

# Return to Old Ireland

MUSIC of  
Mary McAuliffe



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# Return to Old Ireland

## Music of Mary McAuliffe

*Gloria!* ♦ Leaving: A Famine Victim's Cry of Desolation  
A Dawn Song ♦ The Drifter ♦ Down by the Salley Gardens  
Frolics ♦ When You Are Old ♦ Return to Old Ireland

Donald George, tenor; Lucy Mauro, piano; Lee Blair,  
narrator; Mikylah Myers McTeer, violin; The West  
Virginia Studio Choir; West Virginia University  
Choir & West Virginia University Studio  
Orchestra/Jeffry Blake Johnson,  
conductor; The Michael  
O'Neal Singers/Michael  
O'Neal, conductor



# Return to Old Ireland: Music of Mary McAuliffe

1. Gloria! (6:14)

West Virginia University Choir; West Virginia University Studio Orchestra;  
Jeffrey Blake Johnson, conductor

2. Leaving: A Famine Victim's Cry of Desolation (9:49)

Donald George, tenor; Lee Blair, narrator; The WV Studio Choir; Cynthia Babin  
Anderson, oboe; Mikylah Myers McTeer, violin I; Timothy Tan, violin II; Andrea  
Priester Houde, viola; William Skidmore, cello; Sora Lee, piano

3. A Dawn Song (3:12)

Donald George, tenor; Lucy Mauro, piano

4. The Drifter (2:45)

Mikylah Myers McTeer, violin; Lucy Mauro, piano

5. Down by the Salley Gardens (3:38)

Donald George, tenor; Lucy Mauro, piano

6. Frolics (2:33)

Lucy Mauro, piano

7. When You Are Old (4:45)

Donald George, tenor; Lucy Mauro, piano

8. Return to Old Ireland (14:37)

The Michael O'Neal Singers; Michael O'Neal, conductor

Total playing time: 47:36

Mary McAuliffe's music is beautiful, accessible, and clearly from the heart. We've put together a broad range of works that show many of the most important characteristics of her style: most notably her ability to enhance texts and her distinctive way of combining the modern and medieval – in often poignant and occasionally whimsical manner – all to great effect and emotional impact. Her portrayal of the immigrant experience is universal, particularly for most Americans, as we don't have to look far back in our own families for her heartfelt words and music to resonate with us all.

– Lucy Mauro

These songs and *Leaving: A Famine Victim's Cry of Desolation* were quite personal to me, being of Irish-Sicilian ancestry and knowing both groups had to leave their home islands to come to America. The words and the lilting music of Mary McAuliffe, with her predominantly melancholy mood and folk-inspired rhythms, fit both immigrant groups from opposite corners of Europe, with their Catholic upbringing and love of dance and song. Mary perfectly adapts Yeats's poems in her wonderful melodies and harmonies, soaring rhapsodically with his imagination and symbolism and creating an affecting symbiosis of words and music.

– Donald George

## **GLORIA!** (revised 2012)

"Gloria!" – setting the words of the classic Latin text – began life in 1990 as a short canon which formed part of a 30-minute *Christmas Oratorio* for treble choir. A commission to expand the piece to a full SATB choral work with brass band and percussion accompaniment followed in 1995, when "Gloria!" – now much expanded and with its additional Irish language midsection – was premiered at Dublin's National Concert Hall by Dublin County Choir and Stedfast Band. There are now versions of "Gloria!" with varying wind ensemble arrangements, including those for brass octet and for full symphonic winds. This particular wind ensemble accompaniment has been specially arranged for West Virginia University musicians.

### **Latin text**

Gloria in excelsis, in excelsis Deo, in excelsis Deo. O Gloria!

Gloria in excelsis, in excelsis Deo, in excelsis Deo.

Et in terra, et in terra in excelsis Deo.

Et in terra, et in terra in excelsis Deo.

Et in terra, et in terra gloria! Gloria Deo!

Gloria in excelsis Deo, in excelsis Deo, in excelsis! (etc.)

Glory in the highest, to God in the highest,  
to God in the highest. Oh Glory!  
Glory in the highest, to God in the highest,  
to God in the highest.  
And on earth, and on earth to God in the  
highest.  
And on earth, and on earth to God in the  
highest!  
And on earth, and on earth Glory! Glory  
to God!  
Glory to God in the highest, to God in the  
highest,  
in the highest! (etc.)

