

# THE FIRM 2015



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JOHANNES BRAHMS

MARIANNA GRYNCHUK; LANGBEIN STRING QUARTET;

EMMA HORWOOD & ALEXANDRA BOLLARD;

ASHLEY HRIBAR & RACHEL JOHNSTON

CONCERT

## 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 110th concert.

“Without music, life would be a mistake.”

Friedrich Nietzsche

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

**Emma Horwood & Alexandra Bollard,**  
**sopranos**  
**Marianna Grynchuck, piano**

<b>Antonin Dvorak</b>	<b>Six Moravian Duets Op.32</b>
<b>Quentin Grant</b>	<b>Winter Songs</b>
<b>Johannes Brahms</b>	<b>Four Duets Op.61</b>

short interval

<b>Ignaz Brüll</b>	<b>Four Duets, Op.74 &amp;75</b>
<b>Johannes Brahms</b>	<b>Two songs, Op. 95, no 6 &amp; Op. 85, no.3</b>
<b>Johannes Brahms</b>	<b>Two Duets Op.66</b>
<b>Raymond Chapman Smith</b>	<b>Little Book of Songs</b>

## Six Moravian Duets, Op.32 (1876) Antonin Dvorak

### 1. I may swim away

Watch, love, else some fine day, hence I may swim away  
Vain it would prove, for all thy cunning,  
I would match thee: with my running line,  
I'd cast the bait would catch thee.  
Then I'd change to wild dove,  
And as light-winged rover live in freedom,  
Wandering all this wide world over  
Ah, but I've a falcon, trained but to obey me,  
And I loose him, though thou were the swiftest dove,  
The swiftest dove, he'd stay thee.  
Then, as a soaring kite, hence I would take my flight.  
Over our vast step roaming, on light pinions homing.  
With my bow-spied arrow, swift as morning light, love,  
I would pierce thy pinions, stay thine errant flight, love.  
Thy shaft never would reach me, for to heaven upsoaring,  
I would be a bright star, light over dark earth pouring.  
Wise men know and name each star that shines above thee;  
They will lead thee to me, and thou truly love me.  
Then by a law divine, yea, by a law divine,  
Thou shalt ever more be mine!

### 2. Speed the swallow

Speed thee swallow, speed thee over the hills and valleys,  
Speed thee swallow, speed thee to the home where I was born.  
Where I first did meet him, fondly there did greet him,  
Whom I miss, now long to kiss, and faith have sworn.  
Since I never may kiss thee, thou must ever miss me,  
Since thou ever must miss me, I may never kiss thee more;  
Since I evermore must miss thee whom my soul did once adore!  
Love another lassie, I another laddie!  
An the past be then forgot, ours shall be a happy lot!

### 3. And my scythe were whetted sharp and keen

And my scythe were whetted sharp and keen,  
With the corn and autumn grain,  
I would mow the flowers that grow between them;  
They for life should plead in vain.  
Fair, blue-eyed flowerets, wherefore should I mourn you?  
False, blue-eyed maiden, wherefore should I scorn you?  
With thy love overladen, with these flowers fast fading  
I would fain adorn you for your new elected swain.  
I would fain adorn you with these flowers fast fading,  
For your new elected swain!

### 4. Ever we part, love, kiss me

Ever we part love, kiss me, for we met in gladness:  
Why then part in sadness?  
Thee will I remember, once every year in May.  
I shall miss thee, thou will miss me, yet why part in sadness?  
Love! thee will I remember, day by day wherever my footsteps stray;  
Love, thee must I remember, fondly remember, night and day!  
Love, thee must I remember, love, yea, thee must I remember, love,  
Wherever I stray, love.

### 5. Small our hamlet

Small our hamlet by the riverside, love – I may never be thy bride,  
love;  
For thy mother, oh, thy mother shows her discontent,  
She will never to our union give her free consent.  
What care we, whatever our mothers may say, love,  
Though thousand times they say us nay, love,  
We will never heed them, nor obey, love.  
Thou art all my heart's delight, love, and thou to me stand  
And when bidding me 'Good Night', love, givest thy tiny hand!



6. Down from her nest a wild dove flew

Down from her nest a wild dove flew  
towards a field where the ripe corn grew,  
filled her crop, then sought her nest,  
high in the willow, there to rest.  
There sits and weeps a maid so fair,  
Hot tears trill through her gold silken hair;  
Sits and broiders wreath and two rings  
"Forsaken am I!" she softly sings.  
Broiders a rose, and makes sweet moan:  
"How could he leave me to die alone!"

MORAVSKÉ KROJE NÁRODNÍ.



1. Kraj hanácký; 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. kroje veličké; 7, 8, 9, 10. kroje slovácké.

Winter Songs (2009)

Quentin Grant

Poems by Georg Trakl,  
translated and adapted by the composer.

Winter Walk in A-Minor

Red spheres often emerge from branches,  
Snowed under softly and black by a long snowfall.  
The priest escorts the dead person.  
The nights are fulfilled by celebrations of masks.  
Then tousled crows glide over the village;  
In books fairy tales are written miraculously.  
At the window an old man's hair flutters.  
Demons go through the old, ill soul.  
The well freezes in the courtyard. Decayed stairs fall  
In the darkness and a wind blows  
Through old shafts which are buried.  
The palate tastes the frost's strong spices.



## In Winter

The acre shines white and cold.  
The sky is lonely and immense.  
Jackdaws circle over the pond  
And hunters climb down from the forest.  
A silence dwells in black treetops.  
Firelight flits from the huts.  
Sometimes a sleigh rings far away  
And slowly the gray moon rises.  
A deer bleeds to death softly at the field's edge  
And ravens splash in bloody gutters.  
The reeds tremble yellow and upraised.  
Frost, smoke, a step in the empty grove.

