**Amateur Chamber Music Society**

http://www.acms-australia.org/sydney/

— Concert —

5pm Sunday 2 December 2012  
Kirribilli Neighbourhood Centre, 16 Fitzroy St Kirribilli  
www.KNCsydney.org tel: 9922 4428

**— PROGRAM —**

GENIN (1832 – 1903) *Grand Duo Concertant Op 51*

(1) Allegretto maestoso (2) Theme and Variation (3) Finale

flutes Cathy Wainwright and Cathy Fraser piano Gail Earl

SCHUBERT *Notturno D897*

violin Chris Middleton cello Jane Smith piano Sue Butler

— Interval —

MENDELSSOHN *Four Duets*

(1) Grüss - Op63 No3 (2) Abschiedslied der Zugvögel – Op63 No2

(3) Sonntagsmorgen – Op77 No1 (4) Herbstleid – Op63 No4

soprano Susan Butler mezzo soprano Christine Middleton  
piano Jane Smith

BINGE (arr. Dawn Nettheim) *Elizabethan Serenade*

BACH (arr. Nick Stokes) *Three Part Invention No 14*

flute Cathy Fraser French horn Paula Stokes

bassoon Petrina Slaytor

MARTIN *Trois Chants de Noël*

(1) Les Cadeaux (2) Image de Noël

(3) Les Bergers

soprano Susan Butler flute Ian Butler  
piano Jane Smith

— refreshments —

concert organisers Susan Butler and Ian Butler

The manager and volunteer staff of the Kirribilli Neighbourhood Centre provide light refreshments (wine juice and savouries) and charge $10 entry donation ($5 concession/seniors)  
to cover costs and to raise funds for the Centre

- Notes -

SCHUBERT (1797 - 1828) *Notturno*

This famous work was published 17 years after Schubert's death. It starts gently, then gradually becomes majestic-like, returning in the middle to the original melody before the end when the piano trills like a bird in the late evening-light. Piano and strings finish together quietly as they had begun.

MENDELSSOHN (1809 – 1847) Four Duets

These songs, all composed in 1836, are four of only about a dozen duets, which are listed among the large number of Mendelssohn’s diverse works. They are typical of the period and we think quite charming!

**MARTIN (1890 – 1974) *Trois Chants de Noël***

Frank Martin was born in Geneva but lived in the Netherlands after 1946. He composed songs from an early age and continued throughout his life. These settings of poems by Albert Rudhart date from 1947.

For information on future concerts:

<http://www.acms-australia.org/sydney/>

**Kirribilli Neighbourhood Centre**

www.KNCsydney.org

**Amateur Chamber Music Society**

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*Chamber Music Concert*

Sunday 2 December 2012

5pm

All chamber musicians are invited to join the  
Amateur Chamber Music Society. Write to  
membership@acms-sydney.org

or ACMS Membership Secretary, PO Box 584, Balgowlah NSW 2093



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| **(1)** ***Grűss*** | **Greeting** |
| Wohin ich geh’ und schaű in Feld und Wald und Thal,  Vom Hűgel hinauf die Aue, vom Berg aufwäerts welt in’s Blaue,  Grűss’ ich dich tausend mal!  In meinem Garten find’ ich viel Blumen schön und fein,  Viel Kränze wohl draus wind’ich und tausend Gedanken bind ich  Und Grűsse mit darein, tausend Grűsse mit darein  Dir darf ich keinen reichen: du bist zu hoch und schön,  Sie műssen zu bald ver bleichen, die Liebe ohne Gleichen  Bliebt ewig im Herzen steh’n.  *Joseph von Eichendorff* | Where’er my steps may wander through woods and fair fields,  From hilltop o’er smiling meadow, from mountain and vale and ocean,  Greeting to thee I send!  While in my garden, sweet flowers I always find,  To many a wreath I wind them, and with a thousand thoughts I bind them  And greetings intertwined, thousand greetings intertwined.  To thee I dare not give them. Too fair, too high thou art.  Too soon all the flowers will perish, the love that I so cherish  Shall never forsake my heart. |
| (2) *Abschiedslied der Zugvögel* | Farewell Song of the Birds of Passage |
| Wie war so schön doch Wald und Feld!  Wie is so traurig jetzt die Welt!  Hin ist die schöne Sommerzeit,  Und nach der Freude kam das Leid,  Wir wussten nichts von Ungemach,  Wir sassen unterm Lauben dach  Vergnűgt und froh beim Sonnenschein,  Und sangen in die Welt hinein,  Wir armen Vöglein trauren sehr,  Wir haben keine Heimath mehr,  Wir műssen jetzt von hinnenflieh’n,  Und in die weite Fremde zieh’n,  *Hoofmann von Fallersleben* | How green it was in field and wold,  And all is now so bare and cold!  The joyful summertide is fled,  And sorrow comes when joys are dead.  We knew of naught that pains or grieves,  We sat beneath the shelt’ring leaves,  In sunshine sported here and there,  And sang as free as sun and air,  Now sadly everywhere we roam,  For we poor birds have lost our home;  The time has come, we cannot stay,  But fly to far off lands a way, |
| (3) *Sonntagsmorgen* | A Shepherd’s Sunday song |
| Das ist der Tag des Herrn,  Ich bin allein auf weiter Flur,  Noch eine Morgengloche nur,  Nun Stille nah und fern.  Anbetend Knie’ich hier,  O sűsses Gran’n! Geheimes Weh’n!  Als knieten Viele ungeseh’n  Und beteten mit mir.  Der Himmel nah und fern,  Er ist so still und feierlich,  So ganz als wollt’er öffnen sich.  Das ist der Tag des Herrn!  *Ludwig Uhland* | This is the day of the Lord!  I am alone on the wide meadow:  Yet only one morning bell,  Then silence near and far.  Adoring, I kneel here.  O sweet shudder! secret stirring!  As if many knelt unseen  And prayed with me.  The sky near and far,  It is so serene and solemn,  Altogether as if it would open up.  This is the day of the Lord! |

