

The Morning Star (1991 Christmas in the Americas)	Traditional hymn-tune, arr. Virgil Thomson (1869-1989)
Jingle, Bells (1991 Christmas in the Americas) <i>Chamber Singers</i>	James Pierpont (1822-1893), arr. David Blackwell
Spaséñiye sodélal (1993 Christmas Tidings)	Pavel Chesnokov (1877-1944)
Twelfth Night (1991 Christmas in the Americas)	Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
Excerpt from <i>A Child's Christmas in Wales</i> Julia Preseau, soprano; Jill Fedon, alto; Jim Branigan, tenor; John Lamb, bass (2002 A Child's Christmas in Wales)	Matthew Harris (b. 1956)
Here Comes Santa Claus (1991 Christmas in the Americas)	Autry/Haldeman, arr. E. F. Corson
A Musicological Journey Through the Twelve Days of Christmas (1992 What Sweeter Music)	Craig Courtney (b. 1954)
Betelehemu (1997 Now Sing We All Both Great and Small)	Nigerian Carol, Via Olatunji, arr. Whalum/Brooks

Violins: Ruth Zumstein, Rebecca Harris Cello: Brent Lewis Harp: Merynda Adams
Organ: Chris Hatcher Piano: Joan Tracy Recorder: Mariam Bora Percussion team: Jean Bowers, Mia Kissil Hewitt, John Lamb

Guillermus Dufay was one of the most influential figures of the fifteenth century's Burgundian School. He started and ended his life at Cambrai, as a choir boy and in retirement a Canon of the Cathedral. In between he sang in the papal choir in Rome, served in various courts and took a degree at the Sorbonne. The lively *Gloria* is a strict canon for the top two voices, over what was probably two brass parts originally.

Gloria, gloria in excelsis Deo, Et in terra pax, Hominibus bonae voluntatis. Laudamus te, benedecimus te, We worship thee, we glorify thee, We give thanks to thee For thy great glory. Domine Deus, Rex caelestis, Deus Pater omnipotens.	Glory to God in the highest, And on earth peace, Good will to men. We praise thee, we bless thee, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.
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Domine fili unigenite Jesu Christe, Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris, Qui tollis peccata mundi,	O Lord, the only begotten Son, Jesus Christ, O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, That takest away the sins of the world,
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Miserere nobis.
Qui tollis peccata mundi,
Suscipe deprecationem nostram.
Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris,
Miserere nobis.

Have mercy upon us.
That takest away the sins of the world,
Receive our prayer.
Thou that sitteth at the right hand of God the Father,
Have mercy upon us.

Claudio Monteverdi, a favorite of conductor Anne Matlack, is often featured in Harmonium concerts. He is one of those composers who leads from one style period (the Renaissance) to the next (Baroque). He himself defined two different kinds of compositional practices, the *prima prattica*, or old style which was still used for much church music, and the *secunda prattica*, the new style which “considers harmony not commanding but commanded, and makes words the mistress of harmony.” Like the *Vespers of 1610*, this *Gloria Concertata* shows that the dramatic recitatives, text painting and virtuoso vocal and instrumental writing of the *secunda prattica* is not excluded from Monteverdi’s church music. It is probably a fragment of a complete Mass composed in 1631 for St. Marks’s in Venice, where he was music director, in thanksgiving for deliverance from the plague. We last performed this in Anne’s first concert, *Christmas 1987*, in Chester. (Text above).

