

THE FIRM 2014
THE WALTZ

concert 4



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 105th concert.

"Vienna . . . the research laboratory of world destruction"

Karl Krauss

"Every sensitive person carries in himself old cities enclosed
by ancient walls"

Robert Walser

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.

The Firm

presents

Alexandra Bollard – soprano
Emma Horwood – soprano
Jamie Cock – piano

Vier Duette, op. 61 **Johannes Brahms**

From "Echoes Prayers" **Luke Altmann**

Two Sisters **Quentin Grant**

SHORT INTERVAL

Two Duets, Op. 10 **Gabriel Fauré**

Abendröte **Raymond Chapman Smith**

Je te veux **Erik Satie**

From Fünf Duette, Op. 66 **Johannes Brahms**

Wiegenlied **Johannes Brahms**

Vier Duette, op. 61

1. Die Schwestern

Wir Schwestern zwei, wir schönen,
So gleich von Angesicht,
So gleich kein Ei dem andern,
Kein Stern dem andern nicht.

Wir Schwestern zwei, wir schönen,
Wir haben nußbraun Haar;
Und flichtst du sie in einem Zopf,
Man kennt sie nicht fürwahr.

Wir Schwestern zwei, wir schönen,
Wir tragen gleich Gewand,
Spazieren auf dem Wiesenplan
Und singen Hand in Hand.

Wir Schwestern zwei, wir schönen,
Wir spinnen in die Wett,
Wir sitzen an einer Kunkel,
Und schlafen in einem Bett.

O Schwestern zwei, ihr schönen,
Wie hat sich das Blättchen gewandt!
Ihr liebet einerlei Liebchen;
Jetzt hat das Liedel ein End!

The sisters

We two sisters, we beauties
Our faces so similar,
Identical as two eggs,
Identical as two stars.

We two sisters, we beauties,
We have nut brown tresses,
If you plat them together,
You can't tell them apart.

We two sisters, we beauties
We dress the same,
Walking in the meadow,
And singing hand in hand.

Johannes Brahms

Eduard Mörike



We two sisters, we beauties,
We race each other at spinning,
We sit together in an alcove,
And sleep in the same bed.

O sisters two, you beauties
How the tables have turned,
You love the same sweetheart;
And now the song is over!

2. Ich armes Klosterfräulein! *Justinus Kerner*

Ich armes Klosterfräulein!
O Mutter! was hast du gemacht!
Lenz ging am Gitter vorüber,
Hat mir kein Blümlein gebracht.

Ach, wie weit, weit dort unten
Zwei Schäflein gehen im Tal!
Viel Glück, ihr Schäflein, ihr sahet
Den Frühling zum erstenmal!

Ach, wie weit, weit dort oben
Zwei Vöglein fliegen in Ruh'!
Viel Glück, ihr Vöglein, ihr flieget
Der besseren Heimat zu!

The young nun

Ah, what a poor nun am I!
O mother what have you done!
Spring passed by the bars
And brought me no flowers!

Ah, how far, how far below
Two lambs walk in the valley.
Good luck you lambs,
You've seen spring for the first time.

Ah, how far, how far above
Two birds fly in peace!
Good luck little birds,
You're flying to a better home.

3. Phänomen

Wenn zu der Regenwand
Phöbus sich gattet,
Gleich steht ein Bogenrand
Farbig beschattet.

Im Nebel gleichen Kreis
Seh ich gezogen;
Zwar ist der Bogen weiß,
Doch Himmelsbogen.

So sollst du, muntre Greis,
Dich nicht betrüben:
Sind gleich die Haare weiß,
Doch wirst du lieben.

Phenomenon

When Phoebus is joined
With the wall of rain,
Instantly a bow appears
Colourfully shaded.

In the clouds I see
An identical circle drawn,
Though the bow is white:
Yes, heaven's bow.

Do not worry,
Cheerful old man;
Though your hair is white,
You will still love.

4. Die Boten der Liebe

Wie viel schon der Boten
Flogen die Pfade
Vom Wäldchen herunter,
Boten der Treu;
Trugen mir Briefchen
Dort aus der Ferne,
Trugen mir Briefchen
Vom Liebsten herbei?

