Caroline Mallonee

Christmas Comes Again

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CAROLINE MALLONEE

CHRISTMAS COMES AGAIN

for SATB choir

DURATION

approx. 4 minutes

TEXT

Let me be merry now, 't is time;
The season is at hand
For Christmas rhyme and Christmas chime,
Close up, and form the band.

The winter fires still burn as bright,
The lamp-light is as clear,
And since the dead are out of sight,
What hinders Christmas cheer?

Why think or speak of that abyss
In which lies all my Past?
High festival I need not miss,
While song and jest shall last.

We'll clink and drink on Christmas Eve,
Our ghosts can feel no wrong;
They revelled ere they took their leave—
Hearken, my Soldier's Song:

"The morning air doth coldly pass,
Comrades, to the saddle spring;
The night more bitter cold will bring
Ere dying—ere dying.
Sweetheart, come, the parting glass;
Glass and sabre, clash, clash, clash,
Ere dying—ere dying.
Stirrup-cup and stirrup-kiss—
Do you hope the foe we'll miss,
Sweetheart, for this loving kiss,
Ere dying—ere dying?"

The feasts and revels of the year
Do ghosts remember long?
Even in memory come they here?
Listen, my Sailor's song:

"O my hearties. yo heave ho!
Anchor's up in Jolly Bay—Hey!
Pipes and swipes, hob and nob—Hey!
Mermaid Bess and Dolphin Meg,
Paddle over Jolly Bay—Hey!
Tars, haul in for Christmas Day,
For round the 'varsal deep we go;
Never church, never bell,
For to tell Of Christmas Day.
Yo heave ho, my hearties O!
Haul in, mates, here we lay—Hey!"

His sword is rusting in its sheath,
His flag furled on the wall;
We'll twine them with a holly-wreath,
With green leaves cover all.

So clink and drink when falls the eve;
But, comrades, hide from me
Their graves—I would not see them heave
Beside me, like the sea.

Let not my brothers come again,
As men dead in their prime;
Then hold my hands, forget my pain,
And strike the Christmas chime.

—Elizabeth Drew Stoddard

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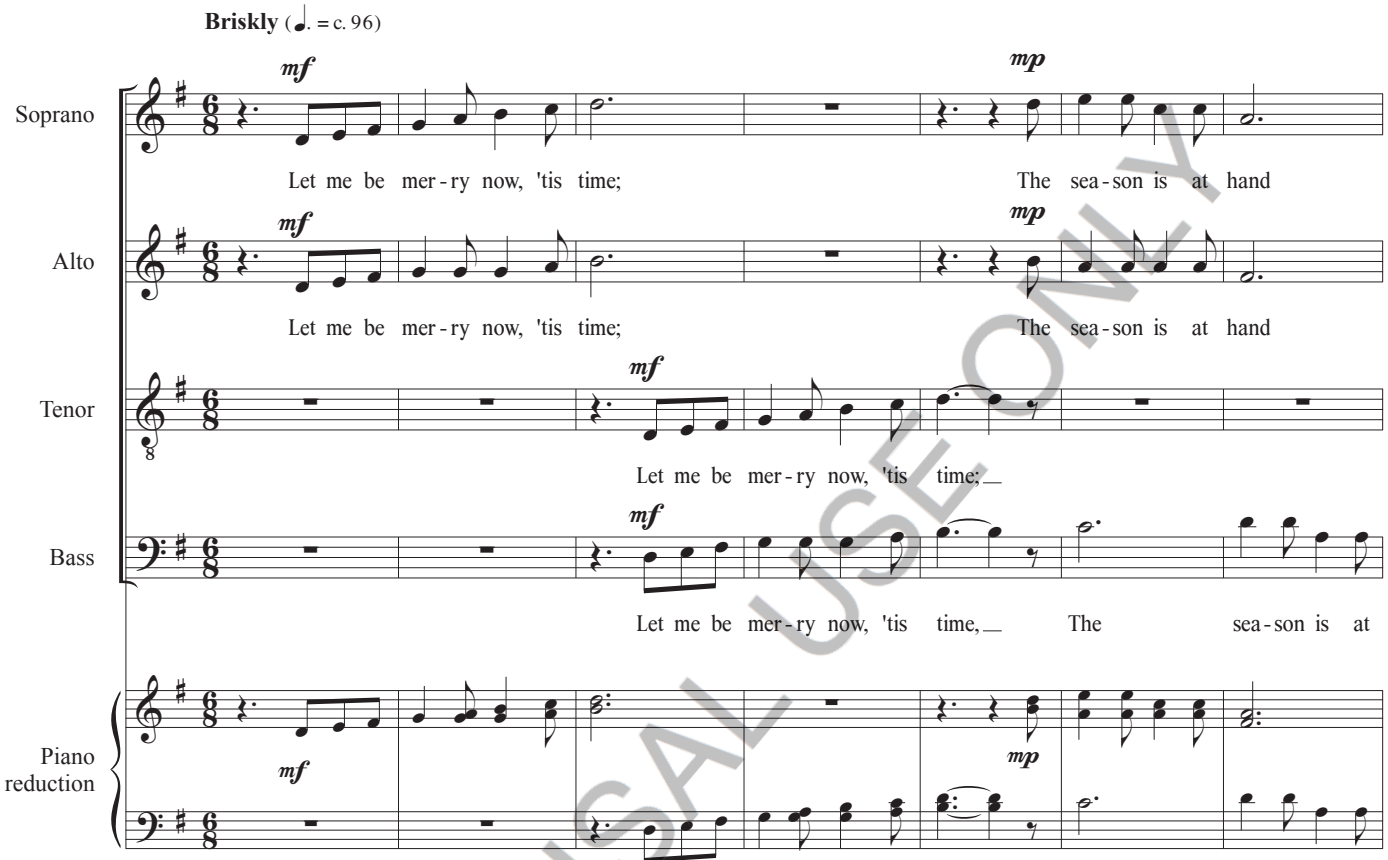
Christmas Comes Again

