

The Christmas Mirror

for Narration and Chamber Ensemble

Story & Music

by

Karen Amrhein

The Christmas Mirror

Dedicated to Victoria Sirota
with gratitude for her wise counsel and friendship

Flute

Oboe

Clarinet (B \flat)

Cello

Percussion (1 Player): Glockenspiel, Suspended Cymbal, Triangle

Narration (1-3 Voices): Narrator, Aunt Rigelia, Eleanor

Piano

Score is at concert pitch

In *The Christmas Mirror* we join Eleanor as she visits her Aunt Rigelia for the holidays. The spoiled and unhappy Eleanor receives a special looking glass from her aunt on Christmas Eve. The mirror reflects the beholder's true nature, but only on Christmas Day.

I wrote this short story on a lonely Christmas Eve in 1997, inspired by classic Christmas tales such as O. Henry's *The Gift of the Magi* and Charles Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*. Over succeeding Christmas seasons I sketched a few brief musical interludes for *The Christmas Mirror*. Then in 2005, at the invitation of Sheldon Bair (Music Director of the Susquehanna Symphony), I expanded the score (using the original music, along with transcriptions of other pieces, including *Winter* from my *Symphony of Seasons*, *Chimera* from *Bestiary*, and the final variant from *Variants* for Flute & Guitar and Strings) to create a full narration work.

The version for narration and chamber ensemble dates from August of 2007. The score was extensively revised in March of 2024.

Score in C
Total Timing: ~28 Minutes

The Christmas Mirror

for Narration and Chamber Ensemble

Karen Amrhein (ASCAP)

$\text{♩} = 60$

Flute *solo mp*

Oboe *solo mp* *mf* *solo*

Clarinet *mf espress.*

Cello *solo pizz. mf*

Percussion *Susp. Cymbal pp*

Narration

$\text{♩} = 60$

Piano *mp*

Red. ad lib.

7

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Vc.

Perc.

Narr.

7

14

Fl. *mp* solo *p* *rall.* (non solo) *a tempo*

Ob. *mp* solo *p* *p* (non solo)

Cl. *mp* solo *mp* *p*

Vc. *mp* arco *p* pizz. *mp*

Perc.

Narr.

14

rall. *a tempo*

p

21

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Vc.

Perc.

Narr. NARRATOR:
Mr. Carleton Reese Ellsworth-Weatherspoon and his wife Eileen were to spend Christmas aboard the steamer North Star.

21

p *mp* *sempre legato*

senza Ped.

27

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Vc.

Perc.

pizz.
mp

Narr. As on many another occasion, Mr. Reese and Mrs. Eileen had disposed of their daughter Eleanor, not wishing her underfoot and spoiling their fun.

27



33

(C)

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Vc.

Perc.

Narr. Indeed, to say "as on many another occasion," is not to overstate the case, sadly enough. For Miss Eleanor was to Mrs. Eileen and Mr. Reese little distinguished from the family silver:

33

(C)

Red. ad lib.

39

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Vc.

Perc.

Narr. quite out of fashion, to be certain, yet fine for trotting out when the situation demanded. It is an unfortunate truth that Mr. & Mrs. Ellsworth-Weatherspoon saw the interior of a steamer trunk

39

senza ped.



45

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Vc.

Perc.

Narr. more often than the exterior of their own daughter. Typically, Eleanor simply remained behind in the immense city-house on 5th and Cresmont, surrounded by maids and man-servants

45

63

Fl. *solo*

Ob. *mp*

Cl. *mp*

Vc. *mf*

Perc.

Narr. — and had grown quite prickly to the touch. The servants, well acquainted with that fact, sought her company with as little desire as did her own mother and father.

63

mf

mf

mf

Red.

69

Fl.

Ob. *mf* *sfz*

Cl. *mf* *sfz* *solo* *mp*

Vc. *sfz f* *mp* *p*

Perc.

Narr. Thus it was with heartfelt thanks that the residents of No.7 Cresmont Avenue saw their little empress made ready for a holiday

69

mf *sfz* *p*

sfz f *mp* *p*

Red. ad lib.

75

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Vc.

Perc.

Narr. □ away from the city.

75

senza *And.*

mf

And. ad lib.

81

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Vc.

Perc.