Hugo Distler, German composer, organist and choral conductor, has always been one of Anne’s favorite composers for both his neo-Baroque sensibilities and tragic personal history. He was involved in the Orgelbewegung (organ reform movement) which returned to Baroque and pre-Baroque ideals of organ sound and compositional forms. This is well represented in the chorale-motet *Lo! How a Rose E’er Blooming* which takes Praetorius’ Renaissance chorale tune and sets it in many old compositional styles infused with twentieth-century quartal harmonies. The first movement is a harmonized chorale with the tune in the melody. The second movement infuses each voice part with an element of the tune, layering them with Renaissance-style polyphonic entrances. The third movement is another harmonized soprano chorale, accompanying the alto soloist who declaims the “Magnificat” text in the ancient *tonus peregrinus* chant. This is followed by a movement with the chorale melody in the tenor and an ostinato “Eia” in the bass (like a cradle rocking), and countermelodies in the women. The fifth section is a double choir motet, with the melody in canon in the soprano part of both choirs. A rhythmically lively “Gloria Patri” is set over the chorale-tune in the basses. A final chorale just like the first movement rounds out the form. These choral movements are from a larger oratorio, the *Christmas Story* (opus 10) (*Die Weihnachtsgeschichte*) which included parts for Evangelist, Angel, Mary and Herod. From 1931-1937 Distler put together lovely Sunday afternoon Vespers services at the St. Jacobikirche in Lubeck. This was performed December 26, 1933. Later, Nazi persecution of the Lutheran church forced him to resign his position at the historic Jacobikirche, and he moved to a suburb of Stuttgart, teaching at the Hochschule, conducting an oratorio society, and starting a family. In 1940 he left the countryside for Berlin, where formidable personal responsibilities left little time for composition. Separation from his wife and young children (to avoid the bombings), continued draft notices for a cause he detested, and an overwhelming spiritual depression led to his suicide at the age of 34. “That his heart broke showed the depth of that heart,” wrote an unknown poet at Distler’s death; “he saw things the rest of us were too weak and pale to admit.”

Lo! How a Rose e’er blooming
From tender stem hath spring,

Of Jesse's lineage coming,
As men of old have sung.
It came a Flow'ret bright,
Amid the cold of winter,
When half-spent was the night.

Isaiah 'twas foretold it,
The Rose I have in mind.
With Mary we behold it,
The Virgin Mother kind.
Through God's holy and eternal will,
She bore to men a Savior
At midnight calm and still.

[NOTE: Mary sings the verse below while the chorus simultaneously sings the following verse.]

MARY

My soul doth magnify God the Lord,
and my spirit hath rejoic'd in God, my Savior,
For he hath regarded the low estate of His handmaiden,
For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.
For He that is mighty hath done great things unto me.
He is mighty, and Holy is His name.
And his Mercy is on them that fear Him.

CHORUS

O Savior, hear our pleading.
Thou, gracious Child above,
Through all Thy dreadful suff'ring,
By Thy great gift of love.
From this sad vale of tears,
Bring Thou our souls to heaven,
Dispel our earthly fears.

This Flow'r whose fragrance tender
With sweetness fills the air,
Dispels with glorious splendor
The darkness ev'rywhere.
True man, yet very God!
From sin and death He saves us,
and lightens ev'ry load.

At once the shepherds answered
and hastened on their way.
They found the lovely Christ Child
With Mary, meek and mild.
On high the angels sang
Their praise to God the Father
Upon His heav'nly throne.

All thanks to God the Father,
to God the Holy Ghost,
Who by a human mother
Made His dear Son our Host!
We pray by that sweet Progeny,
Deliver us from evil,
From sinning set us free.

Now sing we all, So be it!
Amen, so shall it be!
Our hopes, bound in one Spirit,
All find their end in Thee.
O Jesus, grant our prayer,
To praise Thee in Thy glory
And in Thy glory share.

Salamone Rossi, a violinist and composer active in Mantua at the time of Monteverdi, composed path-breaking collections of Hebrew motets for the synagogue. *Haleluya. Haleli nafshí* (Psalm 146) is from *The Songs of Solomon*, published in 1622. The title of the collection is a pun on the composer's first name, since none of the work is actually from the *Songs of Solomon* - an *Old Testament* collection of psalms. Harmonium has performed many Rossi pieces over the last seventeen years, although, maybe not this one!

Haleluya. Haleli nafshi et Adonai, ahalela Adonai bechayai, azamera lelohavi be'odi.	Hallelujah. Praise the Lord, O my soul. I will praise the Lord while I live, I will sing praises unto my God while I yet have breath.
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Al tivtechu vindivim beven adam she'eyn lo teshu'a.	Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no hope.
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Teytsey rucho yashuv le admato, bayom hahu avedu eshtonotav.	His breath departs, he returns to dust; in that very day his thoughts perish.
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Ashrey she'Eyl Ya'akov be'ezro, sivro al Adonai Elohav.	Happy is he whose help is the God of Jacob, whose hope is in the Lord his God.
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Ose shamayim va'arets, et hayam ve'et kol asher bam, hashomer emet le'olam.	Who made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that is within; who keepeth the truth forever.
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Ose mishpat la'ashukim, noten lechem lare'eyvim, Adonai matir asurim.	Who rendered justice for the oppressed; who giveth bread to the hungry, The Lord setteth the captives free.
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Adonai pokeach ivrim, Adonai zokef kefufim, Adonai ohev tsadikim.	The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind; The Lord raiseth up them that are bowed down; The Lord loveth the righteous.
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Adonai shomer et geyrim,
yatom ve'almana ye'oded,
vederech resha'im ye'avet.

