## LOUIS VALENTINE JOHNSON

INNOVATIVE GUITAR

**ASCAP** 



### A CHRISTMAS CAROL

AFTER DICKENS

FOR SOLO GUITAR

(with option for Narrator)



Charles Dickens' "A Christmas Carol"
appeared in 1843 and is still with us today as
a pillar of Christmas stage performances. A keen
observer of Victorian society, Dickens' writings present
significant difficulties of life in many of his characters. With the
Christmas Carol, he wrote of English social strata and the plight of
poor children, while juxtaposing the nefarious, sometimes comedic
aspects of greed, money, and human nature. He does it with strong desires
encompassing undertones of joy, caring, optimism, and empathy.

My composition, "A Christmas Carol," is a 21<sup>st</sup> century guitar music setting of Dickens' heartfelt chronicle from the 19<sup>th</sup> century. The idea for this project was initially suggested and inspired by the fine young Polish guitarist, my friend Aleksandra Sapok. She is the dedicatee of this piece. Aleksandra first wrote me about this in January of 2022 asking if I thought it was a good idea. She said in Poland it is called "A Christmas Story." I wrote back to Aleksandra, told her I liked her idea and so here it is, with Christmas melodies woven into a more modern compositional context.

My vision is that the movements of this composition may be performed by guitarists in total, or as individual pieces. Additional possibilities are that movements could be played and shared by more than one guitarist, even two or three with or without narration. The narration is an option to accompany the music and may be performed with one narrator or shared with more than one narrator to emphasize the various voices of Dicken's characters in the story.

Dickens scholar, Alana Cash, has kindly written her contemporary view of "A Christmas Carol." Her commentary follows on the next page.

This composition is now free to stroll into the businesses, streets, and Christmas decorations in the parks of London and perhaps other places around the world. It would be nice for everyone to smile with spirits of goodwill. We wish you a Merry Christmas with your family and friends along with a hope for our world to someday be at peace.

Lou V. Johnson 11/9/2023



#### A CHRISTMAS CAROL NOTES BY ALANA CASH

very year in December various TV channels and streaming channels air modern and classic movie versions as well as cartoons of "A Christmas Carol," Charles Dickens' classic story of redemption. The three I watch are the feature films made in 1938, 1951, and 1984.

The story is about Ebenezer Scrooge, a crotchety, stingy old man, who meets four ghosts in one night — beginning with the ghost of his old partner Jacob Marley who warns Scrooge that his extreme miserliness will lead him to an eternity of wretched unhappiness. Marley then predicts for Scrooge the coming of the Ghosts of Christmas Past, Present, and Future.

Scrooge is awakened by the Ghost of Christmas Past and transported to his boarding school where he was spending the holidays alone until his sister, Fanny shows up to take him home forever. Scrooge's sister is deceased and he seems filled with longing to see her. Scrooge also sees his fiancé Belle who breaks off with him because he seems so preoccupied with money. Scrooge's first employer, Fezziwig, a happy businessman, reminds Scrooge of what it was like to enjoy your work day. Dickens is letting us know with these representations that Scrooge had opportunities for love and happiness and lost them in favor of building a business. And Scrooge seems to feel a longing, not for those days because being alone at a boarding school would not have been fun, not for the people, not for his sister and not for his fiance.

When that visit ends, Scrooge huffs it off as a dream.

The Ghost of Christmas Present shows Scrooge how his nephew, Fanny's son Fred, and their friends are enjoying Christmas. And, how Bob Cratchit and his family, with limited money, celebrate with the whole family present. They are having a good time in the company of people and family. Scrooge gets it and does not seem offended that his nephew's wife and friends mock him He is concerned with the illness of Bob Cratchit's son, Tiny Tim. It is pleasant, but not life-altering.

Scrooge does not have time to digest this dream, as the creepy, silent Ghost of Christmas Future is upon him almost immediately. This ghost shows Scrooge his own grave and headstone. Scrooge is terrified. He figured Marley might die, but Scrooge was immortal. To Scrooge, death is the ultimate failure of punishment and loneliness.