### **Irish text**

Glóir, glóir do Dhia, do Dhia in uachtar,  
In uachtar néimhe, glóir, glóir! Glóir,  
glóir do Dhia, do Dhia!  
(*Glóir, glóir do Dhia, glóir, glóir do Dhia,  
glóir*).  
Glóir, glóir do Dhia, do Dhia in uachtar!  
In uachtar néimhe, glóir! Do Dhia,  
glóir, glóir do Dhia, do Dhia, glóir, glóir!  
Glóir, glóir do Dhia! Glóir, glóir do Dhia!  
Glóir do Dhia, do Dhia, do Dhia, do  
Dhia, Do Dhia.  
Is é Chríost an Tiarna é  
Is comhartha daoibh é seo, é seo.

Glory, glory to God, to God in the highest,

In the highest heaven, glory, glory!  
Glory, glory to God, to God!  
(*Glory, glory to God, glory, glory to God,  
glory*).  
Glory, glory to God, to God in the highest,  
In the highest heaven, glory!  
To God, glory, glory to God, to God, glory,  
glory!  
Glory, glory to God! Glory, glory to God!  
Glory to God, to God, to God, to God. To  
God.  
He is Christ the Lord  
This will be a sign unto you.

### **LEAVING: A FAMINE VICTIM'S CRY OF DESOLATION**

Text by Mary McAuliffe

Ireland – in the mid 1800s, at the time of  
the Great Hunger – was a place of unimaginable  
horror; starvation, illness and death  
stalked the land.

I decided to attempt the utterly impossible,  
and tried to place myself in the shoes  
of an Irish emigrant about to step onboard  
a famine ship as it was ready to sail for the  
New World of America. It is impossible to  
imagine the depth of despair and loneliness  
such a person might have experienced, in an

already weakened state, witnessing the terrible sights, and hearing the heart-wrenching cries. Calling out to God in anguish might have been a release; and – afflicted by loneliness – might there even have been a nuance of guilt at leaving others behind? Who can ever know how the human heart could bear such terror, grief and loss, in such a distraught state, while still trying to retain that final glimpse of Ireland as it eventually slips from view and disappears into the mist.

But, even in the midst of such desolation, I imagine that there must still have been that shred of light, a beam in darkness, that lifesaving glimmer, that hope and dream of making it alive to the New World! Surely it must have been such hope that was the emigrant's salvation on such a voyage!

The emigrant is overcome with passionate love of his homeland, and vows with determination never to forget, and forever to hold Ireland and loved ones close in his memory. He beseeches his memories never to fade, and begs time to hold the memories ever near and close to his heart.

“No! Never, never will I forget you.” This is how I imagine it might have been.

What need I now for the brown earth  
Scavenged to nothingness?  
Leave I must for the new horizon,  
My hope, my only hope,  
For a better world, far away  
At the ends of the earth.  
To remain is to die.

My God, my God, why have You forsaken me?  
Heard not my feeble cry in the barren fields?  
Sought not to bring me comfort  
Or a season of plenty?  
Provided not food from Thy bounty for Thy little ones  
Stooped, wracked with pain and misery,  
Older than their years?  
Wiped not my tears with Thy gentle touch?

Frail, so frail, feeble and cold,  
So cold, despite the heat of the sun.  
Broken of heart and mind  
At the sight of my dear ones  
Desolate and dying,  
Weakened by hunger of body and soul,  
Sorrowing at man's inhumanity.  
Has no one cared?  
Has no one cried for us?

I cry on the open sea,  
My voice lost in the sound of the gulls,

In the wind that carries us forth,  
In the roaring of the waves,  
In the sorrowing keening down below.  
Oh Ireland, my Ireland.

In my dream only shall I see you,  
Lost, lost to me forever.  
Long time forth shall I hold your memory  
Close to my heart, so long it may beat,  
beat, may beat.  
Oh memory, fade not with the burden of  
my trials.  
Time, hold thou nearer.  
Be a fortitude in my loneliness.  
I shall dream of you, oh Ireland  
Land of my heritage  
Disappearing in the mist.

