

for Rebecca and Christopher, with love

# BROTHER HEINRICH'S CHRISTMAS

Story and music by  
JOHN RUTTER

**M1**

*Andante espressivo* (♩ = 72)

OBOE

BASSOON

PIANO

*mp espress.*

*p*

*pp cresc.*

*p legato sempre*

*Ped.*

\*

4

*Ped.*

\* *Ped.* \*

7

*dim.*

*pp*

*dim.*

*pp*

*Ped.*

\* *Ped.* \*

\*

## NARRATOR:

Once upon a time, in an old stone monastery set in a hillside covered with vines, there lived a monk called Brother Heinrich. Brother Heinrich wasn't like all the other monks who lived in the monastery. They used to spend their time together working in the monastery vineyards, looking after the vines, picking the grapes, and making wine. The wine from their monastery was the finest and juiciest in all the land, and people came from far and wide to try it. Brother Heinrich had to help make the wine too, but he worked by himself — except, that is, for Sigismund. Sigismund was the donkey who worked the winepress that squeezed the grapes. The winepress stood in a little cobbled courtyard, and Sigismund had to walk round and round the courtyard all day, pulling a long wooden arm that made the winepress work. Brother Heinrich put the grapes in and waited for the grape juice to trickle out into a big stone jar. When the jar filled up, he took it away to the cellars and fetched back an empty one. It was rather boring work for both of them, but they didn't mind. Brother Heinrich liked to talk to Sigismund, and Sigismund liked to listen; sometimes he would answer Brother Heinrich in a friendly sort of way . . . (*Attacca M2*)

**M2** Andante (♩ = 76)

BASSOON *mf dolce*

PIANO *p*

## NARRATOR:

Brother Heinrich talked about all sorts of things: how to eat wine jelly without it falling off your spoon, how to stop the mice biting your toes when you've got sandals on . . . but most of all he liked to talk about music. Brother Heinrich loved music. He knew how to play lots of different instruments, even difficult ones like the harp and the sackbut, and he was good at singing too; in fact he sang so well that the Abbot had put him in charge of the monastery choir. Every day, when it was time for work to finish, Brother Heinrich took Sigismund back to his stable, gave him some hay, wished him goodnight, and hurried off to choir practice. But he felt sad that Sigismund was left out, so sometimes he let him come along to choir practice and sing with the choir. Sigismund liked that very much. He stood on his hind legs in the choir stalls and tried hard to follow the music just like all the others in the choir. Brother Heinrich lent him an old pair of spectacles so he could read better. Sigismund felt very important. He joined in all the songs that the choir sang, though sometimes his voice did stick out a bit . . . (*Attacca M3*)

**M3** Con moto (♩ = 96)

TENORS and BASSES *f*

BASSOON *ff*

PIANO *mp*

Re - so - ne - mus lau - di - bus cum jo - cun - di -