## Silence

Over the forests the moon  
Gleams pale, makes us dream,  
The willow by the dark pond  
Weeps soundlessly in the night.  
A heart extinguishes - and placidly  
The fogs flood and rise -  
Silence, silence!



## Four Duets, Op.61 (1874) Johannes Brahms

### 1. The Sisters

*Eduard Mörike*

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.

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. The Young Nun

*Justinus Kerner*

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. Phenomenon

*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

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. The Messengers of Love

*Josef Wenzig*

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.

### Four Duets, Op. 74 & 75 (1895)

**Ignaz Brüll**

#### 1. Daily, as evening approaches

*Christoph Mickwitz*

Daily, as evening approaches, I stroll here on the woodland path  
And, as if it was discussed, you also always appear there.  
Oh, why? It's you!  
And you greet me politely, and come up to me as if I have called you  
And we stroll then together, chatting, ever further into the woodland dusk.

#### 2. Through the evening darkness

*Christoph Mickwitz*

Through the evening darkness into the silent space  
The radiant glimmer of the moon moves like a sweet dream.  
Just as the tide rises at the full moon,  
So the heart swells up and trembles with restrained passion.  
And with impulsive longing, secret and involuntary,  
Cheek nestles silently up to cheek, and breast to breast.

#### 3. Small World

*Ernst Lenbach*

In a secret hideaway, deep in the grove,  
Two little birds build their nest.  
Their coat of feathers is grey and soft is their song  
You don't perceive them for all the surrounding din.  
Only the wild rose blooms there in secret  
And hears the love verses of the merry guests  
And sunlight plays through the canopy of leaves  
And sees the great joy of the small world.

#### 4. On lonely paths

*Ernst Lenbach*

On lonely paths, in verdant spring groves  
A couple walks together, easy and safe in each other's company.  
People are far away and the foliage is so dense  
The heart opens up and the lips speak  
The gaze becomes words, the words become kisses.  
But this does not stay secret, however quiet the place is.  
The wind has overheard it, the sun has espied it,  
It has been confided by both to the nightingale.  
And in the lilac, whose blooms surround your window,  
It sings all night its bridal song.

**Two Songs (1882/83)      Johannes Brahms**

**Maiden's song Op.95, no.6**

*Paul Heyse*

On Judgment Day I will rise again,  
and immediately look for my sweetheart;  
and if I cannot find him,  
I will lie down again and sleep.

Heartache, you Eternity!  
Only with another comes happiness!  
And if my sweetheart comes not in,  
then I don't wish to be in Paradise!"

**Maiden's song, Op.85, no.3**

*Siegfried Kapper*

Ah, and you, my cool river!  
Ah, and you, my red little rose!  
How can you bloom to me so early?  
I have no one to pick you for!

Shall I pick you for my mother?  
No mother have I, an orphan!  
Shall I pick you for my sister?  
Ah, no, long ago was she married off.

Shall I pick you for my brother?  
But he has gone to the field of battle.  
Shall I pick you for my sweetheart?  
Far away, alas, does my sweetheart languish!  
On the other side of those three green mountains,  
On the other side of those three cool rivers!

**Two Duets, Op.66 (1882)      Johannes Brahms**

**1. Along the shore**

*Hermann Hölty*

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.

**2.I know a maiden fair to see**

*Aus des Knaben Wunderhorn*

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!



*Ignaz Brüll, far left, Brahms on the right*

## Little Book of Songs

Raymond Chapman Smith (2015)

*Texts: Heinrich Heine*

1. Only bear with me in patience,  
If the notes of former wrongs  
Many a time distinctly echo  
In the latest of my songs.

Wait! the slow reverberation  
Of my grief will soon depart,  
And a spring of new song blossom  
In my healed, reviving heart.

2. The sun is already climbing over the hills,  
I hear the flock of lambs far away;  
My darling, my love, my sunshine and joy,  
I would like to see you one more time.

I look upward, searching,  
"Farewell, my child, I travel from here!"  
In vain! No curtain moves,  
She is still asleep, and dreaming of me.

3. Heart, my heart, don't be oppressed,  
and bear your fate:  
a new Spring will give back  
what Winter has taken from you.

Just think how many things remain,  
and how fair is the world!  
And, my heart, whatever you find pleasing,  
anything, everything - you may love!

4. In tears the woods I wander.  
The thrush is perched on the bough;  
She springs and sings up yonder --  
"Oh, why so sad art thou?"

The swallows, thy sisters, are able  
My dear, to answer thee.  
They built clever nests in the gable,  
Where sweetheart's windows be.



5. Death is the cool night.  
Life is the sultry day.  
It now grows dark; I'm drowsy,  
The day has wearied me.

Above my bed rises a tree,  
The young nightingale sings there, it seems;  
She sings of naught but love -  
I hear it even in my dreams.

6. Night lies on the unfamiliar roads;  
a sick heart and tired limbs...  
ah, like a quiet blessing, there flows down,  
sweet moon, your light;

Sweet moon, with your rays  
You drive away the night horror;  
Away runs my pain,  
And my eyes brim over with tears.



*Heinrich Heine*

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

Thank you for your continuing support in 2015.

Our next concert will be some time in

2016

when our posthumous composers in residence will be:

**Domenico Scarlatti and Alfred Schnittke**

To be on our emailing list please send us an email to: [info@firmmusic.com.au](mailto:info@firmmusic.com.au)

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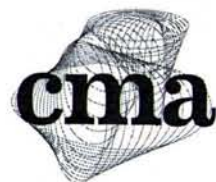
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Dvorak, Moravian Duet, Op.32