

THE FIRM 2016



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 114th concert.

She has not yet been born:
She is music and word,
and therefore the un-torn,
fabric of what is stirred.

Osip Emilevich Mandelstam (1891 – 1938)

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

Kate Macfarlane, soprano

Robert Macfarlane, tenor

Jamie Cock, piano

Domenico Scarlatti

Sonata in Bm, K.27

Anne Cawrse

Parting Songs

Raymond Chapman Smith

Little Book of Songs

Scarlatti

Sonata in Am, K.7

Quentin Grant

Anna and Nikolay

- Interval -

Grahame Dudley

Almost Seven Morgenstern Songs

Scarlatti

Sonata in C, K.513

Alfred Schnittke

3 Gedichte

Schumann

2 Lieder

Sonata in B minor, K.27 Domenico Scarlatti

Parting Songs Anne Cawrse

To poems by Anna Akhmatova

Not weeks, not months we spent – but years
Parting. And now at last
The chill of real freedom,
And the grey wreath over the brow.
No more treason or betrayal,
And you'll not listen till the dawn
To my flow of evidence,
To my tale of perfect innocence.

~
And as ever in the days of final separation,
The ghost of our first days knocked at the door,
And in burst the silver willow
In a grey magnificence of branches.
To us, the frenzied, scornful, bitter,
Not daring to lift our eyes from the ground,
A bird sang in a blissful voice,
Of how we cherished one another.

Departure

Although this land is not my own,
I will remember its inland sea
and the waters that are so cold
the sand as white
as old bones, the pine trees
strangely red where the sun comes down.

I cannot say if it is our love,
or the day, that is ending.

The Last Toast

I drink to our ruined house,
To all of life's evils too,
To our mutual loneliness,
And I, I drink to you –
To eyes, dead and cold,
To lips, lying and treacherous,
To the age, coarse, and cruel,
To the fact no god has saved us.



Anna A.

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 and Matilde Heine

Sonata in Am, K.7 Scarlatti

Anna and Nikolay Quentin Grant (2016) **To poems by Anna Akhmatova**

Starring:

Kate Macfarlane, as Russian poet Anna Ahkmatova
Robert Macfarlane, as her first husband, the poet Nickolay Gumilyov (soon to be shot for treason by the Bolsheviks)
Jamie Cock, as all the other characters, including the horse.

I asked the cuckoo:

How many years will I live? ...
The tips of the pine-trees quivered,
A yellow ray shone on the grass.
Yet no sound in the cool grove...
Now I am going home,
And a refreshing breeze
Kisses my burning brow.

The evening light is broad and yellow,
Tender, the April chill.
You are many years late,
Yet I'm glad you are here.

Sit down now, close to me,
And look with joyful eyes:
Here it is, the blue notebook –
Filled with my childhood poems.

Forgive me that I lived in sorrow,
Rejoiced too little in the sun.
Forgive, forgive, that I mistook
Too many others for you.

Muse

When at night I wait for her to come,
Life, it seems, hangs by a single strand.
What are glory, youth, freedom, in comparison
With the dear welcome guest, a flute in hand?

She enters now. Pushing her veil aside,
She stares through me with her attentiveness.
I question her: 'And were you Dante's guide,
Dictating the inferno?' She answers: 'Yes.'

A Ride

My feather brushed the carriage roof.
I gazed into his eyes.
The pain, in my heart, I failed to know,
Caused by my own sighs.

The evening breathless, heavily-chained
The vault of cloudy skies,,
And the Bois de Boulogne, stained,
In some old album, with Indian ink.

Scent of lilac and petrol,
And a quiet, guarded waiting...
With his hand he touched my knees
Again, and without trembling.

Yes, I loved those nocturnal gatherings –
The iced glasses on the little table,
A fine steam from the black, fragrant coffee,
The red fire roaring, the winter heat,
The laughter at caustic literary jokes,
And a stranger's gaze, helpless and dreadful.

...And no-one came to meet me

Carrying a lantern.
The house quiet: my entry
By moonlight uncertain.

Under the green lamp,
His smile was lifeless,
Whispering: 'Cinderella,
How strange your voice...'

Flames of the fire dying:
Wearily, cricket chirping.
Ah! Someone's taken my
White shoe into their keeping.

Given me three carnations
Without raising their eyes.
O, dear tokens,
Where can you hide?

My heart's bitter too
Knowing soon, soon,
My little white shoe
Will be tried by everyone.

Why do you wander, restless?

Why stare, unable to breathe?
Surely you understand, our two
Souls have been welded as one.

You, you'll be solaced by me
In a way no one could dream,
And when wild words wound –
It's you who'll feel it the most.

