



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
FACULTY OF MUSIC

**Thursdays at Noon: 2021 Winners' Recital**

***Jim and Charlotte Norcop Prize in Song & Gwendolyn Williams Koldofsky Prize in Accompanying***

**Maeve Palmer, soprano and Joel Goodfellow, piano**

March 24, 2022 at 12:10 pm  
Walter Hall

**PROGRAM**

Schon lacht der holde Frühling KV 580

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756—1791)

Peter Stoll, clarinet

Vier Lieder op. 2

Arnold Schönberg  
(1874—1951)

Erwartung  
Schenk mir deinen goldenen Kamm (Jesus bettelt)  
Erhebung  
Waldsonne

Leino Laulut

Kaija Saariaho  
(b. 1952)

Sua katselen  
Sydän  
Iltarukous  
Rauha

Mo ghile mear

Dónal Ó Liatháin  
(1934—2008)

At the Mid Hour of Night  
The Last Rose of Summer

Benjamin Britten  
(1913—1976)

Amore

Jocelyn Morlock  
(b. 1969)

*We wish to acknowledge this land on which the University of Toronto operates.*

*For thousands of years it has been the traditional land of the Huron-Wendat, the Seneca, and the Mississaugas of the Credit.*

*Today, this meeting place is still the home to many Indigenous people from across Turtle Island and we are grateful to have the opportunity to work on this land.*

“Virtuoso singer” (*WholeNote*), and “triple-threat ... talented coloratura” (*OperaCanada*) **Maeve Palmer** is an alumna of the Rebanks Family Fellowship, and the University of Toronto (U of T) Opera School. Maeve is now pursuing her Doctor of Musical Arts at U of T where she is studying with Prof. Lorna MacDonald. Maeve has performed with New Music Concerts, Continuum Contemporary Music, Opera Atelier, Tapestry Opera, and Off-Centre Music Salon among other companies. Recent operatic roles include Susanna, Zerbinetta, and Mary Crawford (Mansfield Park). Maeve is the 2021 recipient of the Jim and Charlotte Norcop Prize in Song.

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**Joel Goodfellow**, from Vernon, BC, has been working as a collaborative musician for over a decade and has his Bachelor of Music in piano performance from the University of Lethbridge. He has performed as a soloist with the Okanagan Symphony Orchestra, Kamloops Symphony Orchestra, and Youth Symphony of the Okanagan, with critics praising his musical sensitivity and fresh interpretation. With the release of his debut percussion and piano duo album, *Detours*, Joel was added to the PARMA recording artists roster under the Big Round Records label. Joel is currently pursuing a Master of Music in collaborative piano at the University of Toronto under Steven Philcox.

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Known for his virtuoso energy on stage, creative musical arrangements and an entertaining way of speaking with the audience, **Peter Stoll** performs regularly in Toronto with many orchestral and chamber groups and has toured as soloist and with ensembles to the USA, across Europe and to Russia. In 2019 he won a Dora Mavor Moore Award as part of Best Ensemble-Opera.

Recent seasons' solo and chamber highlights have included a Music Toronto ensemble recital, the Toronto premiere of a new work by Alexina Louie with the Gryphon Trio, and performances for visits by world-renowned composers Krzysztof Penderecki, Chen Yi and Anders Hillborg. In 2013 Peter was flown to Tokyo, Japan to take part in the international Yamaha “Junior Original Concert” at Bunkamura Hall, and October 2014 saw a three-city tour of mainland China and Hong Kong as part of an exchange of composers and performers organized by the University of Toronto. He participated in a recording of re-imagined chamber music with members of the Canadian Brass, released in February 2016 on the Opening Day label.

In the summer of 2017, Peter was a featured member of the Clear Lake Chamber Music Festival in Manitoba, and toured three major Ontario festivals with the Swiss Piano Trio, presenting a multi-media version of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade". In January of 2018, he performed and led masterclasses at two universities in Colorado, USA. Peter recently performed the Canadian premiere of noted American wind ensemble composer Brian Balmages' concerto "Escapades" with the composer conducting.

