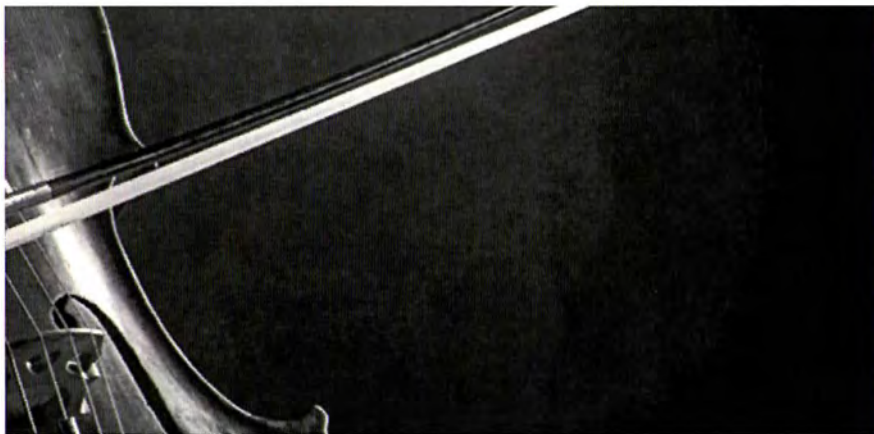


THE FIRM 2017 J.S. BACH



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 118th concert.

*"Bach is like an astronomer who, with the help of
ciphers, finds the most wonderful stars."*

Chopin

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

Robert Macfarlane

Kate Macfarlane

Michael Ierace

CPE Bach

Der Frühling

Anne Cawrse

Spring Songs

Luke Altmann

The Sunne Rising

CPE Bach

Die Grazien

David Kotlowy

Three Songs

Der Frühling

CPE Bach

Spring

Joy, the desire of both gods and men,
The playmate of innocence.
Let my song lead you down from every mountain or out of every valley
Towards Spring's embrace.
Come from the fields of Lily or out of the perfumed meadows.

Who comes from out of those fragrant meadows?
She is beautiful like the sitting moon and raised up like the Cedars.
It is she, drawn towards me by my pleading song!
Look there, blooming from her footsteps are shimmering ambrosia flowers.
She has arrived, the sister of spring!

Now she spreads her wings joyfully and carries me high into the clouds.
I see all of Nature underneath me turning green.
From joyful climbs I am nearing your throne.
I sing your praises, creator of nature.

Nature is mixed in with the meaning of your hymns.
A harmonious sound rises towards you out of the fields.
And out of the valley rises a fragrant smoke, carried to you like an offering.

Sing with me, all children of creation!
Sing of the love born of us.
Tell your praises to the seraphic heavens!
Accompanying the Flowers on crystal springs,
rushing the blossoms from one wave to another.

Every living thing praises god and rejoices in itself!



La primavera, Botticelli

Spring Songs (2017) Anne Cawrse

Text by Sara Teasdale

This little collection of four short songs sets lyrical texts by American poet Sara Teasdale (1884-1933).

'Paris In Spring' was originally part of a longer work of mine for Soprano and Baroque ensemble. Tonight's arrangement is much more portable, and gives opportunity for the dust to be blown off a part of a score that, in my own estimation, has always been pretty good.

'The Look' is a poem I had read many times before and wondered about setting- an upcoming Firm concert was as good an opportunity to do so as any. The text is pithy and honest; so to, I hope, the music.

'Spring Torrents' borrows its piano accompaniment line from a gorgeous song by Samuel Barber which I stumbled across accidentally, but to my utter delight. I intend to 'borrow' elements of the melodic line of the same song in another work one day.

'Nightfall' was composed in around 2 hours as an exercise in seeing what happens when I don't think about things too much. My conclusion to this experiment is that thinking has its place, but sometimes a simple song needs the directness that instinct can provide.

Poems by Sara Teasdale

Paris In Spring

The city's all a-shining
Beneath a fickle sun,
A gay young wind's a-blowing,
The little shower is done.
But the rain-drops still are clinging
And falling one by one --
Oh it's Paris, it's Paris,
And spring-time has begun.