The Lord protecteth the strangers;
He upholdeth the fatherless and the widow;
but the way of the wicked He doth confuse.

Yimloch Adonai le'olam
elohayich Tsiyon ledor vador,
halleluya.

The Lord shall reign forever,
Thy God, O Zion, shall be Sovereign unto all generations,
hallelujah.

Adapted from the Jewish Publication Society translation

The Three Kings is typical of Canadian Anglican composer **Healey Willan's** straightforward, modal, lyrical style. For the first half of the anthem, a three-part men's chorus - symbolically the three kings - is in dialogue with a three-part women's chorus, representing the holy manger scene. The chorus comes together in a dramatic climax and denouement at the text "Come in ye Kings! And kiss the Feet of God!" The text is by Laurence Housman.

'Who knocks tonight so late?'
The weary porter said.
Three Kings stood at the gate,
Each with a crown on head.

The serving man bowed down;
The inn was full, he knew.
Said he, 'In all this town
Is no fit place for you!'

A light the manger lit:
There lay the Mother meek.
Said they, 'This place is fit:
Here is the rest we seek!'

They loosed their latchet strings;
So stood they all unshod.
Come in, come in ye Kings!
And kiss the Feet of God.

Kenneth Leighton was one of the most distinguished of British post-war composers; over 100 compositions are published, many of which were written to commission, and his work is frequently performed and broadcast both in Britain and abroad. In October 1970 he was appointed Reid Professor of Music at the University of Edinburgh, the post which he held until his death in 1988. *Lully, lulla, thou little tiny child* is from "Three Carols" Opus 25 (1948-56). The text is a fifteenth century Coventry Pageant of Shearman and Tailors. It is a carol that tells of the slaughter of the innocents from the point of view of a distraught mother singing a tortured lullaby. This makes it especially appropriate for Leighton's unique blend of lyricism and dissonance.

Lully, lulla, thou little tiny child,
By, by, lully, lullay.

O sisters too,
How may we do
For to preserve this day?
This poor youngling
For whom we sing,
By, by, lully, lullay.

Herod, the king,
In his raging,
Charg'd he hath this day
His men of might,
In his own sight,
All children young to slay.

That woe is me,
Poor child, for thee!
And ever morn and may,
For thy parting
Nor say nor sing,
By, by, lully, lullay.

Stephen Paulus was born in Summit, NJ in 1949. He was educated at the Boston University School for the Arts. He has served as composer-in-residence with the Minneapolis Orchestra and the Atlanta Symphony. With Libby Larsen he co-founded the Minnesota Composers Forum. Paulus has composed many choral works and carol arrangements.

Jesu Carols (commissioned by the William Ferris Chorale in 1985) sets four contrasting medieval texts. The first, "Jesu's Lyfelyne" (Juliana Berners, ca. 1375) moves from unison to increasingly thicker textures, evoking the generation upon generation from Abraham through David "of whom that gentle man, Jesu, was born."

Of the offspring of the gentle man
Jafeth come Abraham, Moses, Aaron and the prophets.
Also the King of the right line of Mary
Of whom that gentle man, Jesu was borne.

The opening lines of "The Ship Carol" (sixteenth century anonymous text) portray a robust sailor's song. The triplet and sixteenth-note figurations in the harp part, and the sweet major chords in the chorus paint the text "our Lord harped, our Lady sang," while tightly-packed note clusters are used to evoke "all the belles of heav'n they rang."

There comes a ship farr sailing then,
St. Michael was the steersman,
St. John sat in the horn;
Our Lord harped, our Lady sang,
And all the belles of heav'n they rang.
On Christ's Sunday at morn.

The stark dissonances in “Waye Not His Cribb” (Robert Southwell 1561-1595) evoke the bleakness and the poverty of the manger scene, while major chords, reinforced by harp, point up the contrast between the babe’s divinity and humble humanity. This conflict is never resolved, for both exist simultaneously; thus the movement ends bitonally, with voices on an E-flat/B-flat open fifth and the harp playing G major chords.