Peter frequently presents multi-genre recitals on clarinet and saxophone with pianist Adam Zukiewicz, professor of piano at Northern Colorado University. Peter teaches clarinet, chamber music, performance and education studies, and “The Business of Music” at the Faculty of Music, University of Toronto. His website is [www.peterstoll.ca](http://www.peterstoll.ca).

### **JIM AND CHARLOTTE NORCOP PRIZE IN SONG**

The annual prize was established in 2009 and is awarded to the singer at the Faculty of Music showing the most promise in performance of the song literature. Past winners have been Leslie Ann Bradley, Geoffrey Sirett, Aviva Fortunata Wilks, Andrew Haji, Charles Sy, Jennifer Krabbe, Emily D'Angelo, Joel Allison, Simona Genga, Korin Thomas-Smith and Alex Hetherington.

### **GWENDOLYN WILLIAMS KOLDOFSKY PRIZE IN ACCOMPANYING**

The annual prize was established in 2011 and is awarded to the collaborative pianist at the Faculty of Music showing the most promise in performance of the song literature. Past winners include Susan Black, Narmina Afandiyeva, Ivan Jovanovic, Lara Dodds-Eden, Sonya Sim, Mélisande Sinsoulier, Jialiang Zhu, Joy Lee and Dakota Scott-Digout.

Gwendolyn Williams was born November 1, 1906 in Bowmanville, Ontario. She studied piano in Toronto with Viggo Kihl. At 17, she went to London where she studied piano with Tobias Matthay and ensemble playing and accompanying with Harold Craxton. Later, she spent several months in Paris studying French repertoire with Marguerite Hasselmans. When she was 20, she returned to Canada and was plunged almost immediately into an accompanying career when the great Canadian soprano, Jeanne Dusseau asked Mrs. Koldofsky to play for her. One musical engagement led to another at an exhilarating pace. A year after her return to Canada, she met and married the violinist Adolph Koldofsky. For the next quarter century, she accompanied all of her husband's solo recitals and played every form of chamber music with him on concert stages around the world. In 1945, the couple moved to Los Angeles, where Mrs. Koldofsky was engaged to teach accompanying at the School of Music of the University of Southern California. She taught accompanying, song literature and chamber music at USC from 1947 to 1988. She was also a longtime member of the faculty of the Santa Barbara Music Academy of the West, where she served as director of vocal accompanying from 1951 to 1989. She judged competitions, lectured and taught master classes for accompanists, singers and ensembles throughout the United States and Canada. Among her many students were mezzo-soprano Marilyn Horne, pianist Martin Katz and soprano Carol Neblett. For more than 40 years, Koldofsky appeared as an accompanist throughout the world, working with such distinguished artists as Rose Bampton, Suzanne Danco, Herta Glaz, Mack Harrell, Marilyn Horne, Jan Peerce, Hermann Prey, Peter Schreier, Martial Singher and Eleanor Steber. She assisted Lotte Lehmann on many tours during the latter's last eight years of performing and for 11 years was Lehmann's accompanist and coach-assistant at the Music Academy of the West. Gwendolyn Williams Koldofsky died November 12, 1998 in Santa Barbara at the age of 92.

## Notes & Translations

### Schon lacht der Holde Frühling

Mozart dedicated *Schon lacht der holde Frühling* (The beautiful spring laughs already) to his sister-in-law Josepha Hofer (née Weber) for whom he later composed the role of the Queen of the Night in his opera *Die Zauberflöte*. Mozart intended *Schon lacht der holde Frühling* as a bravura insert aria for a German version of Giovanni Paisiello's opera *The Barber of Seville*. However, due to the incomplete orchestration, it is unlikely that the work was ever performed for its intended purpose. Franz Beyer, a German musicologist renowned for his restoration of Mozart fragments, later finished the orchestration in the 1990's, by which time Paisiello's 'Barber' had long been overshadowed by that of Rossini.