Narr. □

81

f

mp

87 (G.P.) (G) $\text{♩} = 60$

Fl. *p*

Ob. *p*

Cl. *p*

Vc. *p*

Narr. How came this pleasant situation to be? As it happened, about a fortnight earlier a simple yet elegantly-penned invitation had arrived by post. The letter, from Mrs. Rigelia Shingleston, bid her great-niece, Miss Eleanor, come visit for the holidays. Mr. Reese and Mrs. Eileen were mystified by Aunt Rigelia's invitation. After all, why should anyone wish Miss Eleanor upon oneself?

Nonetheless, it was Christmastide, after all; and it were perhaps a pity for Miss Eleanor to spend it all by herself in an empty house. Besides, the country air should do her good....

87 (G.P.) (G) $\text{♩} = 60$

92 (H)

Fl. *mp* solo

Ob. *p*

Cl. *p*

Vc. *mf* solo pizz.

Perc.

Narr. And so it was that Christmas Eve arrived at last — and came a tinkling peel from the doorbell of No. 7. The door opened to a tall, peppery-mustached gentleman, standing beneath a cloth cap with a gleaming black visor — Aunt Rigelia's own driver, to be sure;

92 (H)

98 (G.P.)

Fl. *solo*

Ob. *mp*

Cl.

Vc.

Narr. □ himself sent to collect the precious cargo. Miss Eleanor was bundled into her coat and muffler, trimmed round with the winter pelt of some small creature who, you can be sure, parted from it not of his own accord.

The flurry flakes of an uncertain snow were falling as they pulled away from the drive and sped the city streets behind them.

Perhaps, as city paths yield their place to quiet country thoroughfares, a description of our young charge is in order...

98 (G.P.)

104 I ♩ = 88

Fl.

Ob.

Cl. *mp* *mf*

Vc. *p* *mp* *mf* *p* *molto*

Perc. *pp* *molto* *Susp. Cymbal* *Dampen Immediately* *pp* *molto* *D.I.*

Narr. □ Miss Eleanor Ellsworth-Weatherspoon, age ten years, was tenant to a slim, almost delicate frame (remarkable, considering her indulgences).

104 I ♩ = 88

112 **J**
solo

Fl. *mp*

Ob.

Cl. *mp*
pizz.

Vc. *mp*

Perc.

Narr. Her mahogany-hued tresses, tied now in ribbons, pleasantly framed
 her face: large, beautiful eyes that might have shone like silvery pools were they but populated with any hint of unselfish joy,

112 **J**

mp

120 **K**

Fl. *mp*

Ob. *mf*

Cl. *mf*

Vc. *mf*
arco pizz. arco pizz. arco pizz. arco pizz.

Perc. *mp*
Susp. Cymbal D.I.

120 **K**

mf

mp

mp

125 **L**

Fl. *p* *mp* *p* *solo*

Ob. *mp*

Cl. *p* *mp* *p*

Vc.

Perc. *to Triangle*

Narr. and a small mouth that should have been most becoming, were it but
turned towards a smile..., rather than a perpetual
frown.

125 **L**

mp *mf* *mp*

133 **M** $\text{♩} = 52$ *Repeat if, and as, needed*

Fl. *p*

Ob.

Cl.

Vc. *pizz.* *mf*

Perc. *Triangle* *pp*

Narr. (I might also mention that she possessed a capable intelligence — though one shouldn't know it from her behavior.)
And that, in a thumbnail, is the privileged young empress who has been sent to holiday with her great-aunt.

133 **M** $\text{♩} = 52$ *Repeat if, and as, needed*

p *senza λ ed.*

141

Fl.

Ob. *solo*
mp

Cl. *mp*

Vc. *pizz.*
mp

Perc.

Narr. Evening is creeping over the freckled hills as we come, with Eleanor, into the great sweeping drive that finds the country manor of Mrs. Rigelia Shingleston at its crown. The great doors are flung wide,

141

147 *solo* (N) *mp* *rall.*

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Vc.

Perc.

Narr. dispensing ruddy light into the greedy blue. And we are ushered into the splendid hallway where Aunt Rigelia bestows her greetings as she descends the delicious staircase, its magnificently carved and oiled woods bedecked in twisting garlands of holly and evergreen....

147 (N) *rall.*

And. ad lib.

153 $\text{♩} = 132$ *lightly*

Fl. *solo* *mf* *mp* *mf*

Ob.

Cl. *mf*

Vc. *pizz.* *mp*

Perc.