Waye not His cribb, his wooden dish,
Nor beastes that by Him feede;
Waye not His mother’s poor attire,
Nor Josephe’s simple weede.
The stable is a Prince’s courte,
The cribb his chaire of State;
The beastes are parcell of His pompe,
The wooden dishe His plate.

Text painting continues in “The Neighbors of Bethlehem” (thirteenth century French text), with bitonal chords representing “that noisy tumult rising round,” yet with the joyful rhythms of a simple carol. The text “God hath appeared on earth below” is set in the low(ly) men’s voices, while the other-worldly, angelic “O come ye shepherds, wake, arise!” is sung by five-part women’s voices. A distinctive motive (heard in the soprano solo) unifies the movement, and is last heard in the harp part at the end of this profound work.

Good neighbor tell me why that sound,
That noisy tumult rising round,
Awaking all in slumber lying?
Truly disturbing are those cries,
All through the quiet village flying,
O come ye shepherds, wake, arise!

What, neighbor, then do ye now know
God hath appeared on earth below
And now is born in manger lowly!
In humble guise he came this night,
Simple and meek this infant holy,
Yet how divine in beauty bright.

Good neighbor I must make amend,
Forthwith to bring Him will I send,
And Joseph with the gentle mother.
When to my home these three I bring,
Then will it far outshine all other,
A palace fair for greatest King!

“I often think the text makes the music,” said contemporary English composer **John Rutter** at a decade-ago Chorus America conference. In the case of his longest *cappella* sacred work,

Hymn to the Creator of Light, the occasion was the dedication of a stained glass window to the memory of English composer Herbert Howells (1892-1983) at the Three Choir Festival Evensong in Gloucester Cathedral in 1992. Thus the first section seeks to evoke not just light, but chords of dissonance are built up like refracted light. The second section is more rhythmic, playing choirs against each other, until they finally sing together at the climactic text “God is the Lord who hath shewed us light!” This is followed by an exquisite pianissimo entrance of the German “Schmücke dich” in Choir I, harmonized in an expressive and consonant manner by Choir II. The coloristic dissonances briefly return in the coda, recalling the opening, like the last rays of sun at evensong. (Text by Lancelot Andrewes (1555-1626) and J. Franck (1618-1677).

Glory be to Thee, O Lord, Creator of the visible light, the sun’s ray, the flame of fire.
Glory be to Thee, O Lord, Creator also of the light invisible and intellectual.
Glory be to Thee, O Lord, Creator of the light, for writings of the law,
for oracles of prophets, for melody of psalms, for wisdom of proverbs,
experience of histories, a light which never sets.
God is the Lord, who hath shewed us light.

Light, who dost my soul enlighten; Sun, who all my life does brighten;
Joy, the sweetest man e’er knoweth; Fount, whence all my being floweth.
From Thy banquet let me measure, Lord, how vast and deep its treasure;
Through the gifts Thou here dost give us, as Thy guest in heav’n receive us.
Creator of the visible light.

England’s greatest early twentieth-century composer, **Ralph Vaughan Williams**, was deeply steeped in his country’s folk songs and rich musical heritage. This exuberant *Wassail Song* is the fifth of his *Five English Folksongs*. As it progresses from soft to loud and back again, one can imagine jolly carolers arriving and departing again.

Wassail, Wassail all over the town,
Our bread it is white and our ale it is brown;
Our bowl it is made of the green maple tree;
In the Wassail bowl we’ll drink unto thee.

Here’s a health to the ox and to his right eye,
Pray God send our master a good Christmas pie,
A good Christmas pie as e’er I did see.
In the Wassail bowl we’ll drink unto thee.

Here’s a health to the ox and to his right horn,
Pray God send our master a good crop of corn,
A good crop of corn as e’er I did see.
In the Wassail bowl we’ll drink unto thee.

Here’s a health to the ox and to his long tail,
Pray God send our master a good cask of ale,

A good cask of ale as e'er I did see.
In the Wassail bowl we'll drink unto thee.

Come butler come fill us a bowl of the best;
They I pray that your soul in heaven may rest;
But if you do bring us a bowl of the small,
May the Devil take butler, bowl and all!

Then here's to the maid in the lily white smock,
Who tripp'd to the door and slipp'd back the lock;
Who tripp'd to the door and pull'd back the pin,
For to let these jolly Wassailers walk in.