I am too weak for tears, still my heart still  
beats for you,  
Too feeble to stretch my arms to you,  
Yet my soul reaches to you.  
My strength ebbs further each moment  
With each wave lapping at the edge of my  
stronghold.  
Hold fast my ship, and carry me!  
I long for life and the green earth,  
For time and space to dream,  
To see the stars.

## **Song of Remembrance**

Hope is my salvation.  
Oh Lord, take not my hope.  
Give me strength to live,  
To reach my destination  
That I may live, may live –  
So many others not forgotten.

Never, not forgotten. Never!  
You are held in my memory  
You are close to my heart  
And never will I forget.

Never, not forgotten.  
Never! You are held in my memory  
You are close to my heart  
And never will I forget you.

(Never alone, you are home, I'll forget you  
never!)

Time will fade and so  
Through the years I know  
In my heart I see your faces all about me,  
and so,  
And never will I forget.

I'll forget you never, and so  
Through the years I know in my heart  
I see your faces all about me, and so,  
And never will I forget you.

## A DAWN SONG

Text by W. B. Yeats

Below is the text of “A Dawn Song” plus details of the book in which I discovered it – as well as details of the poem’s first publication, which a friend in New York had seen. Most eminent Yeats scholars have never even heard of this practically unknown poem written by Yeats when he was very young!

This song was originally commissioned as part of an Ireland Canada University Foundation scholarship that I was awarded in 2003 to create a seven-movement song cycle based on texts from Newfoundland and Ireland for the Newfoundland Youth Chorus, Shallaway, under the direction of Susan Knight. This version for solo tenor and piano, newly arranged in 2011 for Donald George and Lucy Mauro is part of the song cycle, *Seven Songs of W. B. Yeats*.

Source: *The Poems of W. B. Yeats: – A New Edition*; edited by Richard J. Finneran  
Published by Gill and Macmillan, 1983  
(The poem was first published in *The Irish Fireside*, in February 5, 1887, when Yeats was only 22 years old.)

From the waves the sun hath reeled,  
Proudly in his saffron walking;  
Sleep, in some far other field,  
Goes his poppies now a-hawking;  
From the hills of earth have pealed  
Murmurs of her children talking –  
My companions, two and two,  
Gathering mushrooms in the dew.

Wake, ma cushla, sleepy headed,  
Trembles as a bell of glass  
All Heaven’s floor, with vapours bedded  
And along the mountain pass.  
With their mushrooms lightly threaded  
On their swaying blades of grass,  
My companions, two and two,  
Gathering mushrooms in the dew.

Wake! The heron rising,  
Hath showered away the keen dewdrops;  
Weasel warms him on the pat,  
Half asleep, the old cow crops.  
In the fairy haunted rath,  
Dewey tongued, the daisy tops,  
We will wander, I and you,  
Gathering mushrooms in the dew.

For your feet the morning prayeth  
We will find her favourite lair,  
Straying as the heron strayeth,  
As the moorfowl and the hare.  
While the morning star decayeth



In the bosom of the air,  
Gayest wanderers, I and you,  
Gathering mushrooms in the dew.

### THE DRIFTER

This is the third version of a piece I wrote some years ago for my senior school students and recorded with them for a charity, but unfortunately I did not retain the instrumental scores. One of the students decided that the piece should be called “The Drifter,” as it has that rather lazy, laid back, rather saunter-like “feel.” The second version for Julianne Kirk, clarinet and Katherine Koscho, piano, was premiered at the Crane School of Music, Potsdam, NY in 2010. This 2012 violin/piano version for Mikylah McTeer and Lucy Mauro of West Virginia University is a new and quite altered version of the original.

### DOWN BY THE SALLEY GARDENS

Text by W. B. Yeats

“Salley” comes from the gaelic word “saileach,” meaning “willow,” slender shoots of which were used to bind thatched roofs in Ireland. “Salley gardens” therefore simply means “willow gardens.” The setting of this poem was drafted in 1997, but was finally set for tenor Donald George and pianist Lucy Mauro in

2011. It is set to a folk-like melody that is in character with the text. The song comes from my song cycle, *Seven Songs of W. B. Yeats*.

The words of “Down By the Salley Gardens” are set to music by permission of A. P. Watt, Ltd, on behalf of Gráinne Yeats.