Narr. **RIGELIA:**
 "Welcome, my dear! And Merry Christmas!"
NARRATOR:
 A tall, silver-haired lady, Rigelia Shingleston remained a strikingly-handsome woman,

153 $\text{♩} = 132$ *lightly*

mp

158

Fl. *mp*

Ob. *mp*

Cl.

Vc.

Perc.

Narr. (NARRATOR): enjoying a radiance in old-age that hinted of the stunning beauty that graced the dewy-bloom of her youth and proved the downfall of many a suitor.

158

163 P

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Vc.

Perc.

Narr. RIGELIA: "You must be Eleanor. This is quite a pleasure, to be sure."

163 P *espress.*

169 *solo* *tr.*

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Vc.

Perc.

Narr. NARRATOR: She came to the foot of the stair and bestowed a kiss on her great-niece's cheek.
RIGELIA: "I am your Great-Aunt Rigelia,

169 *mf*

174

Fl. *solo* *mf*

Ob. *mf*

Cl. *solo* *mf* *mp*

Vc.

Perc.

Narr. (RIGELIA): though I very much doubt you've heard of me, as I have been out of the country for a number of years — and considered a bit of a crack-pot by most of our relations."

174

mp

179

Fl. *solo* *mf* (Q)

Ob. *mf*

Cl. *mf*

Vc.

Perc.

Narr. (RIGELIA): "After my husband, your Great-Uncle Cyrus, died, it seemed only fitting to return to this old house where I was born."

179

(Q)

(R)

184

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Vc.

Perc.

Narr. NARRATOR: Eleanor wrinkled her features at this odd woman, unaccustomed to grown-ups speaking to her in so familiar a fashion.

(R)

184



190

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Vc.

Perc.

Narr. ELEANOR: [RUDELY] "Rigelia. That's a funny name."
RIGELIA: [SMILES, EYES TWINKLING] "It is unusual, I grant you. Yet I'm rather fond of it."

190

196

Fl. *S*

Ob. *solo mp*

Cl.

Vc.

Perc.

Narr. (RIGELIA): My father was an astronomer of sorts and christened me after his favorite star, which the Arabians of long ago named Rigel."

196

S

espress.

p

pp

201

Fl. *T*

Ob. *tr* *solo mf*

Cl. *solo mf*

Vc.

Perc.

Narr. (RIGELIA): "One could do rather worse, I think, than carry the name of a thing that dwells in the heavens. Come, let Miss Porter take your things

201

T

mf

206

Fl. *mp*

Ob. *mf* *mp* solo

Cl. *mp*

Vc.

Perc.

(RIGELIA): "and show you to your room, where you may rest a bit before supper."
 Narr. [ELEANOR [PETULANTLY]: "I'm not tired in the least. I should like a tour of this place,"
 RIGELIA: "Tomorrow we shall take a turn

206

solo

211

Fl.

Ob. solo *mp*

Cl.

Vc.

Perc.

Narr. [RIGELIA: "about the house and grounds, but for now you will rest in your room. I've some matters to attend to before dinner,

211

216 U

Fl. *solo* *mf* *p* *mp* *p*

Ob. *mf* *p* *pp*

Cl. *mf* *p* *pp*

Vc. *arco* *mp*

Perc.

Narr. (RIGELIA): "at which time we shall become properly acquainted."

216 U

mf *mp* *p*

223 (G.P.)

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Narr. NARRATOR: Her manner, though anything but harsh, yet possessed a firmness that would brook no dissent. Eleanor was puzzled, accustomed to getting her own way — if necessary, by most unpleasant means. Yet here, someone took charge of her effortlessly, without even losing temper and making a scene. If this were to be the way the entire holiday played out, she wasn't going to have any fun at all.
Miss Porter took Eleanor to her room, where she sulked until dinner.

223 (G.P.)

224 (V) ♩ = 69

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Vc.

Perc.

Narr.

It was nigh on seven o'clock when Miss Porter appeared at Eleanor's door and informed her that the evening meal was near ready to be served. Miss Porter laid a dress out for her on the dressing table beside her bed, and bid her to please hasten and change, as those of the kitchen staff with families of their own were anxious to repair to their homes

224 (V) ♩ = 69

230 (W)

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Vc.

Perc.