Jean Mouton, court composer to both Louis XII and Francis I, exemplifies what is called the Franco-Flemish style, with its points of imitation and long flowing lines. *Noe, noe, noe, psallite* uses a unifying noel refrain and subtle text-painting.

Noe, noe, noe, psallite, noe.	Noel, sing noel.
Jherusalem gaude et letare,	Jerusalem, rejoice and be glad,
quia hodie natus est salvator mundi,	for today the Savior of the world is born.
Noe, noe, noe!	Noel!

Jacet in praesepio	He lies in the cradle,
fulget in celo,	and shines in the heavens.
Noe, noe, noe!	Noel!

Atollite portas,	Lift up your heads,
principes vestras,	ye gates,
et elevamini porte eternas,	and raise high your everlasting doors,
et introbit rex glorie.	that the King of Glory may come in.
Noe, noe, noe!	Noel!

Quis est iste rex glorie?	Who is this King of Glory?
Dominum virtutum,	The Lord of Hosts
ipse est rex glorie	is King of Glory.
Noe, noe, noe!	Noel!

Joseph Lieber, Joseph mein is baroque organist **Johann Walther's** five-part setting of a fifteenth-century German carol still known today as "Joseph dearest, Joseph mine." The sing-song quality of the tune evokes the rocking of a baby.

Joseph lieber, Joseph mein,	Joseph dearest, Joseph mine,
hilf mir wiegen mein Kindelein.	help me cradle my little child.
Gott der will dein Löhner	God will give you your reward

sein im Himmelreich,
der Jungfrau Kind Maria.
Eia!

in Heaven,
Child of the Virgin Mary.
Eia!

Virgo Deum genuit,
quem divina voluit clementia.
Omnes nunc concinite,
nato regi psallite,
voce pia dicite:
Sit gloria Christo nostro infantulo.
Hodie apparuit in Israel;
quem praedixit Gabriel,
est natus rex.

A virgin gave birth to God,
as divine mercy desired.
All now sing together,
and play to the newborn king,
saying with holy voice:
Glory be to Christ born a baby.
Today has appeared in Israel;
he who Gabriel foretold
would be born king.

The traditional southern tune *The Morning Star* is set by one of America's most influential composers, teachers, and music critics, **Virgil Thomson**. Thomson studied at Harvard and with Nadia Boulanger in Paris, where he met Cocteau, Stravinsky, Satie, and the artists of Les Six. When he returned to the United States he became chief music critic for the *New York Herald Tribune*. Virgil Thomson composed in almost every genre of music. Traditional American Protestant hymn tunes are included in many of Thomson's most famous works, such as the film shorts "The Plow that Broke the Plains" and "The River." This setting of *The Morning Star* (1949), although quite short, is a gem.

How splendid shines the morning star,
God's gracious light from darkness far,
The root of Jesse blessed.

Thou David's son of Jacob's stem.
My bridegroom, king and wondrous Lamb,
Thou hast my heart possessed.

Sweetly, friendly, O, thou
handsome precious ransom, full of graces,
kept in heavenly places.

The words and music of **Jingle, Bells** were written in 1857 by James Pierpont for a Thanksgiving program at his church in Boston. It was so well received that the children were asked to repeat it at Christmas. English composer **David Blackwell**'s humorous *a cappella* version takes us from "Christmassy, ma non troppo" to "Limpingly, with less horsepower" at the "kerlip" section. It seems that the riders have been indulging a bit too much, which causes them to fracture the last several lines of text.

Dashing through the snow
In a one-horse open sleigh,

O'er the fields we go,
Laughing all the way;
Bells on bob-tail ring,
Making spirits bright,
What fun it is to ride and sing
A sleighing song tonight. Oh!

Jingle, bells, jingle, bells,
jingle all the way!
Oh, what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh! (repeat)
Now the ground is white
Go it while you're young,
Take the girls tonight,
And sing this sleighing song.
Just get a bob-tailed bay,
Two-forty for his speed
Then hitch him to an open sleigh
And crack! you'll take the lead. Oh!

Jingle, bells, jingle bells,
Jingle all the way!
Oh, what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh.
Oh, what fun for two to horse
around in an open sleigh!
Oh, what fun it is to slay
a horse in an open way.