Scrooge wakes up and changes his ways. He buys a big turkey for the Cratchit family and attends Christmas dinner at his nephew's house. The next day, he gives Cratchit a raise and takes care of the surgery to fix Tiny Tim's health problem, whatever that is. He thereafter celebrates Christmas as well as anyone.

I love the story. I do. I love to believe that somehow I might change overnight, that my life would open up somehow. That instead of being speculative about people, I would just be generous and supportive. I would give up anxiety over what is going to happen next and throw money around everywhere. I would sing more. Dance in the yard. Kiss my chickens.

Psychologists will tell you of patients that have sunk into depression and anxiety, or whatever, then a big accident or the sudden loss of a job or home or lover, will turn them in a new direction and a new life. They throw off the old grooves of thought and see hope.

Medical professionals report terminal cases in which a patient doomed to the grave decides to have a last glorious vacation or fling and they get spontaneously healed. Suddenly freed from old cares, resentments, family problems, they lift out of the medical death sentence and LIVE.

I love those stories as much as I love "A Christmas Carol." Now that the word "love," let alone the feeling of it, has become an embarrassment and friendships are so many text messages, now, in the face of constant negative news stories, government corruption and manipulation, and the general societal atmosphere of fear which makes me feel like I am being pressed to death with heavy stones, I need those stories.



BY LOUIS VALENTINE JOHNSON, ASCAP

Guide for Narrator(s)



Be familiar with this "chime" sound, indicated by the asterisk, the chime signals the Narrator to begin reading the next section of text.

> # Greetings!

Welcome! An excellent good (day, afternoon, or evening) to each of you! Thank you for your presence!

### PART 1

Introduction

Our guitarist performs the Christmas variations composition.



We all have (except for Scrooge)
happy, loving, and innocent thoughts of Christmas.
Unfortunately, we sense a foreboding and deeply troubled past, present, and future for Scrooge.



# \* Prologue B

Lulajze Jezuniu (Hush little Jesus)

Jesus, little pearl, You are our favourite delight.

Hush little Jesus, hush, hush...

Lovely mother, please solace his tears.

Let his little eyelids close, he is tired from weeping. Send solace to his little lips. They are so faint from sobbing. Hush, our beautiful Angel.



We awake, and look out through frosted windows to a grey, foggy London Day.

The wind is blowing strongly against Scrooge.

It brings the clouds right into his room.

He takes a deep breath. It is cold.



\* Prologue D

The English are joyously celebrating all over in the streets of London. Then Scrooge appears.

The festive mood and everything else changes to... well, you know.



Family or money and business?
Which should it be? Think about that.

Scrooge's conscience tries to talk to him with a meditative dream of money in an attempt to control his obsession.

Scrooge sees his young former self by candlelight and he is even more agitated about money.

Then Scrooge dreams about more money again.

Scrooge ponders.

Has Scrooge learned anything?

Has he any potential to correct himself, to care?

Is there any hope that he can be an empathetic, caring person?

Will he ever be able to find some warmth, some sympathy

from somewhere to soften his hard heart?

Or will Scrooge remain as cold and hard as a pound, a pence,

or a tiny coin of farthing?



# Stave One

### Marley's Funeral – the first Spirit

Dead as a doornail.

Marley's Ghost speaks.

A clock chimes for Scrooge and four ghosts.

An icicle must have gotten in the works!

All sober folks have gone to bed.

The Ghost of Christmas Past.

Nephew Fred sings through the keyhole.

Scrooge hears God Bless Ye Merry Gentlemen,

Let nothing you dismay!

Humbug!

Stop it Fred!

He is disgusted by the wonderful song,

Scrooge has only one love in addition to money and that is Belle. But he has lost Belle's love because of money.

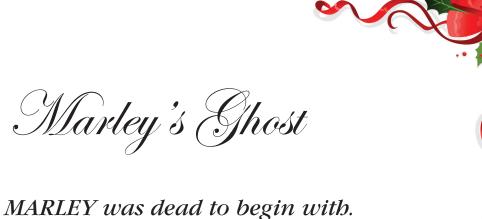
but he cannot get it to stop.

