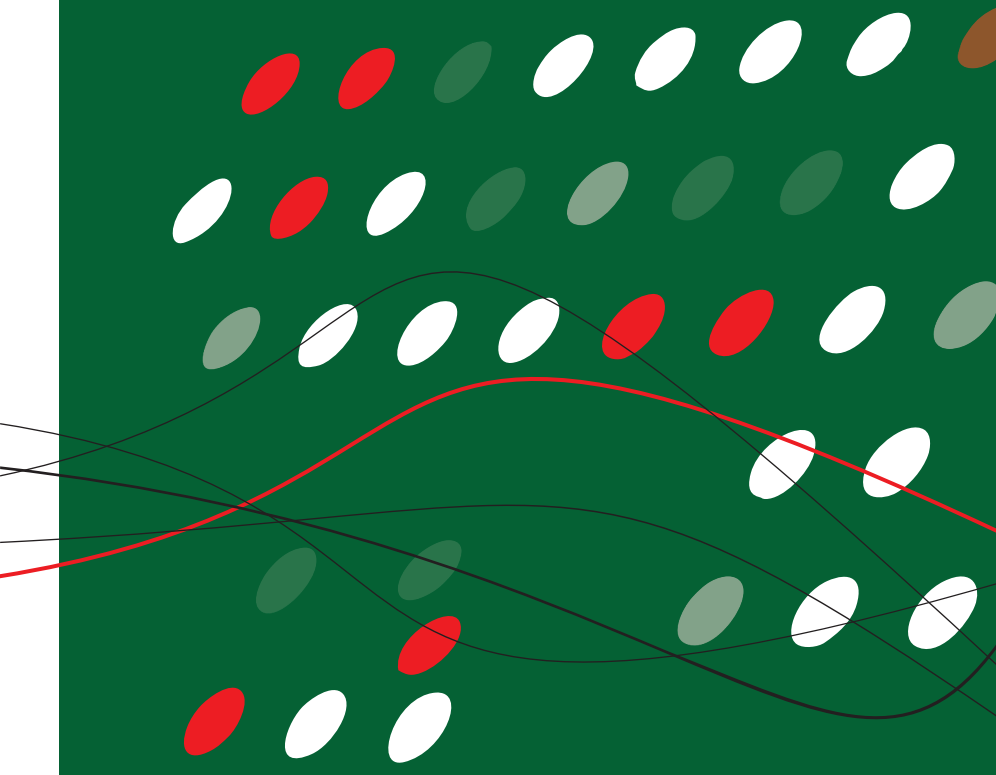


MICHAEL ZAUGG
ARTISTIC DIRECTOR
PRINCIPAL CONDUCTOR

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Vision, Mission, Values, and Goals

VISION

Inspired hearts, minds and spirits in all who experience our world class professional chamber choir.

MISSION

Pro Coro Canada, a not-for-profit arts organization, performs and commissions choral music in the Western-European tradition, with an affinity for works of the 20th and 21st centuries; employs professional singers, and provides internships for emerging artists.

Pro Coro Canada fosters and promotes Canadian talent and content, develops best practices in choral music through innovative programming, and maximizes channels to disseminate performances globally.

Pro Coro Canada engages with diverse artistic partners in the search for challenging and satisfying choral music experiences for audiences and performers, while continually striving for excellence.

VALUES

Choral Leadership
Innovation Built on Legacy
Professional Artists
Orchestra of Voices
Excellence
Inspiration

STRATEGIC PRIORITIES AND GOALS

1. Strengthen stability and sustainability
2. Strive for Choral Excellence
3. Nurture Leadership
4. Advance Equity, Diversity and Inclusion

To learn more about Pro Coro's Strategic Plan, visit
procoro.ca/strategic-plan-2021-2024

Harmony for the Holidays

**Pro Coro's 1st Annual Harmony for the Holidays Campaign
is officially underway!**

From December 9th – 31st, join us in our efforts to raise \$5,000 and our mission to make a difference through music! Support Pro Coro Canada's annual fundraising campaign Harmony for the Holidays and help us bring joy and inspiration to our community.

Your support fuels our mission to spread the inspiration of choral music in our community and ensures the continuation of beautiful melodies, powerful sonorities and meaningful outreach and education programs.

Join our donor family today and provide Harmony for the Holidays!

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Pro Coro Canada acknowledges that we are located on Treaty 6 territory, and respects the histories, languages, and cultures of First Nations, Métis, Inuit, and all First Peoples of Canada, whose presence continues to enrich our vibrant community.

Index

Composer's Notes.....	6
Preface & Contents.....	7
Program.....	8
Performers.....	10
Pro Coro Canada.....	11
Our Conductor	
Michael Zaugg.....	12
Our Board of Directors & Staff.....	13
Our Supporters.....	14
Texts & Translations.....	17
Our Next Concerts.....	36

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Composer's Notes

It has always seemed a shame to me that A Christmas Carol didn't have any Christmas carols in it. What a profoundly moving story, with music in its title-but no actual music! So, when Matthew Guard first approached me about collaborating on this project, I could hardly contain my enthusiasm. The time to correct this particularly glaring oversight had come at last!

The carols in this piece come mostly from the English tradition. In ordering them as they appear here, and placing them into Dickens's oft-heard tale, I have endeavoured to imbue both the carols and the story with a new sense of meaning. Thus, the tune of the enchantingly simple Welsh carol Poverty becomes a leitmotif for Scrooge and his transformation: distant and distorted when it first appears in the counting-house; fragmented, squeezed, and transformed over the course of the ghosts' ministrations; and radiantly remade as Scrooge joyfully reawakens to find himself alive - truly alive - on Christmas Day.

