



CONCERT 2

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 142nd concert.

"Where words leave off, music begins."

**Heinrich Heine**

Welcome to our second of two concerts for 2025, where we are  
featuring songs from the repertoire alongside new songs from  
the Firm.

# The Firm

presents

Kate MacFarlane  
Emma Horwood  
Jamie Cock

<b>Three Duets from Op.63</b>	Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
<b>Liederbüchlein</b>	Raymond Chapman Smith
<b>Three Early Songs</b>	George Crumb
<b>Three duets to texts by Heine</b>	Fanny Hensel
<b>Three songs</b>	Rebecca Clarke
<b>Two Sisters</b>	Quentin Grant
<b>Four Duets Op.61</b>	Johannes Brahms

### Three duets from Op.63 Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

Gruß - Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff  
Herbstlied - Karl Klingemann  
Volkslied - Robbie Burns

#### Greetings

Wherever I go and look,  
in field and forest and plain,  
down the hill to the mead;  
most beautiful noble lady,  
I greet you a thousand times.

In my garden I find  
many flowers, pretty and nice,  
many garlands I bind from them  
and a thousand thoughts  
and greetings I weave into them.

Her I must not give one,  
she is too noble and fair;  
they all have to fade,  
only unequalled love  
stays in the heart forever.

I seem to be of good cheer  
and work to and fro,  
and, though my heart bursts,  
I dig on and sing,  
and soon I dig my grave.

#### Autumn song

Oh, how soon the cycle ends,  
Spring turns into wintertime!  
Oh how soon all happiness  
Turns to sad silence!

The last sounds soon fade!  
The last songbirds are soon flown!  
The last green is soon gone!  
They all want to return home!

Oh, how soon the cycle ends,  
Merriness turns to longing sorrow.

Were you a dream, you thoughts of love?  
Sweet as spring and fast disappearing?  
Only one thing will never wane:  
The longing that never goes.

Ah, how soon the cycle ends!  
Oh how soon all happiness  
Turns to sad silence!

#### *O wert thou in the cauld blast*

Robbie Burns

O wert thou in the cauld blast  
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,  
My plaidie to the angry airt,  
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.  
Or did Misfortune's bitter storms  
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,  
Thy [bield]<sup>1</sup> should be my bosom  
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,  
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,  
The desert were a Paradise  
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.  
Or were I monarch of the globe,  
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,  
The brightest jewel in my crown  
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

## Liederbüchlein

Raymond Chapman Smith

To poems by Heinrich Heine

### **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.

### **Morning greetings**

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.

### **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!

### **In tears through 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.

Our death is in the cool of night,  
Our life is in the pool of day.  
The darkness glows, I'm drowning,  
Day's tired me with light.  
Over my head in leaves grown deep,  
Sings the young nightingale.  
It only sings of love there,  
I hear it in my sleep.

### **Summer evening**

At twilight the summer evening lies  
Over woods and green fields;  
In the blue sky the golden moon  
Gleams down in a refreshing haze.

By the brook, the cricket chirps  
And something stirs in the water,  
And the traveler hears a splashing sound,  
And a breathing in the silence.

Over there, alone by the brook,  
The fair water-sprite is bathing;  
Her arm and neck, white and lovely,  
Shimmer in the light of the moon.

**Three Early Songs****George Crumb****Night**

Robert Southey

How Beautiful is Night  
 by Robert Southey  
 How beautiful is night!  
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air;  
 No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain  
 Breaks the serene of heaven:  
 In full-orbed glory yonder Moon divine  
 Rolls through the dark-blue depths.  
 Beneath her steady ray  
 The desert-circle spreads,  
 Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.  
 How beautiful is night!

**Let It Be Forgotten**

Sara Teasdale

Let it be forgotten, as a flower is forgotten,  
 Forgotten as a fire that once was singing gold,  
 Let it be forgotten for ever and ever,  
 Time is a kind friend, he will make us old.  
 If anyone asks, say it was forgotten  
 Long and long ago,  
 As a flower, as a fire, as a hushed footfall  
 In a long forgotten snow.

**Wind Elegy** Sara Teasdale

Only the wind knows he is gone,  
 Only the wind grieves,  
 The sun shines, the fields are sown,  
 Sparrows mate in the eaves;  
 But I heard the wind in the pines he planted  
 And the hemlocks overhead,  
 "His acres wake, for the year turns,  
 But he is asleep," it said.

**Three duetsto texts by Heine****Fanny Hensel**

Aus meinen Tränen spriessen  
 Im wunderschönen Monat Mai  
 Wenn ich in deine Augen sehe

**From my tears there will spring,**

Many blossoming flowers,  
 And my sighs shall become  
 A chorus of nightingales.

And if you love me, child,  
 I'll give you all the flowers,  
 And at your window shall sound  
 The nightingale's song.

**In the wondrous month of May,**

When all the buds burst into bloom,  
 Then it was that in my heart  
 Love began to burgeon.

In the wondrous month of May,  
 When all the birds were singing,  
 Then it was I confessed to her  
 My longing and desire.

**When I look into your eyes,**

All my pain and sorrow vanish;  
 But when I kiss your lips,  
 Then I am wholly healed.

When I lay my head against your breast,  
 Heavenly bliss steals over me;  
 But when you say: I love you!  
 I must weep bitter tears.

