

Chamber Music  
New Zealand  
- 60 years -

*Kaleidoscopes Concert Season 2010*

# *The Song Company*

PERFORM *The Seasons*



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# Welcome



Thank you for joining us for this concert.

The Song Company is renowned for their brilliant performances and innovative programming. Their voices are their instruments, and their musical conversations encompass the essence of chamber music.

Their programmes 'The Seasons' and 'Sweet Dreams' take us on a journey of discovery through time and to different corners of the world. Some music will be familiar and some is new, including a specially commissioned work from iconic Kiwi composer Jack Body.

This national tour is sponsored by our valued arts partner Springload Web Design. We love working with their team and thank them for their ongoing support and inspiration.

Now, sit back and enjoy!

**Euan Murdoch**

Chief Executive  
Chamber Music New Zealand



At Springload Web Design we have a genuine passion for the arts, and enjoy working with the NZ International Arts Festival, the Fringe Festival and the Wellington Jazz Festival among others.

Springload is particularly proud to continue our long and fruitful association with Chamber Music New Zealand. This season, we're thrilled to bring you The Song Company's 'The Seasons and Sweet Dreams' tour.

Springload wishes The Song Company an enjoyable tour throughout New Zealand, and we very much look forward to enjoying the Wellington performance.

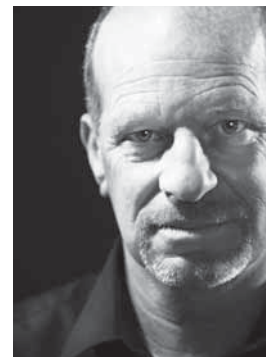
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# Schubertiade

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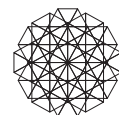


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**OPEN YOUR EARS TO THE WORLD OF CHAMBER MUSIC**

# The Seasons

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## Spring

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SOUTHLAND 2 OCTOBER    NEW PLYMOUTH 7 OCTOBER    AUCKLAND 12 OCTOBER  
 MANAWATU 15 OCTOBER    NELSON 17 OCTOBER

This tour has received support  
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*Please respect the music, the musicians, and your fellow audience members, by switching off all cellphones, pagers and watches. Taking photographs, or sound or video recordings during the concert is strictly prohibited unless with the prior approval of Chamber Music New Zealand.*



# The Song Company

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|                              |                 |
|------------------------------|-----------------|
| <i>Roland Peelman</i>        | <i>Director</i> |
| <i>Anna Fraser</i>           | <i>Soprano</i>  |
| <i>Louise Prickett</i>       | <i>Soprano</i>  |
| <i>Lanneke Wallace-Wells</i> | <i>Mezzo</i>    |
| <i>Richard Black</i>         | <i>Tenor</i>    |
| <i>Mark Donnelly</i>         | <i>Baritone</i> |
| <i>Clive Birch</i>           | <i>Bass</i>     |

As the leading vocal ensemble in Australia, the six members of The Song Company and their director Roland Peelman embrace music from all continents and eras, from mediaeval to contemporary, from high-art to low-brow. The Company is regularly involved in innovative collaborations, including performances with Chinese musicians on traditional instruments, with didgeridoo player William Barton, and with dance company Force Majeure. Variety in programming is also obvious from the group's numerous recordings, which range from a 12<sup>th</sup> century mystery play to Christmas carols and iconic Australian songs, including four versions of *Waltzing Matilda*.

The Song Company has been touring regularly since its formation in 1984, performing across Australia at major and regional arts festivals, and has also toured to North America and performed at European music events such as the Regensburg, Dresden, Flanders and Dubrovnik Festivals.

Through their MODART program, developed in conjunction with the Australian Music Centre and ABC Classic FM, The Song Company has worked with emerging composers to develop new works. In addition to commissions from established composers such as Andrew Schulz, Anne Boyd and Ross Edwards, The Song Company has worked with fellow ensembles the Australian Chamber Orchestra, Flederman and the Australia Ensemble to create new musical performances.

Education is a particular focus of the group, which delivers music programmes to school children around Australia. In 2008, the Company's week-long residency in Wairarapa schools led to an enthusiastically received community concert, and marked Chamber Music New Zealand's re-entry into music education.