Wie viel schon der Lüftchen
Wehten vom Morgen,
Wehten bis Abends

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Josef Wenzig

So schnell ohne Ruh;
Trugen mir Küßchen
Vom kühlen Wasser,
Trugen mir Küßchen
Vom Liebsten herzu?

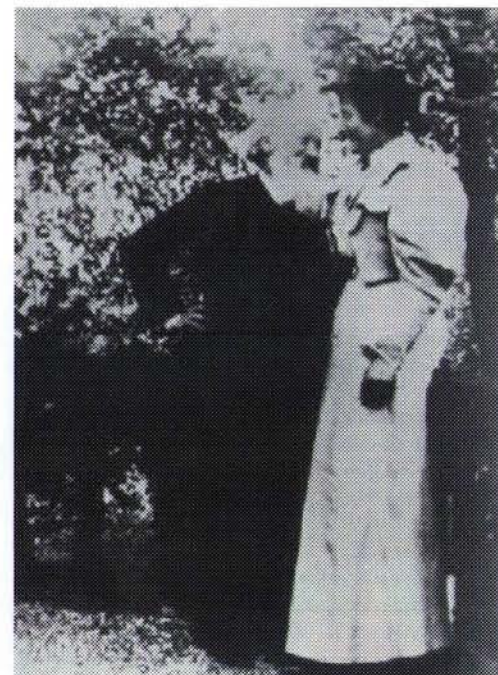
Wie wiegten die Ährchen
Auf grünenden Bergen,
Wie wiegten die Ährchen
Auf Feldern sich leis;
"Mein goldenes Liebchen,"
Lispelten alle,
"Mein goldenes Liebchen,
Ich lieb' dich so heiß!"

The messengers of love

How many messengers
Have already flown
Down the path,
From the forest,
Messengers of fidelity
That carry me
Little letters from afar,
From my sweetheart!

How many breezes
Have already blown
From morn till evening
So quickly without rest,
Carrying little kisses
From the cool water
Carrying little kisses
From my sweetheart!

How the grass waved
On the green mountain,
How the ears of corn
Waved gently in the fields
My golden sweetheart,
They all whispered,
My golden sweetheart,
I love you so passionately.



Two Songs from Echo's Prayers

Luke Altmann

And dedicated to my newborn son, William.

Text from Doctor Faustus by Thomas Mann

(trans. H. T. Lowe-Porter)

*Outside the door Adrian asked: "What do you say to this theological speculation?
He prays for all creation, expressly in order that he himself may be included.
Should a pious child know that he serves himself in that he prays for others?
Surely the unselfishness is gone so soon as one sees that it is of use."
"You are right that far," I replied. "But he turns the thing into unselfishness so
soon as he may not pray only for himself but does so for us all."
"Yes, for us all," Adrian said softly.*

*Swelch Mensche lebt in Gotes Gebote,
In dem ist Got und er in Gote.
Demselben ich mich befehlen tu.
Wird mir helfen zu rechter Ruh.*

*Whoso hedeth Goddes stevene
In hym is God and he in hevene.
The same commaunde myselfe would keepe,
And me insure my seemely slepe.*

*Durch Siinde niemand lassen soil
Er tu doch noch etwelches Wohl.
Niemandes Guttat wird verloren,
Er zur Hollen denn geboren.
O wollten ich und die ich mein'
Zur Seligkeit geschaffen sein!*

*Through sin no let has been,
Save when some goode be seen.
Mannes good deede shall serve him well,
Save that he were born for hell.
O that I may and mine I love
Be borne for blessedness above!*



Two Sisters

Quentin Grant

1. Sisters
2. Waters
3. The House
4. Strange

**Texts by Erica Uberbrech,
based on the writings of Elfriede Jelinek,
translations by Uberbrech and the composer.**

1. Two Sisters

Sister you held my hand
in the garden of childhood,
Your hair tied to my hair,
in the fields of the living.

Two waters from the same swirling pool,
four eyes from the one eye-maker, two tongues,
and twenty grasping fingers.

