



THE FIRM
2021

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 131st concert.

"If it is art, it is not for all, and if it is for all, it is not art."

Arnold Schönberg

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.

SEP 13th 2021

The Firm

presents

Karina Bailey

Yundi Yuan

Prayer to the spirit of the New Year

Anne Cawrse

Russian Songs

Quentin Grant

süit sooloklaverile

Alisson Kruusmaa

Two Songs

Jodie O'Regan

INTERVAL

4 Songs Op.12

Anton Webern

Vier Gesänge Op.8

Zemlinsky

Meergrün

Raymond Chapman Smith

Three Night Songs

Calvin Bowman

Prayer to the spirit of the New Year Anne Cawrse



Roberta 'Bobbi' Sykes

Prayer to the spirit of the New Year

Roberta 'Bobbi' Sykes (1943-2010)

Dear Spirit,
Here we are – at the end of a long year of struggle
Against the foes of old – oppression, hunger, pain,
And we stand again at the threshold of a New Year...

Let this year be a year not just of the same,
Let me not hear again the cry of anguish
From the gaol-

Let me not hear again the sounds of mourning
From young parents... of younger infants.

Let me not hear again the crunch
of Baton on bare flesh and bone
And let me not hear again the silence.

Let me not see the un-cried tears
Welling in the eyes of my black sisters
As they perceive even the little dream they had
Die.

And
Let me not see the veiled defeat
Behind eyes drugged into dreamtime
In the strained faces of my brothers.

And instead
If I might see the slow dawning *begin*
the dawn of understanding

the slow opening
of eyes and hearts *begin*

the slow death
of hypocrisy *begin*

the slow end
of racism *begin*

For legend tells us, dear Spirit,
that in the beginning...



Russian Songs (on poems of five Russian poets)
Quentin Grant

In the Mist **Gennady Aigi**

full of mist
all night the allotment like a garden and beyond it
beyond the fence in mist-forest
the cuckoo's voice
as if ever-quieter-un-quietness
in the distant father-people
long
and long ago
my father
(in the billowing crowd
of procession-and-singing)

The Funeral Kristina **Tsibolskia**

Each mourner falls over,
Falls into pools of ice.
Morning bells lift my eyes to the sun's golden realm;
If living I would float in on a smile: exaltant.
The last morning blows over,
With new sleet melting into sorrow.
If kept here I would look at all this with eyes anew.
My daughter cries up into the air,
But look afar,
I'm floating here, high!

The Dream Of Winter Night **Bella Akhmadulina**

'Twas snowing. And to the snow,
To cold of the heaven and earth,
The deeper I slept the more grown
Was Chegem tulips' warming blaze.
'Twas snowing.
Soul was singing
From whiteness of snow afar.
'Twas snowing.
Planetrees were greening.
How green, dreams of winter, you are!...

Leningrad **Kristina Tsibolskia**

Another twilight,
without my small one.
His shadow's with me
In every corner,
night and day,
Still hungry, complaining;
pulling at my skirts.
Each bomb whistles, still whistles his name.
Dear Lord take me to him once again.

suddenly quiet... Anna Akhmatova

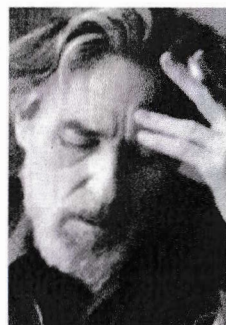
Suddenly so quiet everywhere,
The last of the poppies had blown away.
Frozen in a daydreamy stare,
I met darkness early, coming to stay.
The gates are tightly shut from without,
The night is black, the wind does not care,
Where are you, joy, where care, where doubt?
When the last of the poppies had blown away.

Memory

Nika Turbina

I want to be with you alone
To sit at the old house
That house stands by the river
Whose name is memory.
The print of your bare foot
Smells of last Summer's sun.
Where we wandered together
On the grass, not mown yet,
The skies were so blue,
Disappearing behind the gates.
And the voices were ringing,
That is all
I can remember.

And the days' accounting
Has come to an end
Like a flock of birds
All the days
Have gathered at my feet.
What do I treat them to?
No more lines are left...