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***"We really are a small vocal ensemble, as opposed to a choir. There is a fundamental difference between the two. There's a certain anonymity about a row of sopranos or tenors in a choir that's not at all the case for us. Each of the six singers in The Song Company has an individual voice and projects something of themselves to the audience, but together they make up a self-contained and complete unit."***

Roland Peelman

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## Spring

Old English: *Spring*, related to Germanic root *spring/sprung*, meaning ‘jump, leap’; French: *printemps*; German: *Frühling*; Italian: *primavera*; Dutch: *lente*. A spring is a place of rising from the ground, the source of a well or river. It is also the season in which sap rises and vegetation appears, and extends from the vernal equinox to the summer solstice.

In Botticelli’s famous painting of about 1480, Spring is personified as Venus. The notion of rebirth (Renaissance) and the supremacy of Venus as a central force of life found numerous artistic outlets during the 15<sup>th</sup> and 16<sup>th</sup> centuries. Mythical shepherds crowd the poetry of the time, such as Marino’s exquisite verse set by **Alfonso Fontanelli** as *Riedi la Primavera*, or Guarini’s *Il Pastor Fido* which provided the young German **Heinrich Schütz** with inspiration for his first madrigals. In Britain, **Thomas Weelkes** brought sophistication, wit and dazzling bravura to the genre, featuring the characters above plus his Queen Elizabeth, dressed as the virgin Vesta, keeper of the eternal fire. The earliest extant example of canon, of written six part music, and of a ground bass is the remarkable English song ‘*Sumer is icumen in*’, dating from around 1250. The text, in Wessex dialect, is spicy and without any trace of mythology. As for the beautiful *Virent Prata Hiemata* from the German manuscript collection ‘*Carmina Burana*’, the subject matter is nature fair and square - young animals and young people.

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**“Long before we threw ourselves onto petrol, iron and ammonia, there was once every year the time when trees would inevitably turn bright green ...”**

Berthold Brecht, *Über das Frühjahr* [About spring-time], 1928

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## Summer

Old English: *sumor* or *sumer*, of Germanic origin; French: *été*; German: *Sommer*; Italian: *estate*; Dutch: *zomer*. The season after spring and before autumn, when the weather is warmest, astronomically running from the summer solstice to the autumnal equinox.

The stillness and abundance of nature are celebrated by composers ranging from 17<sup>th</sup> century Germany to 20<sup>th</sup> century Hollywood. Nature bears fruit and young people are married, prompting a need for drinking songs. The two German examples in this program are ancient, one preserved in the ‘*Carmina Burana*’ manuscript, the other set by **Paul Hindemith**. By the late thirties, the German regime had branded Hindemith’s work as ‘*entartete Kunst*’ [‘degenerate art’] and he moved to Switzerland, where he set French verses by Rainer Maria Rilke who lived close-by. *Vergers* is both the title of Rilke’s volume and the small poem that concludes Hindemith’s selection. As with **Frederick Delius**’ wordless chorus from 1917, its pastoral beauty gives nothing away about looming disaster.

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**“A something in a summer’s noon, An azure depth, a wordless tune, Transcending ecstasy.”**

Emily Dickinson, from *Psalm of the Day*

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## Autumn

Middle English: *autompne*, from Latin *autumnus*; American: *fall*; French: *automne*; German: *Herbst*; Italian: *autunno*; Dutch: *herfst*. The season between summer and winter, extending from the September equinox to the winter solstice. Figuratively it describes a period of maturity or incipient decline.

Two musical miniatures from about thirty years ago, one by the American iconoclast **John Cage**, possibly pondering the autumn of his own life, and one written in Australia by composer **Peter Sculthorpe** and writer Roger Covell as a simple gesture from two friends to another friend, set the tone for an intricate new setting of Les Murray’s towering poem *Cool History* by the Belgian **Frank Nuyts**. Text and music unsentimentally strip away the layers of meaning and information vertically stretched in concentric circles. What remains is “suffering and old airs”, a mere whisper, not in the year-long but eon-long onslaught of time. The final ‘old air’ chosen for this occasion is *Autumn Leaves*, with its original text written by Jacques Prévert for the Marcel Carné film of 1945. Having lost most of his family in the war, Hungarian composer **Joseph Kosma** was given new opportunities in the French post-war film industry. *Autumn Leaves* became famous in the American version by Johnny Mercer, and the song provided Kosma with a living for the rest of his days.