Sister come dance with me, sister
from your charcoal-haze forest,
a bird waltz forever singing,
from the dawns of the living.

Father's ghost creaks in the valley,
Mother's spirit screams in the den,
All around the animals are calling,
through misty forests to the cave of then.

Sister, come dance dear sister,
in the fields of song,
A bird waltz forever sounding,
from the dawns of the living,

2. Waters

Dark waters run and carry us along
Swept by the black torrent,
the depths pull us under
the near-eyes' horizon.

Sister, lonely winds and silent skies,
Fill the space where you once stood
and held my hand.

What broken wand do you hold, sister
What rocky stream strangles your breath?
Where is the lamp that lit your hair for me,
Who is the god who broke our vow?

Sister since the fire took you away,
the burning fields, the grey and violent skies,
I've searched the ashes for traces of our footsteps,
In the hidden rooms of memory.

3. The House

Music playing all around, swirling sound,
Light is flooding every room, shining bright.
Where in the house are you hiding now, sister sweet?
Father and mother have both disappeared,
the warmth in their eyes has long, long gone.

Here in the house, two tiny souls, ever-more to be,
Laughter in bedrooms, cries in the garden,
set in memory.

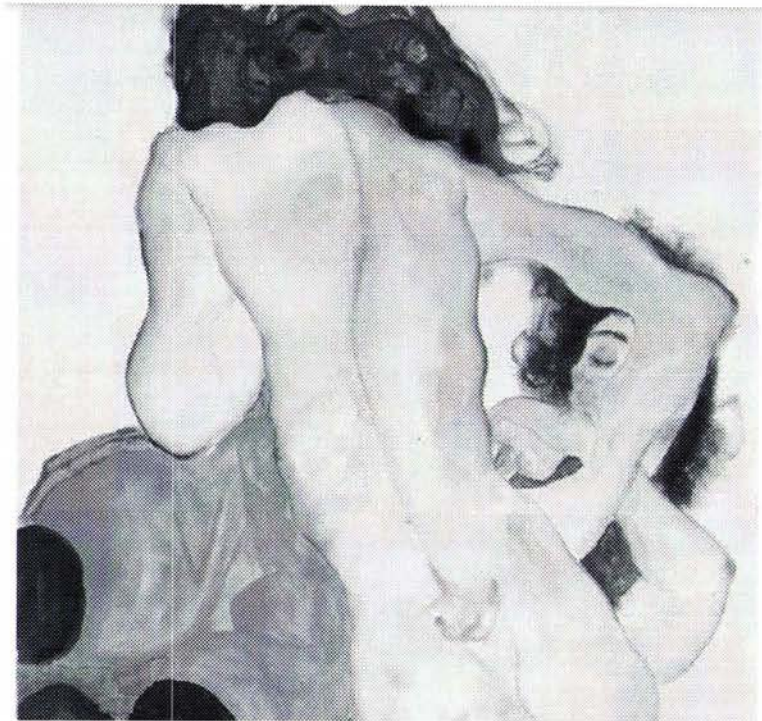
4. Strange

It seemed like a strange way to say goodbye,
a piece of dirt over your head while I've still got the sky,
But when I came back under a shivering moon
then you knew that I was buried, buried deep in you.

It seemed so strange in that long-after dream,
to have you sitting upon my knee,
But as the years went by I started lo-sing the dread,
of who was alive, and who was dead.

It seemed that your heart was too red, too warm,
to be lying in the freezing charcoal pond,
and mine was too cold, too silent too messed,
to be still pumping blood through my ruined flesh.

Strange that the dance of life and death
could be so homeless, so wind-blown, so wildly cloud-torn, so brave,
that the charcoal smoke that turned you into ash so pretty in gray,
would keep you forever fresh in my mind's eye, till my last day.
I'll dance with you sister, I'll stay with you.