In this aria, Rosina rejoices in the beauty of spring as a time for lovers, and laments over the shepherd 'Lindor', secretly the disguised Count Almaviva, with whom she has fallen in love. Rosina declares that not even the beautiful spring could soothe the solitary woes of her heart for her beloved. Her youthful theatrics are rendered in brilliant coloratura passages that bely her bleak posturing, reminding us how sweet it is to be crossed in love.

#### **Schon lacht der holde Frühling**

Schon lacht der holde Frühling  
Auf blumenreichen Matten  
Wo sich Zephyre gatten  
Unter geselligem Scherze.

Wenn auch auf allen Zweigen  
Sich junge Blüten zeigen  
Kehrt doch kein leiser Trost  
In dieses arme Herz.

Da sitze ich und weine  
Einsam auf der Flur  
Nicht um mein verlornes Schäfchen  
Um den Schäfer Lindor nur.

#### **The beloved Spring laughs already**

Already laughs the beloved Spring  
Upon the flower covered meadows  
Where the zephyrs unite  
With gregarious jests.

Yet when upon every branch  
Young blossoms present themselves  
No quiet consolation returns  
To this poor heart.

There I wit and weep  
Alone on the banks,  
Not over of my lost sheep,  
Only over the Shepherd Lindor.

### Vier Lieder, op. 2

Three of these four early songs of Schoenberg are settings of poetry from Richard Dehmel's collection "Weib und Welt" (Woman and the World), with Johannes Schlaf's "Waldsonne" (Forest sun) as the final inclusion. They were composed during what is known as Schoenberg's first period, in which his songs focused heavily on the writing of Dehmel. Both Dehmel and Schlaf use evocative colour palettes to depict nature and emotion. Schoenberg mirrors their colour choices in rich, shifting harmonies and symbolic thematic imagery that musically mimics the action of the text.

Dehmel wrote "Erwartung" (Expectation) following the suicide by drowning of a young woman with whom he had had an affair. The woman had arranged to have the ring Dehmel gave her returned to him following her death.

Dehmal's work holds tension between the sublimation and the exaltation of the ego, "resolving" these two opposites through the idea of "perfect love," which he postulates is expressed in the act of physical union. "Schenk mir deinen Goldenen Kamm," narrated by Jesus, is an erotic retelling of the story of Mary Magdalene

and Jesus Christ, depicting the expression of “perfect love” as religious experience. Elements of Christ’s passion, the crown of thorns, the sponge, and the burden of the cross, are all disguised in erotic imagery.

Elements of Schoenberg’s emerging atonality can be heard in this cycle in his widespread use of chords and melody built upon neighbouring semitones. Listen particularly to the pianist’s postlude in the otherwise rather impressionistic “Waldsonne”: a series of three accented appoggiatura chords do not resolve as functional harmony, but are rather built on adjacent notes, creating a discordantly perplexing cadential motif.

## Vier Lieder Op. 2

### **Erwartung**

Aus dem meergrünen Teiche  
neben der roten Villa  
unter der toten Eiche  
scheint der Mond.

Wo ihr dunkles Abbild  
durch das Wasser greift,  
steht ein Mann und streift  
einen Ring von seiner Hand.

Drei Opale blinken;  
durch die bleichen Steine  
schwimmen rot und grüne  
funken und versinken.

Und er küßt sie, und  
seine Augen leuchten  
wie der meergrüne Grund:  
ein Fenster tut sich auf.

Aus der roten Villa  
neben der toten Eiche  
winkt ihm eine bleiche  
Frauenhand.

- *Richard Dehmel (1863-1920)*

### **Schenk mir deine goldenen Kamm**

Schenk mir deinen goldenen Kamm;  
jeder Morgen soll dich mahnen,  
Daß du mir die Haare küßt.  
Schenk mir deinen seidenen Schwamm;  
jeden Abend will ich ahnen,  
wem du dich im Bade rüstest,  
o Maria!

## Four Songs Op. 2

### **Expectation**

From the sea-green pond  
near the red villa  
under the dead oak  
shines the moon.

Where her dark image  
gleams through the water,  
a man stands and draws  
a ring from his hand.

Three opals glimmer;  
among the pale stones  
float red and green sparks  
and sink.