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**“A forest is language: accumulated years.”**

Murray Bail, from *Eucalyptus*, 1998

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## Winter

Old English: *winter*, a nasalized form of the Indo-European base *wed-*, *wod-*, *ud-*, meaning ‘wet’; French: *hiver*; German: *Winter*; Italian: *inverno*; Dutch: *winter*. The coldest season of the year, astronomically extending from the winter solstice to the vernal equinox. Figuratively it refers to old age, or to a time of affliction or distress.

Three musical winter tableaux: **Claude Debussy**’s spirited setting of Charles d’Orléans, a chiding poem addressed to winter as a naughty villain, not unlike Brueghel’s winter landscape with skaters; **Paul Hindemith**’s setting of Rilke’s French quatrains dealing with the creepy yet charming nature of winter and, by extension, death; and finally **Francis Poulenc**’s chamber cantata, composed between Christmas Eve and Boxing Day 1944. On the surface, Eluard’s text is an exploration of the stifling, destructive effect of winter on the mind. The subtext, however, is far more urgent, referring directly to the German occupation, inexorably crushing life out of the forest (France).

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**“Now is the Winter of our discontent made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke”**

William Shakespeare, from *Richard III*

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Text © Roland Peelman

# Spring

## *Sumer is icumen in*

From Manuscript Reading Abbey; text by anonymous writer

Sumer is icumen in  
 Lhude sing cuccu  
 Groweth sed and bloweth med  
 And springth the wode nu  
 Sing cuccu  
 Awe bleteth after lomb  
 Louth after calve cu  
 Bulloc sterteth bucke verteth  
 Murie sing Cuccu  
 Wel singes thu Cuccu  
 Ne swik thu naver nu  
 Sing cuccu nu Sing cuccu

## *Virent Prata Hiemata, CB 151*

'Chorea Venerea' from Codex Buranus D-Mbs 4660, transcribed by R Clemencic;

Latin verses anonymous, final verse attributed to Walther von der Vogelweide, c. 1170-c.1230

Virent Prata hiemata tersa rabie  
 Florum data mundo grata rident facie  
 Solis radio nitent albent rubent candent  
 Veris ritus iura pendent ortu vario

Aves dulci melodia sonant garrule  
 Omni via voce pia volant sedule  
 Et in nemore frondes flores et odores  
 Sunt ardescunt iuniores hoc in tempore

Congregatur augmentatur cetus iuvenum  
 Adunatur colletatur chorus virginum  
 Et sub tilia ad choreas venereas  
 Salit mater inter eas sua filia

Restat una quam fortuna dante veneror  
 Clarens luna oportuna ob quam vulneror  
 Dans suspiria preelecta simplex recta  
 Cordi meo est invecta mutans tristia

Quam dum cerno de superno puto vigere  
 Cuncta sperno donec sterno solam venere  
 Hanc desidero ulnis plecti et subnecti  
 Loco leto in secreto si contigero

So wol dir meie wie du scheidest  
 allez ane haz  
 wie wol du die boume cleidest  
 unde die heide baz  
 Diu hat varwe me  
 du bist churcer ih pin langer  
 Also strident si uf dem anger  
 Bluomen unde chle

## Anonymous (ca. 1250)

Summer is a-coming in  
 Loudly sing cuckoo!  
 Groweth seed and bloweth mead,  
 and springs the wood anew,  
 Sing cuckoo!  
 Ewe bleateth after lamb,  
 Calf loweth after cow,  
 Bullock starteth and buck farteth  
 Merrily sing cuckoo!  
 Well singest thou cuckoo  
 Nor cease thou never now!  
 Sing cuckoo now, sing cuckoo!

## Anonymous (12<sup>th</sup> century)

The meadows are greening, free from winter's claw;  
 they give the world a happy smiling face of flowers.  
 With the rays of the sun, bright and white, gleaming and glowing,  
 they praise the right and rite of spring.

