

GLASS POINSETTIA

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Aiff files can be downloaded without charge at

<https://soundcloud.com/susanhawthorne/sets/glass-poinsettia>

*The poinsettia art on the cover is paper-cut art by Russell James Newberg,
russelljamesnewberg.com*

1. Farsighted, by Susan Hawthorne

Voice, Piano, Drum Set, Toy Metallophone, Triangle, Virtual Cello

Can you imagine anything higher than the sky,
Full-breathing blue, that holds the eagle's cry,
All gathering vapors, shifting winds?
Small watcher of time on a ball that spins,
What can you see, and what can you not see?

Can you imagine anything steadier than the stars,
Great burning hearts who mark the years and hours,
Who run their course, who keep their range,
Who spend all force to bloom and change,
A fragile realm, so poised-on-a-pin,
Vast, moving art we can scarce understand!
Small watcher of time on a ball that spins...

When you were a child, you flew beyond,
And felt the caress, and knew the song,
In a blue-green nest with a heart so young,
And a certainty that someone held on,
And Someone held on.

2. Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind

Words by William Shakespeare, Music by Susan Hawthorne
Voice, Piano, Ukulele, Low and High D Tin Whistle, Virtual Cello

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

**Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.**

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly...

3. The Ballydesmond / O'Neill's Maggot, Irish Folk Tunes
*Low and High D tin whistles, Bodhran (Irish frame drum), psaltery, Bagpipes, Drum Set,
plus Virtual Hardanger Fiddle and Ngoni*

4. Of the Father's Love Begotten, Plainsong, arr. Hawthorne
Piano and Tone Chimes (Hand Chimes)

5. Moonlight, by Susan Hawthorne
Voice, Piano, Soprano Saxophone, Drum Set, and Virtual instrument Bass

It's a strange affair, how I saw you there
At the Christmas party in the moonlight,
With your open jacket and rumpled hair,
Caroling slightly out of tune, like
Normal people do.

And neither were you a Fred Astaire.
As I found out later in the lamplight,
But I guess I'd follow you anywhere,
Someday hold your hand like
Happy couples do.

And I almost didn't come,
Wasn't looking for a chum,
But when I saw you there
In that blue light,
I knew that you might
Be for me.
Please, be for me.

And I almost didn't come,
And I almost didn't come,
Wasn't looking for a chum,
But when I saw you there
In that blue moonlight,
I knew that you might
Be for me; be for me!

6. Quittez pasteurs, French Carol, arr. Hawthorne
Voice and piano

Quittez, pasteurs,
Vos brebis, vos houlettes,
Votre hameau
Et le soin du troupeau;
Changez vos pleurs
En une joie parfaite,
Allez tous adorer
Un Dieu, un Dieu, un Dieu qui vient vous consoler;
Un Dieu, un Dieu, un Dieu qui vient vous consoler.

Vous le verrez
Couché dans une étable,
Comme un enfant
Nu, pauvre languissant;
Reconnaissez
Son amour ineffable
Pour nous venir chercher.
Il est, il est, il est le fidèle berger;
Il est, il est, il est le fidèle berger.

Rois d'Orient
L'étoile vous éclaire;
A ce grand roi
Rendez hommage et foi.
L'astre brillant
Vous mène à la lumière
De ce soleil naissant.
Offrez, offrez, offrez l'or, la myrrhe et l'encens;
Offrez, offrez, offrez l'or, la myrrhe et l'encens.

Esprit divin
À qui tout est possible,
Percez nos coeurs
De vos douces ardeurs;
Notre destin
Par vous devient paisible;
Dieu prétend nous donner
Le ciel, le ciel, le ciel en venant s'incarner;
Le ciel, le ciel, le ciel en venant s'incarner.

- 7. Kalimba Ukrainian Bell Carol**, by Mykola Leontovyc, arr. Hawthorne
Handmade Wind Chimes from a friend, made of tuned copper pipes
Piano and Kalimba (African thumb piano) with reverb added

8. At Chanukah, by Susan Hawthorne
Voice, Piano, Soprano Saxophone, and Virtual Bass

Candles in the window,
Children on the floor
Play their simple game
We all have played before.
Patiently, I've taught them
Heaven has a plan.
We must look to Heaven
And do the best we can.

We must build His people.
Giving, we'll receive.
When the world rejects us,
We must still believe.
Kings and realms are fading;
One outlasts them all.
He provides our daily need
And listens when we call.

To pray is to honor Him aright.
In *hesed*, He will make the way
And bring us light.
The oil of gladness comes
When nights are long.
At Chanukah, we celebrate in song.

We must be the brave ones,
Strong and resolute.
We must be the faithful,
Standing for the truth.
My prayer is not a list of things,
It's listening to You.
In Your wondrous way,
You've always shown me what to do.