Words by Elizabeth Drew Stoddard

for the San Francisco Choral Artsts
Magen Solomon, director

Caroline Mallonee

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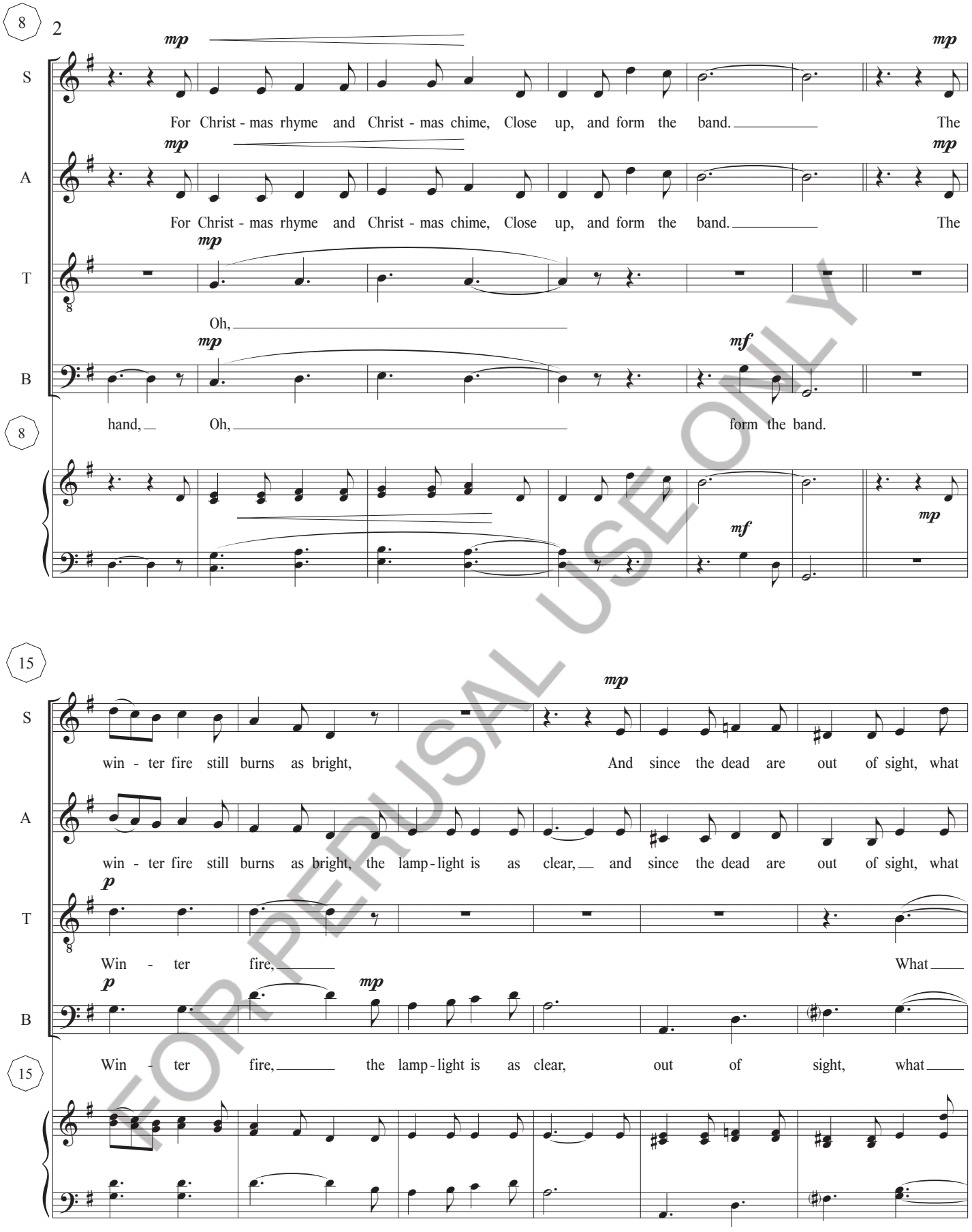
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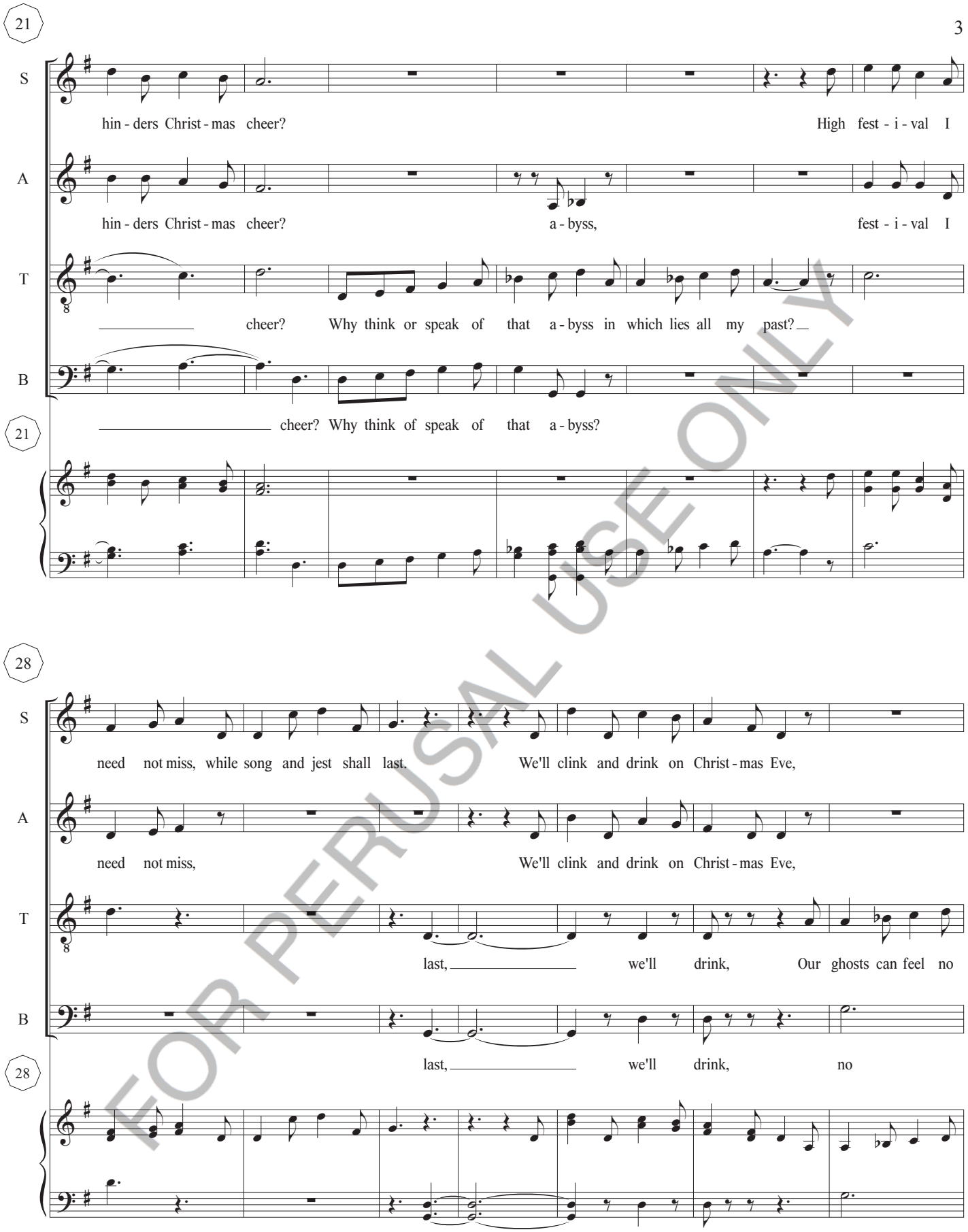
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Gravely, but not too slow (♩=