Down by the salley gardens my love and I  
did meet  
She passed the salley gardens with little  
snow-white feet  
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves  
grow on the tree;  
But I, being young and foolish, with her  
would not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,  
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her  
snow-white hand.  
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows  
on the weirs;  
But I was young and foolish, and now am  
full of tears.

### FROLICS

This is the second solo piano piece, apart from some shorter miniatures, that I committed to score. Whimsical and playful in character, the title suggests the mood of the piece. Lucy Mauro’s recording here of *Frolics* is a world premiere!

## WHEN YOU ARE OLD

Text by W. B. Yeats

The musical setting of this poem is dedicated to the late Bernadette Greevy, Irish mezzo-soprano, in grateful appreciation of her major support for my settings of the W. B. Yeats texts. Drafted in 1997, this setting was completed for tenor Donald George and pianist Lucy Mauro in 2011. The song comes from my song cycle, *Seven Songs of W. B. Yeats*.

The words of “When You Are Old” are set to music by permission of A. P. Watt, Ltd, on behalf of Gráinne Yeats.

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,  
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,  
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look  
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep.

How many loved your moments of glad  
grace,  
And loved your beauty with love false or true,  
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,  
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars,  
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled

And paced upon the mountains overhead  
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

## RETURN TO OLD IRELAND

Texts by Walt Whitman, W. B. Yeats, and  
the composer (as indicated)

“Return to Old Ireland” (1999) began its life when I discovered the great Walt Whitman poem, “**Old Ireland**” (first published in 1865). Having been commissioned to compose for the Michael O’Neal Singers for their 10th Anniversary (to be celebrated on St. Patrick’s Day 2000), I felt that a very special idea was called for, one that would prove meaningful to singers and audiences alike, and have relevance to an American/ Irish celebration – but one that would also acknowledge the strong links between our two lands. In my search for an idea that could form a basis for my composition, I realized that the Whitman text was the perfect beginning, with its imagery of the dying Ireland in the time of the Great Famine of 1845-1850: one of the greatest human disasters of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, but a catastrophe that led to the Irish rebirth in the New World. Michael O’Neal agreed that this majestic poem was a perfect starting point, and thus was our composition born!



The composition is a journey in time and place. Thus it is appropriate to begin with a text from one of America's finest poets, and to base the final movement on a single line by Nobel Laureate W. B. Yeats, Ireland's best-loved poet. The work is scored for SATB chorus, 2 flutes, oboe, English horn, string quartet, piano, organ, bodhrán (Irish frame drum) and timpani; the work is a composite of four distinct sections, with a short introduction that later repeats as a link to the final movement.

In **Movement 1**, the powerful text of Whitman's "Old Ireland" is proclaimed by the men of the chorus, joined by the ladies as it progresses. It is a message of hope for a weeping Ireland, devastated during the Great Famine by the loss of her children: a message that those who were forced to emigrate are not dead, but "move today in a new country." This message of hope and resurrection gains strength and power as the movement progresses, and reference is made to the risen Christ: "He is not dead, He is risen!" Thus both the movement and Whitman's text end in triumph.

**Movement 2.** Now, to words by the composer, we hear the voice of the immigrant who is moved by visions of his homeland: sounds and images so strong that they remind him of his deep love for his Ireland. Though so far away, "Oh, my Ireland, I love you still."

**Movement 3.** Still to the composer's text, a pulsing beat is heard. The immigrant hears the beat: an all-pervasive "calling home," that gathers the immigrant in and enfolds him. A dialogue ensues, wherein Ireland addresses the immigrant, begging him to return and to stay. The call is strong; it is impossible to resist. The return of a haunting oboe melody, first heard in the work's introduction, signals an abrupt change of mood; a pause for reflection. The immigrant vows to be faithful to the land of his forbears.

In **Movement 4** – the dance – the rhythm begins, the pace quickens. This final movement, in the form of an Irish jig, also sets the composer's own text. It includes an invitation to the dance: its magic and its rhythm, its sweet sounds – evoking the tapping of feet and the sheer delight of the dance. The single refrain line, "Come dance with me in Ireland," is taken from the Yeats poem, "I am of Ireland"... He is indeed Risen! We have come full circle.