Narr.

for Christmas Eve. However, when the bell was rung some fifteen minutes later, Eleanor had not yet dressed for dinner. A very selfish, ugly thought had occurred to her after Miss Porter had left, and Eleanor had acted upon it through her very inaction.

230

236 *accel.*

Fl. *p*

Ob.

Cl.

Vc.

Perc. Susp. Cymbal *pp*

Narr. ¶ She felt it would quite smartly serve the household staff, and especially Auntie Rigelia, to be forced to wait upon her pleasure. After all, they had cooped her up in this little room and not let her do as she wished!

236 *accel.*

242 *a tempo*

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Vc.

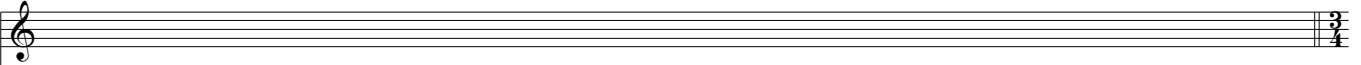
Perc. Susp. Cymbal *pp* to Glock. or Triangle *pp*

Narr. ¶ The clock on the mantelpiece struck the half-hour past eight, before she made her leisurely way from her chamber, down the arcing staircase, and into the dining hall, where she expected a dozen or so anxious adults to be fretting.

Instead, she found an empty room.

242 *a tempo*

Fl.



Narr.

□ The dining table, which was the largest she had ever set eyes on, faded into the shadows on one end. On the other, a small trio of candlesticks cast a flickering light on a solitary place setting. The silver chaser bore a wondrous thick slice of roast beef (now cold), some greens (also cold), and a small bowl of watercress soup (positively frigid). There was also a small basket of brown bread and a goblet of mulled wine.

Eleanor took one look at the pitiful sight, her hopes of retribution miserably dashed, and burst into tears. Eventually though, her self-pity was sufficiently satiated to allow her empty stomach to have a say. A cold dinner is better than no dinner at all and there was plenty of heat in her appetite.

She had inhaled the soup, gobbled up all but a morsel of the roast beef, munched on the brown bread, and was even nibbling at the greens, when Aunt Rigelia quietly entered the room.

RIGELIA: "Ah, my dear, you have finally consented to join us, it seems. Your appetite got the better of your temper, I imagine.

Well, as you no doubt have observed, there is no "us" anymore — just you and me."

ELEANOR: [SCOWLING] "My dinner's cold."

RIGELIA: "To be anticipated when one comes late to table. I hope you were not expecting an entire household to wait for one little girl who misplaced her manners?"

NARRATOR: Eleanor stabbed at her plate viciously, as though hoping to work a vengeance on the last fragment of cold roast.

RIGELIA: "Although I have already had my supper, I would still like to have a chat with you.

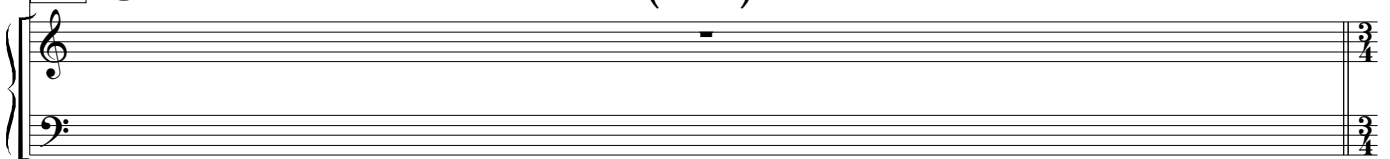
RIGELIA: "Perhaps you are wondering why an old lady such as I, without husband or children, needs such a dining room?"

ELEANOR: [WITH A CASUAL SHRUG] "We have a big table at home ourselves, and I have my breakfast at it all by myself."

RIGELIA: [SMILING] "Tut, it seems a shame to breakfast, or have any meal, by oneself. Wouldn't you much rather share your meals with your mother and father? Or with other children?"

ELEANOR: "I don't like children. They act... childish."

RIGELIA: "Well, that is to be expected, I suppose." [LOOKING AWAY TO SUPPRESS HER MIRTH] "Still, more's the pity, as we shall have a child in every chair at Christmas dinner tomorrow afternoon. I'm afraid you will find it quite unbearable."



ELEANOR: "What children?"

RIGELIA: "Orphans, my dear. Each and every Christmas, wherever I am, they join me for supper."

ELEANOR: "It must be a horrid expense."

