

the firm 2003

CONCERT TWO

EMMA HORWOOD

Soprano

STEFAN AMMER

Piano

"This is the place where I never was before:
one's breath comes differently,
more dazzling than the sun is the
radiance of a star beside it."

Franz Kafka



Pilgrim Church provides wheelchair access
via the rear (northern) doors

Toilets can be accessed through the door
on the left of the performance area.

MONDAY JUNE 9, 2003

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756 - 91)
Abendempfindung K. 523

Quentin SD Grant
Trakl Songs

Gustav Mahler (1860 - 1911)
'Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen'

Leos Janacek (1854 - 1928)
On an Overgrown Path

Raymond Chapman Smith
Im Grase

Hugo Wolf (1860 - 1903)
'Italienisches Liederbuch'

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-91)

Abendempfindung K. 523

(Feelings at Evening)

Text: Joachim Heinrich Campe (1746-1818)

It is evening, the sun has vanished,
and the moon sheds its silvery light;
so the loveliest hours of life speed away,
they fly past us as in a dance.

Soon the motley scene of life escapes us
and the curtain falls;
our play is over, our friends' tears
already flow on our grave.

Soon, perhaps (like the west wind
a still foreboding is gently borne towards me)
I will end this life's pilgrimage
and fly to a land of rest.

If you will then weep by my grave
and look sadly on my ashes,
then, O friends, I will appear to you
and bear you towards heaven.

Pay me then the tribute of a tear
and gather a violet for my grave,
and with your affectionate eye
look softly down upon me.

Dedicate a tear to me,
and be not ashamed to do so;
for in my diadem
it will be the finest pearl!

Joannes Chrisostomus, Wolfgang, Gottlieb Mozart needs little introduction but his songs, with the exception of the ubiquitous *Das Veilchen*, are unaccountably overlooked. Of his thirty-six solo songs with piano accompaniment, many are unpretentiously strophic; several are declamatory concert pieces while some, such as *Abendempfindung* are early Romantic, through-composed mood pictures, such as Schubert was later to perfect. Composed on the 24th of June, 1787, *Abendempfindung* is one of the earliest, essential lied.

In closing his magnificent, cultural biography of Mozart, Robert Gutman describes him thus: "He tendered the world a message - to echo Carlyle's praise of Goethe - like that of the Evangelists, for he, too, had the power to ransom the soul. Beloved of youth with its infinite longings and no less of age with its failed aspirations, he confronted his time and confronts posterity as a universal touchstone. Like all geniuses of his rank, he stands as a law to himself: incommensurable, incalculable, sublime."

Quentin SD Grant

Trakl Songs

Text: Georg Trakl (1887-1914), considerably adapted by the composer.

Mankind

Round gorges deep with fire mankind;
A roll of drums, dark drums of soldiers marching,
Footsteps in blood, in fog dark with blood
Sad night of thought, high flying despair.
Cloud broken by golden light,
Eve's shadow falls the supper's end,
This bread, this wine cold silence keeps.
Here do the holy Twelve stand,
Under the trees they cry at night,
Into the wound Saint Thomas dips his hands.

Eastern Front

The anger of the people is dark,
Like the wild organ notes of winter storm.
The battle's crimson wave, a naked
Forest of stars.

With silver arms

To dying soldiers night comes beckoning.
In the shade of the trees
Ghosts of the fallen are sighing.

Look! Thorny wildness holds the town,
From bloody doorways the moon
Chases fearful girls,
Wild wolves have poured through the gates.

Credo

The clouds are filling the deep forest with ghostly eyes,
Brushing every shadow,
Staining every hand, each heart with blood unseen.
Fallen now your eyelids,
Tangled your hair,
Fallen, your sister's eyes.

Over the new graves a single dark cry floating, silently;
With hollow echo moves a stream, darkly crimson.
Pass the dead child,
Pass the single daisy, shining daisy
Touched with the blood of Christ.
Fruit of human kindness,
Touched with the fruit of human kindness,
Touched with the blood of human kindness.

