

TWELFTH NIGHT



for Mixed Choir (SATB) & Piano

Phillip A. Cooke

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for Mixed Choir (SATB) & Piano (2017)

Duration:	3 minutes
Cover photograph:	www.bbc.co.uk
For more information:	www.phillipcooke.com

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) & Piano

Andante espressivo (♩ = c.80)

SOPRANO
ALTO

TENOR
BASS

Piano

mp

sub. p

Ped. (ad lib, sempre)

poco rit. A tempo (♩ = c.80)

5

S. & A. *pp* *espress.*

No night_ could be dark - er_ than this_ night, no

T. & B. *pp* *espress.*

No night_ could be dark - er_ than this_ night, no

p

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.

A tempo (♩ = c.80)

17

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

its

21

mf

p

from this dark lung of win - ter.

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

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

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.

Child lies hid.

Child lies hid.

40 *mf* rit.

44 *f marc.*

Out of this ut - ter death he is

Out of this ut - ter death he is

f

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

ff

55

God, the son of Heaven' son of God,

God, the son of Heaven' son of God,

fff