S: Heark-en my Sol - dier's Song:

A: *p legato* They rev - elled ere they took their leave, Heark-en my Sol - dier's Song: The morn-ing air doth

T: *p legato* wrong; They rev - elled, Song: morn-ing

B: *p legato* wrong, Song: The

35

legato *p*

41

S: *f* *p legato* Com-rades, to the sad - dle spring; The night more bit - ter cold will bring

A: *f* *p legato* cold - ly pass, Com-rades to the sad - dle spring, bit - ter cold will bring,

T: *f* *p legato* air doth cold - ly pass, Com-rades to the sad - dle spring, The night more bit - ter

B: *f* *p legato* morn-ing air doth cold-ly pass, Com-rades to the sad - dle spring, The night more bit - ter

41

legato *f* *p*

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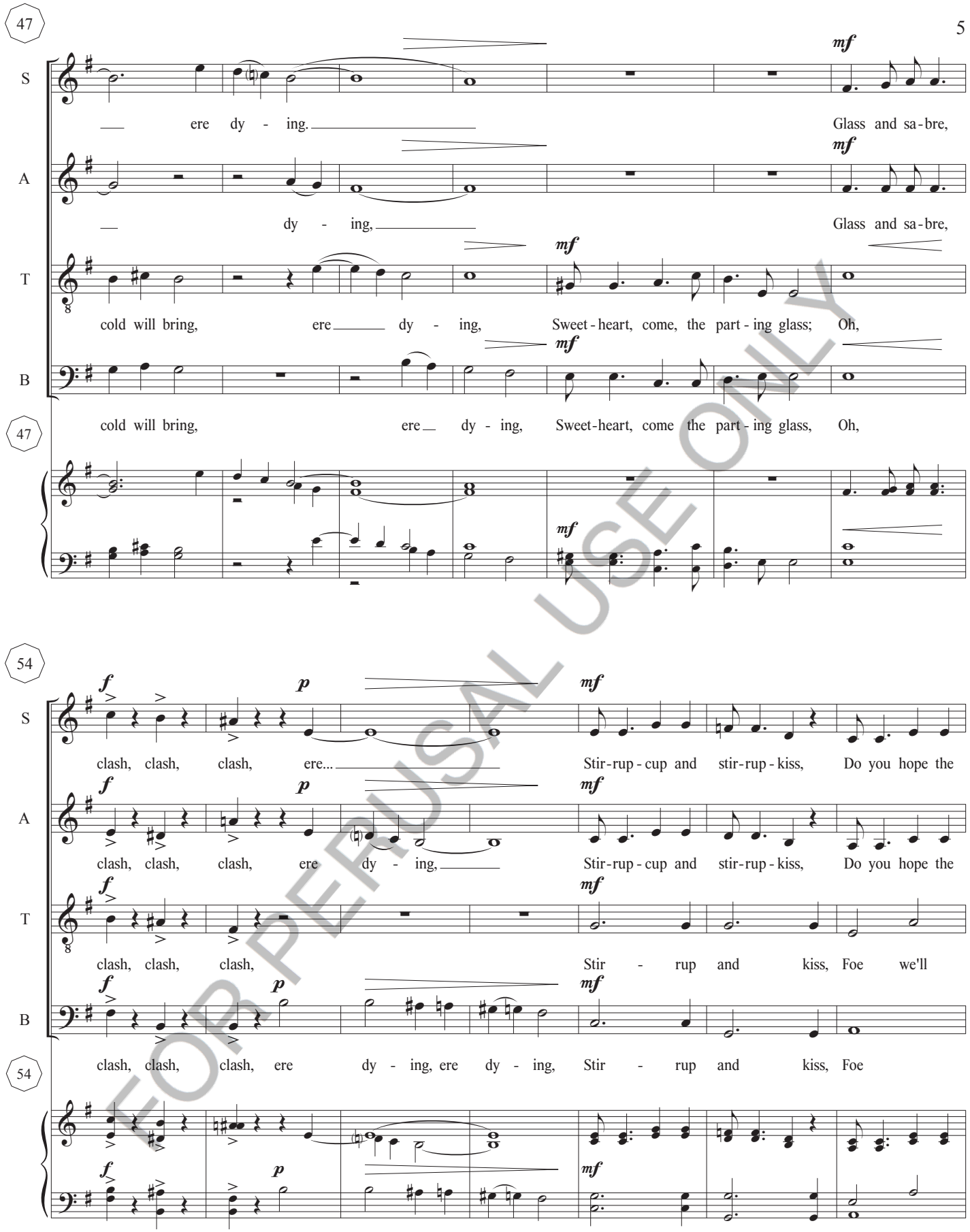
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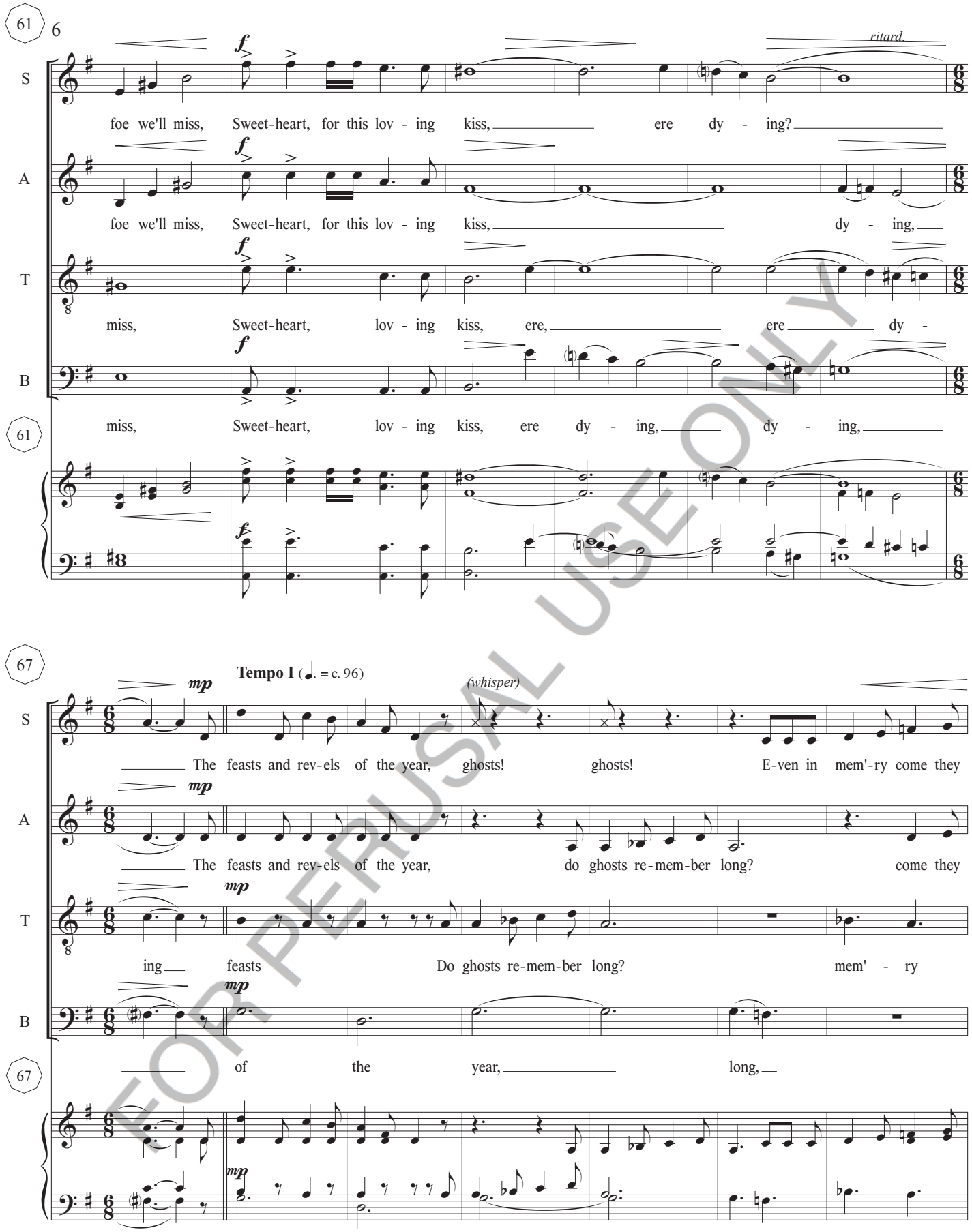
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74