This composition takes us from the deepest sadness to the heights of great joy. It imbues in us one of the strongest aspects of the human condition: the need to belong. We invite you to be part of this Irish-American celebration and to share our feelings ... and wherever your roots may lie, we hope that you will experience with us these common bonds.

1. Far hence, amid an isle of wondrous beauty,  
crouching over a grave  
An ancient sorrowful mother, once a Queen  
Now lean and tattered, seated on the ground,  
Her old white hair drooping, disheveled round  
her shoulders,  
At her feet fallen an unused royal harp, long  
silent.  
She too long silent.  
Mourning her shrouded hope and heir;  
Of all the earth, her heart most full of sorrow  
because most full of love.

Yet a word, ancient mother,  
You need crouch there no longer on the cold  
ground  
With forehead between your knees.  
For know you the one you mourn is not in that  
grave.  
It is an illusion,  
The son you love is not really dead.  
The Lord is not dead. He is risen again, young  
and strong in another country.  
Even while you wept there by your fallen harp  
by the grave,  
What you wept for was translated, passed from  
the grave.  
The wind favour'd, and the sea sailed it  
And now with rosy and new blood moves  
today in a new country.

2. And I can see you still in the mist of morning  
'though far away, so far away.  
As the sun climbs high on a golden morn  
I will think of the land where I was born.

My Ireland, far across the sea,  
Hear the sweet voice singing by the river,  
See the mist fall gently on the plain,  
Sweet land of my home forever.

Oh, my Ireland, land of ancient times,  
Feel the soft breeze linger in the valley,  
As the sun climbs gently o'er the hill  
Sweet land of my heart, I love you still.

3. Oh I hear you and hearts are beating  
There through the mist and so far away.  
In the evening light you gather me away.  
In the evening light you shelter me too.

On the shore, on the mountain, in the valley  
In the pale sun I can see,  
I can hear in the wind on the green plain.  
Oh I see you in the moon there again.

Where sunlight spears the ocean sea, hear me  
calling thee  
Can you hear my call?  
(I hear you, I hear you calling)  
The beating of a distant drum recall?  
(Yes, hearts are beating).



Our hearts will ever beat as one  
In rhythm with the beat of the distant drum!  
Return, return to me my precious one.  
Oh return to me, faithfully be with me so.  
Oh return to me, faithfully be,  
Oh stay, stay.  
I'm so far away.

Ah, calling, calling me home to greet thee, I be  
ever true to thee.

4. Here all are wont to dance and sing,  
in sweetest joy the melody bring.  
So to the sky this melody ring  
And all around our joy abound.  
So list to me, I say to thee  
“Come dance with me in Ireland”!

Oh the music of the tune so sweet  
Will wrap you round and sweetly greet,  
Bring hope and joy to all you meet,  
So raise your voice, come dance! Rejoice!  
And list to me, I say to thee  
“Come dance with me in Ireland”!

Come dance in the middle, or dance in a row  
Come dance to the tune of the fiddle and bow.  
Make haste and be merry, we're waiting for you,  
It's the time to be merry, come dance with us do!

In and out, come weave it through.  
So round about come follow, follow.

Dance the rhythm and dance to the rhyme  
As you dance in a circle and follow in time.

He is risen, not dead!  
So list to me, I say to thee  
“Come dance with me in Ireland”.

So dance to the music, the sweetest of tune,  
Dance to the rhythm from dawn 'til noon.  
And there by the light of a welcoming star  
The fiddler is fiddling each magical bar.

And soon you will find yourself deep in a trance  
All carried away by the beat of the dance!  
A singular melody waits for you  
So dance to the rhythm, come dance with us do!  
And oh....

Let all the hills and valleys ring!  
Let clouds resound in merry fling  
And all the world come join us in  
Our melody, so sweet, you see,  
So wrap your feet in rhythms neat!  
“Come dance with me in Ireland”!

So dance to the beat of the rhythm, oh come!  
Then dance to the piper, the beat of the drum!  
Give heed to the melody, sweetest I'd say.  
It's the sweetest sound at the break of day

'Twill carry you over the lakes to the sea,  
Come follow, come follow! Come follow with me!

As daylight ends, oh hark to the moon,  
You'll hear him a'whisper this magical tune!