The birds warble sweet melodies,  
 and flutter about in all directions making cutest sounds.  
 And as the moor is full of flowers and fragrance,  
 so the young people are on heat at this time.

A throng of young men forms and grows  
 around the circle of young girls ever merrier  
 and under the linden tree mothers throw  
 their daughters into the dance of Venus.

There is one whom Fortuna gave me to fall in love with,  
 luminous as the waxing moon – her wounds I now carry,  
 making me sigh. My chosen one, simple and upright,  
 found her way into my heart removing my sorrows.

When I see her I am lifted up to heaven  
 and care for nothing till have won her over.  
 How I desire to make love to her  
 somewhere secret and quiet...

Good luck to you, May, whatever you decide,  
 let it be!

How nicely you dress up the forest  
 and the moor.

What could be more jolly?

'You are shorter, I am longer!'

That's how they argue on the meadow,  
 the flowers and shrubs.

## **Riedi la Primavera**

From 'Secondo Libro de madrigali a cinque voci', Venice 1604; text by Giambattista Marino (1569-1625)

Riedi la Primavera,  
Torna la bella Clori,  
Odi la Rondinella,  
Mira l'herbette e i fiori.

Ma tu, Clori più bella.  
Ne la stagion novella  
Serbi l'antico verno.

Deh, s'hai pur cinto il cor di ghiaccio eterno,  
Perché, ninfa crudel quanto gentile,  
Porti ne gli occhi il Sol nel volto Aprile?

## **Now is my Cloris**

From Ballets and Madrigals to five voices, London 1598

Now is my Cloris fresh as May,  
all clad in green and flowers gay.  
Oh might I think August were near,  
that harvest joy may soon appear.

But she keeps May throughout the year,  
and August never comes the near.  
Yet I will hope though she be May,  
August will come another day.  
Falala...

## **O Primavera**

From 'Il primo libro de madrigali di Henrico Sagittario Allemano' – Gardano, Venetia 1611;  
text by Giovanni Battista Guarini (1538-1612), from 'Il Pastor Fido', 1590

O primavera, gioventù de l'anno,  
bella madre di fiori,  
d'herbe novelle, di novelli amori,  
Tu torni ben, ma teco non tornano  
i sereni e fortunate di delle mie goie  
Tu torno ben, ma teco altro non torna,  
che del perduto mio caro tesoro  
la rimembranza misera e dolente.  
Tu quella sè, tu quella,  
ch'eri pur dianzi sì vezzosa e bella,  
Ma non son io già quel  
ch'un tempo fui, sì caro agli occhi altrui.

O dolcezze amarissime d'amore,  
quanto è più duro perdervi,  
che mai non v'haver ò provate ò possedute,  
Come saria l'amar felice stato,  
Se'l già goduto ben non si perdesse.  
O quando egli si perde,  
ogni memoria ancora  
del dileguato ben si delegasse.

## **Alfonso Fontanelli (1557-1622)**

Springtime smiles,  
Fair Cloris returns;  
Hear the swallow,  
Look at the herbs and the flowers.

But you, Cloris, more beautiful still,  
In this new season,  
You retain the winter past.

Alas, if your heart is only enwrapped in eternal ice,  
Why, oh nymph as cruel as kind,  
do your eyes reflect the Sun, whilst your face reflects April?

## **Thomas Weelkes (1576-1623)**

## **Heinrich Schütz (1585-1672)**

Oh Spring, yearly youth,  
beautiful mother of flowers,  
of new green and new love,  
you may well return, but with you do not return  
the serene and fortunate days of my happiness.  
You may well return, but nothing else returns  
but the sad and painful memory  
of my dear beloved.  
You are always there, you  
who were once so pleasant and beautiful -  
yet I am no longer the person I was  
in times past, dear to her heart.

Oh bitterest sweetness of love,  
how very hard it is to lose you,  
who will never be owned, tried or possessed.  
How wonderful it is to be in love,  
and enjoy it as if it will last forever!  
Yet when it is over -  
if only each memory of the one that  
disappeared could as easily be erased.