And he kisses her,  
and his eyes gleam  
Like the sea-green depths:  
a window opens.

From the red villa,  
near the dead oak,  
a woman’s pale hand  
waves to him.

- *Translated by Richard Stokes*

### **Give me your golden comb**

Give me your golden comb;  
every morning shall remind you  
that you kissed my hair.  
Give me your silken sponge;  
every evening I want to sense  
for whom you prepared yourself in the bath,  
oh, Maria!

Schenk mir Alles, was du hast;  
meine Seele ist nicht eitel,  
stolz empfang ich deinen Segen.  
Schenk mir deine schwerste Last:  
willst du nicht auf meinen Scheitel  
auch dein Herz, dein Herz noch legen,  
Magdalena?

*Richard Dehmel (1863-1920)*

### **Erhebung**

Gib mir deine Hand,  
nur den Finger, dann  
seh ich diesen ganzen Erdkries  
als mein Eigen an!

O, wie blüht mein Land!  
Sieh dir's doch nur an,  
daß es mit uns über die Wolken  
in die Sonne kann!

- *Richard Dehmel (1863-1920)*

### **Waldsonne**

In die braunen, rauschenden Nächte  
Flittert ein Licht herein,  
Grüngolden ein Schein.

Blumen blinken auf und Gräser  
Und die singenden, springenden Waldwässerlein,  
Und Erinnerungen.

Die längst verklungenen:  
Golden erwachen sie wider,  
All deine fröhlichen Lieder.

Und ich sehe deine goldenen Haare glänzen,  
Und ich sehe deine goldenen Augen glänzen  
Aus den grünen, raunenden Nächten.

Und mir ist, ich läge neben dir auf dem Rasen  
Und hörte dich wieder auf der glitzeblanken  
Syrinx  
In die blauen Himmelslüfte blasen.

Give me everything you have;  
my soul is not vain,  
Proudly I receive your blessing.  
Give me your heavy burden:  
Will you not lay on my head  
Your heart too, your heart -  
Magdalena?

- *Translated by Richard Stokes*

### **Exaltation**

Give me your hand,  
only a finger, then  
I shall see this whole round earth  
as my own!

Oh, how my country blossoms!  
Just look at it,  
That it may go with us above the clouds  
into the sun!

### **Forest sun**

Into the brown rustling nights  
There flutters a light,  
A green-golden gleam.

Glinting flower gaze up  
And the singing, leaping forest brooklets,  
And memories.

The long silent ones:  
Golden, they awaken again,  
All your joyous songs.

And I see your golden hair glitter,  
And I see your golden eyes gleam  
Out of the green murmuring nights.

And I feel as though I were lying on the lawn  
by your side / And heard you once more  
blow on your brightly glinting pipes  
Into the blue air of heaven.

In die braunen, wühlenden Nächte  
Flittert ein Licht,  
Ein goldener Schein.

- Johannes Schlaf (1862-1941)

Into the brown, turbulent nights  
There flutters a light,  
A golden gleam.

- Translated by Richard Stokes

### Leino-Laulut

Kaija Saariaho's *Leino-Laulut* sets poetry by Finland's most celebrated poet Eino Leino. Leino, influenced by the writing of Nietzsche, had an interest in naturalism that lends itself to Saariaho's compositional ideals. Born in Helsinki in 1952, Saariaho found a home in Paris at IRCAM research institute in 1982, where her musical aesthetics shifted towards the use of spectralism, the mathematical analysis of sound spectra from the natural world. These techniques inform her compositional decisions. Saariaho's music is inspired by the idea of synaesthesia, the combination of multiple senses. In *Leino-Laulut*, Saariaho chooses poems that explore the sensorial world. "Sua katselen" (Looking at you) centres on the gaze, using sight to spark memory and emotion. "Sydän" (The Heart) gives attention to hearing, listening to the whisperings and the pulse of the heart, which Saariaho describes in the left hand of the piano. "Rauha" (Peace) focusses on scent, using fragrance to describe the sensation of peace. Themes of rest, sleep, and death recur throughout these poems. Saariaho writes with liberal use of sustain pedal in the piano that allows her spectral harmonies to organically unfold over time. Her ethereal soundscape transports us, perhaps, to Leino's "gladed island" of peace.