Editor Vladimir Morosan provides these notes: **Pavel Chesnokov** is the most prolific composer associated with the Moscow Synodal School of Church Singing: his compositional output includes over 500 choral works, over 400 of which are sacred. *Spasēniye sodélal* is one in a cycle of ten Communion Hymns composed by Chesnokov during his tenure as precentor at the Church of the Holy Trinity “at the Mud Baths” in Moscow. This is a richly sonorous harmonized setting of a traditional Kievan chant.

Spasēniye sodélal yesí posredé zemlí,
Bózhe. Allilúiya, allilúiya, allilúiya.

Salvation is created in the midst of the earth,
O God. Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

Samuel Barber's career was an early and long-lived success. His music was well-received from his student days at Curtis (he entered in 1924 at age 14). His reputation was burnished by the enduring popularity of the youthful *Adagio for Strings* and the fact that he was championed by Toscanini and others. In 1966 he fell from grace when his opera *Anthony and Cleopatra*, commissioned for the opening of the new Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center, was a

miserable failure. Although often pigeon-holed as *neo-romantic*, his music can have a high level of dissonance and a remarkable originality of texture. This is especially true of the numerous choral works. Barber also always picked interesting poems for his texts, ones that grabbed him with a personal appeal. *Twelfth Night*, is a very late work (Op. 42 of 48), his last *a cappella* choral work, which shows a more dissonant side, and this originality of texture ranging from very homophonic to extremely complex

The haunting poem here is by Laurie Lee (1914-1997), a man who published four collections of poems, several travelogues, and the bestselling *Cider with Rosie* (1959), which has sold more than six million copies worldwide. In its obituary of Lee the Guardian wrote, "He had a nightingale inside him, a capacity for sensuous, lyrical precision." The text is never obscured by the music, but sometimes set out clearly (homophonically), or in a few dramatic imitative sections which illustrate the text. Diatonic harmonies are juxtaposed in sequences which make them sound almost dissonant. The lyrical theme, "No night could be darker than this night" is a favorite rhythm of Barber's, duples against triplets, and is recalled eerily at the end of the work. We learn from music critic Steve Schwartz that Barber had no formal religious belief, being an agnostic at best, but that he was drawn to religious imagery and intelligent explorations of religious ideas. *Twelfth Night* is a modern mid-century piece, in much the same way that T.S. Eliot's *Four Quartets* is modern. They are full of yearning, but as there is no longer an absolute center to their world, neither poet can count on certainty at the far end of the journey; they are drawn to yearn nevertheless.

No night could be darker than this night,
no cold so cold,
as the blood snaps like a wire
and the heart's sap stills,
and the year seems defeated.

O never again, it seems,
can green things run, or sky birds fly,
or the grass exhale its humming breath,
powdered with pimpernels,
from this dark lung of winter.

Yet here are lessons from the final mile
Of pilgrim kings; the miles still left
when all have reached their tether's end;
That mile where the Child lies hid.

For see, beneath the hand,
the earth already warms and glows,
for men with shepherd's eyes
there are signs in the dark,
the turning stars,
the lamb's returning time.

For see, for see,
Out of this utter death he's born again,
his birth our Saviour;
from terror's equinox he climbs and grows;
Drawing his finger's light across our blood,
the sun of heaven, and the son of God.

Composer **Matthew Harris**, born 1956 in New York State, studied at The Juilliard School, New England Conservatory and Harvard University. His teachers include Elliott Carter, Milton Babbitt, Roger Sessions and Donald Martino. Mr. Harris has taught at Fordham University and Kingsborough College, CUNY. He lives in New York City, where he works as a musicologist. Mr. Harris received two grants in composition from the National Endowment for the Arts and fellowships from the New York Foundation for the Arts, Tanglewood, Composers Conference at Wellesley, Ives Center, Conductors Institute, and the MacDowell and Yaddo artist colonies. He has won many prizes and his works have been performed internationally. Harmonium Choral Society performed his "Shakespeare Songs" in a spring 2000 concert of the same name and on tour in Eastern Europe, and finally commissioned and premiered his major Christmas Oratorio, **A Child's Christmas in Wales**, text by Dylan Thomas of course, in 2002. This is the last movement, "Always on Christmas Night There Was Music." The folk-like music of the first movement is recalled here, and a solo violin seems to illustrate "an uncle played the fiddle." The movement grows to a climax at a sudden descriptive modulation up a whole step ("and hear the music rising") and then ends gently, as the orchestra takes over and the child falls asleep listening to the music.