Two Duets, Op.10

Gabriel Fauré

1. Puisqu'ici-bas toute âme

Victor Marie Hugo

Puisqu'ici-bas toute âme
Donne à quelqu'un
Sa musique, sa flamme,
Ou son parfum;

Puisqu'ici-bas chaque chose
Donne toujours
Son épine ou sa rose
A ses amours;

Puisqu'avril donne aux chênes
Un bruit charmant;
Que la nuit donne aux peines
L'oubli dormant.

Puisque, lorsqu'elle arrive
S'y reposer,
L'onde amère à la rive
Donne un baiser;

Je te donne, à cette heure,
Penché sur toi,
La chose la meilleure
Que j'ai en moi!

Reçois donc ma pensée,
Triste d'ailleurs,
Qui, comme une rosée,
T'arrive en pleurs!

Reçois mes vœux sans nombre,
O mes amours!
Reçois la flamme ou l'ombre
De tous mes jours!

Mes transports pleins d'ivresses,
Pur de soupçons,
Et toutes les caresses
De mes chansons!

Ma muse, que les heures
Bercent rêvant
Qui, pleurant quand tu pleures,
Pleure souvent!

Reçois, mon bien céleste,
O ma beauté,
Mon cœur, dont rien ne reste,
L'amour ôté!

As each soul here below

As each soul here below
Someone has lent,
Its music or its glow
Or its own scent;

As all things here below
To true love give
A thorn, or else a rose,
As they do live;

As April gives the oaks
A charming sound;
Night pain in kind sleep soaks,
Our cares to drown.

As when dark waves reach land
To take their rest,
They leave upon the strand
A sweet caress;

I give thee, at this hour,
Bent over thee,
The best that's in my power,
The best in me!

I give my thoughts so true,
Though sad they be,
Like glistening drops of dew
They fall on thee.

My vows uncounted claim

My love, always.
Receive the shade or flame
Of all my days.

My wildest transports greet,
Suspicious gone,
And each caress so sweet
Of this my song.

My muse, rocked by the hours
In dreamful sleep
Combines her tears with yours.
Full oft she weeps.

Take, heavenly creature,
O, my beauty,
My heart - its only feature
My love for thee.

2. Tarentelle

Marc Monnier

Aux cieux la lune monte et luit.
Il fait grand jour en plein minuit.
Viens avec moi, me disait-elle
Viens sur le sable grésillant
Où saute et glisse en frétilant
La tarentelle...

Sus, les danseurs! En voilà deux;
Foule sur l'eau, foule autour d'eux;
L'homme est bien fait, la fille est belle;
Mais garde à vous! Sans y penser,
C'est jeu d'amour que de danser
La tarentelle...

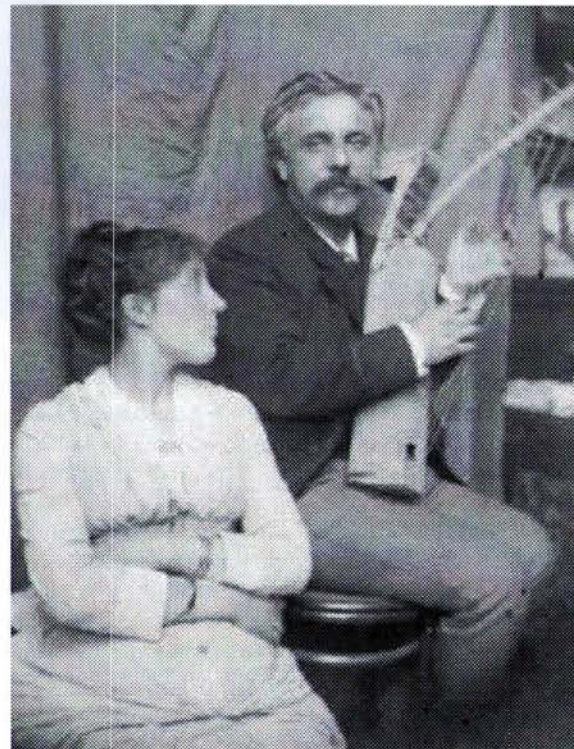
Doux est le bruit du tambourin!
si j'étais fille de marin
Et toi pêcheur, me disait-elle
Toutes les nuits joyeusement
Nous danserions en nous aimant
La tarentelle...