RIGELIA: "Oh, they pay me, and quite amply."

ELEANOR: "I should have guessed as much."

RIGELIA: "Yes, they pay me with their smiles and laughter; with the joy and thankfulness in their eyes."

NARRATOR: Eleanor thought that a rotten bargain altogether.

RIGELIA: [LOOKING AT ELEANOR AND SMILING SADLY]
"Come, I've a gift for you. And this one you may open right away."

NARRATOR: Eleanor's face brightened. Perhaps things were not as bleak as they seemed.

249 $\text{♩} = 84$

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Vc. *pizz.*
mp

Perc.

Narr.

249 $\text{♩} = 84$
mp
solo

254

Vc.

259

AA

Vc.

265

Vc.

270

BB

(G.P.)

Fl.

Narr. | (NARRATOR): Aunt Rigelia led her into a little room with a stone fireplace, possessed of a merry blaze, and a lovely little evergreen, decorated with bright ribbons.

It was an extremely pleasant little space, this chamber — cozy and inviting. Best of all, a long, silver-papered box, bound with a single red bow, lay beneath the tree.

"What might it be?" wondered Eleanor excitedly. Perhaps a silver comb for her hair? Or a dress? Or maybe a new doll! She pulled at the bow anxiously and tore away the shimmering wrappings. The lid slid away almost of its own accord and fell from Eleanor's feverish fingers as she peered into the box.

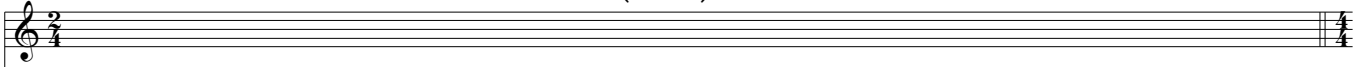
The smile on her lips withered and the eager light in her eyes dimmed in dismay. She lifted the mysterious object in her hands and turned it over a few times. It was rectangular and rather heavy, though not very thick. On one side, free from markings, the smooth surface danced with firelight. On the other, three small latches kept the secrets that waited behind two hinged doors.

271



(G.P.)

Fl.



Narr.

ELEANOR: [DISAPPOINTMENT SEEPING INTO HER VOICE] "What is it?"

RIGELIA: "Open it, and see."

NARRATOR: Eleanor undid the latches and opened the doors. Within, a blue curtain of velvet draped over the inner surface.
She lifted it, and beheld her own surprised face staring back at her.

ELEANOR: [NOT BOTHERING TO DISGUISE HER DISDAIN] "A mirror."

RIGELIA: "A very special mirror. A Christmas mirror. For on Christmas day, and only on Christmas day, it shows the beholder's true reflection."

NARRATOR: Aunt Rigelia covered the glass once more with its little blue veil.

ELEANOR: [EYES NARROWING] "So, this mirror is magic...?"

RIGELIA: "Yes, because the looking-glass was fashioned to remind the beholder of the one who made it, the one who's birthday this is. It is his celebration, and his magic."

NARRATOR: Eleanor did not understand much of this. But she wasn't going to be put off by it either.

ELEANOR: [SNIFFING] "I'm not afraid of an old mirror."



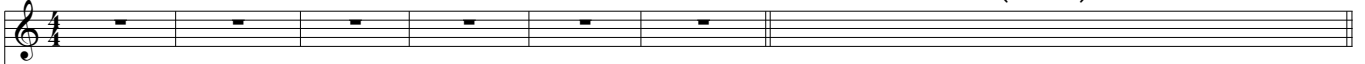
272



♩ = 80

(G.P.)

Fl.



Perc.



Narr.

NARRATOR: Just then, the chimes in the clock on the mantel sounded twelve.
The two had talked away the hours,
and now it was Christmas morn.

RIGELIA: "Gaze on it then.
"But I warn you, you may be dismayed by what you see."

NARRATOR: She lifted the velvet veil.

279 (EE) ♩ = 80

Fl. *p* *mf* *f*

Ob. *mp* *mf* *f*

Cl. *p* *mf* *f*

Vc. *pizz.* *mp* *mf* Glockenspiel or Triangle *f*

Perc. *f*

Narr. (NARRATOR): Eleanor closed her eyes and took a long, deep breath. Then, with her little jaw set firmly, she looked into the mirror.

279 (EE) ♩ = 80

Fl. *mp* *f*

285 (FF) (G.P.)