At roughly the same time as Janáček was finishing his *Overgrown Path* series the Austrian poet Georg Trakl was writing his mature works which consist of just over a hundred poems and prose poems, all written between 1912 and 1914. A drug addict, his tragic vision of life was only made darker by the horrors he witnessed as a medical officer in the First World War; horrors he escaped when he overdosed.

The tone of his work is expressionistic and imagist, and though a mood of pessimism generally dominates the surface a deep, lyrical spiritual order is always affirmed. The great poet Rilke wrote of Trakl's work: "in his work...falling is the pretext for the most continuous ascension".

Gustav Mahler (1860 - 1911)

'Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen'
(Lost to the World)

Text: Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

I am lost to the world
on which I used to waste so much time.
It has heard nothing of me for so long
that it may well think me dead.

I do not care at all
whether it thinks me dead.
nor can I deny it:
for I have really died to the world.

I have died to the world's tumult
and rest in a realm of quiet:
I live alone in my own heaven,
in my love, in my song.

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen is a song which, alongside the familiar Adagietto from his Fifth Symphony, contains for many listeners the essence of Mahler's expressive world. It is the central song in the set of five Rückert-Lieder which were first performed in Vienna on 29th January 1905. The same concert included the premiere of Mahler's *Kindertotenlieder*, also to poems of Friedrich Rückert.

Although best known in its orchestral guise, *Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen* was conceived as a song with piano accompaniment and this evening's performance also presents the music in its original key.

Leos Janacek (1854 - 1928)

On an Overgrown Path

Series 2

I. Andante

II. Allegretto

Paralipomena

I. Piu mosso

II. Allegro

III. Vivo

Leos Janáček – the Firm's Posthumous Composer-in-Residence for 2003 – was a brilliant pianist as a young man, but in later years never played in public. He wrote his longest and most ambitious piano cycle, *On an Overgrown Path*, between 1901 and 1908 as a sort of diary produced to help cope with the shock of the death of his 20-year-old daughter Olga. In 1911 he also planned an extended second series, but he composed only three new pieces and these are now commonly performed alongside two pieces which the composer had not included in the first series.

On an Overgrown Path alludes to the past, to memories of the composer's youth and childhood. These pieces "are dear to me above all else" said the composer; and in them he simultaneously evokes nostalgic warmth and restless melancholy. *Series I* will be performed in our October concert.

Raymond Chapman Smith

Im Grase

(In the Long Grass)

Text: Annette von Droste - Hülshoff (1797-1848)

Sweet repose, sweet bemusement in the long grass,
with the breath of the scent of herbs around you,
a deep stream, deep, deep ecstatic stream,
when the cloud evaporates into the azure,
when sweet laughter dances down
on to your weary swimming head
a dear voice murmurs and drifts
like lime-blossom on to a grave.

Then when the dead in your breast,
every corpse stretches and gently stirs,
gently draws breath,
flutters its closed eyelashes -
dead love, dead pleasure, dead time,
all these treasures buried deep in rubble,
touch one another with a hesitant note
like little bells in the playful wind.

Hours, more fleeting you are than the kiss
of a sunbeam on the mourning lake;
than the migrating bird's call
which comes down to me like pearls from the sky;
than the flash of a brilliant beetle
when it hurries across the sunlit path;
than the warm pressure of a hand
which lingers for the last time.

Even so, Heaven, grant me always
just this one thing for myself:

for the song of every free bird in the blue
a soul to travel with it;
only for every meager ray
my hem of iridescent colour;
for every warm hand the pressure of my hand,
and for every happiness a dream.

As I set about making these songs for Emma and this concert, I wanted to
give her a woman's words to sing, preferably written during the literary era
I knew she most favoured.

Born in the same year as Franz Schubert, Annette von Droste-Hülshoff
came of a family of Westphalian nobility and is often described as
Germany's greatest woman writer. In setting 'Im Grase' I have attempted
to make a brief cycle which follows the model of Beethoven's 'An die
ferne Geliebte' Op.98. That is to say, a series of short songs, connected
by piano interludes, which return - as cycles are compelled - to their
beginning.