Always on Christmas night there was music. An uncle played the fiddle, a cousin sang "Cherry Ripe," and another uncle sang "Drake's Drum." It was very warm in the little house. Auntie Hannah, who got on to the parsnip wine, sang a song about Bleeding Hearts and Death, and then another in which she said her heart was like a Bird's Nest; and then everybody laughed again; and then I went to bed. Looking through my bedroom window, out into the moonlight and the unending smoke-colored snow, I could see the lights in the windows of all the other houses on our hill and hear the music rising from them up the long, steady falling night. I turned the gas down, I got into bed. I said some words to the close and holy darkness, and then I slept.

From A Child's Christmas in Wales by Dylan Thomas, © 1956 by New Directions. Used by permission.

Our own **Ted Corson** has written a jazzy choral arrangement of the Christmas favorite ***Here Comes Santa Claus (Right Down Santa Claus Lane)***. Gene Autry and Oakley Haldeman wrote the song in 1947, little suspecting that it would become a classic. Over the past half century the song's popularity has continued to grow, and in 1998 it was voted one of the top holiday songs of the twentieth century by The American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers (ASCAP).

Here comes Santa Claus! Here comes Santa Claus! Right down Santa Claus Lane!
Vixen and Blitzen and all his reindeer are pulling on the rein.
Bells are ringing, children singing, all is merry and bright;
Hang your stockings and say your pray'rs, 'cause Santa Claus comes tonight!

Here comes Santa Claus! Here comes Santa Claus! Right down Santa Claus Lane!
He's got a bag that is filled with toys for the boys and girls again!
Hear those sleighbells jingle jangle jangle, what a beautiful sight!
Jump in bed, cover up your head, 'cause Santa Claus comes tonight!

Here comes Santa Claus! Here comes Santa Claus! Right down Santa Claus Lane!
He doesn't care if you're rich or poor for he loves you just the same.
Santa knows that we're God's children, that makes ev'rything right;
Fill your hearts with a Christmas cheer, 'cause Santa Claus comes tonight.

Here comes Santa Claus! Here comes Santa Claus! Right down Santa Claus Lane!
He'll come around when the chimes ring out, then its Christmas morn again.
Peace on Earth will come to all if we just follow the light,
Let's give thanks to the Lord above, 'cause Santa Claus comes tonight!

Craig Courtney is a versatile church musician and composer and editor and staff composer of Beckenhorst Press. *A Musicological Journey Through the Twelve Days of Christmas* was composed for the Columbus Symphony Chorus 1990 Holiday Pops concert, and we don't want to give too much away. The composer has however provided the following breakdown of movements.

1. A Partridge from 6th century Rome
2. Two Turtle Doves from 15th century France
3. Three French hens from 16th century Italy
4. Four Calling Birds from 17th century Italy
5. Five Gold Rings from 18th century Germany
6. Six Geese a-Laying from 18th century Austria
7. Seven Swans a-Swimming from 19th century France
8. Eight Maids a-Milking from 19th century Germany
9. Nine Ladies Dancing from 19th century Austria
10. Ten Lords a-Leaping from 19th century Italy
11. Eleven Pipers Piping from 19th century Russia
12. Twelve Drummers Drumming from 19th century U.S.A.

Betelehemu is best known in its setting for men's chorus by **Wendell Whalum**, rearranged here for SATB by **Barrington Brooks**. The close harmonies and ritual dance rhythms call for creative percussion improvisation for a successful performance.

Awa yi o ri Baba gbojule.
Awa yi o ri Baba fehenti.
Nibo labi Jesu,
Nibo lagbe bi'i.
Betelehemu ilu ara,
nibe labi Baba o daju.
Iyin, iyin, iyin, nifuno.

We are glad that we have a Father to trust.
We are glad that we have a Father to rely upon.
Where was Jesus born?
Where was He born?
Bethlehem, the city of wonder,
That is where the Father was born for sure.
Praise, praise, praise be to Him.

Adupe fun o, adupe fun o,
Adupe fun o jo'oni, Baba oloreo.
Iyin fun o Baba, iyin fun o Baba,
Iyin fun o Baba anu, Baba toda wasi.

We thank Thee, we thank Thee,
We thank Thee for this day, Gracious Father.
Praise be to Thee, praise be to Thee,
Praise be to Thee, Merciful Father.