Recital I

Joel Goodfellow, Piano

Emily Rocha, soprano
Isabella D'Éloize Perron, violin
Kjel Erickson, tenor

December 10, 2022 at 7:30
Walter Hall

PROGRAMME

Three Spanish Lyrics
  Si os partiéredes al alba
  Caminante, son tus huellas
  Mediando

Imant Raminsh
(1943-)

Violin Sonata No. 1 in G major
  Vivace ma non troppo
  Adagio
  Allegro molto moderato

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

INTERMISSION

A Young Man’s Exhortation
  A Young Man’s Exhortation
  Ditty
  Budmouth Dears
  Her Temple
  The Comet at Yellham
  Shortening Days
  The Sigh
  Former Beauties
  Transformations
  The Dance Continued

Gerald Finzi
(1901-1956)

This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Master of Music Degree in Collaborative Piano.

Joel Goodfellow is a student of Steven Philcox.

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.
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, where he was the 2021 winner of the Kodolfsky Prize.
Three Spanish Lyrics
Lope de Vega (1562 - 1635)

Si os partíéredes al alba
quedito, pasito, amor,
no espantéis al ruiseñor.

Si os levantáis de mañana
de los brazos qu os desean,
porque en los brazos no os vean
de alguna envidia liviana,
pisad con planta de lana,
quedito, pasito, amor,
no espantéis al ruiseñor.

Antonia Machado (1875 - 1939)

Caminante, son tus huellas
el camino, y nada más;
caminante, no hay camino,
se hace camino al andar.
Al andar se hace camino,
y al volver la vista atrás
se ve la senda que nunca
se ha de pisar.
Caminante, no hay camino,
sino estelas en la mar.

Mediendo
Gabriela Mistral (1889 - 1957)

El mar sus millares de olas
mece, divino.
Oyendo a los mares amantes,
mezo a mi niño.

El viento errabundo en la noche
mece los trigos.
Oyendo a los vientos amantes,
mezo a mi niño.

Dios Padre sus miles de mundos
mece sin ruido.
Sintiendo su mano en la sombra
mezo a mi niño.

If you leave at daybreak
Silently, lightly, love,
Do not alarm the nightingale.

If you part at dawning
From these arms that hold you dear,
That you not be seen in the arms
Of an enviable affair,
Go on wooden tiptoe,
Silently, lightly, love,
Do not alarm the nightingale.

Walker, it is your footsteps
that are the road, no more,
Walker, there is no road:
The road is made by walking.
Walking makes the road
And on looking back
The path is seen that never
Will be again the track.
Walker, there is no road
Merely wakes of boats in the sea.

With divine rhythm the ocean
Rocks its myriad waves.
Listening to the water's love,
I rock this child of mine.

The night-wandering wind
rocks the fields of wheat.
Listening to the wind’s love,
I rock this child of mine.

Silently, God the Father
rocks His numerous worlds.
Feeling His hand in the darkness,
I rock this child of mine.
A Young Man's Exhortation
Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)

Part I

A Young Man's Exhortation

Call off your eyes from care
By some determined deftness; put forth joys
Dear as excess without the core that cloys,
And charm Life’s lourings fair.

Exalt and crown the hour
That girdles us, and fill it full with glee,
Blind glee, excelling aught could ever be,
Were heedfulness in power.

Send up such touching strains
That limitless recruits from Fancy’s pack
Shall rush upon your tongue, and tender back
All that your soul contains.

For what do we know best?
That a fresh love-leaf crumpled soon will dry,
And that men moment after moment die,
Of all scope dispossest.

If I have seen one thing
It is the passing preciousness of dreams;
That aspects are within us; and who seems
Most kingly is the King.

Ditty

Beneath a knap where flown
Nestlings play,
Within walls of weathered stone,
Far away
From the files of formal houses,
By the bough the firstling browses,
Lives a Sweet: no merchants meet,
No man barters, no man sells
Where she dwells.

Upon that fabric fair
‘Here is she!’
Seems written everywhere
Unto me.

But to friends and nodding neighbours,
Fellow wights in lot and labours,
Who descry the times as I,
No such lucid legend tells
Where she dwells.

Should I lapse to what I was
Ere we met;
(Such will not be, but because
Some forget
Let me feign it) – none would notice
That where she I know by rote is
Spread a strange and withering change,
Like a drying of the wells
Where she dwells.

To feel I might have kissed –
Loved as true –
Otherwhere, nor Mine have missed
My life through,
Had I never wandered near her,
Is a smart severe – severer
In the thought that she is nought,
Even as I, beyond the dells
Where she dwells.

And Devotion droops her glance
To recall
What bond-servants of Chance
We are all.
I but found her in that, going
On my errant path unknowing,
I did not out-skirt the spot
That no spot on earth excels –
Where she dwells!