Rollicking (♩ = c. 96)

S: here? Heave ho!

A: here? My Sail - or's Song: Yo! Heave ho!

T: here? song: Yo! Heave ho! Yo! Heave ho! Yo! Heave ho! Heave

B: ghosts! Lis - ten my Sail - or's Song: Yo! Heave ho! Yo! Heave ho! Yo! Heave ho! Heave

74

80

S: Heave ho! An-chor's up in Jol - ly Bay!

A: Yo! Heave ho! An-chor's up in Jol - ly Bay! Heave ho! Yo! Heave - ho!

T: ho! Heave ho! Heave ho! Heave ho! Heave ho! Heave ho! Heave ho! Heave ho!

B: ho! Heave ho! Heave ho! Heave ho! Heave ho! Heave ho! Heave ho! Heave, O, my heart - ies,

80

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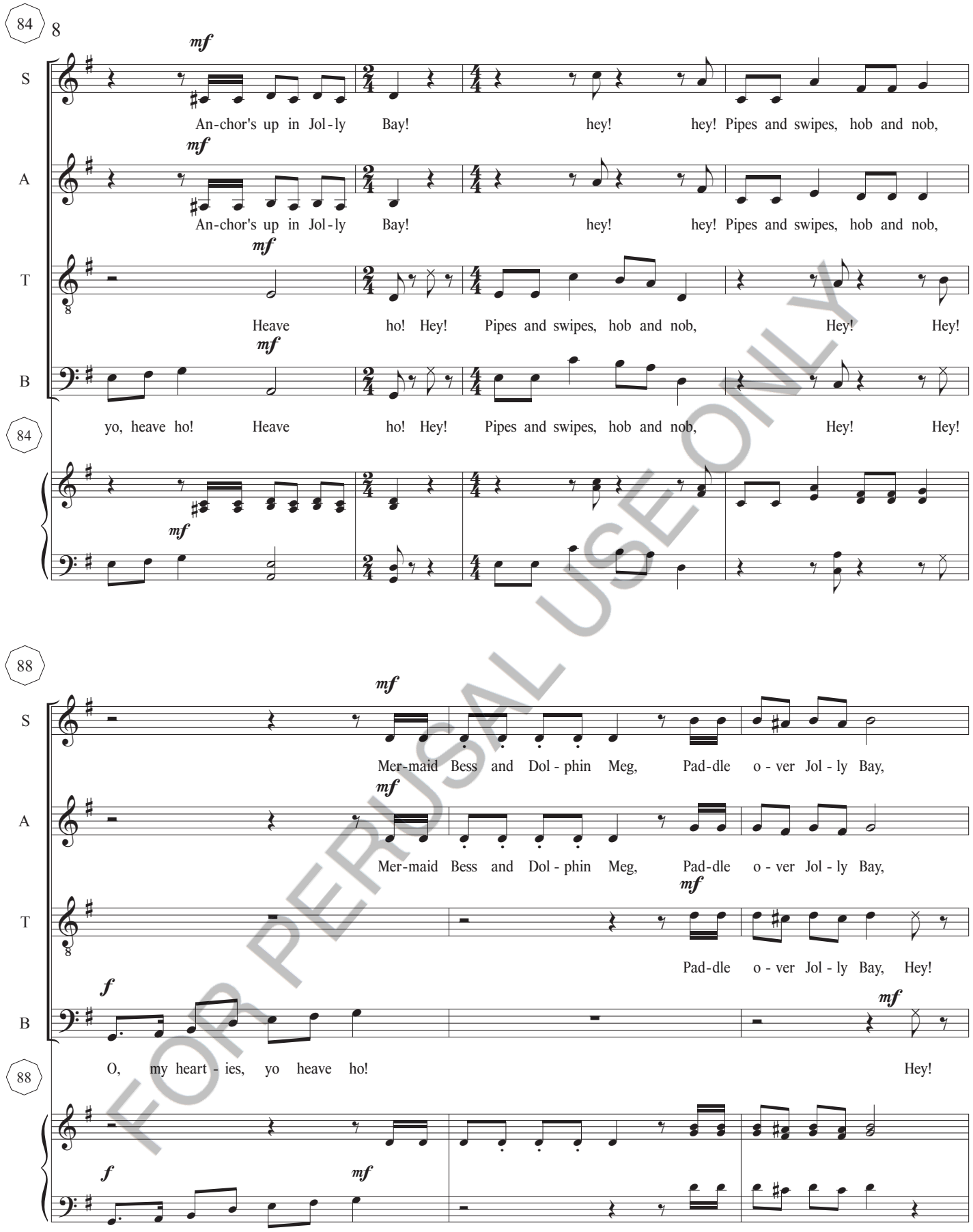
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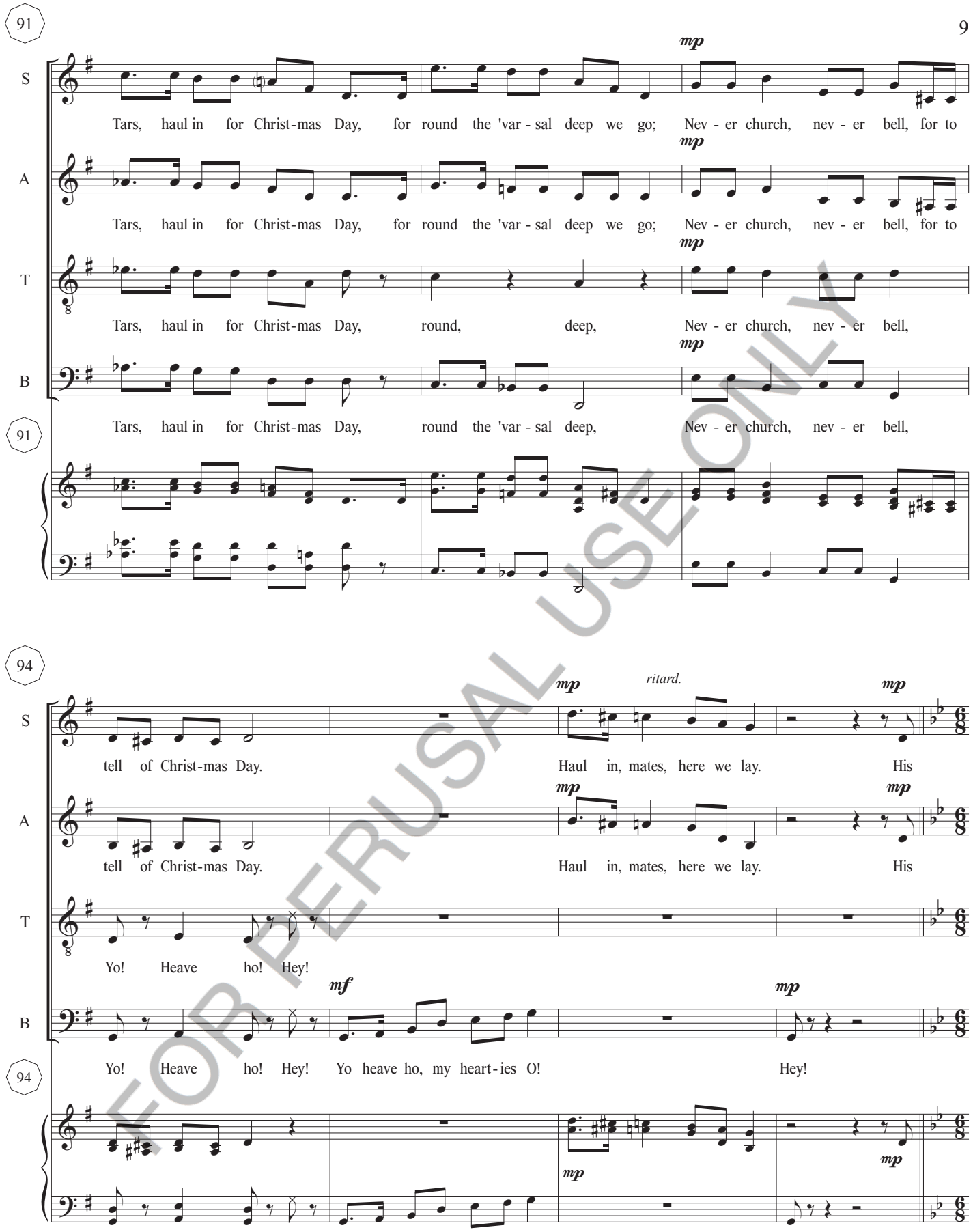
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98

