

THE FIRM
2024

CONCERT 1

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 139th concert.

MON SEPT 30th 2024

Schubert's musical brain is a wonder of improbability,
even more so than the invertebrate's eye.

Richard Dawkins

Welcome to our first of two concerts for 2024, where we
are featuring works by Schubert alongside new music from
South Australia.

The Firm

presents

Kim Worley

Yundi Yuan

Das Wandern Franz Schubert
Wohin?
Halt!
Danksagung an den Bach

Die Forelle Franz Schubert

The Fish Lauren McCormick

Kettenbrückengasse 6 Raymond Chapman Smith

--- short interval ---

Four Celan Songs Quentin Grant

The Violet Rachel Bruerville

Am Feierabend Franz Schubert
Der Neugierige
An die Musik

Selection from Die schöne Müllerin, D 795 Franz Schubert

To poems by Wilhelm Müller

Das Wandern - *Wandering*

Wandering is the miller's joy,
Wandering!
He must be a miserable miller,
Who never likes to wander.
Wandering!

We've learned this from the water,
From the water!
It does not rest by day or night,
It's always thinking of its journey,
The water.

We see this also with the wheels,
With the wheels!
They don't like to stand still,
And turn all day without tiring.
With the wheels.

The stones themselves, heavy though they are,
The stones!
They join in the cheerful dance,
And want to go yet faster.
The stones!

Oh, wandering, wandering, my joy,
Oh, wandering!
Oh, Master and Mistress,
Let me continue in peace,
And wander!

Wohin - *Where to?*

I hear a brooklet rushing
Right out of the rock's spring,
Down there to the valley it rushes,
So fresh and wondrously bright..

I know not, how I felt this,
Nor did I know who gave me advice;
I must go down
With my wanderer's staff.

Down and always farther,
And always the brook follows after;
And always rushing crisply,
And always bright is the brook.

Is this then my road?
O, brooklet, speak! where to?
You have with your rushing
Entirely intoxicated my senses.

But why do I speak of rushing?
That can't really be rushing:
Perhaps the water-nymphs
are singing rounds down there in the deep.

Let it sing, my friend, let it rush,
And wander joyously after!
Mill-wheels turn
In each clear brook.

Halt!

I see a mill looking
Out from the alders;
Through the roaring and singing
Bursts the clatter of wheels.

Hey, welcome, welcome!
Sweet mill-song!
And the house, so comfortable!
And the windows, how clean!

And the sun, how brightly
it shines from Heaven!
Hey, brooklet, dear brook,
Was this, then, what you meant?

Danksagung an den Bach - *Giving thanks to the brook*

Was this, then, what you meant,
My rushing friend?
Your singing and your ringing?
Was this what you meant?

To the miller-maid!
it seems to say...
Have I understood?
To the miller-maid!

Has she sent you?
Or am I deluding myself?
I would like to know,
Whether she has sent you.

Now, however it may be,
I commit myself!
What I sought, I have found.
However it may be.

After work I ask,
Now have I enough
for my hands and my heart?
Completely enough!

Die Forelle - *The trout*

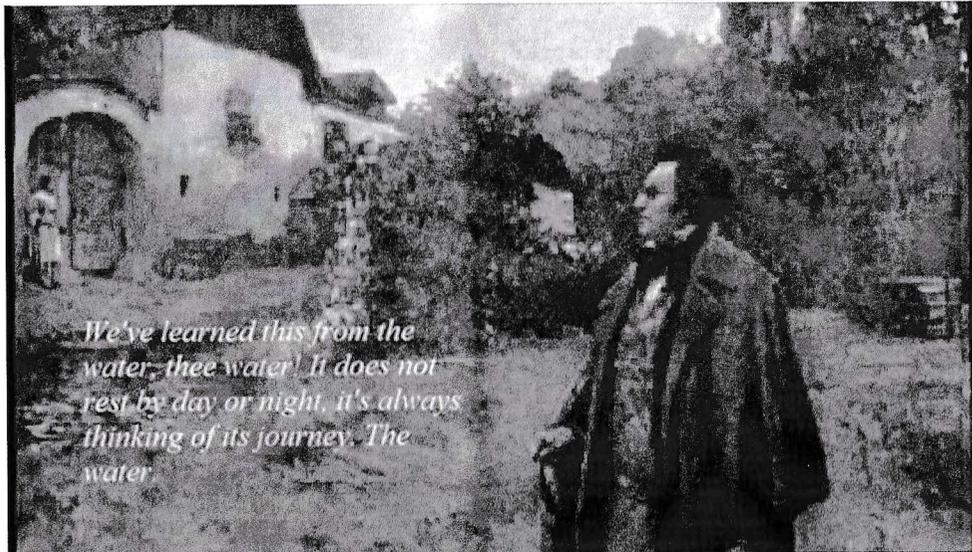
Christian Friedrich Daniel Schubart

In a bright little brook
there shot in merry haste
a capricious trout:
past it shot like an arrow.
I stood upon the shore
and watched in sweet peace
the cheery [fish's] bath
in the clear little brook.