In and out and weave it through  
So round about, come follow, follow!  
Dance the rhythm and dance in rhyme  
And follow, follow and I can see you  
Through the mist, through the soft sweet rain,  
In the call of the wind I hear you again.

Let all the hills and valleys ring  
Let clouds resound in merry fling  
And all the world come join us in  
Our melody, so sweet, you see.  
So wrap your feet in rhythms neat!  
"Come dance with me in Ireland!"

So dance in the middle, or dance in a row  
Come dance to the tune of the fiddle and bow.  
Make haste and be merry, we're waiting for you,  
It's the time to be merry, come dance with us do!

In and out and round about  
So round about come follow, follow!  
Dance the rhythm and dance in rhyme  
So dance in a circle and follow in time!

So dance to the beat of the rhythm, oh come!  
Then dance to the piper, the beat of the drum!  
Give heed to the melody, sweetest I'd say.  
It's the sweetest sound at the break of day!

'Twill carry you over the lakes to the sea.  
Come follow, come follow! Come follow with  
me!

As daylight ends, oh hark to the moon,  
You'll hear him a'whisper this magical tune!

In and out and weave it through  
So round about, come follow, follow!  
Over the hillock, 'way down to the shore  
You'll hear the melody once more there  
Through the mist, through the soft sweet rain  
again!

"Come dance with me in Ireland", from "I Am  
Of Ireland" by W. B. Yeats, is used with the kind  
permission of A. P. Watt, London.

**Mary McAuliffe** is an Irish composer, born  
in Cork, and a graduate of University College,  
Cork. Her widely performed works include  
choral/vocal, (frequently composed to her  
own texts), instrumental, film soundtracks  
and opera, and include a variety of styles,  
often influenced by her Celtic heritage. Her  
work is represented by the Contemporary  
Music Centre of Ireland and documented in  
the Directory of Irish Composers.

Mary first visited the United States in 1997  
when her *Mass* was performed at a St. Pat-  
rick's Eve celebration of Irish Sacred Music





by the Chancel Choir of Glenn Memorial UMC of Emory University, Atlanta, under the direction of Dr. Steven Darsey. Later that year, the choir was invited to sing Mary's *Mass* at the Cathedral of Christ the King, Atlanta, opening a week of commemoration of the Great Irish Famine, 1845-1848. Commissions and performances by other esteemed soloists and choruses followed, and Mary's music was soon being widely included in concert programs across North America.

Following the premiere performance of *Leaving, A Famine Victim's Cry of Desolation*, by Dr. James Flannery, tenor, marking the commemoration of the Irish Famine, Mary created two further commissioned compositions, *Return to Old Ireland* for the Michael O'Neal Singers, Roswell, GA and *An American Odyssey* for Columbia Pro Cantare, Columbia, MD, thereby completing the charting of the Irish-American experience in what is now a 55-minute *An Irish American Trilogy*.

Mary's music has been showcased at Irish, American and Canadian Universities and her instrumental pieces are featured on the examination syllabus of the Royal Irish Academy of Music. A recipient of the 2003 Ireland Canada University Foundation

(Riverdance) Scholarship, she created a 7-movement song cycle of texts from Ireland and Newfoundland for Shallaway, director Susan Knight. Mary's music is published in Ireland, and in the USA by Earthsongs and through Henry Leck's Choral Artistry Series published by the Hal Leonard Corporation.

Tenor **Donald George** has performed at La Scala, the Paris Opera Bastille and Théâtre du Châtelet, Royal Opera of Brussels, and the State Operas of Berlin, Hamburg and Vienna, the Festivals of Salzburg, Santa Fe, Jerusalem, Istanbul, Buenos Aires, Blossom USA and Perth. He has sung with Leonard Bernstein, Kurt Masur, Yehudi Menuhin, Jeffry Tate, Vladimir Jurowski, Simone Young and recorded Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, Verdi's *Requiem*, as well as Rossini's *Aureliano in Palmira* and *Le Nozze di Teti e Peleo* (the world premiere recording). His recording of Schubert's *Die Schöne Müllerin* was described as "An absolute must." (*Music Mosaic*). Reviews of Donald George speak of his "pleasing tenor sound, vocally reliable in all challenges" (Verdi *Requiem*-Metropolitan Opera News); "A success for La Scala – all possess a superb technique, and are consummate actors...including Donald George" (*Peter Grimes-Corriere della Sera*);



and "Donald George provides *Candide* with a supple, beautiful toned lyricism - His Lament is one of the highlights of the performance" (*Münchner Merkur* – Munich, Germany). *Love is Everywhere: Selected Songs of Margaret Ruthven Lang, Volume I* from Delos, was selected as 2011 Recording of the Year (*MusicWeb International*); other reviews include "George sings beautifully

and easily... impressive is his exceptionally clear diction” (*Journal of Singing*). Donald George is a Guest Artist in Residence at West Virginia University.