Meno Mosso (♩. = c. 88)

S: sword is rust - ing in its sheath, We'll twine them with a hol - ly - wreath, with

A: sword is rust - ing in its sheath, twine them with a hol - ly wreath, with

T: *mp* His flag furled on the wall; Twine them with a hol - ly wreath, with

B: *mp* In its sheath, on the wall, with a wreath,

dolce

104

Tempo I (♩. = c. 96) **Meno Mosso** (♩ = c. 92)

S: green leaves co - ver all. So clink and drink when falls the eve; But com - rades, hide from me their graves

A: green leaves co - ver all. Clink, drink when falls the eve; com - rades, hide from me their graves I

T: leaves co - ver all. Clink, drink, Com - rades, hide from me, I

B: cov - er all. Clink, drink, Com - rades, hide their graves,

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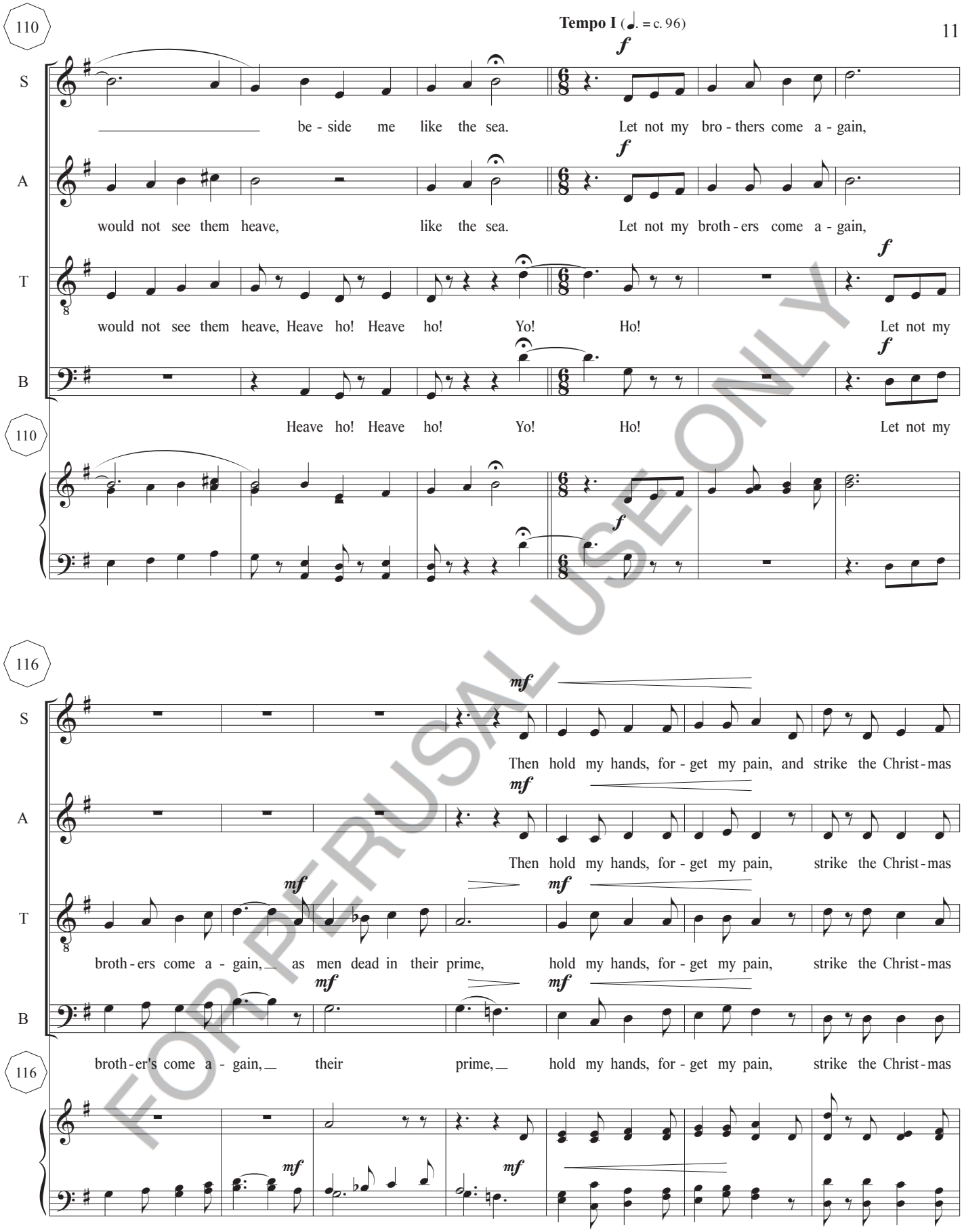
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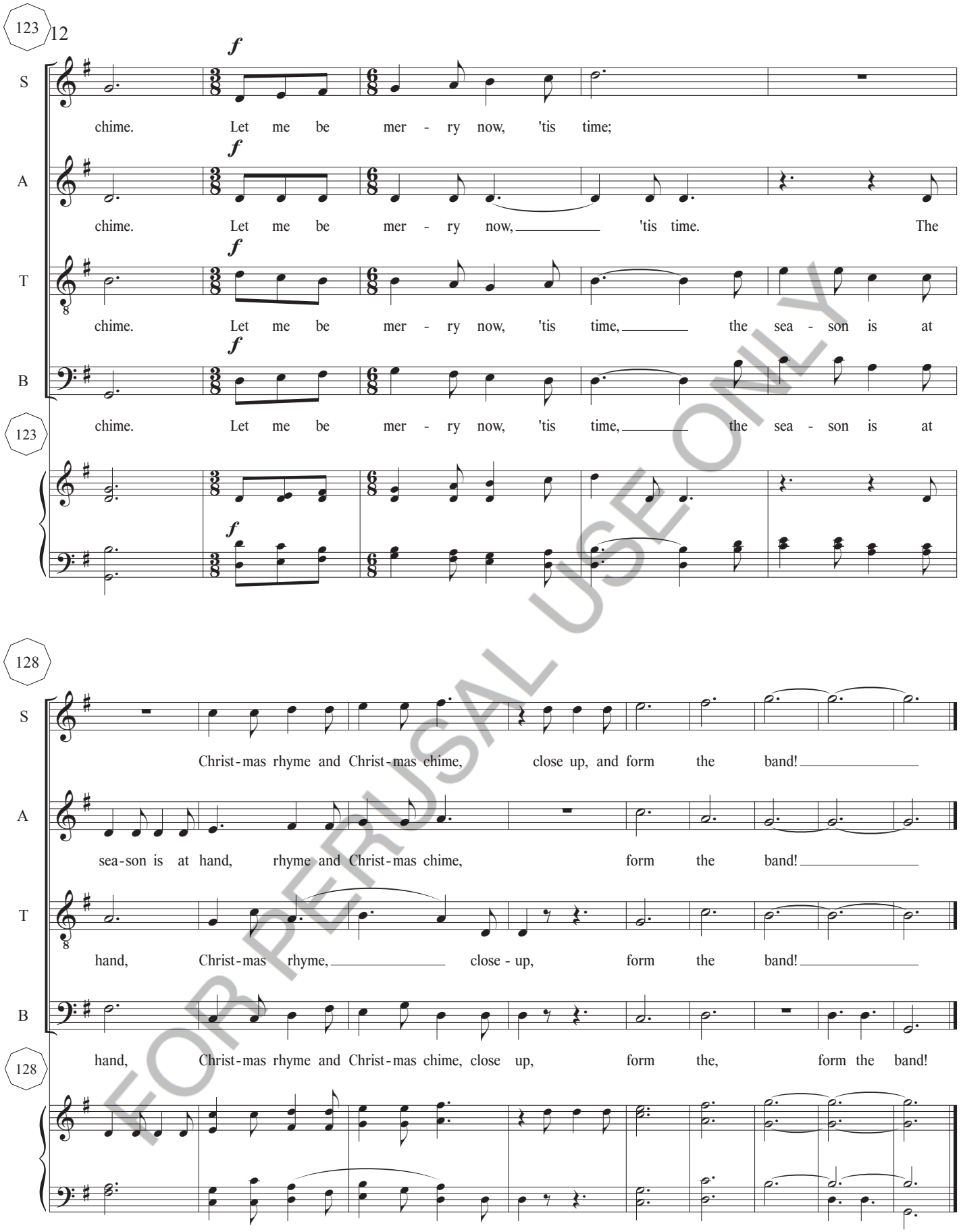
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ABOUT THE COMPOSER

Caroline Mallonee is an award-winning composer originally from Baltimore, Maryland. First rising to national prominence at age 14 with *The Carolers At My Door,* Mallonee has won the ASCAP/Morton Gould Young Composers Award, Yale Glee Club's Emerging Composers Competition, Ft. Myers Mastersingers Prize, and the Institute for Choral Creativity Competition.

She has been commissioned by the Baltimore Choral Arts Society, the Young People's Chorus of New York City, the Cecilia Chorus of New York, and A Prairie Home Companion, among others. Now based in Buffalo, NY, she sings professionally in Vocális Chamber Choir and Harmonia Chamber Singers.

She is the director of the Walden School Creative Musicians Retreat, a week-long festival for composers and improvisers held in New Hampshire each June. She holds degrees from Harvard University, Yale University, and Duke University, and was a Fulbright Scholar to the Netherlands in 2005.

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