The tarantella

In the heavens the moon rises and shines.
It turns midnight into the light of day.
"Come with me," she said to me,
"Come onto the sizzling sand
Where, wriggling, jumps and slides
The tarantella..."

Come on, dancers! Here are two of them;
A crowd on the water, a crowd around them;
The man is well-built, the girl is beautiful;
But watch out! Without thinking about it,
It is the game of love being danced,
The tarantella...

Sweet is the sound of the tambourine!
"If I were the daughter of the sea
And you a fisher," she said to me,
"Every night with glee
We would love each other while we dance
The tarantella..."



Abendröte

Raymond Chapman Smith

Four Songs to texts of Friedrich Schlegel (1772-1829)

1. Abendröte

Tiefer sinket schon die Sonne,
Und es atmet alles Ruhe,
Tages Arbeit ist vollendet,
Und die Kinder scherzen munter.
Grüner glänzt die grüne Erde,
Eh' die Sonne ganz versunken.
Milden Balsam hauchen leise
In die Lüfte nun die Blumen,
Der die Seele zart berührt,
Wenn die Sinne selig trunken.
Kleine Vögel, ferne Menschen,
Berge, himmelan geschwungen,
Und der große Silberstrom,
Der im Tale schlank gewunden,
Alles scheint dem Dichter redend,
Denn er hat den Sinn gefunden:
Und das All ein einzig Chor,
Manches Lied aus einem Munde.

Evening glow

The sun is already sinking deeper,
and everything breathes peace.
The day's work is done,
and the children jest merrily.
The green earth shines greener
before the sun has sunk entirely.
Balmy scents waft gently
in the air from the flowers,
tenderly soothing the soul
whenever the senses drink them blissfully.
Small birds, far-off people,
mountains lining the sky,
and the great silver stream
that winds narrowly in the valley -
everything speaks to the poet
for he has discovered their meaning:
and everything is a single choir,
many songs from one mouth.



2. Der Fluß

Wie rein Gesang sich windet
Durch wunderbarer Saitenspiele Rauschen,
Er selbst sich wiederfindet,
Wie auch die Weisen tauschen,
Daß neu entzückt die Hörer ewig lauschen,

So fließet mir gediegen
Die Silbermasse, schlangengleich gewunden,
Durch Büsche, die sich wiegen
Vom Zauber süß gebunden,
Weil sie im Spiegel neu sich selbst gefunden;

Wo Hügel sich so gerne
Und helle Wolken leise schwankend zeigen,
Wenn fern schon matte Sterne
Aus blauer Tiefe steigen,
Der Sonne trunkne Augen abwärts neigen.

So schimmern alle Wesen
Den Umriß nach im kindlichen Gemüte,
Das zur Schönheit erlesen
Durch milder Götter Güte
In dem Kristall bewahrt die flücht'ge Blüte.

The river

Like a pure song that winds itself
through the wonderful sound of strings playing,
finding itself again
as the tunes switch back and forth
so that the listeners are always newly *delighted*;

So the silvery bulk flows with dignity,
winding like a snake
through swaying bushes
sweetly and magically entranced
to find themselves mirrored;

Where hills and bright clouds
like to melt themselves into softly vibrating images
when the distant, faint stars
rise from the blue depths
and the sun lowers its intoxicated eyes.

So shine all creatures,
like silhouettes in the childlike mind,
which is selected for beauty
by the gentle goodness of the Gods,
and in which fleeting blossoms are preserved in crystal.

3. Der Schiffer

Friedlich lieg' ich hingegossen,
Lenke hin und her das Ruder,
Atme kühl im Licht des Mondes,
Träume süß im stillen Mute;
Gleiten laß ich auch den Kahn,
Schaue in die blanken Fluten,
Wo die Sterne lieblich schimmern,
Spiele wieder mit dem Ruder.

Säße doch das blonde Mägdlein
Vor mir auf dem Bänkchen ruhend,
Sänge schmachend zarte Lieder.
Himmlisch wär' mir dann zu Mute,
Ließ mich necken von dem Kinde,
Wieder tändelnd mit der Guten.
Friedlich lieg' ich hingegossen,
Träume süß im stillen Mute,
Atme kühl im Licht des Mondes,
Führe hin und her das Ruder.

