liebes-Klage

I hear you well, my heart,  
Beating so very hard,  
Expressing your complaint, I know,  
That you are now in love.

But, still you pain,  
Bear your affliction  
Silently and please don't betray  
My desperate affection.

### L'amante impaziente "Arietta buffa"

What is my darling doing?  
Perhaps she will not come?  
She likes to see me pine away  
Like this...

How slowly the sun runs its course, every second's like a day.  
What is my darling doing?  
Perhaps she will not come...?  
She likes to see me pine away like this...

### L'amante impaziente "Arietta assai seriosa"

What is my darling doing?  
Perhaps she will not come?  
She likes to see me pine away  
Like this...

How slowly the sun runs its course, every second's like a day.  
What is my darling doing?  
Perhaps she will not come...?  
She likes to see me pine away like this...



## Beethoven: two songs for voice and guitar

### Vom Tode

My life is slipping away,  
With each passing hour I move closer to the grave;  
And what is it, that perhaps,  
Is still to happen to me?  
Think, O man, about your death!  
Delay not, that is most vital!

When in your hour of need  
Helpless friends quiver around you  
Then over both life and death  
Does the pure heart rise up.  
No court has jurisdiction over you;

### An die Mond

Once more you silently fill wood and vale  
with your hazy gleam  
and at last  
set my soul quite free.  
You cast your soothing gaze  
over my fields;  
with a friend's gentle eye  
you watch over my fate.  
I possessed once  
something so precious  
that, to my torment,  
it can never now be forgotten.  
Murmur on, river, through the valley,  
without ceasing,

murmur on, whispering melodies  
to my song,  
When on winter nights  
you angrily overflow,  
or when you bathe the springtime splendour  
of the young buds.  
Happy he who, without hatred,  
shuts himself off from the world,  
holds one friend to his heart,  
and with him enjoys  
That which, unknown to  
and undreamt of by men,  
wanders by night  
through the labyrinth of the heart.



**Raymond Chapman Smith Kleinigkeiten**

1. Andante, quasi allegretto
2. Presto
3. Allegro con brio
4. Andantino
5. Allegretto scherzando
6. Allegro
7. Allegretto
8. Allegretto grazioso e tranquillo

Kleinigkeiten – small trifles – is the name Beethoven gave to the works that his more stylishly market minded publishers chose to call Bagatelles.



**Anne Cawrse**

**A Woman's Song**

**Chanson**

**By Purnette du Guillet (1520-45?)**

If they say my furred cloak  
drips with the gold rain  
that wrapped Daphne in ecstasy:  
How should I know?

If they say I love too many,  
passing my time for joy,  
taking my pleasure here and there:  
How should I know?

If they say I showed you  
the flame hidden deeply in me  
to test its force in you:  
How should I know?

If they say with the common passion  
that churns in young people  
I need you – and with no more:  
How should I know?

But if they say that Virtue  
which cloaks you richly  
shines through to me in love:  
This I do know?

And if they say that Holy Love  
hits me cleanly in the heart,  
never winging honour:  
This I do know!

## June

By Amy Levy (1861-89)

Last June I saw your face three times,  
Three times I touched you hand;  
Now, as before, May month is o'er,  
And June is in the land.

O many Junes shall come and go,  
Flower footed o'er the mead;  
O many Junes for me, to whom  
Is length of days decreed.

There shall be sunlight, scent of a rose,  
Warm mist of summer rain;  
Only this change – I shall not look  
Upon your face again.

## Stanzas

By Emily Bronte (1818-48)

Often rebuked but always back returning  
To those first feelings that were born with me,  
And leaving busy chase of wealth and learning  
For idle dreams of things which cannot be.

Today, I will not seek the shadowy region:  
Its unsustaining vastness waxes drear,  
And visions rising, legion after legion,  
Bring the unreal world too strangely near.

I'll walk, but not in old heroic traces,  
And not in paths of high morality,  
And not among the half distinguished faces,  
The clouded forms of long-past history.

I'll walk where my own nature would be leading:  
It vexes me to use another guide  
Where the grey flock in ferny glens are feeding  
Where the wild wind blows on the mountain-side.

What have these lonely mountains worth revealing?  
More glory and more grief than I can tell:  
The earth that wakes one human heart to feeling  
Can centre both the worlds of Heaven and Hell.



Quentin Grant    Songs on Poems by Ilse Weber (1903 – 1944)

*Ich wandre durch Theresienstadt. . .*

I wander through Theresienstadt,  
My heart as heavy as lead,  
Till suddenly the path ends,  
Near where the fortress stands.

I stand there on the bridge,  
and look down into the valley:  
I'd like to go so much further,  
I'd like to much to go home!

“Home”, you beautiful word,  
you make my heart heavy.  
They took away my home,  
Now I no longer have one.

