Involuntary Love Songs

Soprano and Piano (original key)

text by Alan Ashton music by Jocelyn Morlock

Commissioned by the Eckhardt-Gramatté National Music Competition with the generous assistance of the Canada Council for the Arts

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Program Note

These three new songs – each in a different way – speak to the connections, the disconnections and the spaces between internal and external worlds. There are moments when something wild and unexpressed struggles to break though into the world. There are secrets in plain view, glimpses of hidden spaces, and obscured erratic truths that undermine the tidy illusion of control. – Alan Ashton

During "Thaw" the protagonist is quite disconnected from his own feelings. There are occasional "thaws" in his demeanour, but much of the time he is an observer and seems to be feeling very little. Even when he says he misses the other person, he prefaces it with the distancing phrase "I was about to say something". When writing the music for "Thaw" I attempted to mirror the coolness and restraint of the protagonist, and also to point out the occasions of strong emotional attachment, without letting the music ever get too free.

"Matches" uses imagery of fire to portray a person who is in a wild and desperate state. The tighter and tighter circles that the protagonist is running in suggest a sort of imploding introversion, where incredible energy, fear and denial have nowhere to go. The music here is also very energetic – the vocal part is full of short, almost breathless phrases. The piano part is very dense with chords; indeed, the piano threatens to overwhelm the singer at times.

In "Script" the protagonist is more definite about what he is feeling - the connection between the body and writing is made in a more clear and visceral sense. The suddenness of the summer storm at the end of the poem suggests that the protagonist is caught off-guard by his own powerful feelings, and that there is an element of danger in it. When writing the music for "Script" I attempted to create more emotional, ecstatic music, almost a siren song in which the performers could freely admit to powerful feelings that were denied earlier. The vocalise at the end may evoke a sense of transcendence, perhaps a place beyond words. - Jocelyn Morlock

Performance Notes:

Accidentals last for the measure in which they are written unless cancelled later, and are only for the octave in which they are written. Cautionary accidentals have been added for ambiguous spots. Total duration of the three songs is approximately eleven minutes.

Tempo markings are approximate, and the performers should feel free to play and sing very expressively and with rubato in both *Thaw* and *Script*. Please avoid too much rubato in *Matches*. For *Script*, grace notes in particular are to be played with rhythmic freedom. The pianist should use more pedal than usual to produce a blurry, hazy sound. There are several ossias in the score of *Script* – at m. 17 and 18 the triplets may move up a tone rather than down (see small notes in brackets) and at m. 47 an ossia bar is added. P.S. Don't worry too much about making a real "oo" vowel on the melisma ("truth") in m. 46 – 47. The word truth has already been sung several times - feel free to use a more open vowel.

Involuntary Love Songs texts

Thaw

Where was I?

There was, I think, a graffiti cloud on a rusted gate. A guide dog narrowed his eyes, plaintive, patient in the sun. A young woman glowed like a bride, glowed like a peach.

Weathered knuckles wrapped around a handkerchief, slipped around a chrome bar.
Commuters danced a tarantella to the pitch and sway of traffic, and steam curled skyward from the street.

Now, I read secret cursive scripts under my skin. I was about to say something, how I miss you from the inside out.

Now, where was I?

While you were away, the thaw made dark rivulets under the ice and the fog retreated from the shore.

Alan Ashton October 2004

Matches

Oh I remember I recall I tell myself I keep telling me That I'm not I am not but I keep telling myself I'm not And the more I do The more I tell myself I'm not The more that part of my self The part that I deny I deny my self The part that I tell myself that I am not That part there The more I deny the more that part runs free and wild like a spreading fire the fire that I deny For I am not no not on fire And I run free and I'm trailing smoke And I run and run and I run trailing smoke and flame in the dark In the darkest night I've never seen In tighter circles sending signals to a sky That I can not see I deny the sky the fire with an eye to the part that I deny the inner part I circle a child cold and shy lighting matches Oh I recall the inner dark that I deny the tighter circles cold and shy I am not no I tell myself I'm not I tell myself I deny I'm trailing smoke But I am not no not on fire