Aigi



Akhmadulina



Tsibolskia



Akhmatova



Turbina

süit sooloklaverile

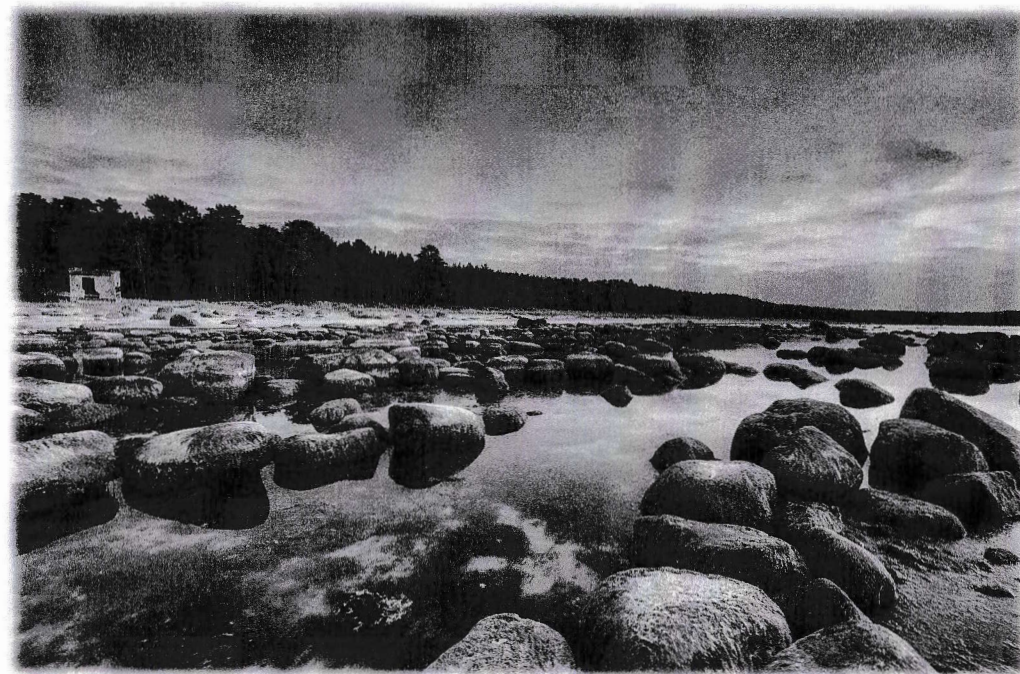
Alisson Kruusmaa

(Estonia, b. 1992)

**prelude
allemande
sarabande
gigue**



Alisson Kruusmaa



Two Songs

Jodie O'Regan

Making Wine Heather Webster

When the leaves fall
And the grapes are gathered,
They hold within their skins
The joy of spring,
The warmth of summer.
Lush colours of autumn.

As the grapes are pressed
Their marriage with yeast
Add spice and complexity
To the sweetness of musk.

Developing in the dark,
Mysteries unfold.
When it is born,
The wine – child of the earth –
Combines love of the land,
Spirit of the sky,
Tenderness of makers,
And the lingering skills
Of those who came before.

Blanc Dos Heather Webster

Fresh as a new idea
Smooth as silk
Blanc Dos blends Swiss alps
And French elegance.

Tendrils of green,
With the promise of spring.
Enjoy its smile of expectation,
Diamond bright delight.

Vier Lieder op.12 (1915-17) Anton Webern (1883-1945)

1. *Day is over* Folksong

The day has passed,
and night is already here;
Good night, o Maria,
stay with me forever.

The day has passed,
and night is coming;
give also to the dead
eternal peace.

2. *The Mysterious Flute* Hans Bethge, after Li-Tai-Po

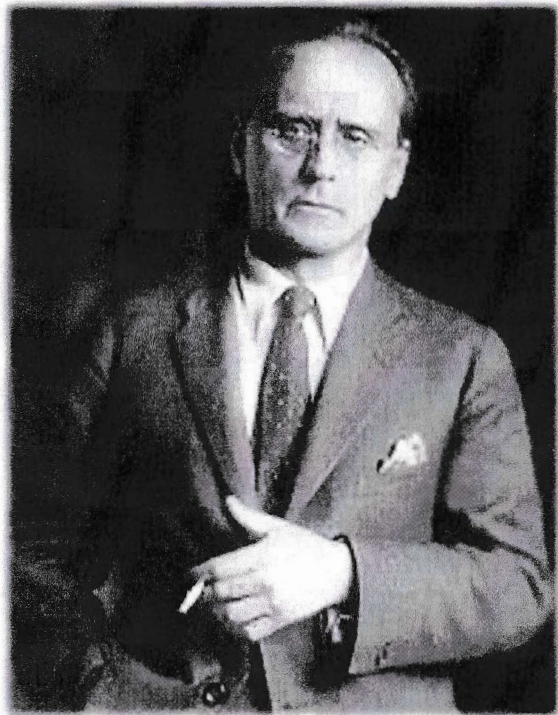
One evening, when flowers were wafting their scents
and all the leaves were on the trees, the wind brought to me
the song of a far-off flute. Immediately I cut
a branch from the willow, and
my song flew to give answer through the blossoming night.
Ever since that evening, when the earth is sleeping,
the birds hear conversations in their language.

3. *It seems to me that when I saw the sun* August Strindberg; from "The Ghost Sonata"

It seems to me that when I saw the sun,
I also saw the Hidden One:
every man delights in His works;
blissful is he who does good.
If you do something in rage,
do not heap spite upon your deed;
comfort the person you have wronged
and be kind, for it will benefit you.
Only those who have sinned live in fear:
it is good to live without guilt.

