

THE SHEPHERD ON THE ROCK

8:30PM
TUESDAY 1 DECEMBER 2020

PORT FAIRY

SPRING

MUSIC

FESTIVAL

ARTISTS

DAVID GRIFFITHS: Clarinet

SONGMAKERS AUSTRALIA

MERLYN QUAIFE: Soprano

ANDREA KATZ: Piano

HEATHER WOOD: Featured Visual Artist, Port Fairy

MUSIC

LOUIS SPOHR Six German Songs Op 103

FRANCIS POULENC Sonata for Clarinet and Piano (1962)

I. Allegro tristamente

II. Romanza

III. Allegro con fuoco

MARGARET SUTHERLAND The Orange Tree (1938)

FRANZ SCHUBERT Der Hirt auf dem Felsen (The Shepherd on the Rock) D.965

FEATURED VISUAL ARTWORK

HEATHER WOOD Wild and Free 2



HEATHER WOOD Undersea



HEATHER WOOD Dunes Yambuk



HEATHER WOOD In the Wave



ABOUT THE ARTISTS

DAVID GRIFFITHS: Clarinet

David Griffiths is a member of two of Australia's leading chamber music ensembles, the Australia Ensemble@UNSW and Ensemble Liaison. He also holds the position of Senior Lecturer in Music (Clarinet) and Coordinator of Chamber Music at the Melbourne Conservatorium of Music, the University of Melbourne. A passionate educator and performer, he has presented masterclasses and performances in Asia, Europe, United States, the Middle East and Australia including a critically acclaimed debut in Carnegie Hall's Weill Recital Hall.

As a member of Ensemble Liaison, he curates and performs an annual three-concert series at the Elisabeth Murdoch Hall, Melbourne Recital Centre which is currently in its 14th season. He has collaborated with many leading ensembles and artists including the New Zealand, Goldner, Tinalley, and Australian String Quartets, the New York Wind Soloists, Nemanja Radulović, Ray Chen, Anthony Marwood, Henning Kraggerud, Emma Matthews, Cheryl Barker, Peter Coleman-Wright and Paul Grabowsky. He regularly appears at major festivals around the world including the Australian Festival of Chamber Music in Townsville, Adelaide Festival, Port Fairy Spring Music Festival, Great Lakes Festival (Detroit), Ravinia (Chicago), Lucerne Festival and the Pacific Music Festival in Sapporo, Japan.

He has appeared as Guest Principal clarinet with all of Australia's major symphony and opera ballet orchestras along with the Australian Chamber Orchestra. Originally from Armidale NSW, Australia, he studied at the Canberra School of Music with Alan Vivian before completing his Master of Music from the Manhattan School of Music under the direction of Alan Kay, David Krakauer, Charles Neidich and Ricardo Morales. He is a Backun Clarinet performing artist.

SONGMAKERS AUSTRALIA

Unique in the musical landscape of Australia, Songmakers Australia brings together some of the country's leading singers and instrumentalists in a diverse repertoire comprising some of the pinnacles of all chamber music. Under the artistic patronage of Graham Johnson, founding director of the acclaimed London-based Songmakers Almanac, pianist **Andrea Katz** teams with soprano **Merlyn Quaife**, mezzo-soprano **Christina Wilson**, tenor **Brenton Spiteri** and bass-baritone **Nicholas Dinopoulos** in inspired programs that feature a dynamic interplay of song and chamber music. The ensemble presents a yearly subscription series at the Melbourne Recital Centre, where they have been Local Heroes since their foundation in 2011. They enjoy numerous invitations to perform at leading festivals and recital series Australia-wide (Melbourne Festival, Art Gallery of NSW, Peninsula Summer Music Festival, Art Song Canberra and the Art Gallery of Ballarat) and they are regularly heard in national live-to-air broadcasts.

MERLYN QUAIFE: Soprano

A performer of great versatility, the distinguished soprano Merlyn Quaife received an Order of Australia Award in the Queen's Birthday 2013 Honours List for significant service to music. Merlyn continues to perform opera, oratorio, Lieder, chamber music and contemporary music to great acclaim throughout Australia and Europe. She has also performed as soloist with the Singapore Symphony, Hong Kong Philharmonic and the Voronesz Philharmonic in Russia. Merlyn has appeared with all the State Opera Companies in roles ranging from the bel canto *Lucia* in *Lucia di Lammermoor* to the minimalist *Chiang Ch'ing* in *Nixon in China*. She has performed with all the Symphony Australia orchestras, featured in repertoire of every conceivable style from Handel to Ligeti, as well as recorded a number of CDs including *Aria for John Edward Eyre* by David Lumsdaine which won her a Sounds Australia Award. Of recording labels, she appears on Naxos, Move, Tall Poppies and ABC Classics.