Other tunes appear and reappear, representing different characters: In dulci júbilo for the childlike yet ancient Ghost of Christmas Past; The Boar's Head Carol for the rich, gigantic, jovial Ghost of Christmas Present; and the Gregorian chant Dies irae for the fearful spectre of the Future. Other pieces depict particular concepts: It came upon the midnight clear, for example, stands as both a call to care for our fellow human beings and a rebuke to those who habitually ignore this call. Finally, in the dramatic climax of the whole story, The Spirits of all Three, where Scrooge is forced to confront his own miserable end, all these tunes merge one upon the other to illustrate the transformative power of experience and the unpredictable journey towards developing a truly merciful, mature, and loving heart.

While Scrooge's story is central to A Christmas Carol, it would be remiss not to mention Tiny Tim. Dickens reportedly saw him as the main character in his tale, with the plight of London's 19th-century poor the underlying theme of the story. I therefore paid special attention to Scrooge's vision of the bereaved Cratchit family. The music here is the haunting Coventry Carol, the text of which refers to the Slaughter of the Innocents recounted in the Gospel of Matthew. In this arrangement, I bring together the 16th-century English melody with a stark, spare, high, and dissonant texture woven throughout with a keening melody for mezzo-soprano soloist. My goal was to summon the unthinkable-the experience of a parent losing a child-and this piece proved to be one of the most emotionally difficult works I have composed.

Christmas means many things for many people. Some of these associations are profoundly joyful; some of them are deeply painful; and some are a mixture of too many things to recount. However, one thing that is certain about Christmas is that it will come around again each year, like a refrain, and we will each be given the opportunity to create new associations. I offer my hope that my re-imagining of this strange ghost story of sorrow, redemption, and joy forms a positive new association and, moreover, that it helps each of us to become a little more alive - truly alive - to the world and to each other.

-Benedict Sheehan, June 2022

A Christmas Carol

IN PROSE BEING

A Ghost Story of Christmas
by Charles Dickens

PREFACE

I HAVE endeavoured in this Ghostly little book, to raise the Ghost of an Idea, which shall not put my readers out of humour with themselves, with each other, with the season, or with me. May it haunt their houses pleasantly, and no one wish to lay it.

Their faithful Friend and Servant,
C. D.
December, 1843

CONTENTS

Stave I: Marley's Ghost
Stave II: The First of the Three Spirits
Stave III: The Second of the Three Spirits
Stave IV: The Last of the Spirits
Stave V: The End of It

Pro Coro Canada would like to thank Welsh author and poet Grahame Davies LVO and Barry Hunt (St David's Welsh Society) for the assistance with the Welsh Carol O Deued Pob Cristion (movement #2).

A Christmas Carol: Program

By Benedict Sheehan

For narrator, SATB soloists and SATB choir

There will be no intermission in this evening's concert.

Stave 1

1. The truth from above

*Andrew Whiteside, Petra Schields, Annette Martens,
Julianna Tinga*

2. Scene 1: In the Counting-House
3. Scene 2: Surplus Population
4. God rest you merry, gentlemen

Charles Stolte, Kyle Carter

5. Scene 3: Marley's Ghost
6. Scene 4: Mankind was my Business

Jessica Wagner, Colden Palo

7. Remember

Nathan Bootsma, Charles Stolte

Stave 2

8. Scene 1: The Ghost of Christmas Past
9. Scene 2: Little Fan

Laren Stepler, Graeme Climie, Camila Patiño

10. Sussex Carol

Michael Kurschat

11. Scene 3: Fezziwig's Ball

*Catherine Kubash, Sable Chan, Anthony Wynne, Colden Palo,
Katrina Smith*

12. Scene 4: Gain is Loss

Stave 3

13. Scene 1: The Ghost of Christmas Present

Graeme Climie

14. Scene 2: Not a Handsome Family

15. Silent Night

Jessica Wagner, Petra Shields, Laren Stepler

16. Scene 3: A Child Himself

17. Deck the halls

18. Scene 4: The Bell Struck Twelve

Stave 4

19. Scene 1: Ghost of the Future

20. Scene 2: The Body of a Man

21. Scene 3: My Little Child

Graeme Climie

22. Coventry Carol

Kimberley Denis

23. Scene 4: The Spirits of all Three

24. Poverty

Stave 5

- 25. Scene 1: Christmas Day
- 26. Scene 2: Back Payments

Sable Chan, Anthony Wynne, Colden Palo

- 27. Scene 3: God Bless Us, Every One

Tyson Kerr

- 28. It came upon a midnight clear

*Annette Martens, Julianna Tinga, Jessica Wagner,
Shannon Kolotyluk*

Performers

Michael Zaugg, conductor
Adam Robertson, narrator

Soprano

Catherine Kubash
Annette Martens
Camila Patiño
Petra Shields
Katrina Smith
Jessica Wagner

Tenor

Nathan Bootsma
Tyson Kerr
Laren Steppler
Charles Stolte
Andrew Whiteside
Anthony Wynne

Alto

Sable Chan
Kimberley Denis
Britney Huynh
Shannon Kolotyluk
Adrienne Sitko
Julianna Tinga

Bass

Kyle Carter
Graeme Climie
William Ireton*
Michael Kurschat
Andrew Malcolm
Colden Palo
John Wiebe

**Not able to perform due to Covid.*

Pro Coro Canada



Founded in 1981 by Canadian Michel Marc Gervais, Pro Coro Canada has performed at the Toronto International Choral Festival (1994 and 2002), the 1988 Olympic Arts Festival, and Canadian Voices (2003 landmark series of concerts celebrating 50 years of professional choral singing in Canada and R. Murray Schafer's 70th year). The choir has commissioned dozens of new works, the majority by Canadian composers. Pro Coro Canada produced the second Edmonton International Choral Festival from May 30th to June 2nd, 2019.