I turn away, saddened and weary,  
How hard it is to do so!  
Theresienstadt, Theresienstadt,  
When will our suffering end?  
When will we be free again?

*Und der Regen rinnt, und der Regen rinnt...*

And the rain falls, and the rain falls,  
In the darkness I'm thinking of you, my child.  
The mountains are high, and the sea is deep,  
My heart is tired and weighted with longing.  
And the rain falls, and the rain falls,  
Why are you so far away, my child?

And the rain falls, and the rain falls,  
God himself has separated us, my child.  
You are not to see pain and suffering,  
You are not to walk upon stony streets.  
And the rain falls, and the rain falls,  
Have you not forgotten me, my child?

*Ade, Kamerad*

Farewell, my friend,  
This is where our paths part,  
For tomorrow I have to leave.  
I'm leaving you,  
I'm being driven away from here,  
I'm being transported to Poland.

You often gave me courage,  
You were loyal and kind,  
Always ready to help.  
Your handshake banished all cares.  
We bore our misfortune together.

Farewell, my friend,  
It's a pity about you.  
Parting will be hard for me.  
Don't lose heart!  
We were so good together.  
We'll see each other never more.

**Weigala**

**words and music by Ilse Weber**

Wiegala, wiegala, weier,  
the wind plays on the lyre.  
He plays so sweet in the green reed,  
the nightingale sings her song.  
Wiegala, wiegala, weier,  
the wind plays on the lyre.

Wiegala, wiegala, werne,  
The moon is the Lantern,  
He stands at the dark sky  
and looks down upon the world.

Wiegala, wiegala, weme,  
The moon is the Lantern.

Wiegala, wiegala, wille,  
how the world is so quiet!  
It does not disturb the peace, sweet sound,  
sleep, my baby, sleep, even you  
Wiegala, wiegala, wille,  
how the world is so quiet!



## Rachel Bruerville      The Ebony and Ivory Cat Suite

1. Silky's Prelude
2. Plumbago Tango
3. Jasmine Waltz
4. Larry's Tarantella

Each movement of this suite is named after a black and/or white cat that has featured in my life.

### 1. Silky's Prelude

Silky was a gentle, placid black cat who was the pet of a friend from primary school. The movement depicts a calm atmosphere, like a cat lazing in the sun. Despite the calm and gentle nature of the prelude, there are still some moments of strangeness and unexpectedness, which I believe is very fitting with feline characteristics.

### 2. Plumbago Tango

The mood of this movement is quirky and odd, much like the old family cat it was written about.

### 3. Jasmine Waltz

This movement is in memory of a childhood pet kitten, Jasmine, who was hit by a car. She was also quite quirky, but livelier and more bouncy than Plumbago, which is reflected in the dance.

### 4. Larry's Tarantella

The tempo marking for this movement is "Lively, like a kitten", but perhaps it should have read "Crazy, like a kitten". The concept for a tarantella about Larry came to me as he was madly running around the house and knocking things over wherever he went.



**Beethoven****Adelaide**

Alone, your beloved strolls round the garden in springtime  
Gently bathed in a beautiful, magical light  
That shimmers through the swaying, budding branches,  
Adelaide!

Reflected in the high tide, or Alpine snows,  
In the golden clouds at sunset,  
In starlit meadows, your image shines forth,  
Adelaide!

Evening breezes filter through the tender leaves,  
Silver bells during Maytime murmur in the grass,  
Waves roar and nightingales warble:  
Adelaide!

One day, O miracle! Upon my grave will blossom forth  
A flower from the ashes of my heart;  
Every crimson leaf will carry the clear inscription:  
Adelaide!

**Beethoven****Lebens-Genuss Op.82 no.5**

Hear the breeze in flight  
Sigh sweetly through  
The stirring fronds;  
Know, it speaks to you of love.

Hear the wave caress the shore,  
Gruffly moaning as it ebbs;  
Know,  
It complains to you of love.

This sensation in your heart,  
Known from what has come before  
As bringing hurt or bringing joy,  
Makes for pain or sheer delight.



Patrons with a meal-ticket are invited to join us after the concert for carefully served complimentary wines from Firm sponsor Karland Estate, and a packet of hermetically sealed nibbles.

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

[info@firmmusic.com.au](mailto:info@firmmusic.com.au)

**Next concert:**

**Michael Ierace, solo piano  
September 21**

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

[www.facebook.com/FirmNewMusic](https://www.facebook.com/FirmNewMusic)

## **the firm**

and

**Chamber Music Adelaide**

acknowledge the support of:

Ray Thomas

Arts SA

Karland Estate

Adelaide Symphony Orchestra

State Opera of SA

Jeanette Sandford – Morgan

ABC Classic FM

5MBS

Radio Adelaide

Elder Hall

Martin Victory

All the Firm musicians

The Australia Council