#### Leino-Laulut

##### **Sua katselen**

Sua katselen silmin ma huikaistuin  
Kuni kaunista sateenkaarta,  
sua silmäni sulkien muistelen kuin  
meren laskija lehtosaarta.

Sua katson ma hiljaa henkien  
kuin kuvaa äitini armaan  
ja uskon, ett' enkelit lapsuuden  
nyt lähellä liikkuvat varmaan.

##### **Sydän**

I  
Sydän, mitä sahaat?  
Sahaatko lautaa  
neljää, joiden  
välissä maata,  
maata mun mieluisa on?  
Sahaan ma rautaa,  
kahleita katkon

#### Songs of Leino

##### **Looking at you**

Looking in your eyes dazzles me  
like looking at a rainbow's beauty,  
I close my eyes and drift to your memory  
as to a gladed island in the sea.

I look at you breathing softly  
like an image of my mother dear  
and it seems that the angels of childhood  
must be stirring somewhere near.

##### **The Heart**

I  
Heart, what are you sawing?  
are you sawing planks,  
four planks for me  
to lie down in,  
a pleasant place to lie down?  
It's iron I'm sawing  
I'm breaking your chains

että sun henkesi  
vapaa oisi,  
henkesi onneton.

so that your soul  
will be free,  
your unhappy soul will be free.

II  
Sydän, mitä kuiskaat?  
Kuiskitko kummaa  
polkua päivän,  
tunturin tietä,  
taivahan tähtiä päin?  
Kuiskin ma tummaa  
runoa Tuonen,  
kuiluja, vaivaa  
virkkamatonta,  
autuutta ylpeäin.

II  
Heart, what are you whispering?  
Are you whispering the wondrous  
path of the daylight  
a pass through the mountains  
towards the stars in the sky?  
It's darkness I'm whispering  
dark Tuoni's poems  
chasms, trouble,  
uttering nothing,  
The blessedness of pride.

### **Rauha**

### **Peace**

Mitä on nää tuoksut mun ympärilläin?  
Mitä on tämä hiljaisuus?  
Mitä tietävi rauha mun sydämessäin,  
Tää suuri ja outo ja uus?

What is this fragrance around me?  
What is this quietness?  
What is this promise of peace in my heart,  
What strange, grand, new thing is this?

Minä kuulen kuink' kukkaset kasvavat  
ja metsässä puhuvat puut.  
Minä luulen, nyt kypsyvät unelmat  
ja toivot ja tou'ot muut.

I hear how the flowers are growing  
and the talk of the trees in the wood.  
I think that my old dreams are ripening  
all my hopes, all the things that I sowed.

Kaikk' on niin hiljaa mun ympärilläin,  
kaikk' on niin hellää ja hyvää.  
Kukat suuret mun aukeevat sydämessäin  
ja tuoksuvat rauhaa syvää.

Everything's quiet around me,  
Everything's gentle and sweet.  
Great flowers are opening here in my heart  
with a fragrance of deepest peace.

### **Iltarukous**

### **Evening Prayer**

Unta, unta, unta  
Syvää uinumaan.  
Lunta, lunta, lunta  
Päälle mustan maan.

Sleep, sleep, sleep  
deeply to slumber.  
Snow, snow, snow  
over the black land.

Yössä, yössä, yössä  
öiset linnut lentää.  
Työssä, työssä, työssä  
Lepää tuskat sentään.

Night, night, night  
night birds are flying.  
Work, work, work  
but even woe must rest.

Lennä, lennä, lennä  
aatos inehmon!  
Mennä, mennä, mennä

Fly, fly, fly  
Humankind's pondering!  
Away, away, away



aika maata on.

the time has come to rest.