The twenty-four voices of Pro Coro Canada have been shaped by some of the finest choral conductors in the world, including Gervais, Anders Eby (Sweden), Søren Hansen (Denmark), Agnes Grossmann (Austria), and Richard Sparks (USA). Guest conductors have included Frieder Bernius, Eric Ericson, Gary Graden, Maria Guinand, Bo Holten, Elmer Iseler, Tõnu Kaljuste, Diane Loomer, Leonard Ratzlaff, Ward Swingle, Ivars Taurins, Jon Washburn, and Erik Westberg. In early 2012 Michael Zaugg was announced as Pro Coro's new Artistic Director and Principal Conductor.

Under the direction of Swiss-born Michael Zaugg, the choir is widely recognized as one of this country's finest. The choir is particularly proud of its composer-in-residence program with internationally renowned composer Alberto Grau; its appointment as Faculty in the Choral Art program at the Banff Centre; and critically acclaimed tours of four provinces. Pro Coro Canada believes strongly in community partnerships and over the past few years has collaborated with many community choirs as well as mentoring young choral artists through their Emerging Artist Program.



Our Conductor

**Michael Zaugg:
Managing & Artistic Director
and Principal Conductor**

Swiss-native Michael Zaugg has distinguished himself as an innovative and versatile conductor, pedagogue and clinician. Currently in his 11th season as Artistic Director and Principal Conductor of the professional chamber choir Pro Coro Canada in Edmonton, Michael also previously led other notable Canadian choirs including, in Montreal, the St. Lawrence Choir (2008-2013) and voces boreales (2006-2015), and the Cantata Singers Ottawa (2005-2014).

As Chorus Master of the Orchestre Symphonique de Montréal (2006-2011), Michael successfully prepared groups of up to 1500 singers for OSM Artistic Director Kent Nagano, including the award-winning production *Saint François d'Assise* by Messiaen. Michael also prepared the Cantata Singers Ottawa for their appearances with the National Arts Centre Orchestra under conductors such as Franz-Paul Decker, Trevor Pinnock, and Helmuth Rilling.

Active as a Guest Conductor, Michael Zaugg has worked with notable groups including the Vancouver Chamber Choir, National Youth Choir of Canada, the BBC Singers, Vancouver's *musica intima*, Thirteen Strings, as well as the Longueuil Symphony Orchestra. Michael's US debut was with the Grammy-nominated Choir of Trinity Wall Street in New York. He has led a 60-voice male choir, with singers selected from across Canada, the US and the Ukraine, to perform the Resurrection Liturgy by Fr. John



Sembrat (Alberta) in tours across the Prairies and to Toronto, Philadelphia, Rochester and New York City.

Originally an accomplished tenor, Michael became the first Swiss conductor to be accepted to the Royal Academy of Music in Stockholm, Sweden in its prestigious post-graduate program for Professional Choir Conducting. Mr. Zaugg also holds degrees in voice and music education from the University in Basel. In 2018 he was awarded an Honorary Degree of Doctor of Music (Hon DMus) by Scotland's King's College, University of Aberdeen.

In 2020 Michael Zaugg, together with Pro Coro Canada, received the Choral Canada national Award for Outstanding Innovation for the CHORAL ART at the Banff Centre for Arts and Creativity. He was also a 2020 recipient of the Edmonton Artists Trust Fund Award, and the recipient of the Con Spirito Award from Choir Alberta in 2022.

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The Pro Coro Canada Endowment Fund

Ensures the long-term prosperity of the ensemble. This fund directly assists the general operations of the choir on-stage and behind the scenes.



The Russ and Johann Mann Endowment Fund

Facilitates the creation and commission of new choral works by Canadian and International composers for performances by Pro Coro Canada, and choirs across Canada.

The Maria David Evans Memorial Endowment Fund

In the spirit of educating the leaders of tomorrow, the Maria David Evans Memorial Fund facilitates the educational work of Pro Coro Canada with emerging choral leaders, young singers and the local choral community at-large.



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Texts & Translations

Stave 1

1. The Truth from Above

Traditional English carol

Traditional text, revised by Benedict Sheehan

This is the truth sent from above,
The truth of God, the God of love;
Therefore don't turn me from your door,
But hearken all, both rich and poor.

The first thing, which I do relate,
Is that God did man create
In Paradise, there to remain,
But by his sin hath man been slain.

Thus we were heirs to endless woes,
Till God the Lord did interpose;
And so a promise soon was run
That He'd redeem us by His Son.

Thus He in love to us behaved,
To show us how we must be saved
And if you want to know the way
Be pleased to hear what I do say.

Stave 1, Scene 1

Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. Scrooge signed the register of his burial; and Scrooge's name was good for anything he chose to put his hand to. Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Scrooge never painted out Old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley.

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner!

Once upon a time - on Christmas Eve - old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather. The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he might keep his eye upon his clerk. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal.

"A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried the cheerful voice of Scrooge's nephew.

"Bah! Humbug!" said Scrooge.

