

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 *Notturmo D897*

violin Chris Middleton cello Jane Smith piano Sue Butler

— INTERVAL —

MENDELSSOHN *Four Duets*

(1) *Griiss* - Op63 No3 (2) *Abschiedslied der Zugvögel* - Op63 No2
(3) *Sonntagmorgen* - 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) *Notturmo*

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 only four of 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.

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Chamber Music Concert

Sunday 2 December 2012

5pm

For information on future concerts:

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

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



(1) Grüss

Wohin ich geh' und schau' in Feld und Wald und Thal,
 Vom Hügel hinauf die Aue, vom Berg aufwärts weit
 in's Blaue,
 Grüss' 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 Grösse mit darein, tausend Grösse mit darein

Dir darf ich keinen reichen: du bist zu hoch und schön,
 Sie müssen zu bald ver bleichen, die Liebe ohne
 Gleichen
 Bleibt ewig im Herzen steh'n.
Joseph von Eichendorff

(2) Abschiedslied der Zugvögel

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
 Vergnügt und froh beim Sonnenschein,
 Und sangen in die Welt hinein,

Wir armen Vöglein trauren sehr,
 Wir haben keine Heimath mehr,
 Wir müssen jetzt von hinnenflieh'n,
 Und in die weite Fremde zieh'n,
Hoofmann von Fallersleben

(3) Sonntagsmorgen

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 süßes 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

Greeting

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.

Farewell Song of the Birds of Passage

How green it was in field and wold,
 And all is now so bare and cold!
 The joyful summertime 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,

A Shepherd's Sunday song

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!

(4) Herbstlied

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 verfliegen!
 Bald sind die letzten Sänger gegosen!
 Bald ist das letzte Grün dahin!
 Alle sie wollen heimwärts zieh'n,

Ach, wie so bald, verhallet der Reigen,
 Wandelt sich Lust in sehndes Leid.
 War't ihr ein Traum, ihrLiebesgedanken?
 Süß 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

Autumn Song

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.....

Les Cadeaux

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 dire 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.

Image de Noël

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.

Les Bergers

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 pourrait 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
Avec des airs de flûte.
Les anges chantaient: Gloria!
Et les pâtres: Hosanna!
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Albert Rudhart

The Gifts

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 sovereigns' 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.

A Picture of Christmas

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.

The Shepherds

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!
Translation: Eric Smith