## Three Songs

Rebecca Clarke

### To an isle in the water

W.B Yeats

SHY one, Shy one,  
Shy one of my heart,  
She moves in the firelight  
pensively apart.  
She carries in the dishes,  
And lays them in a row.  
To an isle in the water  
With her would I go.  
With carries in the candles,  
And lights the curtained room,  
Shy in the doorway  
And shy in the gloom;  
And shy as a rabbit,  
Helpful and shy.  
To an isle in the water  
With her would I fly.

### Down by the salley gardens

W.B Yeats

Down by the salley gardens  
my love and I did meet;  
She passed the salley gardens  
with little snow-white feet.  
She bid me take love easy,  
as the leaves grow on the tree;  
But I, being young and foolish,  
with her would not agree.  
  
In a field by the river  
my love and I did stand,  
And on my leaning shoulder  
she laid her snow-white hand.  
She bid me take life easy,

as the grass grows on the weirs;  
But I was young and foolish,  
and now am full of tears.

### The Seal Man

John Masefield

And he came by her cabin to the west of the road, calling.  
There was a strong love came up in her at that,  
and she put down her sewing on the table, and "Mother," she says,  
says,  
"There's no lock, and no key, and no bolt, and no door.  
There's no iron, nor no stone, nor anything at all  
will keep me this night from the man I love."  
And she went out into the moonlight to him,  
there by the bush where the flow'rs is pretty, beyond the river.  
And he says to her: "You are all of the beauty of the world,  
will you come where I go, over the waves of the sea?"  
And she says to him: "My treasure and my strength," she says,  
"I would follow you on the frozen hills, my feet bleeding."  
Then they went down into the sea together,  
and the moon made a track [upon]<sup>1</sup> the sea, and they walked  
down it;  
it was like a flame before them. There was no fear at all on her;  
only a great love like the love of the Old Ones,  
that was stronger than the touch of the fool.  
She had a little white throat, and little cheeks like flowers,  
and she went down into the sea with her man,  
who wasn't a man at all.  
She was drowned, of course.  
It's like he never thought that she wouldn't bear the sea like  
himself.  
She was drowned, drowned.

## **Two Sisters**

**Quentin Grant**

Texts by Erica Uberbrech, based on the writings of Elfriede Jelinek, translations by Uberbrech and the composer.

### **1. Two Sisters**

Sister, you held my hand  
in the garden of childhood,  
Your hair tied to my hair,  
in the fields of the living.

Two waters from the same swirling pool,  
four eyes from the one eye-maker, two tongues,  
and twenty grasping fingers.

Sister, come dance with me, sister  
from your charcoal-haze forest,  
a bird waltz forever singing,  
from the dawns of the living.

Father's ghost creaks in the valley,  
Mother's spirit screams in the den,  
All around the animals are calling,  
through misty forests to the cave of then.

Sister, come dance dear sister,  
in the fields of song,  
A bird waltz forever sounding,  
from the dawns of the living.

### **2. Waters**

Dark waters run and carry us along  
Swept by the black torrent,  
the depths pull us under  
the near-eyes' horizon.

Sister, lonely winds and silent skies,  
Fill the space where you once stood and held my hand.

What broken wand do you hold, sister  
What rocky stream strangles your breath?  
Where is the lamp that lit your hair for me,  
Who is the god who broke our vow?

Sister since the fire took you away,  
the burning fields, the grey and violent skies,  
I've searched the ashes for traces of our footsteps,  
In the hidden rooms of memory.

### **3. The House**

Music playing all around, swirling sound,  
Light is flooding every room, shining bright.  
Where in the house are you hiding now, sister sweet?  
Father and mother have both disappeared,  
the warmth in their eyes has long, long gone.

Here in the house, two tiny souls, ever-more to be,  
Laughter in bedrooms, cries in the garden, set in memory.

### **4. Strange**

It seemed like a strange way to say goodbye,  
a piece of dirt over your head while I've still got the sky,  
But when I came back under a shivering moon  
then you knew that I was buried, buried deep in you.

It seemed so strange in that long-after dream,  
to have you sitting upon my knee,  
But as the years went by, I started losing the dread,  
of who was alive, and who was dead.

It seemed that your heart was too red, too warm,  
to be lying in the freezing charcoal pond,  
and mine was too cold, too silent, too messed,  
to be still pumping blood through my ruined flesh.

Strange that the dance of life and death  
 could be so homeless, so wind-blown,  
 so wildly cloud-torn, so brave,  
 that the charcoal smoke that turned you into ash so pretty in gray,  
 would keep you forever fresh in my mind's eye, till my last day.  
 I'll dance with you, sister, I'll stay with you.



*Felix Mendelssohn, Quentin Grant, Fanny Mendelssohn  
 Heinrich Heine, Rebecca Clarke, George Crumb  
 Johannes Brahms, Raymond Chapman Smith, Elfriede Jelinek*

## Four Duets Op.61

**Johannes Brahms**

Die Schwestern  
 Klosterfräulein  
 Phänomen Goethe  
 Die Boten der Liebe

### 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    Karl 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** 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** traditional, trans. 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.



*Figure in a Stormy Landscape* Johann Christian Reinhart

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**2026**

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