4. *Like to Like* *Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

A little flower-bell
had sprouted early
from the ground
with a lovely little flourish;
there came a little bee
and sipped it delicately:
they must have been made
for each other.



Webern

Vier Gesänge op.8 (1898-99)
Alexander Zemlinsky (1871-1942)

1. *The Tower Watchman's Song* *Jens Peter Jacobsen*

It is night now,
and there is the star that God has set
as a boundary (before time yet existed)
between the clear sea of light
and the ocean of darkness;
The sun has moved away from its place -
but soon it will shine again,
so we humbly hope.

You people in castles and strongholds,
You who move about the streets,
and you on the salty ocean -
you should all pray
before the struggle of the day
wins the upper hand.
And turn your thoughts
from house and home
and let them from your hearts
fly heavenwards.
For the Lord is good and merciful
now and forevermore.

Lord, now they are all coming -
the good and the bad,
the ill and the healthy,
with calls and speech,
sighing at the sacred
sign of the cross.
Listen to them all in your grace,
grant them their wishes according to your will.
Grant them Christian prayer.

2. *And once all the miseries of the day* Jens Peter Jacobsen

And once all the miseries of the day
have been wept away in dewy tears,
then Night opens the hall of Heaven
in the eternal gloom's quiet misery.
And one by one
and two by two
spirit-choirs of distant worlds
rise up from the dark floor of the sky,
and over earthly joys and sorrows,
holding star-candles high in their hands,
they slowly stride across the sky.
Deep in sorrow do they go,
true to their orders;
and with astonishment,
threatened by the cold winds of the world,
the flickering flames of the star-candles sigh.

3. *With drums and fifes* Detlev von Liliencron

With drums and fifes I have often marched,
beside drums and fifes I have often presented arms.
Before drums and fifes I have often advanced
toward the enemy - hurrah!

The drums and fifes - I hear them no longer,
and if the drums and fifes moved closer,
behind the drums and fifes would hobble too heavily
my wooden leg, o woe!

If drums and fifes came into my sight,
I would stop my ears against those drums and fifes,
for drums and fifes I cannot endure -
they would break my heart.

Drums and fifes, they were my sound -
drums and fifes, a soldier's song;
You drums and fifes, my whole life long,
cheer for Emperor and Army!

4. *Death among the corn* Detlev von Liliencron

In the wheatfield, among corn and poppies,
lies a soldier, undiscovered
now for two days already, and two nights;
with heavy wounds, unbound.

Tormented by thirst and wild with fever,
in the throes of death, [he lifts his head]¹.
A last dream, a last image,
he rolls his breaking eyes upwards.

The scythe whispers in the cornfield,
he sees his village in peaceful toil,
adieu, adieu, you world of home -
and bows his head and departs.



Zemlinsky

Meergrün**Raymond Chapman Smith**

*Adagio – Molto adagio – Moderato – Andante – Adagio – Largo –
Molto moderato – Molto adagio*

Gondellied

By the bridge I stood
recently in the brown night.
From the distance came the sound of song;
golden drops surged away
over the vibrating surface.
Gondolas, light, music -
drunk, it floated off into the dusk...

My soul, a lute,
invisibly moved, sang
a barcarolle secretly to itself,
trembling with joyous bliss.
- Did anyone hear it?

Friedrich Nietzsche



Nietzsche

Three Night Songs**Calvin Bowman****Silver** Walter de la Mare

Slowly, silently, now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon;
This way, and that, she peers, and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees;
One by one the casements catch
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;
Couched in his kennel, like a log,
With paws of silver sleeps the dog;
From their shadowy cote the white breasts peep
Of doves in a silver-feathered sleep;

Solitude

Space beyond space: stars needling into night:
Through rack, above, I gaze from Earth below—
Spinning in unintelligible quiet beneath
A moonlit drift of cloudlets, still as snow.

The Ride-by-Nights

Up on their brooms the Witches stream,
Crooked and black in the crescent's gleam,
One foot high, and one foot low,
Bearded, cloaked, and cowled, they go.
'Neath Charlie's Wane they twitter and tweet,
And away they swarm 'neath the Dragon's feet,
With a whoop and a flutter they swing and sway,
And surge pell-mell down the Milky Way.
Between the legs of the glittering Chair
They hover and squeak in the empty air.
Then round they swoop past the glimmering Lion
To where Sirius barks behind huge Orion;
Up, then, and over to wheel am

Patrons are invited to join us after the concert for carefully served complimentary wines and a packet of hermetically sealed nibbles.

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:

Michael Ierace, solo piano

October 4th

Provided there are no Covid, um, complications!

www.firmmusic.com.au

www.facebook.com/FirmNewMusic

the firm

and

Chamber Music Adelaide

acknowledge the support of:

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All the Firm musicians

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