I know the Bois is twinkling
In a sort of hazy sheen,
And down the Champs the gray old arch
Stands cold and still between.
But the walk is flecked with sunlight
Where the great acacias lean,
Oh it's Paris, it's Paris,
And the leaves are growing green.

The sun's gone in, the sparkle's dead,
There falls a dash of rain,
But who would care when such an air
Comes blowing up the Seine?
And still Ninette sits sewing
Beside her window-pane,
When it's Paris, it's Paris,
And spring-time's come again.

The Look

Strephon kissed me in the spring,
Robin in the fall,
But Colin only looked at me
And never kissed at all.

Strephon's kiss was lost in jest,
Robin's lost in play,
But the kiss in Colin's eyes
Haunts me night and day.

Spring Torrents

Will it always be like this until I am dead,
Every spring must I bear it all again
With the first red haze of the budding maple boughs,
And the first sweet-smelling rain?

Oh I am like a rock in the rising river
Where the flooded water breaks with a low call—
Like a rock that knows the cry of the waters
And cannot answer at all.

Nightfall

We will never walk again
As we used to walk at night,
Watching our shadows lengthen
Under the gold street-light
When the snow was new and white.

We will never walk again
Slowly, we two,
In spring when the park is sweet
With midnight and with dew,
And the passers-by are few.

I sit and think of it all,
 And the blue June twilight dies,—
 Down in the clanging square
 A street-piano cries
 And stars come out in the skies.

The Sunne Rising Luke Altmann

The Sunne Rising John Donne

Busie old fool, unruly Sunne,
 Why dost thou thus,
 Through windowes, and through curtaines, call on us?
 Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run?
 Sawcy pedantique wretch, goe chide
 Late school boyes, and sowre prentices,
 Goe tell Court-huntsmen that the King will ride,
 Call countrey ants to harvest offices,
 Love, all alike, no season knowes, nor clyme,
 Nor houres, dayes, months, which are the rags of time.

Thy beames, so reverend and strong,
 Why shouldst thou thinke?
 I could eclipse and cloud them with a winke,
 But that I would not lose her sight so long:
 If her eyes have not blinded thine,
 Look, and to morrow late, tell mee,
 Whether both the Indias of spice and Myne,
 Be where thou leftst them, or lie here with mee.
 Aske for those Kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,
 And thou shalt heare, all here in one bed lay.

She'is all States, and all Princes, I,
 Nothing else is.
 Princes doe but play us; compar'd to this,
 All honor's mimique, all wealth alchimie.
 Thou, sunne, art halfe as happy'as wee,
 In that the world's contracted thus;
 Thine age askes ease, and since thy duties bee
 To warme the world, that's done in warming us.
 Shine here to us, and thou art every where;
 This bed thy center is, these walls, thy spheare.



The Three Graces



Emmanuel Bach

Die Grazien CPE Bach

The Graces

Once upon a time, on a spring evening,
Three graces amused themselves in an Acidalian Spring near a forest.

Aglaia, most beautiful of the graces, suddenly went missing.

How shocked the Daughter's of Grace were upon discovering
Aglaia was missing!
They ran through the trees of the forest and searched and called.
They played trembling, tender tones up Cremonese violins.
"Aglaia", cried the siver tones, helping their calls to gently spread.

However, Agaia was nowhere to be found.
"Ah, Pan has sneered at me! That Sinner has her already.
Ah, Aphrodite, look down from your throne!
Will you choose to abandon us now after such a long eternity?
Two graces are to be mocked by all the world,
Pan has the third already!"

- So they complained.

Then they crept around the bushes and pressed gently on the leaves,
Jumping back with fear every time.
They resolved to find the Thief, but trembled with fear at the mere thought of seeing him.
Finally, they came to a rose bush where my love Chloe and I were hiding.
Chloe sat in front of me, and I behind her.

I slyly turned towards her neck and quickly stole a kiss from her.
Not noticing, she then turned her neck towards me.
We both met halfway for another Kiss.