- Eino Leino (1878-1926)

- translated by Lola Rogers

### Mo Ghile Mear

“Mo Ghile Mear” (My gallant lad) is a nationalistic Irish song with poetry from the Jacobean era. This modern version was composed by Dónal Ó Liatháin in the 1970’s to a tune from Cúil Aodha using two poems by 18th century Irish poet Seán Mac Domhnaíll.

The main poem “Bímse buan ar buairt gach ló” (I am forever grieving every day) refers to “Bonnie Prince Charlie,” Charles Edward Stuart. The Stuart lineage had the support of the Highland clans who supported Prince Charles’s wildly unsuccessful play for the throne in the “1745 rising”. Following his defeat at the gruesome Battle of Culloden in 1746, Prince Charles fled by boat across the sea to the Island of Skye. In Ireland, Prince Charles became romanticised as the thwarted saviour who was destined to rally support from France, Spain, and Rome to deliver the Irish from their English oppressors. That support never materialized.

The Republic of Ireland gained full independence from England in 1949 with Northern Ireland remaining part of Great Britain. Open warfare plagued the island of Ireland during the Troubles, the violent sectarian conflict that raged between British loyalists and Irish republicans between 1960 and 1998. It was during this period the song was composed. Ó Liatháin’s addition of the poem “Seal do Bhíos im’ mhaighdin shéimh” (Once I was a gentle young girl) in his 1970’s re-composition, serves to nationalistically connect the Jacobean struggle with that of the Troubles, painting the widow as Ireland herself, grown old and weary of the continuing turmoil.

With this song Ó Liatháin also mourns the passing of the great Irish composer Sean Ó Riada, who is likened to Bonnie Prince Charlie, and to Julius Caesar as the *laoch* (hero) of Irish music.

#### Mo Ghile Mear

Seal da rabhas i m’ mhaighdean shéimh  
‘s anois i’ m’ bhaintreach chaite thréith  
Mo chéile ag treabhadh na dtonn go tréan  
De bharr na gcnoc is in-imigéin.

–Curfa–

‘Sé mo laoch, mo ghile mear  
‘Sé mo cheasar, gile mear  
Suan ná séan ní bhfuairéas fhéin  
Ó chuaigh i gcéin mo ghile mear

Bímse buan ar buairt gach ló  
Ag caoi go cruaidh ‘s ag tuar na ndeór  
Mar scaoileadh uaim an buachaill beó  
‘S na ríomhtar tuairisc uaidh, mo bhrón.

–Curfa–

Is cosúil é le hAonghus Óg,  
Le Lughaidh Mac Chéin na mbéimeann mór,

#### My Galant Lad

Once I was a gentle maiden  
Now I am a worn widow  
My husband went ploughing the powerful waves  
Over the crest of those hills, he is gone far away

–Chorus–

He is my hero, my galant lad  
He is my Caesar, galant lad  
Neither sleep nor happiness shall I find  
For he is gone away, my galant lad

I am forever grieving every day  
Severely weeping trails of tears  
Since he was sent away from me, the lively boy,  
No news may be told of him, to my sorrow

–Chorus–

He is like Young Angus  
Like Lugh Mac Cain of the great axe swing

Le Conchubhar cáidhmhac Náis na nós  
Taoiseach aoibhinn chraoibhe an cheoil

Like venerable Conor, son of the renowned Náis  
Taoiseach of music's beautiful embellishment

–Curfa–

–Chorus–

Gile mear sa seal faoi chumha  
Gus Éire go léir faoi chlocaí dhubha  
Suan ná séan ní bhfuairéas féin  
Ó luadh i gcéin mo ghile mear.

Galant lad for a while under suffering  
And Ireland, completely under black cloaks  
Neither sleep nor happiness can I find  
Since my gallant lad was taken away

- *Seán “Clárach” Mac Domhnaíll*  
(1691-1754)

### Selections from Britten's “Moore's Irish Melodies”

These songs from Britten's collection “Moore's Irish Melodies” are arrangements of originally *sean-nós* songs. *Sean-nós* is the genre of unaccompanied, ornamented, and melismatic songs sung in a free rhythm in Irish. By the time the organist Edward Bunting began transcribing Irish songs into Western musical notation in the 1790's, already these tunes had undergone a major transformation; they were not collected from their original unaccompanied vocal form, but rather transcribed from harp arrangements. Bunting, a composer himself, further changed the melodies, ridding them of modal heterophony in favour of Western harmony, and fitting the tunes into regularised time signatures.