A fisher with his rod
stood at the water-side,
and watched with cold blood
as the fish swam about.
So long as the clearness of the water
remained intact, I thought,
he would not be able to capture the trout
with his fishing rod.

But [suddenly] the thief grew weary
of waiting. He stirred up
the brook and made it muddy,
and before I realized it,
his fishing rod was twitching:
the fish was squirming there,
and with raging blood I
gazed at the deceived [fish].

At the golden fountain
of youth, you linger so confidently;
But think of the trout,
and if you see danger, flee!
Mostly it is from lack
of cleverness that maidens
miss the angling seducers.
So beware! otherwise you may bleed too late!



The Fish

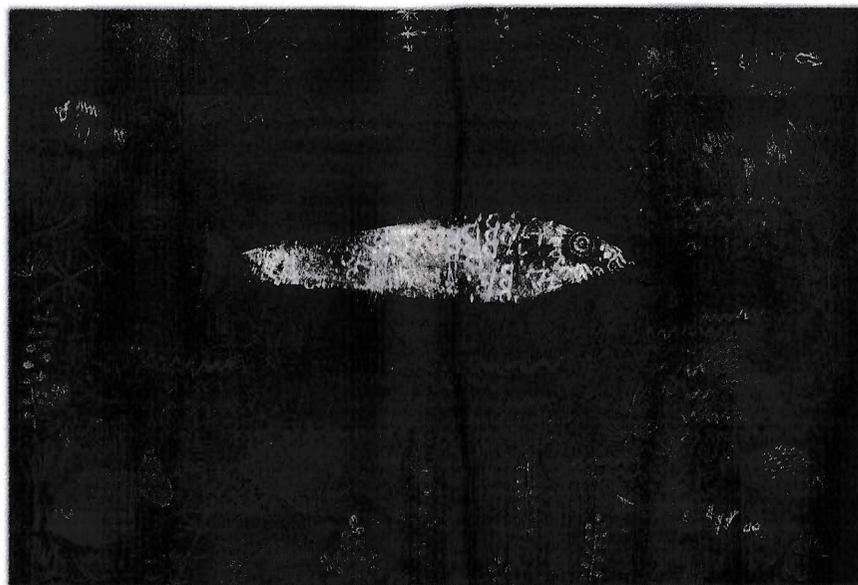
Lauren McCormick

The Fish

Marianne Moore (1887 - 1972)

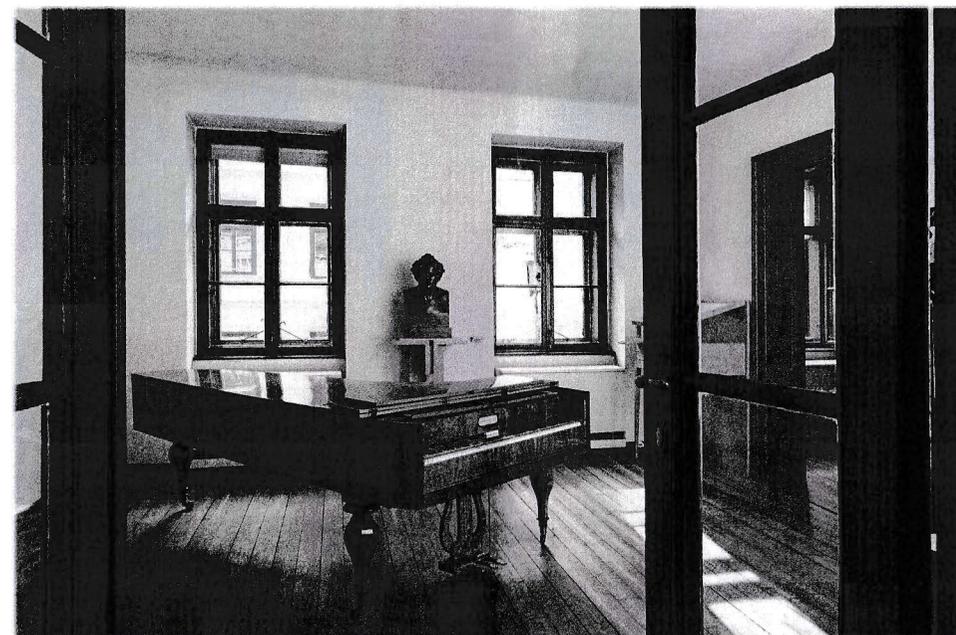
wade
through black jade.
Of the crow-blue mussel-shells, one keeps
adjusting the ash-heaps;
opening and shutting itself like
an
injured fan.
The barnacles which encrust the side
of the wave, cannot hide
there for the submerged shafts of the
sun,
split like spun
glass, move themselves with spotlight swiftness
into the crevices—
in and out, illuminating
the
turquoise sea
of bodies. The water drives a wedge
of iron through the iron edge
of the cliff; whereupon the stars,
pink
rice-grains, ink-
bespattered jelly fish, crabs like green
lilies, and submarine
toadstools, slide each on the other.