In 1994, Merlyn made her American debut at the Kennedy Center in Washington DC, singing the title role in Gordon Kerry's opera *Medea* with Chamber Made Opera, which she also sang to great acclaim when she created the title role in Melbourne, with subsequent seasons in Sydney and Canberra. This was closely followed by a new production with the Berliner Kammeroper which enjoyed three seasons.

Along with her wide array of operatic and oratorio projects, Merlyn is also a regular soloist at St Francis Church in the heart of Melbourne – a role she has enjoyed for many years.

Poulenc's *La Voix Humaine* (*The Human Voice*) has become a regular performance piece with orchestra or piano. Other major highlights have included Shostakovich *Symphony No 14* with the Sydney Symphony (SSO), Britten *War Requiem* with the Berliner Capella and *Flower Maiden 1* in the acclaimed State Opera of South Australia (SOSA) production of *Parsifal* (the first fully staged Australian performance, under the baton of Jeffrey Tate). Merlyn has also performed the Schoenberg *String Quartet No 2* with the Arditti String Quartet for Melbourne International Festival of the Arts and the Goldner Quartet for the Adelaide Festival.

Merlyn has had many works composed specifically for her and dedicated to her—Gordon Kerry's *Kindled Skies* and the Christopher Willcock *Akmahtova Stanzas* being among the highlights.

Lipizzaners with the Stars, Australia wide, saw her combine her love of music with her passion for horses when she sang the fiendishly difficult *Queen of the Night* aria while riding. She has also been privileged to perform with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Vladimir Ashkenazy in performances of Sibelius' *Luonnotar* and Rachmaninoff's *The Bells*.

Education has also been an important part of Merlyn's career. Between 1995 and 2007 she headed the Vocal Department at the Faculty of Music at the University of Melbourne. Since 2005 she has also been guest teacher at the Lotte Lehmann Woche Summer School in Pereleberg, Germany and has been invited for teaching/performing engagements in Vienna and the USA as well. From 2014–2018, Merlyn lectured at the Sir Zelman Cowan School of Music at Monash University where she established an innovative classical vocal program.

ANDREA KATZ: Piano

A pianist, accompanist and vocal coach of extraordinary versatility, Argentine born Andrea Katz is equally at home with Chamber Music, German Lieder and Grand Opera.

She studied piano with Francisco Amicarelli and Jorge Fontenla at the School of Music of the National University of San Juan, Argentina.

Consequently she studied with Vlado Perlemuter in Paris, Alexander Tamir in Jerusalem and specialised in the interpretation of German Lieder with Graham Johnson in London.

Since becoming an Australian resident in 1990, she has worked with all the major musical organisations in the country: Opera Australia, Victorian Opera, Sydney Symphony, the Sydney, Perth and Brisbane Festivals, Sydney Music Conservatorium and Melbourne Symphony Orchestra.

She works regularly with the Hong Kong Philharmonic Orchestra, the Aldeburgh Festival (UK) and Auckland Philharmonia.

A prolific recital pianist, she performs regularly with prominent Australian and international singers and ensembles, including a yearly season at the Art Gallery of New South Wales. Highlights of the last 11 seasons are recitals with Yvonne Kenny, Peter Coleman-Wright, Emma Matthews, The Sydney Omega Ensemble, The Sydney Soloists, cellist David Pereira, and violinists Pekka Kuusisto and Gil Shaham.

She is the founder of Songmakers Australia, a vibrant vocal ensemble dedicated to performing repertoire in programs of superbly themed settings and song.

Since 2009 she has been the Director of the Vocal Ensemble at the University of Melbourne Conservatorium of Music. Currently she also teaches at the Sir Zelman Cowen School of Music at Monash University.

She has released 2 CDs with soprano Merlyn Quaife, "Lest we Forget" and "Fortune my Foe".