Poet Thomas Moore composed a great number of poems in the early 19<sup>th</sup> century to fit Bunting's collection of melodies and sang them in the increasingly popular *Bel Canto* style. While Moore's versions further distancing us from the original *sean-nós* melodies, his poetry served to bring the suffering of the Irish under English rule to the awareness of the English-speaking world. Britten's songs, based on Moore's versions, are unrecognizable compared to their original airs; however, Britten has recultivated some elements of Irish modality, ornamentation, and rhythmic freedom.

“At the Mid Hour of Night” is reminiscent of the Irish poetic form *aisling*, (vision song) in which a woman appears to the singer in a dream. In this song, the singer is visited by the voice of their dead beloved at the liminal time of midnight when the veil between the Otherworld and ours is thinned, and otherworldly beings, and the dead can pass through more easily, according to Irish lore. Britten's use of 9/8 time signature, rather than 6/8 mimics traditional *sean-nós* phrase endings which tend to linger on one repeated, unornamented note at the end of each musical phrase.

“The Last Rose of Summer”, whose melody is given as “The Groves of Blarney” but may be properly attributed as *Aisling an Óigfhear* (The Young Man's Dream), is the song by which many remember Moore today. Inspired by the rose specimen *Rosa ‘Old bush’* at Cill Chainnigh castle, “The Last Rose of Summer” ponders the solitude of age.

### **Dear Harp of My Country**

Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,  
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long;  
When proudly, my own Island Harp! I unbound thee,  
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!  
The warm lay of love and the light tone of gladness  
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;  
But so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sadness,

That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,  
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;  
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,  
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.  
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or love,  
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis *thy* glory alone;  
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,  
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own!

### **At the Mid Hour of Night**

At the mid hour of night when stars are weeping, I fly  
To the lone vale we lov'd when life shone warm in thine eye;  
And I think that if spirits can steal from the region of air,  
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,  
And tell me our love is remembered e'en in the sky.

Then I'll sing the wild song, which once 'twas rapture to hear,  
When our voices, both mingling, breathed like one on the ear,  
And, as Echo far off thro' the vale my sad orison rolls,  
I think, oh my Love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls  
Faintly answering still the notes which once were so dear!

### **The Last Rose of Summer**

'Tis the last rose of summer,  
Left blooming alone  
All her lovely companions are faded and gone  
No flow'r of her kindred,  
No rosebud is nigh  
To reflect back her blushes,  
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,  
To pine on the stem;  
Since the lovely are sleeping,  
Go sleep thou with them;  
Thus kindly I scatter  
Thy leaves o'er the bed  
Where thy mates of the garden  
Lie senseless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,  
When friendships decay,  
And from love's shining circle  
The gems drop away!

When true hearts lie wither'd,  
And fond ones are flown,  
Oh! Who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone?

### Amore

Jocelyn Morlock, from Vancouver, Canada, describes her musical inspirations as “birds, insomnia, nature, fear, ... nocturnal wandering thoughts, [and] lucid dreaming...” all of which might be heard in *Amore*, a contemplation of the dual nature of love as both passion and solace. The chant-like melody wanders through a birdsong-filled landscape, in which the singer and pianist converse in birdlike motifs, combining elements of medieval chant with a vibrant post-modern musical aesthetic. The constant bubbling of the piano, within which the singer repetitively meditates upon the text “nothing is more tame than love”, escalates until the climactic moment when the singer, alone for the first time, empathically declares that nothing is wilder than love. The passion plateaus and revels in the wildness of love before relaxing towards an unresolved end, suggesting that the duration of the song may have been insufficient to the contemplation of love. Morlock composed *Amore* as the test piece for the 2005 Montreal International Music Competition.

#### Amore

Amore nihil mollius nihil violentius

#### Love

Nothing is more tame, or more wild, than love

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