the little match girl passion

words and music by david lang

after h.c. andersen, h.p. paull, picandeer
and saint matthew

2007

performed by
uni concert chorale

john wiles, conductor

10 April 2022
2:00 pm
st. stephen’s the witness
cedar falls | iowa
1. Come, daughter

   Come, daughter
   Help me, daughter
   Help me cry
   Look, daughter
   Where, daughter
   What, daughter
   Who, daughter
   Why, daughter
   Guiltless daughter
   Patient daughter
   Gone

2. It was terribly cold

   It was terribly cold and nearly dark on the last evening of the old year, and the snow was falling fast. In the cold and the darkness, a poor little girl, with bare head and naked feet, roamed through the streets. It is true she had on a pair of slippers when she left home, but they were not of much use. They were very large, so large, indeed, that they had belonged to her mother, and the poor little creature had lost them in running across the street to avoid two carriages that were rolling along at a terrible rate. One of the slippers she could not find, and a boy seized upon the other and ran away with it, saying that he could use it as a cradle, when he had children of his own. So the little girl went on with her little naked feet, which were quite red and blue with the cold.

   So the little girl went on.
   So the little girl went on.
3. Dearest heart

Dearest heart
Dearest heart
What did you do that was so wrong?
What was so wrong?
Dearest heart
Dearest heart
Why is your sentence so hard?

4. In an old apron

In an old apron she carried a number of matches, and had a bundle of them in her hands. No one had bought anything of her the whole day, nor had any one given her even a penny. Shivering with cold and hunger, she crept along; poor little child, she looked the picture of misery. The snowflakes fell on her long, fair hair, which hung in curls on her shoulders, but she regarded them not.

5. Penance and remorse

Penance and remorse
Tear my sinful heart in two
My teardrops
May they fall like rain down upon your poor face
May they fall down like rain
My teardrops

Here, daughter, here I am
I should be bound as you were bound
All that I deserve is
What you have endured

Penance and remorse.
Tear my sinful heart in two
My penance
My remorse
My penance
6. Lights were shining

Lights were shining from every window, and there was a savory smell of roast goose, for it was New-year’s eve- yes, she remembered that. In a corner, between two houses, one of which projected beyond the other, she sank down and huddled herself together. She had drawn her little feet under her, but she could not keep off the cold; and she dared not go home, for she had sold no matches, and could not take home even a penny of money. Her father would certainly beat her; besides, it was almost as cold at home as here, for they had only the roof to cover them, through which the wind howled, although the largest holes had been stopped up with straw and rags. Her little hands were almost frozen with the cold.

7. Patience, patience!

Patience.
Patience!

8. Ah! perhaps

Ah! perhaps a burning match might be some good, if she could draw it from the bundle and strike it against the wall, just to warm her fingers. She drew one out- “scratch!” how it sputtered as it burnt! It gave a warm, bright light, like a little candle, as she held her hand over it. It was really a wonderful light. It seemed to the little girl that she was sitting by a large iron stove, with polished brass feet and a brass ornament. How the fire burned! and seemed so beautifully warm that the child stretched out her feet as if to warm them, when, lo! the flame of the match went out, the stove vanished, and she had only the remains of the half-burnt match in her hand.
She rubbed another match on the wall. It burst into a flame, and where its light fell upon the wall it became as transparent as a veil, and she could see into the room. The table was covered with a snowy white table-cloth, on which stood a splendid dinner service, and a steaming roast goose, stuffed with apples and dried plums. And what was still more wonderful, the goose jumped down from the dish and waddled across the floor, with a knife and fork in its breast, to the little girl. Then the match went out, and there remained nothing but the thick, damp, cold wall before her.
9. Have mercy, my God

Have mercy, my God.
Look here, my God.
See my tears fall. See my tears fall.
Have mercy, my God. Have mercy.

My eyes are crying.
My heart is crying, my God.
See my tears fall.
See my tears fall, my God.

10. She lighted another match

She lighted another match, and then she found herself sitting under a beautiful Christmas-tree. It was larger and more beautifully decorated than the one which she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant’s. Thousands of tapers were burning upon the green branches, and colored pictures, like those she had seen in the show-windows, looked down upon it all. The little one stretched out her hand towards them, and the match went out.

The Christmas lights rose higher and higher, til they looked to her like the stars in the sky. Then she saw a star fall, leaving behind it a bright streak of fire. “Some one is dying,” thought the little girl, for her old grandmother, the only one who had ever loved her, and who was now dead, had told her that when a star falls, a soul was going up to God.

11. From the sixth hour

From the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land until the ninth hour. And at the ninth hour she cried out:

Eli, Eli.
12. She again rubbed a match

She again rubbed a match on the wall, and the light shone round her; in the brightness stood her old grandmother, clear and shining, yet mild and loving in her appearance. “Grandmother,” cried the little one, “O take me with you; I know you will go away when the match burns out; you will vanish like the warm stove, the roast goose, and the large, glorious Christmas-tree.” And she made haste to light the whole bundle of matches, for she wished to keep her grandmother there. And the matches glowed with a light that was brighter than the noon-day, and her grandmother had never appeared so large or so beautiful. She took the little girl in her arms, and they both flew upwards in brightness and joy far above the earth, where there was neither cold nor hunger nor pain, for they were with God.

13. When it is time for me to go

When it is time for me to go
Don’t go from me
When it is time for me to leave
Don’t leave me
When it is time for me to die
Stay with me
When I am most scared
Stay with me

14. In the dawn of morning

In the dawn of morning there lay the poor little one, with pale cheeks and smiling mouth, leaning against the wall; she had been frozen to death on the last evening of the year; and the New-year’s sun rose and shone upon the little corpse! The child still sat, in the stiffness of death, holding the matches in her hand, one bundle of which was burnt. “She tried to warm herself,” said some. No one imagined what beautiful things she had seen, nor into what glory she had entered with her grandmother, on New-year’s day.
15. We sit and cry

   We sit and cry
   And call to you
   Rest soft, daughter, rest soft
   Where is your grave, daughter?
   Where is your tomb?
   Where is your resting place?
   Rest soft, daughter, rest soft

   Rest soft
   Rest soft
   Rest soft
   Rest soft

   You closed your eyes
   I closed my eyes

   Rest soft
**Personnel**

**UNI Concert Chorale**

**Soprano**
- Abigail Edlemen
- Gabbi Flannery*
  - Julia Fink
  - Ellie Gavin
- Sarah Hovinga
- Jamie Knox
- Alyssa Piper

**Alto**
- Emily Clouser*
- Beth Culberson
- Kristen Daugherty
  - Abby Flint
- Emma Hawkinson
- Lauren Leman
  - Joley Seitz
- Sydney Walker

**Tenor**
- Alex Hohbein
- Aricson Knoblock
- Micaiah Krutsinger
- Tristen Perreault*
  - Brennan Regan
- Brady Van Waardhuizen

**Bass**
- Marcos Antunez
- Noah Fredericksen
- Tyler Gajewsky*
- Caleb Hommez
- Aaron Powers
- Lucas Scott Thiessen

**Members of 2020 Concert Chorale**

**Soprano**
- Hannah Miedema
- Crystal Spencer

**Alto**
- Blair DeBolt
- Deanna Eberhart
- Madeleine Marsh
- Addison Radcliffe

**Tenor**
- Mason Sealock

**Bass**
- Randy Everding
- Cole Flack
- Andrew Oleson

*denotes singer who plays percussion