Pianist **Lucy Mauro**’s recent recordings of the art songs (with Donald George) and piano music of Margaret Ruthven Lang for the Delos label have been hailed in *Gramophone* (*New Love Must Rise*), *American Record Guide* (*From the Unforgetting Skies*), as a Recording of the Year 2011 by *MusicWeb International* (*Love is Everywhere*), which called it “the revelation of the year;” as a 2013 Naxos Critics’ Choice (*From the Unforgetting Skies*), and featured on iTunes in their *New and Noteworthy* listing (*Love is Everywhere*), among other recognitions. The *Journal of Singing* calls Ms. Mauro “a perfect partner, whether called upon for thundering power or the tenderest whisper,” and *MusicWeb International* said her “delicate touch and flawless technique give us a luminous sound of great beauty.”

Ms. Mauro has performed and taught for schools and festivals throughout the US and in Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, and China. She has been heard at the Eszterházy Festival, Coolidge Auditorium at the Library of Congress and on Thomas Hampson’s national radio program *Song of*





*America*. She is the editor of several piano ensemble books from Alfred Publishing, including *Essential Two-Piano Repertoire*, *Essential Keyboard Trios* and *Essential Piano Duets* and her latest publication, with tenor Donald George, is *Master Singers: Advice from the Stage* from Oxford University Press. She is an Associate Professor at West Virginia University.

**Lee Blair** is Assistant Professor of Acting/ Program Director of Undergraduate Acting with the School of Theatre & Dance at West Virginia University. A native of Tennessee, Lee has a Master of Fine Arts in Acting from the University of Florida. His professional career as an actor has included works off-Broadway and regionally, and Lee is a member of Actors' Equity Association. As a director, Lee has worked with Mountain State Repertory Theatre, Greenbrier Valley Theatre, St. John's University/ College of Saint Benedict, Tennessee Governor's School For The Arts and the Duplex Cabaret Theatre in New York City, as well as numerous productions for West Virginia University including *The Crucible*, *Guys and Dolls* and *Lend Me A Tenor*.

**Dr. Jeffry Blake Johnson** has performed professionally as a singer, actor, pianist, harpsichordist, organist, and conductor for

over 30 years. His conducting credits feature numerous premieres as well as extensive work with contemporary and standard choral repertoire. As a Visiting Assistant Professor, Dr. Johnson formerly served the West Virginia University as Interim Director of Choral Activities. Currently, he is the Artistic Director of the Renaissance City Choirs of Pittsburgh, PA, and is an Adjunct Instructor at Washington & Jefferson College, where he teaches private voice lessons. Further information is to be found at [www.jeffryblakejohnson.com](http://www.jeffryblakejohnson.com)

Violinist **Mikylah Myers McTeer's** performances have been called "energetic and virtuosic" by the *Pittsburgh Tribune-Review*, and "captivating" by Boulder, Colorado's *Daily Camera*. An award-winning chamber musician, McTeer is violinist of the West Virginia University Faculty Piano Quartet, and was formerly the violinist of the Red Shoe Piano Trio at Fort Lewis College in Durango, Colorado, and the Moores Piano Trio in Houston, Texas, which was the silver prize winner at the 2000 Carmel Chamber Music Competition. She has performed internationally as a soloist, chamber musician, and orchestral player in Japan, Korea, Taiwan, Italy, Germany, Austria, Slovakia, and Hungary, and is a member of the Britt Festival Orchestra in Jacksonville, Oregon.

She is an Associate Professor at West Virginia University.