HEATHER WOOD: Featured Visual Artist, Port Fairy

Heather Wood is a mixed media artist from Port Fairy whose artistic interests initially centred on botanic art and life drawing, working in pen and ink, graphite, pastels, and crayons. More recently she has returned to painting and has enjoyed feeling her way with a medium that she hadn't touched for years. Heather has also rediscovered printmaking – linocuts, and soft ground etching, which is an ideal medium for drawing. Heather's work is in private collections in South Australia, Queensland, New South Wales and Victoria.

Find out more about Heather Wood and her artwork here:

<https://heatherwoodartist.com/>

ABOUT THE MUSIC

Program notes by Songmakers Australia, 2020

LOUIS SPOHR Six German Songs Op 103

Spohr (1784 –1859) was a German composer, violinist and conductor. Highly regarded during his lifetime, he was the inventor of both the violin chin-rest and the orchestral rehearsal mark. His output occupies a pivotal position between Classicism and Romanticism, but fell into obscurity following his death. A prolific composer, Spohr produced more than 150 works, including fifteen violin concertos, no fewer than 36 string quartets, operas and a vast collection of songs of which his German Songs op 103 with clarinet are best known.

FRANCIS POULENC Sonata for Clarinet and Piano (1962)

I. Allegro tristamente

II. Romanza

III. Allegro con fuoco

In the final years of his life, Poulenc (1899-1963) seems to have embarked on a series of sonatas, completing three for woodwinds: the Flute Sonata, Op. 164 (1956-1957), and sonatas for clarinet (Op. 184) and oboe (Op. 185) in 1962, Poulenc's last works before he died of a sudden heart attack in January 1963. A number of his late works carry memorial dedications, and the Clarinet Sonata is dedicated to Arthur Honegger, who had died in 1955. The Oboe Sonata is dedicated to Sergei Prokofiev, but there is speculation that in the posthumous publishing of these pieces, the dedications were switched, since it is the Clarinet Sonata that seems full of allusions to Prokofiev's music. Its premiere was given at Carnegie Hall by Benny Goodman and Leonard Bernstein in 1963.

MARGARET SUTHERLAND The Orange Tree (1938)

Margaret Sutherland (1897-1984) studied with Arnold Bax in the 1920s and returned to Australia to write some of this country's most original and striking works and to promote Australian music especially in education. Her music is characterised by lyric intensity and a restraint both in form and content which belies deep and often poignant expression. *The Orange Tree*, written in 1938, is a setting for soprano, clarinet and piano of a poem by John Shaw Neilson.

FRANZ SCHUBERT Der Hirt auf dem Felsen (The Shepherd on the Rock) D.965

Schubert (1797-1828) wrote some of his most heart-wrenching music during the last year of his life. *Der Hirt auf dem Felsen* was a belated response to a request from the operatic soprano Pauline Anna Milder-Hauptman. He conceived the idea of writing something with a suggestion of a plot, and a little larger than life. The poems were probably suggested by the singer. The carefully chosen selection and combination of texts resulted in a *scena* in concertante style, and this of course refers to the crucial role of the clarinet as an *obbligato* instrument. It was published a year and a half after Schubert's death.

Text: Six German Songs Op 103

1. Sei still mein Herz

Ich wahrte die Hoffnung tief in der Brust,
Die sich ihr vertrauend erschlossen,
Mir strahlten die Augen voll Lebenslust,
Wenn mich ihre Zauber umflossen,
Wenn ich ihrer schmeichelnden Stimme gelauscht,
Im Wettersturm ist ihr Echo verrauscht,
Sei still mein Herz, und denke nicht dran,
Das ist nun die Wahrheit, das Andre war Wahn.
Ich baute von Blumen und Sonnenglanz
Eine Brücke mir durch das Leben,
Auf der ich wandelnd im Lorbeerkranz
Mich geweiht dem hochedelsten Streben,
Der Menschen Dank war mein schönster Lohn,
Laut auf lacht die Menge mit frechem Hohn,
Sei still mein Herz, und denke nicht dran,
Das ist nun die Wahrheit, das Andre war Wain.