"Christmas a humbug, uncle! You don't mean that, I am sure?"

"I do. Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"Come, then, what right have you to be dismal? You're rich enough."

"What else can I be, when I live in such a world of fools? Every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart."

"Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us tomorrow."

"Good afternoon," said Scrooge.

"I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. A Merry Christmas, uncle! And A Happy New Year!"

"Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

2. In the Counting House

Text from the Welsh carol *O Deued Pob Cristion*

Tune and text by Jane Ellis, 1840

Daeth Brenin yr hollfyd i oedfa ein hadfyd
Er symud ein penyd a'n pwn;

Comes the King of creation to deal with our
weakness, removing our suffering and burdens;

Heb le yn y llety, heb aelwyd, heb wely,
Nadolig fel hynny gadd hwn.

With no place to reside, no dwelling, no
bedroom, A Christmas like that he was given.

Ni fegir cenfigen na chynnwrf na chynnen,
Dan goron bydd diben ein Duw.

So don't stir up envy, turmoil, or strife;
Our God plans to wear a crown.

Stave 1, Scene 2

His nephew left the room without an angry word. He stopped at the outer door to bestow the greetings of the season on the clerk, who, in letting Scrooge's nephew out, let two other gentlemen in.

"At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge," said one of the pleasant gentlemen, "it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the Poor, who suffer greatly. Many thousands are in want of common necessities, sir."

"Are there no prisons?" asked Scrooge.

"Plenty of prisons," said the gentleman.

"And the Union workhouses? Are they still in operation?"

"They are. Still, I wish I could say they were not."

"I am very glad to hear it."

"A few of us are endeavouring to raise a fund to buy the Poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. What shall I put you down for?"

"Nothing!" Scrooge replied.

"You wish to be anonymous?"

"I wish to be left alone. I don't make merry myself at Christmas and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the establishments I have mentioned - those who are badly off must go there."

"Many would rather die."

"If they would rather die, they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population."

The gentlemen withdrew, and Scrooge resumed his labours with an improved opinion of himself.

The hour of shutting up the counting-house arrived. With an ill-will, Scrooge dismounted from his stool. The expectant clerk instantly snuffed his candle out, and put on his hat.

"You'll want all day tomorrow, I suppose?" said Scrooge. The clerk smiled faintly and observed that it was only once a year. "A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December!" said Scrooge. "Be here all the earlier next morning." The clerk promised that he would; and Scrooge walked out with a growl.

3. Surplus Population

Text from a traditional English carol *Hey, Ho, Nobody Home*, 16th century

Hey, ho, nobody home,
No meat, nor drink, nor money have I none,
Still I will be Merry.

4. God rest you merry, gentlemen

Traditional English carol, 16th century

God rest you merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Savior was born on Christmas Day
To save us all from Satan's pow'r when we were gone astray,
Oh tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
Oh tidings of comfort and joy.

From God our heav'nly Father a blessed angel came,
And unto certain shepherds brought tidings of the same;
How that in Bethlehem was born the Son of God by name,
Oh tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
Oh tidings of comfort and joy.

"Fear not then," said the Angel, "Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Savior of a pure Virgin bright,
To save all those who trust in Him from Satan's pow'r and might;"
Oh tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
Oh tidings of comfort and joy.

Now to the Lord sing praises, all you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas all other doth deface:
O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy.

Stave 1, Scene 3

5. Marley's Ghost

As Scrooge walked home, the darkness thickened. Foggier yet, and colder. Piercing, searching, biting cold. There was nothing at all particular about the knocker on Scrooge's door, except that it was very large. And yet, Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker - not a knocker, but Marley's face. It had a dismal light about it. It was not angry or ferocious, but looked at Scrooge with ghostly spectacles. Though the eyes were wide open, they were perfectly motionless. That, and its livid color, made it horrible. As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a knocker again.

He closed his door, and double-locked himself in, which was not his custom. As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a disused bell that hung in the room. It was with a strange, inexplicable dread, that he saw this bell begin to swing. It swung softly in the outset; but soon it rang out loudly, and so did every bell in the house.

The bells ceased together, and they were succeeded by a clanking noise, deep down below; as if some person were dragging a heavy chain. The cellar door flew open with a booming sound, and then he heard the noise coming up the stairs straight towards his door.

"I won't believe it," said Scrooge.

His colour changed, though, when it came on through the heavy door, and passed into the room before his eyes. The same face: Marley in his pigtail, waistcoat, tights, and boots; the chain he drew was long, and wound about him like a tail; it was made of cash-boxes, keys, and padlocks wrought in steel. His body was transparent; so that Scrooge, looking through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on his coat behind. Scrooge was incredulous and fought against his senses.

Stave 1, Scene 4

6. Mankind was my Business

"How now!" said Scrooge, caustic and cold as ever. "What do you want with me? Who are you?"
"In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley. You don't believe in me," observed the Ghost.
"I don't," said Scrooge.

At this the spirit raised a frightful cry, and shook its chain with such a dismal and appalling noise, that Scrooge fell upon his knees, and clasped his hands before his face.

"Do you believe in me or not?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "I must. You are fettered," said Scrooge, trembling. "Tell me why?"

"I wear the chain I forged in life," replied the Ghost. "I made it link by link, and yard by yard. Would you know the weight and length of the strong coil you bear yourself? It was full as heavy and as long as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. You have laboured on it, since. It is a ponderous chain!"

"Jacob," he said, "Speak comfort to me, Jacob!"