## **As Vesta was from Latmos Hill**

**Thomas Weelkes (1576-1623)**

Madrigal included by Thomas Morley in 'The Triumph of Oriana', London 1601

As Vesta was from Latmos hill descending,  
She spied a maiden Queene the same ascending,  
Attended on by all the shepherds swain,  
To whom Dianae's darlings came running down amain,  
First two by two, then three by three together,  
Leaving their Goddess all alone hasted thither,  
And mingling with the shepherds of her train,  
With mirthful tunes, her presence entertain.  
Then sang the shepherds and Nymphs of Diana,  
Long live fair Oriana!

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## **Summer**

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### **Die Vöglein singen**

From *Hirtenlust*, Diletti Pastoral, Leipzig 1624

Die Vöglein singen,  
die Tierlein springen,  
die Lüftlein sausen,  
die Bächlein brausen,  
die Bäumlein lachen,  
die Felsen krachen,  
die Schäflein weiden auf grüner Heide,  
wenn Filli kömmt gegangen,  
der Wälder Zier und Kron,  
ihren liebsten Coridon gar freundlich tut umfangen.  
Die Hirten rufen all zugleich:  
O viva Filli tugendreich!

### **Bache Bene Venies, CB 200**

From Codex Buranus D-Mbs 4660, transcribed by R Clemencic; text by anonymous writer

Bache Bene Venies gratus et optatus  
Per quem noster animus fit letificatus

*Istud vinum bonum vinum vinum generosum  
Reddit virum curialem probum animosum*

Iste cyphus concavus de bono mero profluus  
Si quis bibit sepius satur fit et ebrius

Hec sunt vasa regia quibus spoliatur  
Ierusalem et regalis babilon ditatur

Ex hoc cypho conscii bibent sui domini  
Bibent sui socii bibent et amici

Bachus forte superans pectoral virorum  
In amorem concitat animos eorum

### **Johann Hermann Schein (1586-1630)**

The little birds sing,  
the little animals frolic,  
the little winds blow,  
the little brooks bubble,  
the little trees laugh,  
the rocks crackle,  
the little sheep graze on the green marshes,  
when Phyllis arrives,  
the pride and joy of the forests,  
to welcome her most beloved Coridon.  
The shepherds call out together:  
Long live virtuous Phyllis!

### **Anonymous (12<sup>th</sup> century)**

Bacchus, be welcome, great and esteemed fellow  
Who knows how to lift our spirits.

*This wine, good wine, generous wine  
Gives drinking men courage and spirit*

This well-shaped goblet overflows with good stuff.  
Whoever sips often will soon be drunk.

These are the regal vats, robbed from Jerusalem  
and abused by kings of Babylon.

From this goblet all its masters drink.  
So drink his colleagues and friends!

Bacchus, once in charge of men's bodies,  
excites their minds to love-making.

Bachus sepe visitans mulierum genus  
Facit eas subditas tibi o tu venus

Bachus venas penetrans calido liquore  
Facit eas igneas veneris ardore

Bachus lenis leniens curas et dolores  
Confert iocum gaudia risus et amores

Bachus mentem femine solet hic lenire  
Cogit eam citius viro consentire

Aqua prorsus coitum nequit impetrare  
Bachus illam facile solet expugnare

Bachus numen faciens hominem iocundum  
Reddit eum pariter doctum et facundum

Bache deus inclite omnes hic astantes  
Leti sumus munera tua prelibantes

Omnes tibi canimus maxima preconia  
Te laudantes merito tempora per omnia

Bacchus often seeks out the female species,  
submitting them to you, oh Venus.

Bacchus penetrates our veins with hot liquid  
and, with Venus' flame, turns it into a bonfire.

Bacchus smooths over worries and pains  
and turns them into fun, joy, laughter and love.

Bacchus tends to make a woman's mind lenient  
forcing a quick consent to the man.

Water certainly cannot facilitate coitus  
whereas Bacchus can easily conquer her!

Bacchus, you god, as you make people happy,  
you make them wise in words and deeds.

Bacchus, you venerated God, we are gathered here  
in joy and blessed with your gifts.

We all sing to you with fullest voice,  
duly praising you for ever and ever.

### **Verger [Orchard]**

From 'Six Chansons', 1939; text by Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926), from 'Verger'

Jamais la terre n'est plus réelle  
que dans tes branches, o verger blond,  
ni plus flottante que dans la dentelle  
que font tes ombres sur le gazon.