Will Belle ever return to Scrooge?

NO! Belle has left you!

Scrooge now sits all alone as a tight-fisted sinner.

Narration continues...



MARLEY was dead to begin with.

There is no doubt whatsoever about that.

The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it: and Scrooge's name was good upon anything to which he chose to put his band.

Old Marley was dead as a door-nail.

Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a door-nail.

I might have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery in the trade.

But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the Country is done. You will therefore permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a door-nail. Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise?



### Marley's Funeral – the first Spirit.

The bell of the clock rings.

Are you the ghost of Christmas long past, asks Scrooge?

NO! I am the ghost of your Past! answers the Spirit.

Narration continues...

# The First of Three Spirit

When Scrooge awoke, it was so dark, that looking out of bed, be could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the opaque walls of his chamber. He was endeavoring to pierce the darkness with his ferret eyes, when the chimes of a neighboring church struck the four quarters. So be listened for the bour.

To his great astonishment the heavy bell went on from six to seven and from seven to eight, and regularly up to twelve; then stopped. Twelve! It was past two when he went to bed. The clock was wrong. An icicle must have got into the works. Twelve!

He touched the spring of his repeater, to correct this most preposterous clock. Its rapid little pulse beat twelve; and stopped.

Why, it isn't possible, said Scrooge, that I can have slept through a whole day and far into another night! It isn't possible that anything has happened to the sun, and this is twelve at noon!

The idea being an alarming one, he scrambled out of bed, and groped his way to the window. He was obliged to rub the frost off with the sleeve of his dressing-gown before he could see anything; and could see very little then. All he could make out was, that it was still very foggy and extremely cold, and that there was no noise of people running to and fro, and making a great stir, as there unquestionably would have been if night had beaten off bright day and taken possession of the world. This was a great relief, because three days after sight of this First of Exchange pay to Mr. Ebenezer Scrooge or his order, and so forth, would have become a mere United States' matter of security if there were no days to count by.

Scrooge went to bed again, and thought and thought, and thought it over and over, and could make nothing of it. The more be thought, the more perplexed be was; and the more be endeavored not to think, the more be thought.

Marley's Ghost bothered him exceedingly Every time he resolved within himself, after mature inquiry, that it was all a dream, his mind flew back again, like a strong spring released, to its first position and presented the same problem to be worked all through, was it a dream or not?



### The Ghost of Christmas Present

Touch my robe, if you can! said this ghost,
Try to think of generosity and good will as you
struggle with and face your fear of death.

Narration continues...

# The Second of Three Spirits

Awaking in the middle of a prodigiously tough snore, and sitting up in bed to get his thoughts together, Scrooge had no occasion to be told that the bell was again upon the stroke of One. He felt that he was restored to consciousness in the right nick of time, for the especial purpose of holding a conference with the second messenger dispatched to him through Jacob Marley's intervention. But, finding that he turned uncomfortably cold when he began to wonder which of his curtains this new spectre would draw back, he put them aside with his hands; and, lying down again, established a sharp look-out all round the bed. For he wished to challenge the Spirit on the moment of its appearance, and did not wish to be taken by surprise and made nervous.

Gentlemen of the free-and-easy sort, who plume themselves on being acquainted with a move or two, and being usually equal to the time-of-day, express the wide range of their capacity for adventure by observing that they are good for anything from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter; between which opposite extremes, no doubt, there lies a tolerable wide and comprehensive range of subjects. I don't mind calling on you to believe that he was ready for a good broad field of strange appearances, and that nothing between a baby and a rhinoceros would have astonished him very much.

And now ladies, children, gentlemen, and ghosts, we shall take some moments of pause to consider. Our guitarist plays transition bars of music.

# Intermission



### PART 2

Our guitarist repeats transition bars after intermission.

\*

Stave Four

#### The Ghost of Christmas

A poor man's child is always at a spiritual and financial disadvantage. Nevertheless, and in spite of this, Scrooge still seems to find no warmth in his cold soul.

His nature is painfully conflicted.

The ghosts meet, and there is much discussion, mostly about the empty heart of Scrooge.