The sailor

I lie stretched out peacefully,
Turn the rudder to and fro,
Breathe languidly in the moonlight,
And dream sweetly in a mood of stillness;
Then I let the boat drift,
Gaze into the shining waters
Where the stars shimmer gracefully,
And play with the rudder again.

If only the fair-haired maiden were sitting,
Resting on the bench in front of me,
I would sing gentle, soulful songs.

I would be in a state of heavenliness,
Letting the child tease me,
And flirting with the good girl.
I lie stretched out peacefully,
And dream sweetly in a mood of stillness,
Breathe languidly in the moonlight,
Turn the rudder to and fro.

4. Der Wanderer

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.

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.

Je te veux

Je te veux Henry Pacori

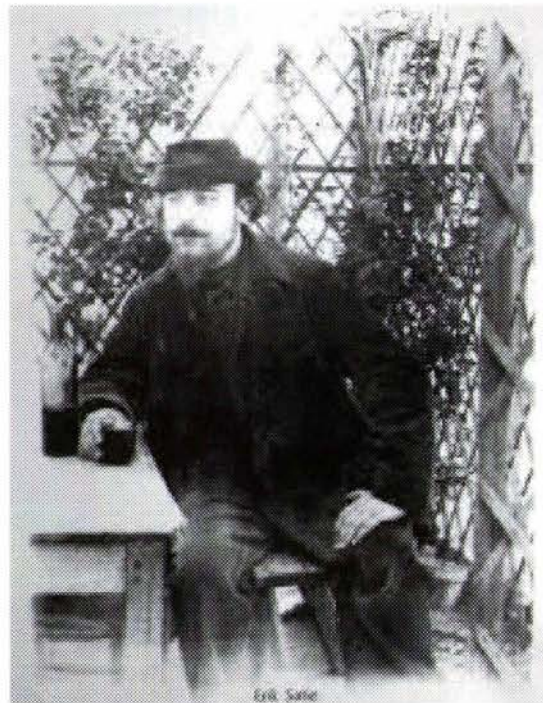
J'ai compris ta détresse,
 Cher amoureux,
 Et je cède à tes vœux:
 Fais de moi ta maîtresse.
 Loin de nous la sagesse,
 Plus de détresse,
 J'aspire à l'instant précieux
 Où nous serons heureux:
 Je te veux.

Je n'ai pas de regrets,
 Et je n'ai qu'une envie:
 Près de toi, là, tout près,
 Vivre toute ma vie.
 Que mon cœur soit le tien
 Et ta lèvre la mienne,
 Que ton corps soit le mien,
 Et que toute ma chair soit tienne.

J'ai compris ta détresse, etc.

Oui, je vois dans tes yeux
 La divine promesse
 Que ton cœur amoureux
 Vient chercher ma caresse.
 Enlacés pour toujours,
 Brûlés des mêmes flammes,
 Dans des rêves d'amours,
 Nous échangerons nos deux âmes.

Erik Satie



I have understood your distress

I have understood your distress,
 dear lover,
 and I yield to your wish:
 make me your mistress.
 Modesty shall be far from us,
 no more distress,
 I long for the precious moment
 when we will be happy:
 I want you.

I have no regrets,
 and I want only one thing:
 next to you, there, so close,
 to live all of my life.
 Let my heart be yours
 and your lips be mine,
 let your body be mine,
 and let all of my flesh be yours.

I have understood your distress, etc.

Yes, I see in your eyes
 the divine promise
 that your loving heart
 comes to seek my caress.
 Enlaced forever,
 burned with the same flames,
 in dreams of love,
 we will exchange our two souls.