In the midst of this game we were sprung by the graces,
Who laughed at us kissing.
They ambled towards us happily.
"That is Aglaia!" they cried.
"You sneak, you sit here kissing while we madly search for you?"
And suddenly they ran away with my Chloe.

"What!" I cried, "you base thieves!"
"How could that be Aglaia?"
"You are mad, you Graces, you can't do this,
Give Chloe back to me deceivers, she is mine!"

But the graces didn't hear me, and ran away with my beloved Chloe.
Furiously I hurried after them when suddenly Aglaia appeared from behind a Beech tree,
And winked at me, smiled and said:

"Why do you hurry to find Chloe, lucky mortal, Aglaia loves you!
Kiss me once instead of Chloe and you will not want to hurry after her.
I, a goddess, is in love with you. Kiss me!"

Shyly I glanced at the Grace-goddess:
Her face spoke of delight, youth and lust to my ashamed eyes.
Dangerous temptation!
However, with a trembling hand I grabbed her and led her to her sisters,
And said: "Here is Aglaia, you graces."

"Chloe, my life and my love, give my Chloe back to me,
Is this not Aglaia's face and image?
Take this goddess back!"

Three Songs David Kotlowy

Cuma Satu (Just One)

Petir (Thunder and Lightning)

Terzina Zina (Illicit Love)

The three songs are from the suite, Lagu Cinta ("Love Songs") that I composed for Kate and Robert, accompanied by Javanese Gamelan ensemble, and which premiered in OzAsia Festival 2013. They are settings of poems by the renowned Indonesian poet Sitok Srengenge (b. 1965), one for each soloist, and a duet.

The new piano settings acknowledge the musical scales of Javanese gamelan, and showcase the counterpoint and polymetrics that were concealed in the ensemble arrangements.

Cuma Satu

Cuma satu hasrat mulutku. . .

Just One

My lips yearn for just one thing,
to say your name
Expressing,
mouthing softly,
perhaps without giving voice
for you not to hear it
Like the sepals of a flower
slowly opening
when light lies
in silence
And this body
leafy bough of spring
knows what is most longed for:
to hold you to me, dear Wind!

Like waves reaching out for shore
reaching but not arriving
Before the horizon awakes
setting loose its hot-tempered son
to wrench away your coppery body
and the withered leaves
If one day
I do utter your name,
we can be mute no longer
for you are the meaning and I the sound
And we shall wander
pilgrims to all manner of things
Which later will bear names
according to the traces we leave

Petir

Kata-katamu menjelma petir . . .

Thunder and Lightning

Your words became thunderbolts
in the mind of monsoonal nights
Flash preceded crash
darkness before dreaming
The heaving, sighing wind,
staying its breath upon bodies unable to touch,
rages out from within, slashing at leaf and branch outside
with sword-blades of loneliness
I clasp my longing tightly before it bursts into leaf
when fire-tongued arrows
scorch the wings of birds
in the quiet moments of dawn
So I cast my yearning afloat on a waveless bay
where stillness lies

and rocks are softened by moss
with tender caresses
bequeathed by mists
And forget to ask: do storms harbour love?

Terzina Zina

Pada gerai rambutmu yang menyambung gerimis . . .

Illicit Love

Among tresses of your loosened hair beading fine rain
birds inhale deeply, imbibing fragments of time,
to prepare their nests strand by strand
From desire mounting up against the walls of anguish
rising past the paunchy poet and stony sorceress,
you and I well up and overflow
Amid the folds of your neck as soft as dripping sunlight
refracting the rainbow's arch to the pit of my stomach,
other than you and me there are only shadows
You yank my soul towards the hissing
bodies floating like boats on a sea of time,
you and I swaying together, rocking
As blue as heartache and as tender as tears
from barriers and separation and wants,
I walk away
Otherwise there is only unabated yearning,
for your brow, chin, breasts, for your bearing and demeanour,
It is you I remember

English translations by Guy and Deetje Tunstill (© 2013)

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

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:

2018!

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