"I have none to give," the Ghost replied. "It comes from other regions, Ebenezer Scrooge, and is conveyed by other ministers, to other kinds of men. A very little is permitted to me. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere."

"But you were always a good man of business, Jacob!" faltered Scrooge.

"Business!" cried the Ghost, wringing its hands, "Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence, were, all, my business. Why did I walk through crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down? I am here tonight to warn you, that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. You will be haunted by Three Spirits."

Sung Text

Peace on earth, good will to men,
From heav'n's all-gracious king;
The world in solemn stillness lay
to hear the angels sing.

"I - I think I'd rather not," said Scrooge.

"Without their visits," said the Ghost, "you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. For your own sake, remember what has passed between us!"

The apparition walked backward, and floated through an open window out upon the bleak, dark night. Scrooge followed to the window, desperate in his curiosity. The air was filled with phantoms, wandering hither and thither in restless haste, and moaning as they went. Every one of them wore chains like Marley's Ghost. They faded into the mist together, and the night became as it had been when he walked home.

Scrooge closed the window. He tried to say "Humbug!" but stopped at the first syllable. Much in need of repose, he went straight to bed and fell asleep upon the instant.

7. Remember

Tune by Benedict Sheehan, 2020

Text by Thomas Ravenscroft, 1611

Remember, O thou Man, O thou Man, O thou Man,
Remember, O thou Man, Thy time is spent.
Remember, O thou Man, how thou camest to me then,
And I did what I can. Therefore repent.

Remember Adam's fall, O thou Man, O thou Man,
 Remember Adam's fall, from Heav'n to Hell.
 Remember Adam's fall, how we were condemned all
 To Hell perpetual, There, for to dwell.

Remember God's goodness, O thou Man, O thou Man,
 Remember God's goodness, and promise made.
 Remember God's goodness, how his only Son he sent
 Our sins to redress. Be not afraid.

Stave 2, Scene 1

8. The Ghost of Christmas Past **Traditional German carol *In Dulci Jubilo*** **Text by Heinrich Seuse, c. 1328**

In dulci júbilo
 Now sing with hearts aglow!
 Our delight and pleasure
 Lies in praesepio,
 Alpha es et O!

Ubi sunt gaudia
 In any place but there?
 There are angels singing
 Nova cantica,
 There the bells are ringing,
 In Regis curia,
 O that we were there!

Light flashed up in the room, and Scrooge found himself face to face with an unearthly visitor. It was a strange figure - like a child: yet not so like a child as like an old man, viewed through some supernatural medium.

"Are you the Spirit whose coming was foretold to me?" asked Scrooge.
 "I am!" The voice was soft and gentle.
 "Who, and what are you?" Scrooge demanded.
 "I am the Ghost of Christmas Past. Your past. Rise! and walk with me!"

As the words were spoken, they passed through the wall, and stood upon an open country road. It was a clear, cold, winter day, with snow upon the ground.

"Good Heaven!" said Scrooge, "I was a boy here!"
 "Your lip is trembling," said the Ghost. "You recollect the way?"
 "Remember it!" cried Scrooge with fervour, "I could walk it blindfold!"

They walked along the road, Scrooge recognizing every gate, post, and tree. Some shaggy ponies now were seen trotting towards them with boys upon their backs, who called to other boys in country gigs and carts, driven by farmers. All these boys were in great spirits, and shouted to each other - the broad fields were so full of merry music, that the crisp air laughed to hear it!

"These are but shadows of the things that have been," said the Ghost. "They have no consciousness of us."

The jocund travelers came on; and as they came, Scrooge knew and named them every one. Why was he rejoiced beyond all bounds to see them! Why did his cold eye glisten, and his heart leap up as they went past?

"The school is not quite deserted," said the Ghost. "A solitary child, neglected by his friends, is left there still." Scrooge said he knew it. And he sobbed.

"I wish," Scrooge muttered, after drying his eyes with his cuff, "but it's too late now."

The Ghost smiled thoughtfully, and waved its hand: saying, "Let us see another Christmas!"

Stave 2, Scene 2

9. Little Fan

A door opened; and a little girl came darting in, putting her arms around a young boy's neck.

"I have come to bring you home, dear brother! To bring you home, home, home!"

"Home, little Fan?" returned the boy.

"Yes!" said the child, brimful of glee. "Home, for good and all. Home, for ever and ever. We're to be together all the Christmas long, and have the merriest time in all the world."

"Always a delicate creature, whom a breath might have withered," said the Ghost. "But she had a large heart!"

"So she had," cried Scrooge.

"She died a woman," said the Ghost, "and had, as I think, children."

"One child," Scrooge returned.

"True," said the Ghost. "Your nephew!" Scrooge seemed uneasy in his mind; and answered briefly, "Yes."

10. Sussex Carol

Traditional English carol

Text by Luke Wadding, 1684

On Christmas night all Christians sing,
To hear the news the angels bring.
News of great joy, news of great mirth.
News of our merciful King's birth.

Then why should men on earth be so sad,
Since our Redeemer made us glad,
When from our sins he set us free,
All for to gain our liberty.

All out of darkness we have light,
Which made the angels sing this night;
"Glory to God and peace to men,
Now and forevermore, Amen."

Stave 2, Scene 3

11. Fezziwig's Ball

They were now in the thoroughfares of a city. The Ghost stopped, and opened a warehouse door. "Why, I apprenticed here!" said Scrooge. At sight of an old gentleman, Scrooge cried in great excitement: "Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart; it's Fezziwig alive again!" Old Fezziwig called out in a rich, fat, jovial voice: "Yo ho, my boys! No more work tonight. Christmas Eve, Dick, Ebenezer! Clear away, my lads, let's have lots of room here!"