- 9. O Holy Night**, by Adolphe Adam, arr. Hawthorne
Piano

10. Holy Love, by Susan Hawthorne
Voice, Piano, Alto Saxophone, Virtual Bass and Chimes

What a perfect, deep desire--
Unconsumed, though wreathed in fire—
Of holy love, of holy love,
Shook the world that night when you drew breath,
Breathed a life that would extinguish death!
Our holy ground came down-and-down to be so low.
Simplicity astounds! Great mercy flows.
When little people found their newborn king,
A little person there, himself,
As offering.

11. God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen, English Carol, arr. Hawthorne
Voice, Drum Set, Piano, Flute, Alto Saxophone

God rest you merry, gentlemen.
Let nothing you dismay!
Remember, Christ, our Saviour
Was born on Christmas day
To save us all from Satan's power,
When we were gone astray
O tidings of comfort and joy!

In Bethlehem, in Israel
This blessed Babe was born,
And laid within a manger
Upon this blessed morn.
This thing, His Mother Mary
Did nowise take in scorn.
O tidings of comfort and joy!

From God our Heavenly Father
A blessed Angel came,
And unto certain Shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.
O tidings of comfort and joy!

The shepherds at these tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a'feeding
In tempest, storm and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway
The Son of God to find.

O tidings of comfort and joy!

Now to our Lord, sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood,
Each other now embrace.
This holy tide of Christmas
Brings God's redeeming grace.
O tidings of comfort and joy!

12. Kathleen Hehir's Slide, Irish Folk Tune

*Bodhran (Irish frame drum), Low D and High D tin whistles and bagpipes
with classical guitar tuned to DADGAD*

13. Glass Poinsettia, by Susan Hawthorne

Piano

Philip Glass' Piano Etude No. 2 helped me start thinking about the constant motion of simple, shimmering broken chords. Glass' music has a clean clarity I admire. My piece, however, begins in 15/8 meter signature and descends to end in 1/8, and my changes come too fast to be truly minimalistic.

14. Personant hodie, from Piaie Contiones 1582, arr. Hawthorne

Tenor Saxophone, Soprano Saxophone, Piano, Ceramic Flute, and Virtual Strings

15. Welcome, All Wonders in One Sight!

Text by Richard Crashaw, Music by Hawthorne

Voice, Piano, Cymbals, Orchestral Flute, Virtual Background Sounds

Welcome, all wonders in one sight!
Eternity shut in a span;
Summer in winter; day in night;
Heaven in earth, and God in man....

Welcome; though nor to gold nor silk,
To more than Caesar's birthright is;
Two sister seas of virgin-milk,
With many a rarely temper'd kiss,
That breathes at once both maid and mother,
Warms in the one, cools in the other.

Welcome, but not to those gay flies
Gilded i' th' beams of earthly kings,
Slippery souls with smiling eyes;
But to poor shepherds, homespun things,
Whose wealth's their flock, whose wit, to be
Well read in their simplicity.

Yet when young April's husband-show'rs
Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,
We'll bring the first-born of her flow'rs
To kiss thy feet and crown thy head.
To thee, dread Lamb! whose love must keep
The shepherds more than they the sheep.

To thee, meek Majesty! soft King
Of simple graces and sweet loves,
Each of us his lamb will bring,
Each his pair of silver doves;
Till burnt at last in fire of thy fair eyes,
Ourselves become our own best sacrifice.

16. Shalom of the Shepherd, by Susan Hawthorne
Piano, Soprano Saxophone

17. Joy to the World

Voice, Piano, and a Choir which is Susan overdubbing, combined with Virtual Sound

PUZZLE: And somewhere on this album there is hiding an alto recorder. I don't now remember which song I put it on. That can be my puzzle for the year. No one found the speed trap police siren on last year's CD, by the way. It is pretty far in the background.



Dear friends, it's my joy to sit in my little padded cell and create music for you. It's not by any means perfect. It is my version of simple homemade bread for the holidays, made in order to love my friends and honor my Savior.

Many thanks go to my husband, Loren, for his tireless help with the details of life. The CD could not happen without him. Thanks also to my saxophone / jazz improv teacher, Mike Kuhn for growing my musicianship. Constant thanks and hugs to friends and family who pray for and encourage me. The biggest thank you goes to Jesus, my King, who has transformed my life, and keeps changing me in the many ways I need to change. It is a relationship with Him in His constant mercy and joy that keeps giving me purpose, passion, ideas, and a glad future.

My family and I wish you the best of holiday celebrations, and a year full of new discoveries and mercies from the Great One who loves us so.
May you discover Him in new ways to your lasting delight!

Blessings,
Susan Hawthorne