Là se rencontre ce qui nous reste,  
ce qui nous pèse et ce qui nourrit  
avec le passage manifeste  
de la tendresse infinie.

Mais à ton centre, la calme fontaine,  
presque dormant en son ancien rond,  
de ce contraste parle à peine,  
tant en elle il se confond.

### **Paul Hindemith (1894-1963)**

Never is the earth more real  
than in your branches, oh blonde orchard,  
nor more floating than in the lacework  
that your shadows make on the lawn.

There meets what remains with us,  
what weighs on us and gives us nourishment  
with the passage made obvious  
by infinite tenderness.

But at your centre, the calm fountain,  
almost dormant in its ancient circle,  
barely speaks of this contrast.  
Such is its immersion.

### **Landsknechtstrinklied [Farm Worker's Drinking Song]**

From 'Lieder nach alten Texten' Opus 35, 1923; text by anonymous writer

*Tummel dich, tummel dich, guts Weinlein!*

Frisch auf, gut Gsell, laß rummer gahn.  
Das Gläslein soll nicht stille stahn.  
Er setzt das Gläslein an den Mund.  
Er trunks heraus bisauf den Grund.  
Er hat sein Sachen recht getan.  
Das Gläslein soll herummer gahn.

*Tummel dich, tummel dich, guts Weinlein!*

### **Paul Hindemith (1894-1963)**

*Tumble, tumble, good little wine!*

Ahoy, good mate, let it go 'round.  
The glass should not stand still.  
He puts the glass to his lips.  
He drinks it to the bottom.  
He knows how to do it.  
The glass shall go 'round.

*Tumble, tumble, good little wine!*

### **To be sung on a summernight on the water**

From 'Two songs for wordless choir', Grez, 1917

### **Frederick Delius (1862-1934)**

### ***Delius (Song of Summer)***

**Kate Bush (b. 1952)**

From the album 'Never for ever', UK, 1980; vocal arrangement by R Peelman

### ***The Summer Knows***

**Michel Legrand (b. 1932)**

Theme from the Robert Mulligan film 'Summer of '42', Warner Brothers 1971;  
vocal arrangement by R Peelman 2007; text by Allan and Marilyn Bergman, 1971

The summer smiles, the summer knows,  
And unashamed, she sheds her clothes,  
The summer smoothes the restless sky,  
And lovingly she warms the sand on which you lie.

The summer knows, the summer's wise,  
she sees her doubts within your eyes.  
And so she takes her summer time,  
tells the moon to wait and the sun to linger.  
Twists the world 'round her summer finger,  
lets you see the wonder of it all.

And if you've learned your lesson well,  
there's little more for her to tell.  
One last caress, it's time to dress for fall.

### ***Good Day Sunshine***

**John Lennon (1940-1980)  
& Paul McCartney (b. 1942)**

From Beatles album 'Revolver', song first recorded Abbey Road, London, June 1966; vocal arrangement by R Peelman, 2007

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## INTERVAL

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## ***Autumn***

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### ***The year begins to be ripe***

**John Cage (1912-1992)**

Solo for Voice 49, 1970; text by Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862), from 'Journal'

The birds seem to delight in the first fine days of the fall in the warm hazy light (robins, bluebirds, in families on the almost bare elms, phoebes and probably purple finches). Now the year itself begins to be ripe, ripened by the frost, like a persimmon.

### ***Autumn Song***

**Peter Sculthorpe (b. 1929)**

Sydney, 1968; text by Roger Covell

Lost land on a lost shining sea  
The leaves were dark on the kissing tree.  
Lost land now the hard wind has come  
Leaves in the dust with a rusty sun.  
Lost land on fire in sudden flame  
The leaves are ash and blown away.

**Old Airs****Frank Nuyts (b. 1957)**

Written for The Song Company, Gent, 2005/06; text by Les Murray, Cool History, from 'Poems the size of photographs', 2002

Identity oversimplifies humans.

It denies the hybrid, as trees can't.

Trees, which wrap height in pages

Self-knitted from ground water and light

Are stood scrolls best read unopened.

They lean to each other and away

In politics of sun rivalry

Or at knotted behest in the earth.