I was also concerned to find a suitable musical home for these words and
have taken essentially 19th century material and organised it, as one of
our critical eminences recently observed, "according to a logic all his (i.e.
my) own". I tried someone else's logic once but it left me with a condition
which Wittgenstein pithily described as: "Wo Zusammengesetztheit ist,
da ist Argument und Funktion, und wo diese sind, sind bereits alle
Logischen Konstanten."

Hugo Wolf (1860 - 1903)

'Italienisches Liederbuch'

(Twelve Songs from the Italian Song Book)

Text: after the Italian, by Paul Heyse (1830-1914)

(1)

Little things can also delight us,
little things may also be precious,
Think how we like to adorn ourselves with pearls -
they fetch a high price, yet they are small.
Think how little an olive is,
yet its goodness makes it sought after.
think of the rose - how small it is!
But as you know, it smells so sweet.

(2)

They told me you were travelling afar.
Where are you going, my dearest life?
I would like to know the day you depart;
I will water your path with tears.
Think of me, and hope will shine on you!
Weeping I think of you, wherever you are -
think of me, do not forget, dear heart!

(7)

The moon has brought a heavy charge
before the Lord, and announced
that he no longer wants to stand in the sky:
for you, he said, have robbed him of his splendour.
When he last counted the host of stars,
the full number was not there:
two of the loveliest you had taken from him -
those two eyes that have blinded me.

(8)

Now let us make peace, my dearest love;
we have quarreled far too long.
If you refuse, I will surrender to you;
how could we make war to the death?
Kings and princes make peace,
should not lovers crave it?
Princes and soldiers make peace,
should two lovers fail to do likewise?
Do you think what such great lords manage
could not be done by two contented hearts?

(10)

You think you can catch me with a thread,
making me love you by just looking at me?
I have caught others whose minds flew higher.
Do not trust me when you see me laugh!
I have caught others, just you believe me.
I am in love - but not with you.

(11)

How long I have yearned
to have a musician for my lover!
Now the Lord has granted my wish
and sent me one, all pink and white.
Here he comes, with gentle mien,
bows his head and plays the violin.

(15)

My sweetheart is so small, that without bending down
he sweeps the floor with his curls.
When he went into the garden to pick jasmine
a snail frightened him.
Then he sat down in the house to catch his breath,
and a fly knocked him over;
and when he stepped over to my window,
a gad-fly knocked in his skull.
A curse on all flies, daddy-long-legs, and gad-flies,

and on all who have a sweetheart from Maremma!
A curse on all flies, daddy-long-legs, and midges,
and all who have to stoop so low for a kiss!

(18)

Lift up your fair head and do not sleep,
let not sleep lull you.
I have four weighty things to tell you,
of which you must not miss a single one.
First: my heart is breaking for you.
Second: I want to belong only to you.
Third: you are my salvation,
and last: my soul loves none but you.

(20)

Outside the house my lover sings in the moonlight
and I must lie in my bed and listen.
I turn away from my mother and weep
tears of blood that will not stop flowing.
I have wept a broad stream by my bed,
and cannot see, for tears, if it is day.
A broad stream of tears I have wept with longing -
and tears of blood have blinded me.

(29)

I know how high your station is.
You need not stoop to loving
so poor and humble creature as I am.
You easily conquered the handsomest men -
I know, therefore, you are only trifling with me.
You are mocking me, people have tried to warn me,
but you are so beautiful - who could be angry with you?

(40)

If only your house were transparent like glass,
when I steal by, my darling!
Then I should always see you,
and with all my soul I would look at you.

My heart would send you more glances
than the river has drops in March.
I would look at you more times
than there are drops in the falling rain.

(46)

I have one lover living in Penna,
another in the plain of Maremma,
one in the beautiful port of Ancona,
to see the fourth, I must wander to Viterbo,
yet another lives over there, in Casentino,
the next in my own town;
I have another in Magione,
four in La Fratta, ten in Castiglione.

The forty six songs that make up the "Italian Songbook"; the summit of Hugo Wolf's output, were composed in two, typically frenzied phases of inspiration. The first twenty-two songs were written between the 29th of November and the 23rd of December, 1891. There followed a long period of agonising stagnation, a "becalming of the soul". It was not until 1896 that the remaining twenty-four songs arrived between the 25th of March and the 30th of April.