Karl Friedrich, Freiherr von Schweitzer

2. Zwiegesang

In der stillen, schönen Maiennacht,
Darunter ein Mägdlein im hohen Gras
In der stillen, schönen Maiennacht.
Sang Mägdlein, hielt das Vöglein Ruh',
Sang Vöglein, hört' das Mägdlein zu,
Und weithin klang
Der Zwiegesang
Das mondbeglänzte Thal entlang.
Was sang das Vöglein im Gezweig
Durch die stille, schöne Maiennacht?
Was sang doch wohl das Mägdlein gleich
Durch die stille, schöne Maiennacht?
Von Frühlingssonne das Vögelein,
Von Liebeswonne das Mägdlein.
Wie der Gesang
Zum Herzen drang,
Vergess'ich nimmer mein Lebelang!

Robert Reinick

Quiet, my heart.

I once harboured hope deep in my breast
Which, trusting, unlocked to her;
My eyes were radiant with joie de vivre
While her magic encircled me.
But when I harkened to her beguiling voice
The echo died away in the storm.
Be still, my heart, and give it no thought:
This now is reality, the rest was delusion.
Out of sunshine and flowers I built myself
A bridge through life
Passing over which, laurel-crowned,
I devoted myself to the noblest of strivings.
Man's gratitude was my finest reward;
The crowd laughs aloud now with impudent scorn.
Be still, my heart, and give it no thought:
This now is reality, the rest was delusion.

Duet

In the quiet, lovely May night,
Below in the high grass sat a girl
In the quiet, lovely May night.
The girl sang: if only the bird would be quiet,
The bird sang: if only the girl would listen,
And far and away
rang their duet
The length of the moonlit valley.
What was the bird singing in the branches
Throughout that quiet, lovely May night?
And what, too, was the young girl singing
Throughout that quiet, lovely May night?
Of spring sunshine sang the little bird,
Of love's delight sang the young girl
How that song
pierced my heart
I shall never forget my whole life long.

3. Sehnsucht

Ich blick' in mein Herz und ich blick' in die Welt,
Bis vom Auge die brennende Träne mir fällt,
Wohl leuchtet die Ferne mit goldenem Licht,
Doch hält mich der Nord, ich erreiche sie nicht.
O die Schranken so eng, und die Welt so weit,
Und so flüchtig die Zeit!
O hätt' ich Flügel, durch's Blau der Luft
Wie wollt' ich baden im Sonnenduft!
Doch umsonst! Und Stunde auf Stund' entflieht --
Vertraure die Jugend, begrabe das Lied! --
O die Schranken so eng, und die Welt so weit,
Und so flüchtig die Zeit!

Emanuel von Geibel

4. Wiegenlied

Alles still in süßer Ruh,
Dum mein Kind, so schlaf auch du.
Draußen säuselt nur der Wind,
Su, su, su, schlaf ein mein Kind!
Und die Blümlein schau ich an,
Und die Äuglein küß ich dann,
Und der Mutter Herz vergißt,
Daß es draußen Frühling ist.

August Heinrich Hoffmann von Fallersleben

5. Das heimliche Lied

Es gibt geheime Schmerzen,
Sie klaget nie der Mund,
Getragen tief im Herzen
Sind sie der Welt nicht kund.
Es gibt ein heimlich Sehnen,
Das scheuet stets das Licht,
Es gibt verborgne Tränen,
Der Fremde sieht sie nicht.
Es gibt ein still Versinken
In eine innre Welt,
Wo Friedensauen winken,
Von Sternenglanz erhellt,
Wo auf gefallen Schranken

Longing

I look in my heart and I look at the world
Till out of my burning eyes a tear falls.
Though the distance glows with golden light,
The north wind tells me I shall not reach it.
Ah! How narrow our confines, how wide the world,
And how fleeting is time!
If I had wings to fly through the blue
How I would wish to bathe in sun's fragrance!
But in vain! Hour flees upon hour;
Pass your youth in mourning, bury your song.
Ah! How narrow our confines, how wide the world
And how fleeting is time!

Lullaby

All is still in sweet repose,
Therefore, my child, you, too, must sleep.
Outside is but the rustle of the wind,
Sh, sh, sh, go to sleep, my child.
And I gaze at the little flowers,
And I kiss the little eyes,
And a mother's heart forgets
That it is spring outside.

The secret song

There are secret pains
Whose lament is never tongued;
Borne deep in the heart
They are unknown to the world.
There is a secret longing
That always shies from the light;
There are hidden tears
A stranger does not see.
There is a quiet sinking
Into an inner world
Where peaceful meadows beckon,
Lit by the gleam of stars,
Where, all boundaries fall,

Die Seele Himmel baut,
Und jubelnd den Gedanken
Den Lippen anvertraut.