Alan Ashton October 2007

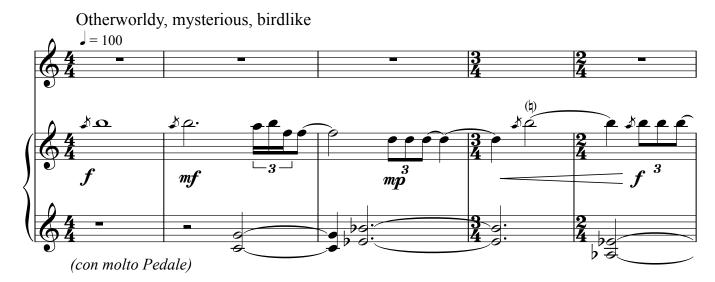
Script

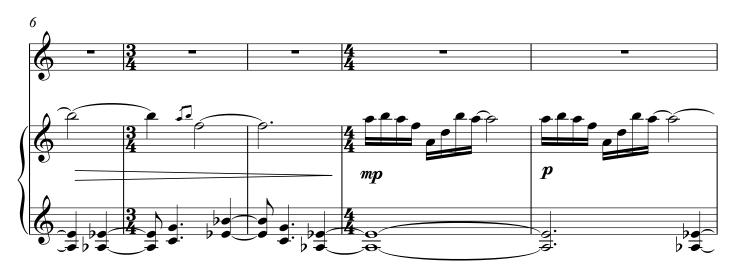
Hold out your palms
I will fill them with licks
and nibbles and kisses.
I will spell out cryptic riddles
with the tip of my tongue.

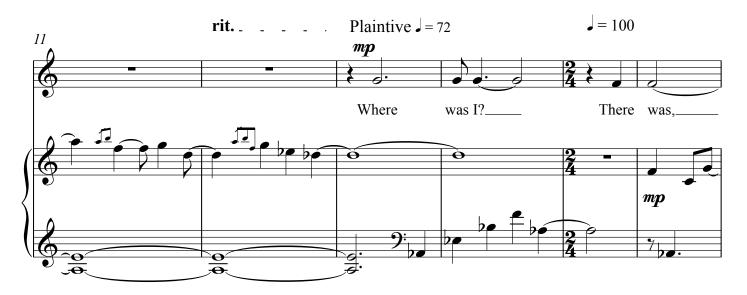
Let your skin be a canvas, a journal to fill with schemes, with words that your ears are not ready to hear and my voice fails to form. Shivers and tremors. Soundless syllables.

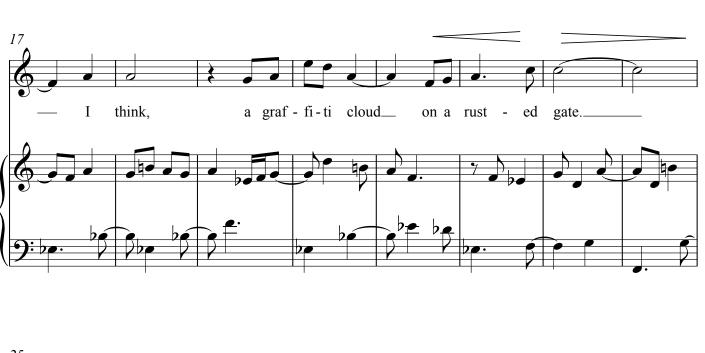
With less than a whisper, let me reveal that I have been cracked open by truth. Truth strong like hunger. Severe as a sudden summer storm, ferocious and sweet.

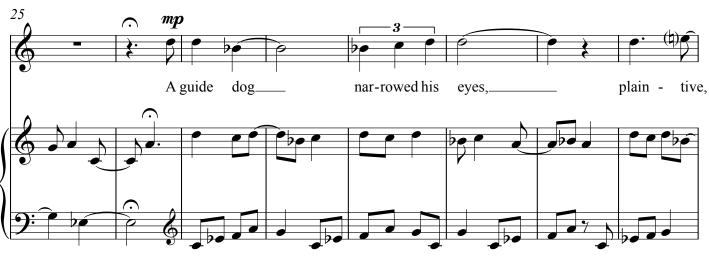
Alan Ashton September 2007 Alan Ashton Jocelyn Morlock