**Dr. Michael O'Neal** has conducted over sixty major choral/orchestral masterworks throughout the United States and Europe. His career as a tenor soloist has included opera and oratorio performances in Italy, Belgium, and the USA. O'Neal performed on five occasions as a soloist with the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Maestro Robert Shaw and was a member of the Robert Shaw Festival Singers in France for two seasons. His work with Shaw evoked the following accolade: "Michael O'Neal possesses fine musicianship, a good sense of style, familiarity with good vocal and choral sound, and a personal integrity and devotion to music. Though personally talented, he always manages to see that the music comes first."

Since its inception in 1989, **The Michael O'Neal Singers** organization has established itself as one of the premier symphonic choruses in the Southeastern United States. Comprised of more than 130 auditioned voices and an ensemble of 30 voices, MOS presents a wide variety of choral programming including choral/orchestral masterworks, music from other cultures around the globe, and selections from op-

era and musical theatre. MOS has thirteen published recordings and has performed in some of the most notable venues in the world, including Carnegie Hall in NYC, St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey in London, and Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris. MOS has also performed twice at the Amalfi Coast Music and Arts Festival in Italy and once at the Aegean International Music Festival in Greece.

The **West Virginia University Choir** is the flagship ensemble of WVU's dynamic choral program. This select mixed choir is comprised primarily of junior, senior and graduate vocalists. The WVU University Choir tours frequently and studies and performs accompanied and *a cappella* repertoire from all stylistic genres. The **West Virginia University Studio Orchestra** is comprised of faculty and student musicians and designed to perform and record a variety of works ranging from the standard repertoire to today's composers. More information on the **West Virginia University School of Music** can be found at [music.wvu.edu](http://music.wvu.edu).

Special thanks to Keith Jackson, William Koehler, Joseph Andria, Juliana Yap, Michael McCullough, Onpavee Nitisingkarin, and Tingting Chang for their assistance with this recording.

Recording dates/venues:

*Gloria!* – December 7, 2011; Lyell B. Clay Theater, West Virginia University

*The Drifter* and *Frolics* – December 17, 2012; Bloch Hall, West Virginia University

*When You Are Old, Down By the Salley Gardens, A Dawn Song* – May 4-6, 2012; Bloch Hall, West Virginia University

*Leaving: A Famine Victim's Cry of Desolation* – February 8, 2012; Bloch Hall, West Virginia University

*Return to Old Ireland* – March 17, 2000; Roswell United Methodist Church, Roswell, GA  
(Recording Engineer: John Bradley)

Executive Producer: Carol Rosenberger

Producer: Lucy Mauro

Recording Engineer and Co-Producer: Mark Benincosa, II

Booklet Editor: Lindsay Koob

Art Design/Layout: Lonnie Kunkel

Piano Technician: Tim Richards

Piano: Steinway

Cover photo: Sunset at Cliffs of Moher — Patryk Kosmider

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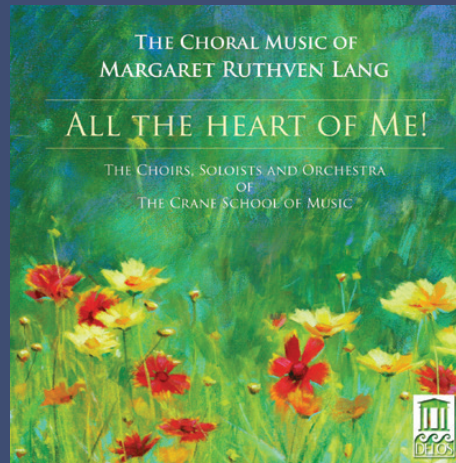
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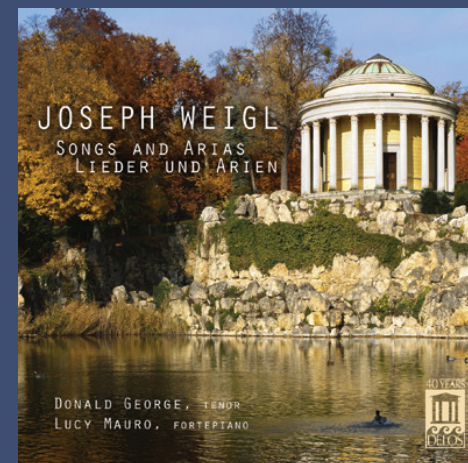
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