Ernst Koch

6. Wach auf!

Was stehst du bange
Und sinnest nach?
Ach! schon so lange
Ist Liebe wach.
Hörst du das Klingen
Allüberall?
Die Vöglein singen
Mit süßem Schall.
Aus Starrem sprießt
Baumblättlein weich,
Das Leben fließet
Um Ast und Zweig.
Das Tröpflein schlüpfet
Aus Waldesschacht,
Das Bächlein hüpfet
Mit Wallungsmacht.
Der Himmel neiget
In's Wellenklar,
Die Bläue zeigt
Sich wunderbar.
Ein heit'res Schmiegen
Zu Form und Klang,
Ein ew'ges Fügen
Im ew'gen Drang!
Was stehst du bange
Und sinnest nach?
Ach! schon so lange
Ist Liebe wach.

Rudolf Kulemann

The soul raises Heaven
And with jubilation
Confides its thoughts to the lips.

Awaken!

Why do you stand there
brooding with fear?
Ah, so long
does love stay awake!
Do you hear the ringing
all around?
The birds are singing
with such sweet sounds.
Soft leaves are sprouting
from the rigid branches,
Life is flowing
through bough and twig.
Little drops are gliding
from the forest hollows,
The brook leaps
with abundant strength.
The heavens bow
towards the clear waves,
The blueness
is wondrously revealed,
A bright flourish
of shape and sound,
An endless yielding
to endless impulse.
Why do you stand there
brooding with fear?
Ah, so long
does love stay awake!

Text: The Orange Tree

The young girl stood beside me. I
Saw not what her young eyes could see:
A light, she said, not of the sky
Lives somewhere in the Orange Tree.
Is it, I said, of east or west?
The heartbeat of a luminous boy
Who with his faltering flute confessed
Only the edges of his joy?
Was he, I said, born to the blue
In a mad escapade of Spring
Ere he could make a fond adieu
To his love in the blossoming?
Listen! the young girl said. There calls
No voice, no music beats on me;
But it is almost sound: it falls
This evening on the Orange Tree.
Does he, I said, so fear the Spring
Ere the white sap too far can climb?
See in the full gold evening
All happenings of the olden time?
Is he so goaded by the green?
Does the compulsion of the dew
Make him unknowable but keen
Asking with beauty of the blue?
Listen! the young girl said. For all
Your hapless talk you fail to see
There is a light, a step, a call,
This evening on the Orange Tree.
Is it, I said, a waste of love
Imperishably old in pain,
Moving as an affrighted dove
Under the sunlight or the rain?
Is it a fluttering heart that gave
Too willingly and was reviled?
Is it the stammering at a grave,
The last word of a little child?
Silence! the young girl said. Oh why,
Why will you talk to weary me?
Plague me no longer now, for I
Am listening like the Orange Tree.

John Shaw Neilson

Text: Der Hirt auf dem Felsen (The Shepherd on the Rock) D.965

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh',
In's tiefe Tal hernieder seh',
Und singe.
Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal
Schwingt sich empor der Widerhall
Der Klüfte.
Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
Je heller sie mir wieder klingt
Von unten.
Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,
Drum sehn' ich mich so heiß nach ihr
Hinüber.

Wilhelm Müller

In tiefem Gram verzehr ich mich,
Mir ist die Freude hin,
Auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,
Ich hier so einsam bin.
So sehnend klang im Wald das Lied,
So sehnend klang es durch die Nacht,
Die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht
Mit wunderbarer Macht.

Wilhelmina Christiane von Chézy, née Clench

Der Frühling will kommen,
Der Frühling, meine Freud',
Nun mach' ich mich fertig
Zum Wandern bereit.

Wilhelm Müller

When, from the highest rock up here,
Down to the valley deep I peer,
And sing,
Far from the valley dark and deep
Echoes rush through, in upward sweep,
The chasm.
The farther that my voice resounds,
So much the brighter it rebounds
From under.
My sweetheart dwells so far from me,
I hotly long with her to be
O'er yonder.

I am consumed in misery,
I have no use for cheer,
Hope has on earth eluded me,
I am so lonesome here.
So longingly did sound the song,
So longingly through wood and night,
Towards heav'n it draws all hearts along
With unsuspected might.

The Springtime is coming,
The Springtime, my cheer,
Now must I make ready
On wanderings to fare.

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