Fl. *FF*

Narr. (N.): A face like an old woman's, and yet her own, stared back at her. The features were shriveled and jaundiced, the head barren, save for straggly strands of white hair. And the eyes! The eyes were bleary and weak, and at the same time unyielding as flint. Eleanor let out a shriek and recoiled from the image in horror & anger.

ELEANOR: "That's not me! That horrible, horrible old hag isn't me!"

NARR.: She buried her face in her hands and wept miserably. Aunt Rigelia put her arm around her niece, her heart aching that these tiny shoulders should bear such a dreadful weight, yet knowing it must be so. She was, at that moment, the mother who has given her child a bitter-tasting medicine, and must endure her child's tears with nothing but the knowledge that this alone will make her well. Eleanor lifted her tear-stained cheeks and lashed out bitterly.

ELEANOR: "It's a lie! It's a cruel trick you're playing on me!"

RIGELIA: "The mirror cannot lie. It, of all the mirrors you have seen, is the only one that reflects true."

ELEANOR: "You look at it then! Yes, you look and see how it distorts your features awfully!"

NARR.: Aunt Rigelia sighed, and, with a sad smile, did as she was asked.

ELEANOR: "There! See...?"

NARR.: Yet Eleanor was brought up short by what she now beheld. The image reflected in the mirror was that of a beautiful woman, glowing with the first spring of youth. Eleanor turned from the mirror and looked at her aunt. Her lip quivered with rage as she spat her ugly words.

ELEANOR: "It's all a lie! You're just a horrid old woman with a horrid mirror!"

NARR.: And she tore herself away from the gentle arms of her aunt and ran from the mirror, and the evergreen tree, and the little room.

GG ♩ = 44

286

Play on repeat only:

Fl. *mp* Play on repeat only:

Ob. *mp* Play on repeat only:

Cl. *mp / mf* solo

Vc. *mf* pizz. Initial: Stems Up, Repeat: Stems Down

Perc. *to Triangle*

(NARRATOR) [ON REPEAT]: The sun had risen over the snow-clad hills, and now peeked coolly through the frosty panes of Shingleston Manor, as Eleanor dragged her weary limbs down the winding staircase. Her dark-rung eyes were swollen

GG ♩ = 44

286

Play on repeat only:

p



293

Fl.

Ob.

Cl. *mp*

Vc. *mp* arco *p*

Perc. Triangle *mp*

Narr. from too many tears, and her hair was pitifully disheveled.
The child's dreams had troubled her with terrible visions
that stole just beyond recall upon waking.

Christmas had come to
Eleanor, but without joy.

293

300 (HH) $\text{♩} = 44$ ($\text{♩} = \text{♩}$)

Fl.

Ob. *solo mp*

Cl.

Vc. *pizz. mp*

Perc. *to Susp. Cymbal*

Narr. Aunt Rigelia met her at the foot of the stairs and led her by the hand into the parlor. She drew the child to her and combed her tresses in silence for some minutes.

300 (HH) $\text{♩} = 44$ ($\text{♩} = \text{♩}$)

pp solo p



306

(II)

Fl. *mf mp*

Ob. *mf mp*

Cl. *mp mf mp*

Vc. *arco mf*

Perc.

Narr.

306

(II)

mp

313 (J)

Fl. *Suz* *mf* *f*

Ob. *mf* *f*

Cl. *mf* *f*

Vc. *f* *mf*

Perc. Susp. Cymbal *pp* *mf*

Narr.

313 (J)

319

Fl. *mp*

Ob. *mp*

Cl. *mp*

Vc.

Perc.

Narr.

319

324 (KK)

Fl. *mp* *mp* *mp* *mp*

Ob. *mf espress.* *p* solo

Cl.

Vc. *mp* *p*

Perc.

Narr.

Slowly, Eleanor felt a peace take hold of her heart, and quiet her fears, and bring her something she'd never before known — hope.

324 (KK)

mp *p*



329 *rit.* (LL) ♩ = 72

Fl. *mp*

Ob. *pp* *mf*

Cl. *mf*

Vc.

Narr. For one must be alive to hope, and everything before this was not life, but merely a selfish, limbo existence.

It felt like a steaming cup of tea, this hope, filling her insides with delicious warmth.