Hugo Wolf was born at Windischgrätz in the Austrian province of Styria on 13 March 1860. He soon showed great aptitude for music and an equally great impatience of discipline: he failed to finish his courses first at a local school, and later at the Vienna conservatoire where he and classmate, Gustav Mahler shared rooms for a short period. Attempting to work as a music teacher, he found friends and patrons in Vienna who assisted him whenever his pride would permit it.

An engagement as second conductor in Salzburg lasted only three months. From 1884 to 1887 Wolf acted as music critic of the Vienna Salonblatt, gaining a reputation as a brilliant but unbridled polemicist who saw all the virtues of Wagner and none of the virtues of Brahms. In 1897 he showed unmistakable signs of mental illness; after a brief spell in a sanatorium he was discharged as cured, but he soon had a relapse which led, during October 1898, to his incarceration in an asylum near Vienna. He was to die there on 22 February, 1903.

His works include extensive and inspired settings of poems by Mörike, Eichendorff and Goethe, as well as the Italian and Spanish Songbooks. His one completed opera, *Der Corregidor*, still has a place on the periphery of the repertoire, as do the symphonic poem *Penthesilea* (after Kleist) and the *Italian Serenade* for strings.

"Leopards break into the temple and drink the
sacrificial vessels dry;
this is repeated over and over again;
finally it can be calculated in advance and it becomes
a part of the ceremony"

Franz Kafka

Please join the performers and living
composers after the concert for
complimentary drinks and a selection of
Tortes by Gabriele.

Emma Horwood graduated as a Bachelor of Music from the University of Adelaide in 2001. She majored in harp and studied voice with Keith Hempton. She is currently continuing her vocal studies with Ros Martin while undertaking a Graduate Diploma in Education.

A highly accomplished choral singer, Emma was a member of Voiceworks Adelaide for three years and toured with them to Poland, Germany and the United Kingdom in 2000-2001. During that time she was also a member and later director of the female a cappella group, *Orphean*.

A core member of *Adelaide Chamber Singers* since 2000, Emma has sung solo arias in the Chamber Singers productions of Handel's *Israel in Egypt* and Bach's *St. John Passion* and toured with them to Singapore for the 2001 Asia/South Pacific Symposium on Choral Music. She has sung solos with early music group, *The Gallery Consort* and in 2003 has been engaged by the vocal quartet, *Syntony*.

Emma is a founding member of the female vocal trio, *Eve* and was instrumental in the formation of *Ensemble Iona*, the Firm's vocal quartet, which presented concerts in 2001 and 2002.

An experienced harpist, Emma performs regularly at weddings and functions. She has played with the *Adelaide Symphony Orchestra*, *Elder Conservatorium Orchestra* and as a featured accompanist with *Adelaide Chamber Singers*. She teaches harp and voice and has been a tutor for the *Australian Girls Choir* since 2000. In 2003 she was appointed conductor/director of the *Chandos Chorale*.

Stefan Ammer was a Professor of Piano at the *Freiburg Academy of Music* before joining the Staff of the *Elder Conservatorium*.

An accomplished concert pianist, he has performed in numerous concerts both as a soloist and chamber musician in many German and European cities. He has given performances on almost every German radio station. In Australia, he has appeared in concerts for the *Australian Broadcasting Commission*, the *Australian Society for Keyboard Music* and the *Elder Conservatorium*.

Until his retirement in December 2001, he was a Senior Lecturer and Head of Keyboard Studies at the *Elder Conservatorium*. He has performed with the *West Australian Symphony Orchestra* and the *Adelaide Symphony Orchestra* and in 1991 he toured Germany, Belgium, Austria, Poland, Singapore and Korea with a solo programme.

In July 2000, together with violinist Florian Ammer, Stefan completed a tour to the United States, Poland and Germany where he performed a mixed programme of works by Australian composers and also gave lecture recitals about Australian music.

the firm

acknowledge the support of

Arts SA

Australia Council

Adelaide Symphony Orchestra

Jeanette Sandford - Morgan

ABC Classic FM

5MBS

Radio Adelaide

The Pilgrim Church

Vintage Cellars, Adelaide Central Market

