1990

With This Child

Michael Mauldin

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WITH THIS CHILD

Christmas Cantata for Women’s Voices and Harp

Commissioned by the Santa Fe Women’s Ensemble
for its tenth anniversary
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WITH THIS CHILD:
Christmas Cantata for Women’s Voices and Harp
by Michael Mauldin

While working on piano accompaniments for a string method, I cherished every moment I spent working on this piece. I knew Linda Raney, the director of the SFWE, and Rosalind Simpson, the harp accompanist. I had heard and enjoyed their concerts in the beautiful and resonant Loretto Chapel in Santa Fe. As a boychoir director, I had a fondness for treble voices, and for harp.

There was a competition of sorts for who would supply the text. I fell in love with the poems of Lara Hill, herself a member of the women’s ensemble. Her words were earthy yet reverent, full of imagery and color. She was agreeable to small changes motivated by musical issues and formal structure. The composing process was a joy.

So was the performance. My wife and sons and I attended the premiere in December, 1990 on a snowy night in Santa Fe. Loretto Chapel was filled with people, candlelight, song – and magic. Thanks Linda, Rosalind, Lara and all the ensemble members for the memory of a lifetime. A recording of the premiere is included in the group’s CD, “Glad Tidings.” The NEW MEXICAN said the piece was “intriguingly new and overwhelmingly beautiful.”

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Duration: 16:35

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WITH THIS CHILD:
Christmas Cantata for Women's Voices and Harp

I. Holy Mother

Text: LARA HILL, 1990

MICHAEL MAULDIN, 1990

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Deep nights,
unis.  
unis.  

Deep nights press the light

while
darkness holds sway
div.

chill claws the air from the quivering north

mf —— mp

mf —— mp

(dim.)

(cresc.)

(mf)
Mother rides on behind her veil.

veil.

(cresc.) ff

(poco a poco dim.) mp
Noon's blaze, Noon's blaze, Noon's blaze on her cheek

blaze on her cheek

\[ \text{Tempo II} \quad \frac{\text{mf}}{\text{l.v.}} \quad \frac{\text{mp}}{\text{mf}} \quad \frac{\text{mp}}{\text{l.v.}} \]
Noon’s blaze cools with even a breeze, cools with even a breeze.

The sun’s arc has
shrunk as she’s grown
full inside.

O Mother, sus —

unis. div. unis. unis. div.
I: She sighs winds at dusk.
II: She sighs winds at dusk.

I: She sighs winds at dusk.
II: She sighs winds at dusk.

I: She sighs winds at dusk.
II: She sighs winds at dusk.

I: She cries gales in the night.
II: She cries gales in the night.
79 \(f\) poco a poco cresc.

\[\text{waves white with pain}\]

\[\text{night}\]

79 \(f\) \(mf\) poco a poco cresc.

\[\text{heave to bring in,}\]

\[\text{bring in the life.}\]

84 \(\text{pp}\) \(\text{ff}\)

\[\text{(poco a poco cresc.)}\]
O Mo - ther

re - new your peo - ple.

O Mo - ther,sus -
Tempo I

\( p \) sotto voce

Deep nights press the light.

\( p \) sotto voce

Deep nights press the light.

\( p \) sotto voce

Deep nights press the light.
II. O Child, May We Know You

Moderato \( \mathbf{J} = 120-132 \)

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{And who here is born}
\end{align*}
\]

unis. \( \text{mf} \)
with the height-en-ing light?

with the height-en-ing light?

cresc.

Child of faith, our own hope of heart,

Child of faith, our own hope of heart,

word of love, the Christ mind.

word of love, the Christ mind.
O Child may we know you
and crown your sweet head,

and crown your sweet head,

give our two hands, whole heart to
give our two hands, whole heart to

all that you shine for, shine
all that you shine for, shine
for.  

Hushed, hushed, the  

Husband looks on, a - mazed.
He whispers:  
**Mother of space, child of time,**

Sleep on,  sleep,  the long night lets you heal.

I'll keep you,  

**solo**
gift of God, word in form.

grant me ways of a piacere

worthiness.
Child of my God, teach me what you need; what shall I show you?
And who here is born
unis. $\text{mf}$

And who here is born

with the height-en ing light?
Child of faith, our own hope of heart,

word of love, the Christ mind.

cresc.
O Child may we know you
and crown your sweet head,
102  

O Child may we
Child may we know you
and crown your sweet
head?
O Child may we
crown your sweet head?
O
Child may we know you
and crown your sweet
and
head?

O Child of our God,

how shall we show you?

random glissandi on G, A, B, C#, D, E, F# (ending down)
III. Now the Star

\[ J = 160 - 168 \]

\[
\begin{align*}
    \text{Be-hold the great star that astrologers told} \\
    \text{hushed, excited would blaze forth to guide us all long journey through.}
\end{align*}
\]
It heralds a great King.

Lo the star, lo the star leads our path to the cradle of light.

Praise to the child of the ages!
Take fine things, and rare to honor His

com-ing. You must, said the old ones, go and lay them at His

feet; with this child an e-poch is
born.  
Lo the star,  
Lo the  

star leads our path to the cradle of light.  

Praise to the child of the ages!
54

poco a poco dim.

60

Ma-ny a full moon, ma-ny a full moon

Many a full moon o-ver the

dim. 

67

o-ver the moun-tains, for-est

moun-tains, moun-tains,
torrents, endless suns pounding our path over
for-est torrents, endless suns pounding our

73

78

des-ert sands we’ve seen for the ho-
path o- ver des-ert sands we’ve seen for the ho-

78

83

nored one.

83

The p
nored

dim.
wise King is he who is willing to bow beyond him -

self to the source of all pow’r. Thus

come we to kneel before the truth of
God in human form.

Now the star, now the star's led our path to the cradle of light.
Praise to the child,
Praise to the child of the ages!
IV. Dream of Darkness

Tempo rubato $\downarrow = 132 - 138$

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{p} \quad \text{mf} \quad \text{p} \\
&\text{p} \quad \text{mp} \quad \text{p} \\
&\text{mp} \quad \text{mf} \quad \text{p} \\
&\text{mf} \quad \text{mp} \quad \text{f} \\
&\text{mf} \quad \text{mp} \quad \text{mf}
\end{align*}
\]
V. Song of Light

\[ j = 144 - 152 \]

\[ \text{div. Golden trumpet-ing, Golden trumpet-ing and} \]

\[ \text{ra-di-ance sur-round us, ra-di-ance sur-round us: a} \]
vi - sion fills the sky. we shrink in the bright - ness,

stunned in the night, the field’s lit clear a - round.

Fear not! Fear not, the an - gel sings.
For fear has no place here Fear has no place to be, no _ need to be._ Peace, peace be in the heart, peace, peace be in the heart of the mind, be in the heart of mind._
Word of great glory I bring: a

Savior's born to-night,

Em-man-u-el, God with us!

Now God with us!

Dawns the morning of deliverance.
To one, to all the news

I bring this is joy supreme,

Angels come and sing,

Glorify to God most high.

Peace,
peace in glory to God most high, glo-

ry to God most high.

An-gels come sing, come and play._ Sing_

An-gels come sing, come and play._

poco a poco cresc.
out and play, sing out and play!

Sing out and play, sing out and play!

Spir-it and earth con-ceived. Now from her dark womb the light has e-

Slower a tempo

And love's in the lap of the world.

merged.

Slower
So strum the spectrum, blow heavenly horns that people may see, people may hear the
Savior's here to-day. Peace, peace our Savior is
with us to-day, the Savior's here to-day.

ALLELUIA, ALLELUIA, ALLELUIA, ALLELUIA