Budmouth Dears

When we lay where Budmouth Beach is,
O, the girls were fresh as peaches,
With their tall and tossing figures and their eyes
of blue and brown!
And our hearts would ache with longing
As we paced from our sing-songing,
With a smart Clink! Clink! up the Esplanade and
down.

They distracted and delayed us
By the pleasant pranks they played us,
And what marvel, then, if troopers, even of
regiments of renown,
On whom flashed those eyes divine, O,
Should forget that countersign, O,
As we tore Clink! Clink! back to camp above the
town.

Do they miss us much, I wonder,
Now that war has swept us sunder,
And we roam from where the faces smile to
where the faces frowned?
And no more behold the features
Of the fair fantastic creatures,
And no more Clink! Clink! past the parlours of
the town?

Shall we once again there meet them?
Falter fond attempts to greet them?
Will the gay sling-jacket glow again beside the
muslin gown? –
Will they archly quiz and con us
With a sideway glance upon us,
While our spurs Clink! Clink! up the Esplanade
and down?

**Her Temple**

Dear, think not that they will forget you:
– If craftsmanly art should be mine
I will build up a temple, and set you
Therein as its shrine.

They may say: 'Why a woman such honour?'
– Be told, 'O so sweet was her fame,
That a man heaped this splendour upon her;
None now knows his name.'

**The Comet at Yell’ham**

It bends far over Yell’ham Plain,
And we, from Yell’ham Height,
Stand and regard its fiery train,
So soon to swim from sight.

It will return long years hence, when
As now its strange swift shine
Will fall on Yell’ham; but not then

On that sweet form of thine.

**Part II**

**Shortening Days**

The first fire since the summer is lit, and is
smoking into the room:
The sun-rays thread it through, like woof-lines in
a loom.
Sparrows spurt from the hedge, whom
misgivings appal
That winter did not leave last year for ever, after
all.
Like shock-headed urchins, spiny-haired,
Stand pollard willows, their twigs just bared.

Who is this coming with pondering pace,
Black and ruddy, with white embossed,
His eyes being black, and ruddy his face
And the marge of his hair like morning frost?
It's the cider-maker,
And appletree-shaker,
And behind him on wheels, in readiness,
His mill, and tubs, and vat, and press.

**The Sigh**

Little head against my shoulder,
Shy at first, then somewhat bolder,
And up-eyed;
Till she, with a timid quaver,
Yielded to the kiss I gave her;
But, she sighed.

That there mingled with her feeling
Some sad thought she was concealing
It implied.
– Not that she had ceased to love me,
None on earth she set above me;
But she sighed.

She could not disguise a passion,
Dread, or doubt, in weakest fashion
If she tried:
Nothing seemed to hold us sundered,
Hearts were victors; so I wondered
Why she sighed.
Afterwards I knew her thoroughly,
And she loved me staunchly, truly,
Till she died;
But she never made confession
Why, at that first sweet concession,
She had sighed.

It was in our May, remember;
And though now I near November
And abide
Till my appointed change, unfretting,
Sometimes I sit half regretting
That she sighed.

**Former Beauties**

These market-dames, mid-aged, with lips thin-drawn,
And tissues sere,
Are they the ones we loved in years ago,
And courted here?

Are these the muslined pink young things to whom
We vowed and swore
In nooks on summer Sundays by the Froom,
Or Budmouth shore?

Do they remember those gay tunes we trod
Clasped on the green;
Aye; trod till moonlight set on the beaten sod
A satin sheen?

They must forget, forget! They cannot know
What once they were,
Or memory would transfigure them, and show
Them always fair.

**Transformations**

Portion of this yew
Is a man my grandsire knew,
Bosomed here at its foot:
This branch may be his wife,
A ruddy human life
Now turned to a green shoot.

These grasses must be made
Of her who often prayed,
Last century, for repose;
And the fair girl long ago
Whom I often tried to know
May be entering this rose.

So, they are not underground,
But as nerves and veins abound
In the growths of upper air,
And they feel the sun and rain,
And the energy again
That made them what they were!

**The Dance Continued**

Regret not me;
Beneath the sunny tree
I lie uncaring, slumbering peacefully.

Swift as the light
I flew my faery flight;
Ecstatically I moved; and feared no night.

I did not know
That heydays fade and go,
But deemed that what was would be always so.

I skipped at morn
Between the yellowing corn,
Thinking it good and glorious to be born.

I ran at eves
Among the piled-up sheaves,
Dreaming, 'I grieve not, therefore nothing grieves'.
Now soon will come
The apple, pear, and plum,
And hinds will sing, and autumn insects hum.

Again you will fare
To cider-makings rare,
And junketings; but I shall not be there.

Yet gaily sing
Until the pewter ring
Those songs we sang when we went gipsying.
And lightly dance
Some triple-timed romance
In coupled figures, and forget mischance;

And mourn not me
Beneath the yellowing tree;
For I shall mind not, slumbering peacefully.