Commissioned by the San Francisco Girls Chorus Susan McMane, Artistic Director, in honor of its 30th Anniversary Season (2008)

Christmas Morn

SSA with divisi and Organ

Eleanor Farjeon (1881-1965)

Eleanor Daley

with joy and sparkle J = c. 108-112







from the poem NOW EVERY CHILD by Eleanor Farjeon by permission of Harold Ober Associates Text © 1928 by Eleanor Farjeon

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Now every child that dwells on earth, Stand up, stand up and sing:
The passing night has given birth
Unto the children's King.
Sing sweet as the flute,
Sing clear as the horn,
Sing joy of the Children,
Come Christmas morn.

Now every Star that dwells in sky, Look down with shining eyes: The night has dropped in passing by A Star from Paradise. Sing sweet as the flute, Sing clear as the horn, Sing joy of the Stars, Come Christmas morn.

Now every Beast that crops in field, Breathe sweetly and adore: The night has brought the richest yield That e'er harvest bore.

Sing sweet as the flute,
Sing clear as the horn,
Sing joy of the Creatures,
Come Christmas morn.

Now every Bird that flies in air, Sing, raven, lark and dove:
The night has brooded on her lair And fledged the Bird of love.
Sing sweet as the flute,
Sing clear as the horn,
Sing joy of the Birds,
Come Christmas morn.

Now all the Angels of the Lord Rise up on Christmas Ev'n: The passing night will hear the Word That is the voice of Heav'n. Sing sweet as the flute, Sing clear as the horn, Sing joy of the Angels, Come Christmas morn.