He loved three things in life:

Evensong, white peacocks
And old maps of America,
He hated it when children cried,
He hated tea with raspberry jam
And women's hysterics.
. . . And I was his wife.

Blows the swan wind,

The blue sky's smeared
With blood; the anniversary
Of your love's first days draws near.

You have destroyed
my sorcery; like water the years
Have drifted by. Why
Aren't you old, but as you were?

Your tender voice even more ringing,
Only your serene brow
Has taken from time's wing
A scattering of snow.

Memory of sun ebbs from the heart.

Grass fades early.
Wind blows the first snowflakes
Barely, barely.

Freezing water can't flow
Along these narrow channels.
Nothing happens here, oh
Nothing can happen.

A willow against the sky
Spreads its transparent fan.
Better perhaps, if I
Hadn't accepted your hand.

Memory of sunlight ebbs from the heart.
What's this? Darkness?
Perhaps! ...In the night
Winter has overcome us.

Song of the Last Meeting

My heart was chilled and numb,
But my feet were light.
I fumbled the glove for my left hand
Onto my right.

It seemed there were many steps,
I knew – there were only three.
Autumn, whispering in the maples,
Kept urging: 'Die with me!

I'm cheated by joylessness,
Changed by a destiny untrue.'
I answered: 'My dear, my dear!
I too: I'll die with you.'

The song of the last meeting.
I see that dark house again.
Only bedroom candles burning,
With a yellow, indifferent, flame.

'This remorseless black separation'

I bear equally with you.
Why cry? Rather, give me your hand,
Promise to visit me in dream.
You and I – are like two mountains.
You and I – not meeting in this world.
If only sometimes, at midnight,
You'd send me a greeting through the stars.



Anna and Nikolay (before he was shot)

Almost Seven Morgenstern Songs Grahame Dudley

Christian Morgenstern (1874 -1914) was a German poet who above all played with words like Paul Klee (who illustrated these poems) played with lines; "taking them for a walk."

All his life Morgenstern preserved the child's vision: to see words (and things) as though he had never seen them before.

He dedicated his poems "to the child in man"

Das grosse Lalulä

Kroklokwaſzi? Semememi!
Seiokrontro—prafriplo:
Bifzi, bafzi; hulalemi:
quasti basti bo . . .
Lalu, lalu lalu lalu la!

Hontraruru miromente
zasku zes rii rü?
Entepente, leiolente
klekwapufzi lii?
lalu lalu lalu lalu la!

Simatar kos malzipempu
silzuzankunkrei (;)!
Marjomar dos: Quempu Lempu
Siri Suri Sei []!
Lalu lalu lalu lalu la!



The Police Inquiry

Korf gets a police chief's questionnaire,
written in a stiff, official way,
asking who he is and how and where.

At what other places did he stay,
what professional life he claims to lead,
and when born, exactly, year and day.

Furthermore, was he indeed
licensed here to live? And would he check
where he banks, and what his race and creed?

Otherwise he'll get it in the neck
and be jailed. Below are two
signatures: Borowsky, Heck.

Korf replies in short, without ado:
"Honorable gracious Sir,
after thorough personal review

it is necessary to aver
that the party signed below
does not actually occur

in conventional reality, although
he himself by self-same fact is vexed.
K o r f. (To County Office so-and-so.)"

The concerned police chief reads, perplexed.

The Snail's Monologue

Shall I dwell in my shell?
Shall I not dwell in my shell?
Dwell in shell?
Rather not dwell?
Shall I not dwell,
shall I dwell,
dwell in shell
shall I shell,
shall I shell I shall I shell I shall I ?

(The snail gets so entangled with his thoughts or, rather,
the thoughts run away with him that he must postpone the decision.)

Korf's Clock

Korf a kind of clock invents
where two pairs of hands go round:
one the current hour presents,
one is always backward bound.

When it's two—it's also ten;
when it's three—it's also nine.
You just look at it, and then
time gets never out of line,

for in Korf's astute invention
with its Janus-kindred stride
(which, of course, was his intention)
time itself is nullified.

The Does' Prayer

The does, as the hour grows late,
med-it-ate;

med-it-nine;

med-i-ten;

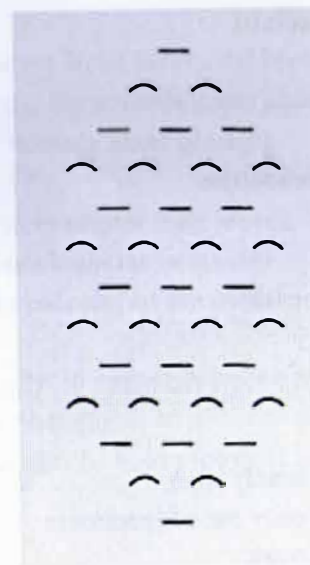
med-eleven;

med-twelve;

mednight!