From **Fünf Duette, Op. 66**

Johannes Brahms

3. Am Strande *Hermann Hölty*

Es sprechen und blicken die Wellen
Mit sanfter Stimme,
Mit freundlichem Blick,
Und wiegen die träumende Seele
In ferne Tage zurück.
Aus fernen, verklungene Tagen
Spricht's heimlich
Mit sanften Stimmen zu mir.
Schaut's heimlich
Mit freundlichen Blicken
Zum Wanderer am Strande hier.
Mir ist, als hätten die Stimmen
Die je die Seele
Mir sanft bewegt
Und alle die freundlichen Blicke
Sich in die Wellen gelegt.

Along the shore

The waves gaze and talk
With gentle voices,
With friendly gaze,
And rock the dreaming soul
Back to far-off days.
Out of far-off, vanished days
They speak secretly
to me with gentle voices.
They watch secretly
With friendly looks
the wanderer here on the shore.
It is as if the voices,
Which ever gently
Moved my soul
And all the friendly faces
Were lying in the waves.



5. Hüt du dich!

Aus des Knaben Wunderhorn

Ich weiß mir'n Mädchen hübsch und fein,
hüt du dich!
Es kann wohl falsch und freundlich sein,
hüt du dich!
Vertrau ihr nicht, sie narret dich!

Sie hat zwei Äuglein, die sind braun,
hüt du dich!
Sie werd'n dich überzwerch anschauen,
hüt du dich!
Vertrau ihr nicht, sie narret dich!

Sie hat ein licht goldfarbenes Haar,
hüt du dich!
Und was sie red't, das ist nicht wahr,
hüt du dich!
Vertrau ihr nicht, sie narret dich!

Sie hat zwei Brüstlein, die sind weiß,
Hüt du dich!
Sie leg s' hervor nach ihrem Fleiß
hüt du dich!
Vertrau ihr nicht, sie narret dich!

Sie gibt dir'n Kränzlein fein gemacht,
hüt du dich!
Für einen Narr'n wirst du geacht,
hüt du dich!
Vertrau ihr nicht, sie narret dich!

I know a maiden fair to see

I know a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
beware! beware!
Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
take care!
She gives a side-glance and looks down,
beware! beware!
Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

And she has hair of a golden hue,
take care!

And what she says, it is not true,
beware! beware!

Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow,
take care!

She knows how much it is best to show,
beware! beware!

Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

She gives thee a garland woven fair,
take care!

It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,
beware! beware!

Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

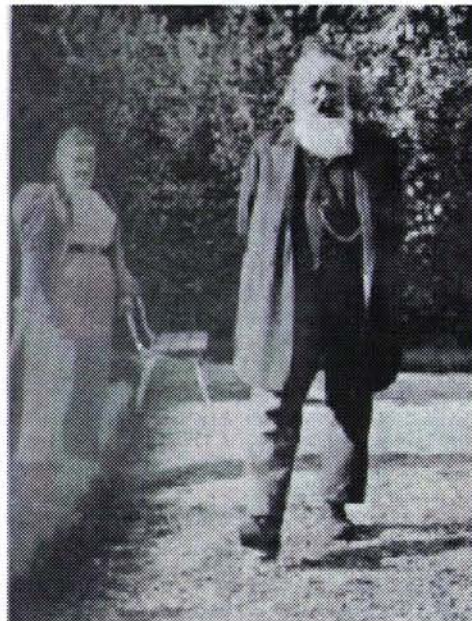
Wiegenlied Op.49, no.4

Johannes Brahms

Guten Abend, gut Nacht,
Mit Rosen bedacht,
Mit Näglein besteckt,
Schlupf unter die Deck':
Morgen früh, wenn Gott will,
Wirst du wieder geweckt.

Good evening, good night

Good evening, good night,
Bedecked with roses,
Covered with carnations,
Slip under the blanket
Early tomorrow,
You will be wake again.



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

Next concert:

8pm Monday, 3 November 2014

The Langbein Styrting Quartet

Marianne Grynychuk piano

Dances from Götenica

Divertimento no.5

String Quartet

Roses from the South, op.388

Wine, Women and Song, op.333

QUENTIN GRANT

RAYMOND CHAPMAN SMITH

LUKE ALTMANN

JOHANN STRAUSS II

(arr. Arnold Schoenberg)

JOHANN STRAUSS II

(arr. Alban Berg)

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