The Cratchits, Old Fezziwig and many children enter the room.

Tiny Tim will die. No, he will not die!

Mrs. Cratchit says he will live and drinks a toast to his health. Repent, repent, repent for your calamities, Scrooge!

Old Fezziwig looks up at the clock.

He decides there will be a celebratory party in honor of goodwill! Fezziwig's Ball begins.

At this point, every child begins to conduct themselves and act as if each one of them were 40 more children!

Suddenly there is a large occurrence of giant happy calamity! We see a big party beginning as every person is overjoyed while exuding positivity and Christmas love.

Narration continues...

## The Last of the Spirits

The Phantom slowly, gravely, approached in silence. When it came near him, Scrooge bent down upon his knee, for in the very air through which this Spirit moved it seemed to scatter gloom and mystery.

It was shrouded in a deep black garment, which concealed its bead, its face, and its form. There was nothing of it visible save for one outstretched hand. But for this it would have been difficult to detach its figure from the night, and separate it from the darkness by which it was surrounded.

He felt that it was tall and stately when it came beside him, and that its mysterious presence filled him with a solemn dread. The Spirit neither spoke nor moved.

I am in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come?' said Scrooge. The Spirit answered not, but pointed onward with its hand.

The Phantom moved away just as it had come toward him. Scrooge followed in the shadow of its dress, which bore him up, he thought, and carried him along.

The Spirit stopped beside one little knot of business men. Observing that the hand was pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their talk.

No, said a great fat man with a monstrous chin. I don't know much about it either way, I only know he is dead.

When did be die? inquired another.

Last night, I believe.

Why, what was the matter with him? asked a third (taking a vast quantity of snuff out of a very large snuff-box). I thought he'd never die.

God knows, said the first, with a yawn.

What has he done with all his money? asked a red-faced gentleman, with a pendulous excrescence on the end of his nose, that shook like the gills of a turkey-cock.

I haven't heard, said the man with the large chin, yawning again. Left it to his company, perhaps. He hasn't left it to me. That's all I know.

This pleasantry was received with a general laugh.

It's likely to be a very cheap funeral, said the same speaker; for upon my life I don't know of anybody to go to it. Suppose we make up a party and volunteer?

I don't mind going if a lunch is provided, observed the gentleman with the excrescence on his nose. But I must be fed, if I am to attend. Another laugh.

The Phantom glided on into a street. Its finger pointed to two persons meeting. Scrooge listened again, thinking the explanation might lie here.

Good Spirit, be pursued, as down upon the ground be fell before it: your nature intercedes for me, and pities me. Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me, by an altered life!

The kind hand trembled. Scrooge continued.

I will bonor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The spirits of all three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!

In his agony, he caught the spectral hand. It sought to free itself, but he was strong in his entreaty, and detained it. The Spirit, stronger yet, repulsed him.

Scrooge bolding up his bands in a last prayer to have his fate reversed, saw an alteration in the phantom's bood and dress. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bedpost.



Stave Five

#### THE END OF IT!

Scrooge changes his ways and buys a turkey!

Scrooge pays for Tiny Tim's surgery!

Scrooge celebrates Christmas!

Scrooge gives Cratchit a raise! Everyone is exuberant!

#### Narration continues...

Yes! and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the Time before him was his own to make amends in!

I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future! Scrooge repeated, as he scrambled out of bed. The spirits of all three shall strive within me. Oh Jacob Marley! Heaven, and the Christmas time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, old Jacob; on my knees!

He was so fluttered and so glowing with his good intentions, that his broken voice could scarcely answer to his call. He had been sobbing violently in his conflict with the Spirit, and his face was wet with tears.



### Charles Dickens bids us Goodbye

Peace, love, and caring glow from within Scrooge to fill the room as warm sunshine at last!

From these garish lights, I vanish forevermore; with one heart-felt, grateful, respectful and affectionate farewell, and so Charles Dickens departs.

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little beeded them; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe, for good, at which some people did not have their fill of laughter in the outset; and knowing that such as these would be blind anyway, he thought it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins.

