

# TWELFTH NIGHT

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**for Mixed Choir (SATB) & Organ**

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**Phillip A. Cooke**

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## for Mixed Choir (SATB) & Organ (2017)

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<b>Duration:</b>	3 minutes
<b>Cover photograph:</b>	<a href="http://www.bbc.co.uk">www.bbc.co.uk</a>
<b>For more information:</b>	<a href="http://www.phillipcooke.com">www.phillipcooke.com</a>

*Twelfth Night* was written for the Glasgow Chamber Choir broadcast on BBC Radio 4 *Sunday Worship*.

First performed on the 08 January 2017 by the Glasgow Chamber Choir at St Margaret's Church, Glasgow, UK with Michael Bawtree (conductor)

### TEXT

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 pimpurnels,  
from this dark lung of winter.

Yet here are lessons for the final mile  
of pilgrim kings;  
the mile 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.]

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 son of heaven, and the son of God.

Laurie Lee (1914 – 1997) from *My Many-Coated Man* (1955)

## PROGRAMME NOTE

*Twelfth Night* is a simple setting of Laurie Lee's much-loved poem of the same title in which the poet vividly depicts a winter scene to emphasise the coming of the Wise Men. My setting aims to be as unobtrusive as possible with Lee's text, setting the text in a clear, homophonic fashion in the main. There is a slightly more reflective, unaccompanied third verse reflecting the journeying of the Magi and the fragility of the Christ child, though the final verse returns to the opening material in triumphal fashion to denote 'our saviour from terror's equinox'.

PAC

# TWELFTH NIGHT

LAURIE LEE (1914 - 1997)

PHILLIP A. COOKE (2017)

for Mixed Choir (SATB) & Organ

Andante espressivo (♩ = c.80)

SOPRANO  
ALTO

TENOR  
BASS

Organ

Gt: *mf*

Sw: *p*

Ped: 16'

*poco rit.* . . . . . *A tempo* (♩ = c.80)

5

S. & A. *p espress.*

No night could be dark - er than this night, no

T. & B. *p espress.*

No night could be dark - er than this night, no

Gt: *p*

Man: (Man:)

9

*mf (non troppo)*

cold could be so cold, as the blood snaps like a wire and the heart's sap stills, and

*mf (non troppo)*

cold could be so cold, as the blood snaps like a wire and the heart's sap stills, and

poco rit.

2 13

*p*

*p espress.*

the year seems de - fea - ted. O

the year seems de - fea - ted.

Sw: *p*

A tempo (♩ = c.80)

17

ne - ver a - gain can green things run, or sky birds fly or grass ex - hale

its

(*p*)

*p espress.*

21

*mf*

*p*

from this dark lung of win - ter.

hum - ming breath pow - dered with pim - per - nels from this dark lung of win - ter.

*mf (non troppo)* *mf* *p*

Gt: *mp*

rit. . . . . poco meno mosso (♩ = c.60)

25 *mp* *pp* *espress, ten.*

Yet here are les-sons for the fin - al mile of

Yet here are les-sons for the fin - al mile of

Ped: (16')

poco rit. . . . . A tempo (♩ = c.60)

29 *mp* *mf*

pil - grim kings; the mile still left when all have reached their

pil - grim kings; the mile still left when all have reached their

S. I.

poco accel. . . . .

32 *pp*

teth - er's end: that that mile, the Child, that mile,

S. II. & A.

teth - er's end: that mile where the Child lies hid, that mile where the

T. & B.

teth - er's end: that mile where the Child lies hid, that mile where the

36 *mf* *p*

lies hid.

*mf* *p*

Child lies hid.

*mf* *p*

Child lies hid.

Sw: *p*

Man:

40 *mf*

Gt: *mf*

rit. -----

Ped: (16')

44 *f marc.*

Out of this ut - ter death he is

*f marc.*

Out of this ut - ter death he is

Sw: (solo)

*f*

Gt:

47

born a - gain; his birth our sav-iour from ter-ror's equ - in - ox he climbs draw-ing his fin-ger's

born a - gain; his birth our sav-iour from ter-ror's equ - in - ox he climbs draw-ing his fin-ger's

rit. . . . .

51 *ff*

light ac-ross our blood the son of Heaven' son of God, the son of Heaven' son of

light ac-ross our blood the son of Heaven' son of God, the son of Heaven' son of

*ff*



55 *fff*

God, the son of Heaven' son of God,

God, the son of Heaven' son of God,

Gt. { *fff*

(32')