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| (4) *Herbslied* | Autumn Song |
| Ach, wie so bald verhallet der Reigen,  Ach wie so bald in trauren des Schweigen  Wandelt sich alle die Fröhlichkeit!  Bald sind die letzten Klänge verflogen!  Bald sind die letzten Sänger gegosen!  Bald ist das letzte Grűn dahin!  Alle sie wollen heimwärts zieh’n,  Ach, wie so bald, verhallet der Reigen,  Wandelt sich Lust in sehnendes Leid.  War’t ihr ein Traum, ihrLiebesgedanken?  Sűss wie der Lenz, und schnell verweht?  Eines,nur Eines will nimmer wanken:  Es ist das Sehnen das nimmer vergeht.  Ach, wie so bald ……  *Karl Klingemann* | O, how soon the cycle ends,  O, 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.  O how soon the cycle ends……. |

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| Les Cadeaux | The Gifts |
| J'ai vu trois reis sur le chemin,  Tous plu beaux les uns que les autres,  Ayant des cadeaux plein les mains,  A côté des leurs,  Que serent les nôtres?  Autant dires rien!  Ils ent mis vers le petit prince  La myrrhe, l'or et l'encens.  Nos pauvres présents paraissaient bien minces  Près des trésors de trois provinces.  Il a regardé les bijoux.  Nous, nous restions sans rien dire.  Puis Il a regardé vers nous  Et son premier sourire Fut pour nous. | Of three great kings a glimpse I caught,  Lov'lier far than any kings living,  And many splendid gifts they brought.  Now compared to these,  what shall I be giving?  As good as naught!  Now they bring to the little prince  the gold and myrrh and frankincense.  So my humble gift seemed indeed poor measure  Compared to the three great sovreigns' treasure.  And so the jewels he did see.  I, I stood silently all the while.  And then he looked towards me,  And lo! His first sweet smile was for me. |
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| **Image de Noël** | **A Picture of Christmas** |
| L'enfant Jésus des images,  Le beau bébé rose et blanc  Tend ses deux poings ver le mages  Ou vers un berger tremblant.  Le boeuf, sans cérémonie,  Rumine en grondant un peu,  Et la Viergeen manteau bleu  Sourit à la compagnie. | The birth of Christ in old pictures  Shows him a child, pink and fair,  Stretching his hands to the shepherds  an to the three kings who are there.  The oxen, feeling at home,  Gaze on the company and chew;  Mary, in her mantle blue,  Smiles sweetly down from her throne. |
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| **Les Bergers** | **The Shepherds** |
| Il n'était pas encor miniut  Que la nouvelle étoile a lui  Pour éclairer la terre.  Puis soudain le ciel s'entrouvrit,  Et vêtus de lumière  On pouvrait veir en Paradis  Tout les anges réunis  En prière.  Par les déserts, marchant pieds nus,  Tous les bergers étaient venus  Jusqu'à la pauvre hutte.  Ils amusaient l'enfant Jesus  Avee des airs de flùte.  Les anges chantaient: Gloria!  Et les pâtres: Hosanna!  Alleluia, Alleluia! | Before the middle of the night  A star was shining new and bright,  On Earth its gold was laying;  When in an instant through God's might,  With saints and angels staying,  Was heaven opened to our sight,  All the angels clothed in light,  and praying.  Through desert paths with naked feet  Now all the shepherds came to greet  the baby in the stable.  They played the flute to him as sweet  And true as they were able.  The angels cried out: Gloria!  And the shepherds: Hosanna!  Alleluia, Alleluia! |
| *Albert Rudhart* | *Translation: Eric Smith* |