The does, as the hour grows late,
meditate.
They fold their little toesies,
the doesies.

The Fish's Night Song



The Picket Fence

One time there was a picket fence
with space to gaze from hence to thence.

An architect who saw this sight
approached it suddenly one night,

removed the spaces from the fence
and built of them a residence.

The picket fence stood there dumbfounded
with pickets wholly unsurrounded,

a view so naked and obscene,
the Senate had to intervene.

The architect, however, flew
to Afri- or Americoo.

His world has neither Verse or Rhyme
and collapses from the smallest tremor -
daily, out of the rubble, he must rebuild it.

3. Der Geiger The Violinist

When the Violinist plays upon the finest string
It is transfigured and brought to a higher purpose
In a muted voice I call:
My God! All I have longed for; a home, truth,
it exists, it lives;
as long as he muses
as long as he moves the bow,
as long as he remains deep within himself,
undistracted, searching for his lofty goal.

4. Dein Schweigen Your silence

I bow my head before the brook
And the icy crystals press squeezes my hand
In Autumn's bitter greeting.

The trees scatter their leaves,
the Hawk circles languidly
In the pale sky of the wilderness.

Already 15 years have gone by
since that day.
Your silence is so profound.

Sonata in C, K.513 Scarlatti

3 Gedichte Alfred Schnittke

To texts by Viktor Schnittke

- 1.
2. Wer gedichte macht...
He who writes poetry...

He who writes poetry is a lonely man,
He begins with his poems only out of loneliness
and is then alone with his work.

2 Duets

Robert Schumann

Op. 74, No. 4, In der Nacht

Op. 78, No.1, Tanzlied

At Night

Text: Emanuel von Geibel

All are sleeping, weary heart!
Thou, thou only sleepless art!
All this throbbing, all this aching,
Evermore shall keep thee waking,
For a heart in sorrow breaking
Thinketh ever of its smart!

Dance-song

Text: Friedrich Rückert

She:

Eia, look how the ribbons flutter on the wreath -
Come dance with me, my dear!
Let's swing,
Let's leap quickly
Into the middle of this delightful brilliance!
Come dance with me, my dear!

He:

Woe, how my heart pounds!
Tell me, what jest is this?
Let me embrace you,
Let me melt away,
Resting in blissful pain.
Tell me, what jest is this?

She:

Eia, the waltz is starting:
Couple upon couple are swaying,
Maidens and lads,

Rogues and sweethearts!

Quick, let's jump in where the crowd is thick.

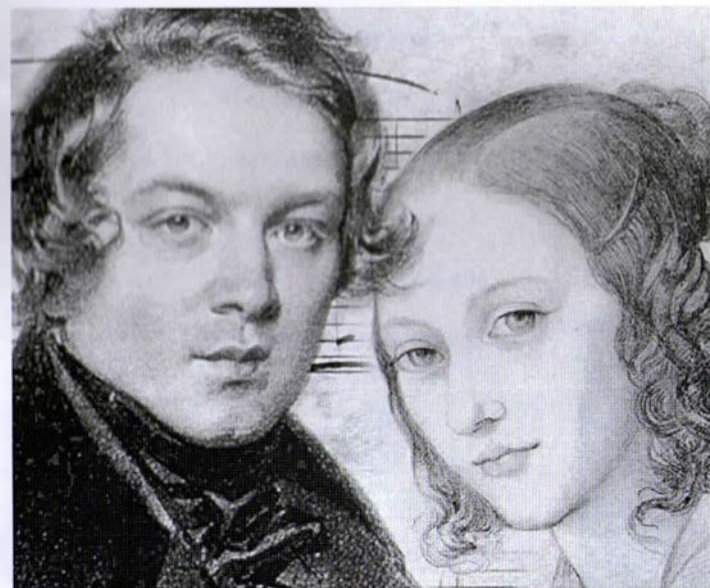
Couple upon couple are swaying!

He:

Woe! my arm has dropped
In the middle of the jubilant crowd.
See how they touch each other!
I turn pale...
Perhaps I will be hurt
In the middle of the jubilant crowd.

She:

Eia, how the ribbons flutter on the wreath
Today, for everyone who is dancing:
Swirling about today,
Tomorrow gone;
Tomorrow, o sweetheart, yours completely,
Today, for everyone who is dancing!



Robert and Clara

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

Next concert:

**Our 2017 season will begin on Monday June 26th with a
special concert featuring Konstantin Shamray playing
Bach's Goldberg Variations.**

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and

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