

# In Your Neighbourhood

## DAWN & DUSK

6.30pm, Monday 17 June  
St Peter's Church, Takapuna

Tchaikovsky	<i>Souvenir de Florence</i>
	I. Allegro con spirito
	II. Adagio cantabile e con moto
	III. Allegretto moderato
	IV. Allegro con brio e vivace
Schoenberg	<i>Verklärte Nacht</i>

Featuring	Lauren Bennett, Principal First Violin
Violin	Joella Pinto-Roberts
Viola	Robert Ashworth
	Christine Bowie
Cello	Ashley Brown
	David Garner

## Programme Notes

### Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky *Souvenir de Florence*

Tchaikovsky's *Souvenir de Florence* was composed in 1890 as a pledge of thanks to the Saint Petersburg Chamber Music Society for making him an honorary member. Tchaikovsky's struggle to write for a string sextet for the first time is well documented in his letters. He started the process of writing the sextet in 1887, jotting down sketches, but it wasn't until 1890 that it took full flight and became something resembling what we hear now. This struggle isn't heard in the music with the first movement throwing the listener straight into a fiery state of turmoil, through to the last movement's almost folk-like tendencies, completely celebrating the composer's brilliance and exploration of the new genre of string sextets.

### Arnold Schoenberg *Verklärte Nacht*

Schönberg wrote his *Verklärte Nacht* in 1899. Taking him merely three weeks to write, the single movement piece is a moving example of programme music. *Verklärte Nacht* provides an extra-musical narrative to Richard Dehmel's poem, which traverses a conversation between a man and woman wandering through moonlit woods. The woman confesses that her longing for motherhood drove her to fall pregnant by a stranger, and yet the man walking with her exclaims the warmth he feels from her is enough to make the child his own as well as hers.

The emotional journey of the music follows the path of the poem, with Schönberg's expert use of harmony and thematic material seamlessly taking the listener through the simple but moving story.

### Richard Dehmel *Verklärte Nacht*

Two people walk through the bare, cold woods;  
The moon runs along, they gaze at it.  
The moon runs over tall oaks,  
No little cloud dulls the heavenly light,  
Into which the black points reach.  
A woman's voice speaks:  
I bear a child, and not by you.  
I walk in sin alongside you. I have gone seriously astray.  
I believed no longer in good fortune,  
Yet still had a great longing for a full life, for a mother's happiness and duty;  
then I became reckless; horror-stricken,  
I let myself be taken by a stranger and even blessed myself for it.  
Now life has taken its revenge: now have I met you, oh, you.  
She walks with clumsy gait.

She gazes upward; the moon runs along.  
Her somber glance drowns in the light.  
A man's voice speaks:  
The child that you conceived,  
Let it be no burden to your soul;  
oh, look, how clear the universe glitters!  
There is a radiance about everything;  
You drift along with me on a cold sea,  
Yet a special warmth glimmers from you in me, from me in you.  
It will transfigure the strange child,  
You will bear it for me, from me;  
You have brought the radiance into me,  
You have made me a child myself.  
He holds her around her strong hips.  
Their breath mingles in the air.  
Two people walk through the high, clear night.

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