Billets cut from them are tight-bound

Photocopies detailing food and ancestry.

Eons on, their concentric years

Will be eloquent on suffering and old airs.

**Les Feuilles Mortes [Dead Leaves]****Joseph Kosma (1905-1969)**

Paris, 1945; text by Jacques Prévert (1900-1977); written for the Marcel Carné film 'Les Portes de la Nuit', made famous as 'Autumn Leaves' in the American version by Johnny Mercer

Oh ! je voudrais tant que tu te souviennes

Des jours heureux où nous étions amis.

En ce temps-là la vie était plus belle,

Et le soleil plus brûlant qu'aujourd'hui.

Les feuilles mortes se ramassent à la pelle.

Tu vois, je n'ai pas oublié...

Les feuilles mortes se ramassent à la pelle,

Les souvenirs et les regrets aussi

Et le vent du nord les emporte

Dans la nuit froide de l'oubli.

Tu vois, je n'ai pas oublié

La chanson que tu me chantais.

C'est une chanson qui nous ressemble.

Toi, tu m'aimais et je t'aimais

Et nous vivions tous deux ensemble,

Toi qui m'aimais, moi qui t'aimais.

Mais la vie sépare ceux qui s'aiment,

Tout doucement, sans faire de bruit.

Et la mer efface sur le sable

Les pas des amants désunis.

Les feuilles mortes se ramassent à la pelle,

Les souvenirs et les regrets aussi

Mais mon amour silencieux et fidèle

Sourit toujours et remercie la vie.

Je t'aimais tant, tu étais si jolie.

Comment veux-tu que je t'oublie ?

En ce temps-là, la vie était plus belle

Et le soleil plus brûlant qu'aujourd'hui.

Tu étais ma plus douce amie

Mais je n'ai que faire des regrets

Et la chanson que tu chantais,

Toujours, toujours je l'entendrai !

Oh, how I wish you would remember

The happy days when we were friends.

At that time life was better,

And the sun was warmer than today.

The dead leaves are piling up.

You see, I have not forgotten ...

The dead leaves are piling up,

and so are the memories and regrets,

and the north wind takes them away

In the cold night of oblivion.

You see, I have not forgotten

The song you sang for me.

It is a song that resembles us.

You, you loved me and I loved you

and the two of us lived together,

You who loved me and I who loved you.

But life separates those who are in love,

very quietly, without making noise.

And the sea erases in the sand

The steps of the lovers broken up.

The dead leaves are piling up,

and so do the memories and regrets

but my silent and faithful love

Always smiles and is grateful for life.

I loved you so much, you were so pretty.

How could I possibly forget you?

At that time life was better

And the sun was warmer than today.

You were my sweetest friend

But I could only have regrets

and the song that you sang.

Always, always will I hear it!

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# Winter

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## **En Hiver**

From 'Six Chansons', 1939; text by Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926)

En hiver, la mort meurtrière  
entre dans les maisons;  
elle cherche la sœur, le père,  
et leur joue du violon.

Mais quand la terre remue,  
sous la bêche du printemps,  
la mort court dans les rues  
et salue les passants.

## **Yver, vous n'êtes qu'un villain**

From 'Trois Chansons de Charles d'Orléans', Paris 1908-10; text by Charles d'Orléans (1391-1465)

Yver, vous n'êtes qu'un villain  
Esté est plaisant et gentil  
En témoin de may et d'avril  
Qui l'accompaignent soir et main.

Esté revet champs, bois et fleurs  
De sa livrée de verdure  
Et de maintes autres couleurs  
Par l'ordonnance de nature.

Mais vous, Yver, trop estes plein  
De nège, vent, pluye et grézil.  
On vous deust banir en exil.

Sans point flater je parle plein:  
Yver, vous n'êtes qu'un villain.

