

PROGRAM NOTES

Although Children of the Heavenly Father is generally thought of as a funeral hymn, I remember singing it in Sunday school as a child. I find both the words and the simple tune comforting, perhaps because of my paternal Swedish heritage. The arrangement travels through several keys before returning to E major with a nod to that most consoling of composers, Brahms. Although the melody is passed around from one part to another, the partwriting is deliberately simple, with no divisi except at the very end in the basses.

TEXT

[trYg:arə kan Iŋən vɑ:ra]
Tryggare kan ingen vara
Children of the heavenly Father

[ɛn guds I:l:a barnaskara]
Ån Guds lilla barnaskara,
Safely in His bosom gather;

[ʃæ:rnən ej pø hlmlafəstət]
Stjärnan ej på himlafästet,
Nestling bird nor star in heaven

[fɔgəln ej i ɛnda nɛstət]
Fågeln ej I kända nästet
Such a refuge e'er was given.

[hɛ:r:ən sina trugna vɔrdar]
Herren sina trogna vårdar
God His own doth tend and nourish;

[uti sions hɛlga gɔrdar]
Uti Sions Helga gårdar,
In His holy courts they flourish,

[œfvər dem han sɛj fœrbarmar]
Öfver dem han sig förbarmar,
From all evil things He spares them,

[bær dem øp:a fadərsarmar]
Bär dem uppå fadersarmar.
In His mighty arms He bears them.

[glɛd dɛj do du I:l:a skara]
Gläd dig då, du lilla skara,
Praise the Lord in joyful numbers:

[jakobs gud skal: dɛj bevəra]
Jakobs Gud skall dig bevəra.
Your Protector never slumbers.

[fœr hans vlja mostə al:a]
För hans vilja måste alla
At the will of your Defender

[fiəndər tll: jɔrdən fal:a]
Fiender till jorden falla.
Every foeman must surrender.

[Iŋən nød ɔ Iŋən IYk:a]
Ingen nöd och ingen lycka
Neither life nor death shall ever

[skal: utør hans hand dem rYk:a]
Skall utur hans hand dem rycka
From the Lord His children sever;

[ty han ɛlskar sina vɛn:ər]
Ty han älskar sina vänner
Unto them His grace He showeth,

[ɔ de sinas nød han ɛn:ər]
Och de sinas nöd han känner.
And their sorrows all He knoweth.

[vad han tar ɔ vad han jifvər]
Hvad han tar och hvad han gifver,
Though He giveth or He taketh,

[sam:ə fədər han fœrblifvər]
Samme fader han förblifver,
God His children ne'er forsaketh;

[ɔ hans mol ær bløt: det ena]
Och hans mål är blott det ena:
His the loving purpose solely

barnøts san:a vøl al:ena]
Barnets sanna väl allena.
To preserve them pure and holy.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Composer and flutist Carol Bamett is a graduate of the University of Minnesota where she studied with Dominick Argento, Paul Fetler and Bernhard Weiser. She is a charter member of the American (formerly Minnesota) Composers Forum and has served on its board. The Women's Philharmonic, the Dale Warland Singers, the Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra, the Minnesota Orchestra, the Westminster Abbey Choir, the Ankor Children's Choir of Jerusalem, Israel, the Nebraska Children's Chorus, the Gregg Smith Singers and the Harvard Glee Club are among the ensembles which have performed her works. In 1991 she was a fellow at the Camargo Foundation in Cassis, France, and in 1999 she was awarded a travel grant from the Inter-University Research Committee on Cyprus. Composer in residence with the Dale Warland Singers from 1992 to 2001, she is currently a studio artist and adjunct lecturer at Augsburg College in Minneapolis.

DURATION

c. 3 minutes