All
external
marks of abuse are present on this
defiant edifice—
all the physical features of
ac-
cident—lack
of cornice, dynamite grooves, burns, and
hatchet strokes, these things stand
out on it; the chasm-side is
dead.
Repeated
evidence has proved that it can live
on what can not revive
its youth. The sea grows old in it.



Kettenbrückengasse 6 Raymond Chapman Smith

1. Andante, largo e uminoso
2. Presto
3. Moderato
4. Andante quasi allegretto
5. Molto tranquillo
6. Presto, ma sostenuto e tenebroso
7. Allegretto ma molto misterioso
8. Presto ma non troppo



The apartment in Kettenbrückengasse in which Schubert died, on the 19th of November, 1828

Four Celan Songs

Quentin Grant

Ice, Eden

Paul Celan (1920 - 1970)

There is a country lost,
A moon grows in its reeds,
where all that died of frost
as we did, grows and sees.
It sees, for it has eyes,
Each eye an earth, and bright.
The night, the night, the lime,
This eye-child's gift is sight.
It sees, it sees, we see,
we see, I see you, you see me
Before this hour is over,
ice will rise from the dead.



Aspen Tree

Aspen Tree, your leaves glance white into the dark.
My mother's hair was never white.
Dandelion, so green is the Ukraine.
My yellow-haired mother did not come home.
Raincloud above the well do you hover?
My quiet mother weeps for everyone.
Round, round star, you wind the golden loop.
My mother's heart was torn by lead.
Oaken door, who broke you from your frame?
My gentle mother cannot return.

Tenebrae

We are near.
Near and at hand.
Broken, Lord,
as though our bodies were your body, O Lord.
Pray, Lord,

pray to us
we are near.
We went. There,
down to the pit,
down to the crater.
To be watered we went there, Lord.
It was blood, it was
what you shed, Lord.
It gleamed.
It cast your image into our eye Lord.
Our eyes and mouth are open and empty, Lord.
We have drunk,
The image in the blood, Lord.
Pray, Lord.
We are near.
Near and at hand.
We are near.

Crystal

not on my lips look for your mouth,
not in front of the gate look for the stranger,
not in the eye look for the tear,
seven nights higher red makes for red,
seven hearts deeper the hand knocks on the gate,
seven roses then will splash the fountain.



The Violet

Rachel Bruerville

Originally composed for Aurora Vocal Ensemble (a cappella, SSAA)

The Violet

Jane Taylor (1783-1824)

Down in a green and shady bed,
A modest violet grew,
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its colours bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there,

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed;
And there diffused its sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see;
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

Am Feierabend - On the restful evening

Wilhelm Müller

If only I had a thousand
arms to move!
I could loudly
drive the wheels!
I could blow
Through all the groves!
I could turn
All the stones!
If only the beautiful miller-maid
Would notice my faithful thoughts!

Ah, why is my arm so weak?
What I lift, what I carry,
What I cut, what I beat,
Every lad does it just as well as I do.
And there I sit in the great gathering,
In the quiet, cool hour of rest,
And the master speaks to us all:
Your work has pleased me;
And the lovely maiden says
"Good night" to everyone.

Der Neugierige - I ask no flower

I ask no flower,
I ask no star;
None of them can tell me,
What I so eagerly want to know.

I am surely not a gardener,
The stars stand too high;

My brooklet will I ask,
Whether my heart has lied to me.

O brooklet of my love,
Why are you so quiet today?
I want to know just one thing -
One little word again and again.

The one little word is "Yes";
The other is "No",
Both these little words
Make up the entire world to me.

O brooklet of my love,
Why are you so strange?
I'll surely not repeat it;
Tell me, o brooklet, does she love me?

An die Musik - To music
Franz Adolph Friedrich von Schober

Oh beautiful art, in so many dreary hours,
Where I have been swept up in the savage circle of life,
You have ignited my heart, giving it a warmer love.
You have carried me off into a better world.
There has often been a sigh flowing from your harp,
A sweet sacred chord of yours,
Which has opened up to me the better times of heaven.
Oh beautiful art, I thank you for it.

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Next concert:

Marianna Grynychuk

November 18th, 8pm

Playing Schubert plus . . .

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