In came a fiddler with a music-book, in came Mrs. Fezziwig (one vast substantial smile). In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In they all came, one after another.

There were dances, and more dances, and there was cake, and there was a great piece of Cold Roast, and there were mince-pies, and plenty of beer. But the great effect of the evening came when the fiddler struck up *Sir Roger de Coverley*. Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig - people who were not to be trifled with; people who would dance, and had no notion of walking.

When the clock struck eleven, Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side of the door, shaking hands with every person, wishing them each a Merry Christmas.

"A small matter," said the Ghost, "to make these silly folks so full of gratitude."

"Small!" said Scrooge

"Why! Is it not? He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money; three or four perhaps. Is that so much that he deserves praise?"

"It isn't that, Spirit" said Scrooge, speaking unconsciously like his former self. "He has the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a toil. The happiness he gives, is quite as great as if it cost a fortune." He felt the Spirit's glance, and stopped.

Stave 2, Scene 3

Scrooge and the Ghost again stood side by side in the open air. Scrooge was in the prime of life, but his face had begun to wear the signs of care and avarice. He sat by the side of a fair young girl in whose eyes there were tears.

"It matters little," she said, softly. "Another idol has displaced me; and if it can cheer and comfort you in time to come, as I would have tried to do, I have no just cause to grieve."

"What Idol has displaced you?"

"A golden one. I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until the master-passion, Gain, engrosses you. Your own feeling tells you that you are not who you were. May you be happy in the life you have chosen!" She left him, and they parted.

"Spirit!" said Scrooge in a broken voice, "remove me from this place. Haunt me no longer!" Scrooge was overcome by an irresistible drowsiness, and sank into a heavy sleep.

Stave 2, Scene 3**13. The Ghost of Christmas Present****Traditional English carol *The Boar's Head Carol*, 15th century**

The boar's head in hand bear I,
 Bedeck'd with bays and rosemary;
 And I pray you, my masters, be merry,
 Quod estis in convivio
 Caput apri defero,
 Reddens laudes Domino.
 The boar's head, as I understand,
 is the rarest dish in all the land,
 Which thus bedeck'd with a gay garland,
 Let us servire cantico.
 Caput apri defero,
 Reddens laudes Domino.

Awakening in the middle of a prodigiously tough snore, and sitting up in bed, Scrooge became aware that his room had undergone a surprising transformation. The walls and ceiling were hung with the crisp leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy. Heaped upon the floor were turkeys, geese, game, plum-puddings, luscious pears, immense cakes, and seething bowls of punch. There sat a jolly Giant, glorious to see; who bore a glowing torch.

"Come and know me better, man! I am the Ghost of Christmas Present!"

The spirit was clothed in a green robe bordered with white fur. On its head it wore a holly wreath, set here and there with shining icicles. Its dark brown curls were long and free; free as its genial face, its sparkling eye, its open hand, its cheery voice, and its joyful air.

Stave 3, Scene 2**14. Not a Handsome Family**

As The Ghost rose, the room vanished instantly and they stood in the city streets on Christmas morning. There was an air of cheerfulness; the people were jovial and full of glee.

The good Spirit led straight to Scrooge's clerk's; on the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinkling of his torch. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigour; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; Grace was said. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose.

They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes were far from being waterproof; their clothes were scanty. But, they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time.

When the dinner was all done, Mrs. Cratchit entered - smiling proudly - with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, blazing of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly. Bob proposed: "A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim.

Tiny Tim sat very close to his father's side. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

15. Silent Night

Traditional German carol *Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht*

Tune by Franz Xaver Gruber, 1818; Text by Joseph Mohr

Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright
'Round yon Virgin, Mother and Child,
Holy infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace.
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight.
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heav'nly hosts sing Alleluia.
Christ the Savior is born!
Christ the Savior is born!

Silent night! Holy night!
 Son of God, love's pure light,
 Radiant beams from thy holy face
 With the dawn of redeeming grace,
 Jesus, Lord, at thy birth.
 Jesus, Lord, at thy birth.

"Spirit," said Scrooge, with an interest he had never felt before, "tell me if Tiny Tim will live."

"I see a vacant seat," replied the Ghost.

"No, no, kind Spirit! say he will be spared."

"What then? If he be like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population." Scrooge cast his eyes upon the ground.

Stave 3, Scene 3

16. A Child Himself

Suddenly Scrooge found himself in a bright, dry, gleaming room. "Ha, ha!" laughed Scrooge's nephew. "Ha, ha, ha!" There is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good humour. When Scrooge's nephew laughed in this way: holding his sides, rolling his head, Scrooge's niece laughed as heartily as he. And their assembled friends roared out lustily.

"He's a comical old fellow, that's the truth: and not so pleasant as he might be. However, his offences carry their own punishment, and I have nothing to say against him. I am sorry for him; I couldn't be angry with him if I tried. Who suffers by his ill whims! Himself, always."

After tea, they had some music; there was a game at blind-man's bluff; after a while they played at forfeits; for it is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child himself. They all played, and so did Scrooge; wholly forgetting that his voice made no sound in their ears.