## **Un Soir de Neige [A snowy evening]**

Paris, December 1944; text by Paul Eluard (1895-1952)

De grandes cuillers de neige  
Ramassent nos pieds glacés  
Et d'une dure parole  
Nous heurtons l'hiver tête  
Chaque arbre a sa place en l'air  
Chaque roc son poids sur terre  
Chaque ruisseau son eau vive  
Nous nous n'avons pas de feu

La bonne neige le ciel noir  
Les branches mortes la détresse  
De la forêt pleine de pièges  
Honte à la bête pourchassée  
La fuite en flèche dans le coeur  
Les traces d'une proie atroce

## **Paul Hindemith (1895-1963)**

In winter, murderous death  
enters the houses;  
he seeks the sister, the father,  
and plays them the violin.

But when the earth moves  
under the spade of spring,  
death roams through the streets  
and greets the passers-by.

## **Claude Debussy (1862-1918)**

Winter, you are but a villain.  
Summer is pleasant and mild  
Together with April and May  
Who accompany him as evening and morning.

Summer dresses fields, shrubs and flowers  
In a livery of green  
And in many other colours  
According to nature's order.

But you, Winter, you are too full  
Of snow, wind, rain and hail.  
They should send you in exile.

Without holding back, I speak plainly:  
Winter, you are but a villain.

## **Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)**

Our frozen feet  
Pick up large spoonfuls of snow  
And with a harsh word  
We offend the stubborn winter  
Each tree has its place in the air  
Each rock its weight on earth  
Each rivulet its living water  
As for us we have no fire

Good snow black sky  
Dead boughs distress  
Of the forest full of traps  
Shame on the hunted beast  
The flight of the arrow into the heart  
The tracks of an abominable prey

Hardi au loup et c'est toujours  
Le plus beau loup et c'est toujours  
Le dernier vivant que menace  
La masse absolue de la mort

Bois meurtri bois perdu d'un voyage en hiver  
Navire où la neige prend pied  
Bois d'asile bois mort où sans espoir je rêve  
De la mer aux miroirs crevés  
Un grand moment d'eau froide a saisi les noyés  
La foule de mon corps en souffre  
je m'affaiblis je me disperse  
j'avoue ma vie  
j'avoue ma mort  
j'avoue autrui

La nuit le froid la solitude  
On m'enferma soigneusement  
Mais les branches cherchaient leur voie  
dans la prison  
Autour de moi l'herbe trouva le ciel  
On verrouilla le ciel ma prison s'écroula  
Le froid vivant le froid brûlant m'eut bien en main

Courage to the wolf and it is always  
The most handsome wolf and it is always  
The last survivor who is threatened  
By the absolute weight of death

Bruised wood lost wood of a winter journey  
Ship where the snow takes hold  
Wood of refuge dead wood where hopeless I dream  
Of the sea of burst mirrors  
A great moment of cold water seized the drowned  
The crowd of my body suffers from it  
I grow weak I break apart  
I acknowledge my life  
I acknowledge my death  
I acknowledge others

Night cold loneliness  
I was carefully closed in  
But the boughs sought their way  
into the prison  
Around me the grass was finding the sky  
The sky was bolted my prison crumbled  
The living cold the burning cold had me well in hand

**Turn! Turn ! Turn!**  
**(to everything there is a season)**

Text from Ecclesiastes 3: 1-8; text adaptation and music by P Seeger, 1959; arrangement by R Peelman, 2007

To Everything there is a season (Turn, Turn, Turn)  
And a time for every purpose, under Heaven

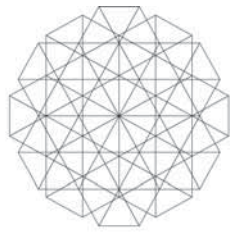
A time to be born, a time to die, a time to plant, a time to reap  
A time to kill, a time to heal, a time to laugh, a time to weep

A time to build up, a time to break down, a time to dance, a time to mourn  
A time to cast away stones, a time to gather stones together

A time of love, a time of hate, a time of war, a time of peace  
A time you may embrace, a time to refrain from embracing

A time to gain, a time to lose, a time to rend, a time to sew  
A time to love, a time to hate, a time for peace, I swear it's not too late

**Pete Seeger (b. 1919)**



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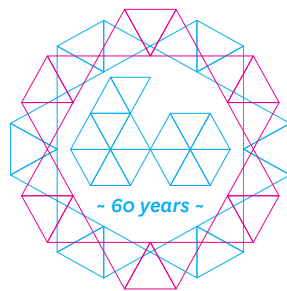
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