329 *rit.* (LL) ♩ = 72

p *pp* *mp*

336

Fl. *mf*

Ob. *f*

Cl. *f* *mf*

Vc. *mf* *f*

Perc.

Narr.

336

mf

345

Fl. *f* *mf* *f*

Ob.

Cl. *ff* *mf*

Vc.

Perc.

Narr.

345

MM

353

Fl. *mf*

Ob. *mf*

Cl. *mp*

Vc. *mp* *mf*

353

mp

361

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Vc. *pp*

Narr. []

ELEANOR: "Aunt Rigelia, I am so dreadfully sorry for the nasty things I said to you, and for the wicked way I've behaved."

RIGELIA: "I know you are...."

ELEANOR: [INTERRUPTING] "I'm not really that twisted old creature in the mirror, am I?"

RIGELIA: "You needn't be. The mirror's images are never cast in stone, unless one lets them be."

ELEANOR: "Then I wish to be beautiful inside, as you are."

NARRATOR: Eleanor looked up into her aunt's eyes and the hand of winter that had grasped her soul was shaken loose. Almost it seemed as though scales and rags had fallen from her.

ELEANOR: "I shall make it Christmas each morning in my heart!"

361

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Vc. *pp*

364 OO $\text{♩} = 80$

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Vc.

Perc.

Narr.

mp

f

f

f

p

solo

364 OO $\text{♩} = 80$

p

solo

372 *accel.* PP $\text{♩} = 58$

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Vc.

Perc.

Narr.

p

pizz.

mp

372 *accel.* PP $\text{♩} = 58$

p

mp

379

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Vc.

Perc.

Narr. **NARRATOR:** What a Christmas it was that day! There were singing kettles of spiced cider, and steaming bowls of Christmas pudding.

379

385 ^{8va} solo

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Vc.

Perc.

Narr. There were warm loaves of fresh bread, perspiring with cream, and sauces of cranberry, mulberry, and currant, and there was an enormous Tom Turkey, moist and brown.

385

390 *rit.* ----- (RR) ♩ = 60

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Vc.

Perc.

Narr.

If aroma were song, then the music of that great, succulent bird should have resounded throughout the house, joined as it were by a joyful chorus of delicious smells.

mp solo *p* arco *p* Susp. Cymbal to Glockenspiel *pp*

390 *rit.* ----- (RR) ♩ = 60

396

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Vc.

Perc.

Narr.

And, adding immeasurably to the aroma, there was laughter: laughter from the maids and manservants, laughter from Aunt Rigelia, and laughter in abundance from the children.

solo *mp* subito *pizz.* *mf* Glockenspiel solo *mf*

396 *mp* *p* subito *pp* subito

402 (SS) *rall.*

Fl. *p* *mp* *rall.*

Ob.

Cl.

Vc. *arco* *p*

Perc.

Narr. ¶ Yet merriest of all — for it came from a long-frozen spring that felt now its first thaw —
merriest of all was the bubbling laughter of Miss Eleanor Ellsworth-Weatherspoon.

402 (SS) *rall.*

mp *p* *rall.*



408 (TT) (G.P.)

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Vc.

Narr. ¶ Eleanor did not grow beautiful overnight. That is never the way of the things that are truly worth becoming. Yet she kept at it, the business of beautifying her heart. She came to know the Maker of the mirror just as her dear aunt had. And she quite fell in love with him, so that each Christmas the mirror reflected a girl, and soon a woman, grown ever more radiant.

In due course, she passed the mirror and its mysteries to her children, and to many others besides.

408 (TT) (G.P.)

p (TT) (G.P.)

409 (UU) ♩ = 60 *espress.* solo

Fl. *mp* *mf*

Ob. *p* *mp*

Cl. *p* *mp*

Vc. solo pizz. *p* *mp*

Perc. to Triangle

Narr. Then, one day, she discovered that she had grown old — though it had happened with the grace befitting a fine wine. [Brief Pause]
 On that day — on Christmas Eve, of all the good days of the year — Eleanor fell asleep in her chair.

409 (UU) ♩ = 60 *espress.*

p *mp*

416 (VV)

Fl. solo *mp*

Ob. *mp*

Cl. *p*

Vc. Triangle *pp*

Narr. And she awoke in the arms of the one who loved her, the one who had made the mirror for her so long ago. Then she was young once more, and would never grow old again.

And behold...,
 it was Christmas!

416 (VV)

mp *p*

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