17. Deck the Halls

Traditional Welsh New Year carol, *Nos Galan*, 16th century

Text by Thomas Oliphant, 1862; Text by Joseph Mohr

Deck the halls with boughs of holly,
 Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
 'Tis the season to be jolly,
 Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
 Don we now our gay apparel,
 Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
 Troll the ancient Yuletide carol,
 Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

See the blazing Yule before us,
Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
Strike the harp and join the chorus.
Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
Follow me in merry measure,
Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
While I tell of Yuletide treasure,
Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

Fast away the old year passes,
Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
Hail the new, ye lads and lasses!
Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
Sing we joyous all together,
Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
Heedless of the wind and weather,
Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

Stave 3, Scene 4

18. The Bell Struck Twelve

Scrooge begged like a boy to be allowed to stay until the guests departed. But this could not be done, and the whole scene passed off in the breath of the last word spoken by his nephew. Scrooge and the Spirit were again upon their travels. Much they saw, many homes they visited, but always with a happy end. The Spirit stood beside sick beds, and they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were close at home; by struggling men, and they were patient in their greater hope.

It was a long night, and while Scrooge remained unaltered in his outward appearance, the Ghost grew older, clearly older. "My life upon this globe is very brief," said the Ghost. "It ends tonight." The bell struck twelve. Scrooge looked about him for the Ghost of Christmas Present, and saw it not.

Stave 4, Scene 1

19. Ghost of the Future

Lifting up his eyes, Scrooge beheld a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, coming, like a mist along the ground, towards him. It was shrouded in a deep black garment, which concealed its head, its face, its form, and left nothing of it visible save one outstretched hand. Its mysterious presence filled Scrooge with a solemn dread.

"I am in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come?" said Scrooge. The Spirit answered not, but pointed onward with its hand. Scrooge feared the silent shape so much that his legs trembled beneath him. "Ghost of the Future! I fear you more than any spectre I have seen. But

as I know your purpose is to do me good, I am prepared to bear your company, and do it with a thankful heart. Will you not speak to me?" It gave him no reply. The hand was pointed straight before them.

The city seemed to spring up about them; there they were, in the heart of it. The Spirit stopped beside one little knot of business men. Observing that the hand was pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their talk.

"No, I don't know much about it, either way. I only know he's dead," said one of the men.

"When did he die?" inquired another.

"Last night, I believe."

"Why, what was the matter with him?" asked a third, taking a vast quantity of snuff out of a very large snuff-box. "I thought he'd never die." This pleasantry was received with a general laugh.

"It's likely to be a very cheap funeral, for upon my life I don't know of anybody to go to it."

Another laugh.

Stave 4, Scene 2

20. The Body of a Man

The scene had changed. The room was very dark. A pale light, rising in the outer air, fell straight upon a bed; and on it, plundered and bereft, unwatched, unwept, uncared for, was the body of a man. The phantom's steady hand was pointed to the head. The cover was so carelessly adjusted that the slightest raising of it, the motion of a finger upon Scrooge's part, would have disclosed the face. He thought of it, felt how easy it would be to do, and longed to do it; but had no more power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the spectre at his side.

Stave 4, Scene 3

The Ghost conducted him to poor Bob Cratchit's house; and found the mother and the children seated round the fire. Quiet. Very quiet. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one corner, the mother and her daughters were engaged in sewing. But surely they were very quiet!

Where had Scrooge heard those words? He had not dreamed them. The mother put her hand up to her face. "I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he comes home, for the world. It must be near his time."

"Past it rather," Peter answered, "But I think he has walked a little slower than he used, these last few evenings, mother."

They were very quiet again. At last she said, in a steady, cheerful voice, that only faltered once: "I have known him walk with - I have known him walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder, very fast indeed."

"And so have I," cried Peter. "Often." So had all. "But he was very light to carry, and his father loved him so, that it was no trouble: no trouble."

Bob, poor fellow - came in. Bob was very cheerful with them. He looked at the work upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit and the girls. They would be done long before Sunday, he said. "Sunday! You went today, then, Robert?" said his wife.

"Yes, my dear, I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you'll see it often. I promised him that I would walk there on a Sunday. My little, little child!" cried Bob. "My little child!"

He broke down all at once. "I am sure we shall none of us forget poor Tiny Tim - shall we - or this first parting that there was among us?"

"Never, father!" cried they all.

"And I know," said Bob, "I know, my dears, that when we recollect how patient and how mild he was; although he was a little, little child; we shall not quarrel easily among ourselves, and forget poor Tiny Tim in doing it."

"No, never, father!" they all cried again. Spirit of Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God!

21. My Little Child

Text from A Christmas Carol, by Charles Dickens

First line quoted from Mark 9:36, King James Bible; Text by Joseph Mohr

And he took a child and set him in the midst of them.

Spirit of Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God!

22. Coventry Carol

Traditional English carol, 16th century

Text by Joseph Mohr

Lully, lullay, thou little tiny child,

Bye bye, lully, lullay.

Thou little tiny child,

Bye bye, lully, lullay.

O sisters too, how may we do

For to preserve this day

This poor youngling for whom we do sing,

"Bye bye, lully, lullay"?

Herod the king, in his raging,

Charged he hath this day

His men of might in his own sight,

All young children to slay.

That woe is me, poor child, for thee!

And ever moun and day

For thy parting neither say nor sing,

"Bye bye, lully, lullay."

Stave 4, Scene 4**23. The Spirits of all Three**

"Spectre," said Scrooge, "Tell me what man that was whom we saw lying dead?" Scrooge reached an iron gate. A churchyard. Here, then; the wretched man whose name he had now to learn, lay underneath the ground. It was a worthy place; overrun by grass and weeds, choked up with too much burying. The Spirit stood among the graves, and pointed down to One.

Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he went; and following the finger, read upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name, Ebenezer Scrooge. "No, Spirit! Oh no, no!" The finger still was there. "Spirit!" he cried, tight, clutching at its robe, "hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. Why show me this, if I am past all hope!"

"Good Spirit," he pursued, as down upon the ground he fell before it: "Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me, by an altered life! I will honour Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach." As Scrooge held up his hands in a last prayer to have his fate reversed, the Phantom's hood and dress shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bedpost.

24. Poverty

Traditional Welsh carol *O Deued Pob Cristion*

Tune and text by Jane Ellis, 1840; translation by K. E. Roberts, c. 1920; Text by Joseph Mohr

All poor men and humble,
 All lame men who stumble,
 Come haste ye, nor feel ye afraid;
 For Jesus, our treasure,
 With love past all measure,
 In lowly poor manger was laid.
 Though wise men who found him
 Laid rich gifts around him,
 Yet oxen they gave him their hay:
 And Jesus in beauty
 Accepted their duty;
 Contented in manger he lay.
 Then haste we to show him
 The praises we owe him;
 Our service he ne'er can despise.
 Whose love is still able
 To show us that stable
 Where softly in manger he lies.

Stave 5, Scene 1

The bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. "I don't know what to do!" cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath; "I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a schoolboy. It's all right, it's all true, it all happened. Ha ha ha!" For a man who had been out of practice for so many years, it was a splendid laugh. The father of a long, long line of brilliant laughs!

Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, Golden sunlight; Heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells!

"What's today?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes.

"Today! Why, Christmas Day."

"It's Christmas Day! I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Of course they can!"

"Do you know the Poultry shop, at the corner?" Scrooge inquired.

"I should hope I did!"

"A remarkable boy!" said Scrooge. "Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey?"

"What, the one as big as me?"

"Yes, my buck!"

"It's hanging there now."

"Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here. Come back with them in less than five minutes and I'll give you a half-a-crown!"

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's" whispered Scrooge, rubbing his hands, and splitting with a laugh. "He sha'n't know who sends it!"

25. Christmas Day**Traditional English carol *Gloucestershire Wassail*, 18th century**

Wassail, wassail, all over the town!
Our toast it is white and our ale it is brown,
Our bowl it is made of the white maple tree;
With a wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.

So here is to Cherry and to his right cheek,
Pray God send our master a good piece of beef.
And a good piece of beef that we may all see;
With a wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.

And here is to Dobbin and to his right eye,
Pray God send our master a good Christmas pie,
And a good Christmas pie that we may all see;
With a wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.
Wassail!

Stave 5, Scene 2**26. Back Payments**

He dressed himself "all in his best," and at last got out into the streets. He had not gone far, when he beheld one of the gentlemen, who had walked into his counting-house the day before. It sent a pang across his heart.

"My dear sir," said Scrooge, taking the old gentleman by both his hands. "How do you do? A merry Christmas to you, sir!"

"Mr. Scrooge?"

"Yes, that is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness" - here Scrooge whispered in his ear.

"Lord bless me!" cried the gentleman, his breath taken away. "My dear Mr. Scrooge, are you serious?"

"Not a farthing less. A great many back-payments are included in it, I assure you. Come and see me."

"I will!" cried the old gentleman.

Scrooge went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and found that everything could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk - that anything - could give him so much happiness. In the afternoon, he turned his steps towards his nephew's house.

"Why bless my soul!" cried Fred, "who's that?" Dear heart alive, how his niece started!

"It's I. Your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?" Let him in! It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, won-der-ful happiness!

Stave 5, Scene 3

Oh, he was early at the office next morning. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! And yes, he did!

"I am very sorry, sir," said Bob. "I am behind my time."

"You are. Yes. I think you are. I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," he continued, leaping from his stool, "I am about to raise your salary! A Merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you, for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavour to assist your family; we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon!"

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did not die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a man, as the good old city knew.

Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe, for good, at which some people did not have their fill of laughter in the outset. His own heart laughed: and that was quite enough for him. Even afterwards, it was always said that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of all of us!

And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless Us, Every One!

27. God Bless Us, Every One

Traditional American carol *It Came Upon the Midnight Clear*

Tune by Richard Storrs Willis, 1850; Text paraphrased from Psalm 23 by Isaac Watts

The sure provisions of my God attend me all my days;
Oh, may Thy house be my abode, and all my work be praise;
There would I find a settled rest, while others go and come;
No more a stranger nor a guest, but like a child at home.

28. It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

Traditional American carol

Tune by Richard Storrs Willis, 1850; Text by Edmund Sears, 1849

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,
From heav'n's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heav'nly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains,
They bend on hov'ring wing,
And ever o'er its babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not

The tidings which they bring;
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing

O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the weary way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
come swiftly on the wing.
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

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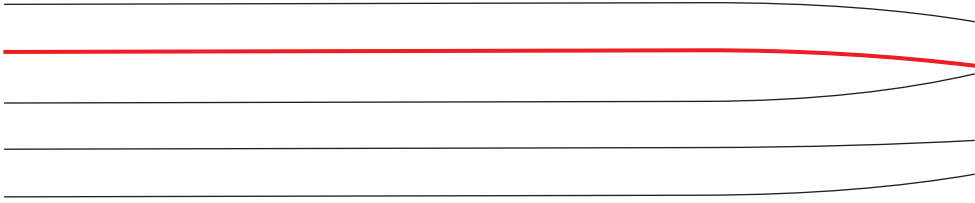
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