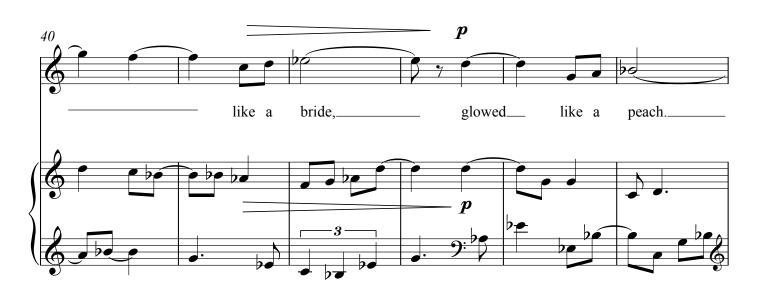




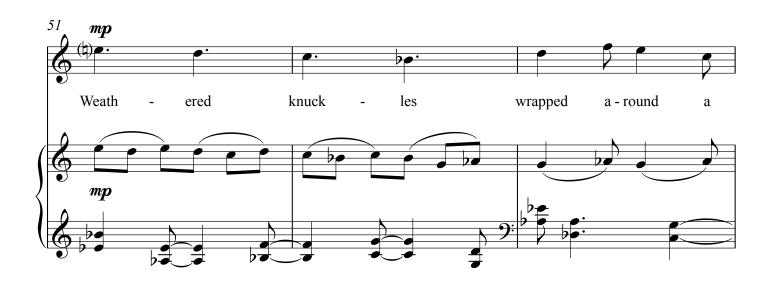




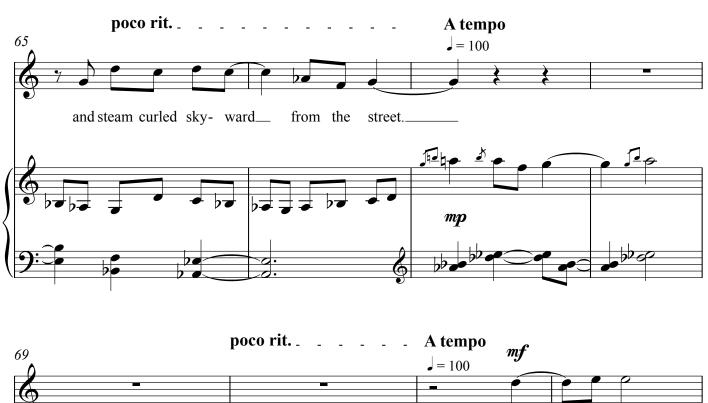




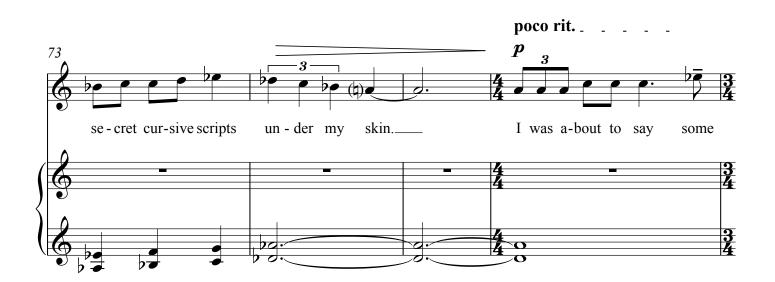




















Alan Ashton Jocelyn Morlock















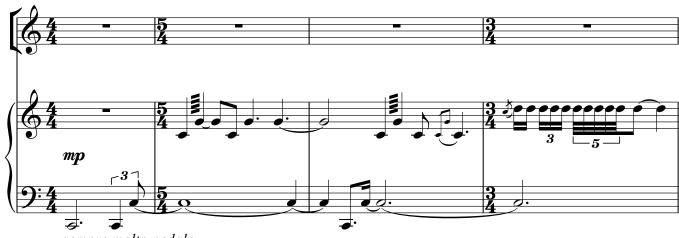


(senza Ped.)

Script 23

Alan Ashton Jocelyn Morlock

calm; ecstatic J = 66



sempre molto pedale piano part is very sustained, blurred, impressionistic throughout