His own heart laughed; and that was quite enough for him.

He had no farther intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterward; and it was always said of him that be knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge.

Fine! Peace at last!

May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One!



## Christmas Carol (after Dickens)

for Solo Guitar - with option of Narrator(s)\* for Aleksandra Sapok

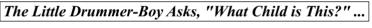
Part 1-Introduction

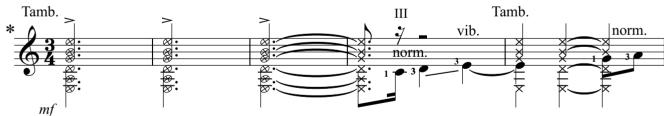
\* to be played after Narrator states:

"Welcome! An excellent good (day, afternoon, evening) to each of you! Thank you for your presence! ... "

Welcome ... At Performer's Pleasure

comp. by Louis Valentine Johnson, ASCAP









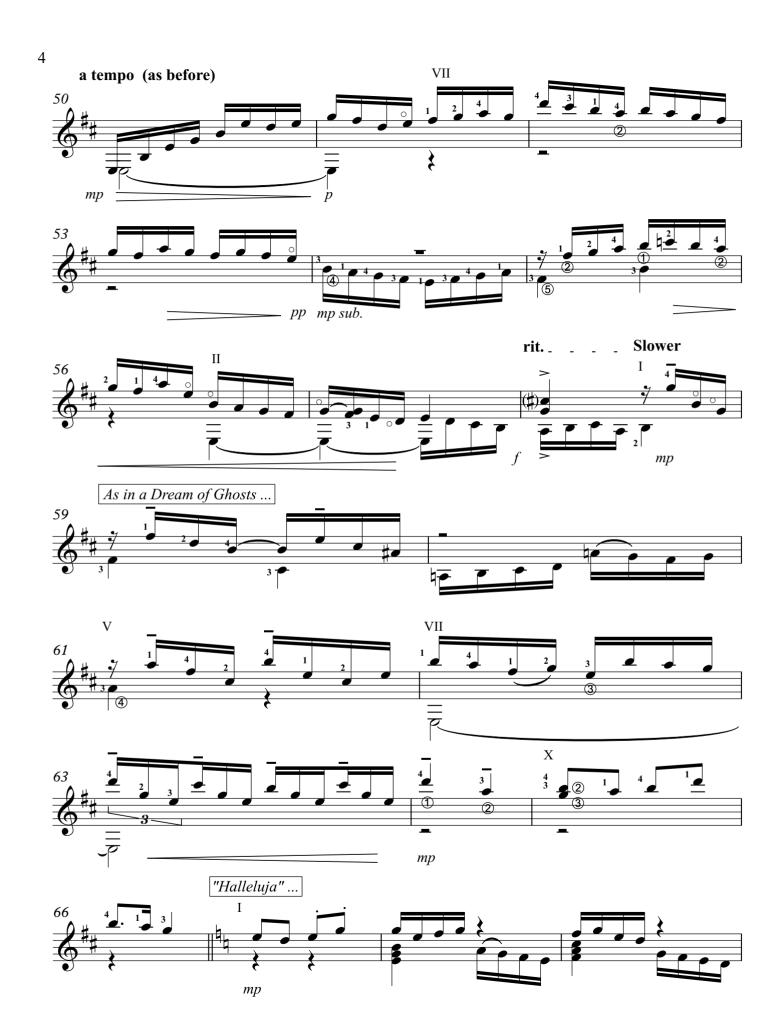
\* NAR- = Narrator cues

© 2023 Louis Valentine Johnson, ASCAP



## Prologue A

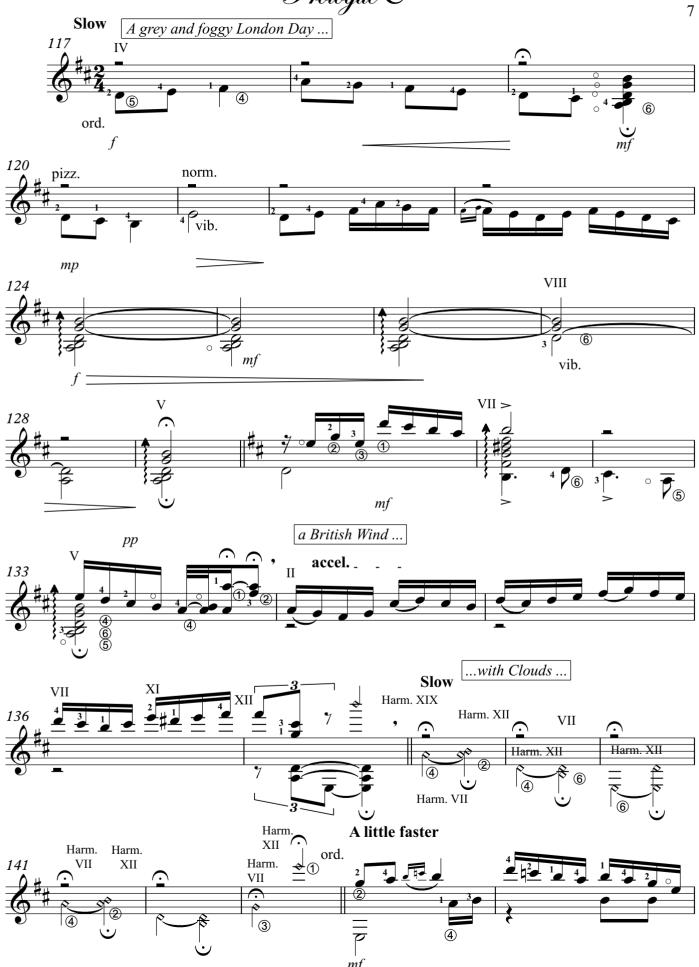








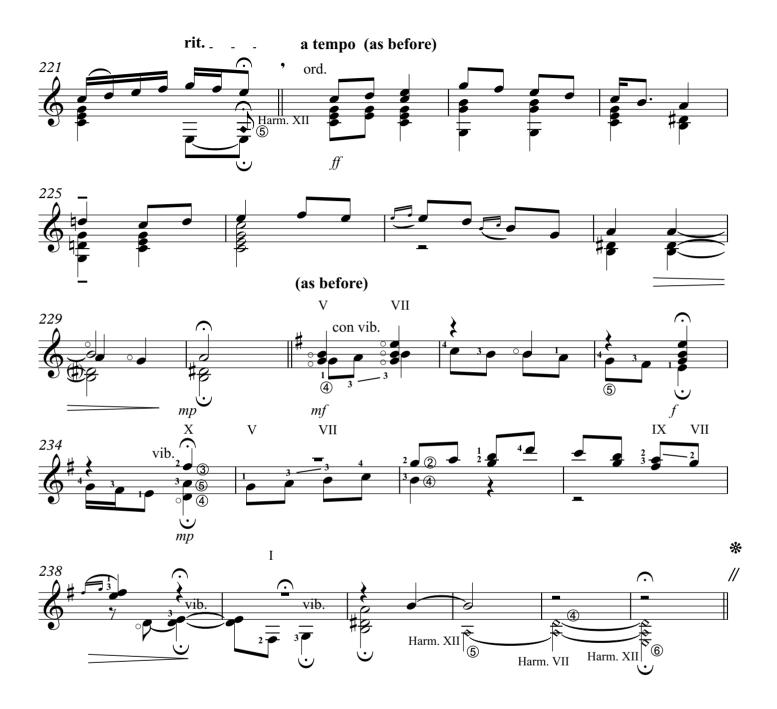




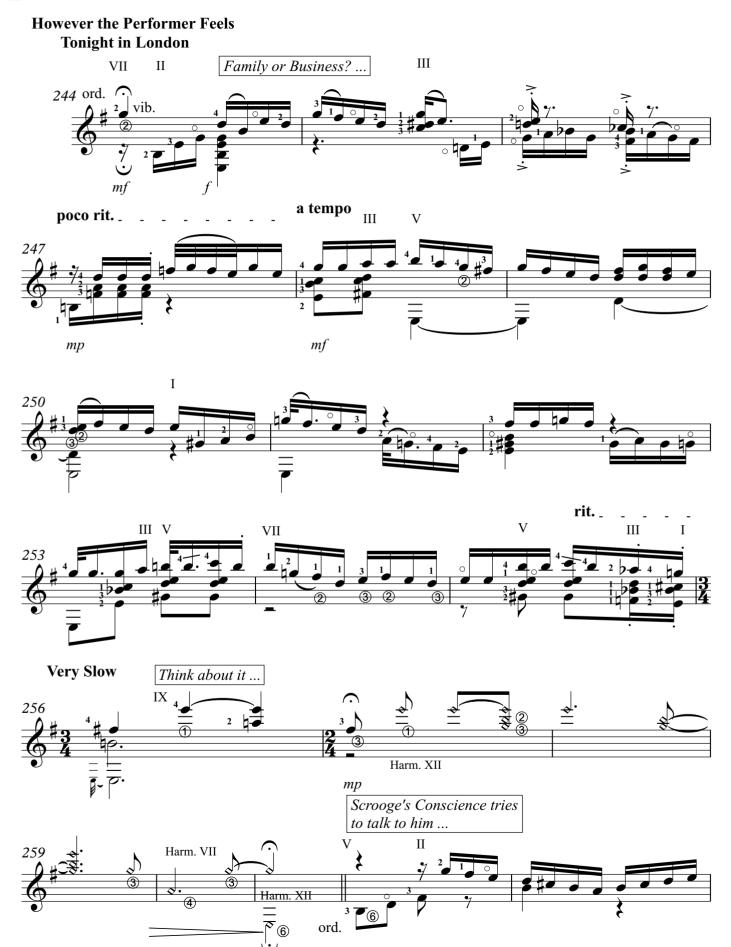


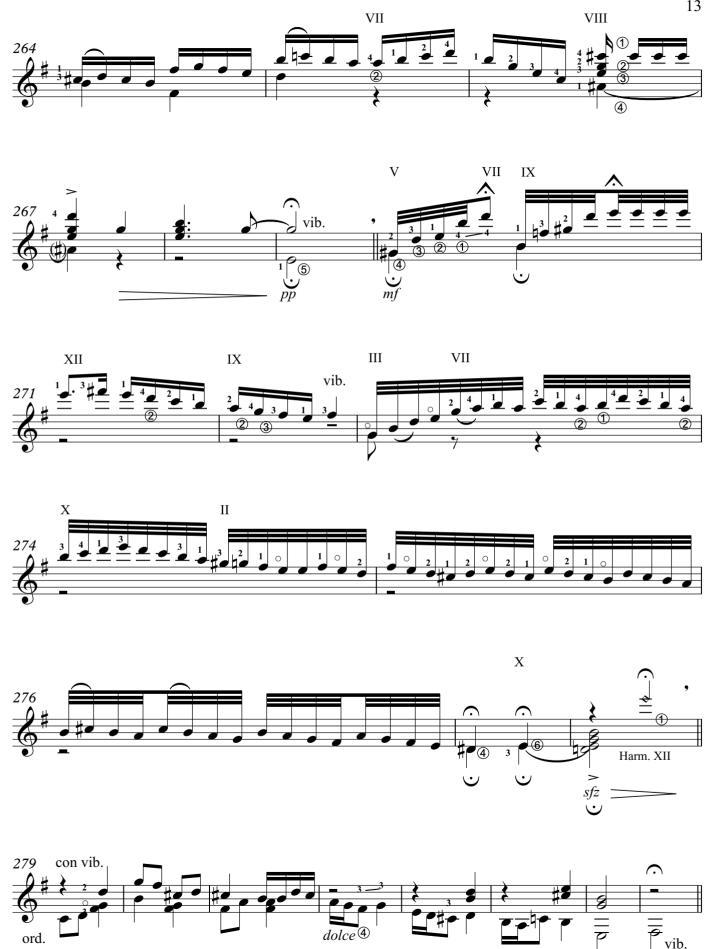


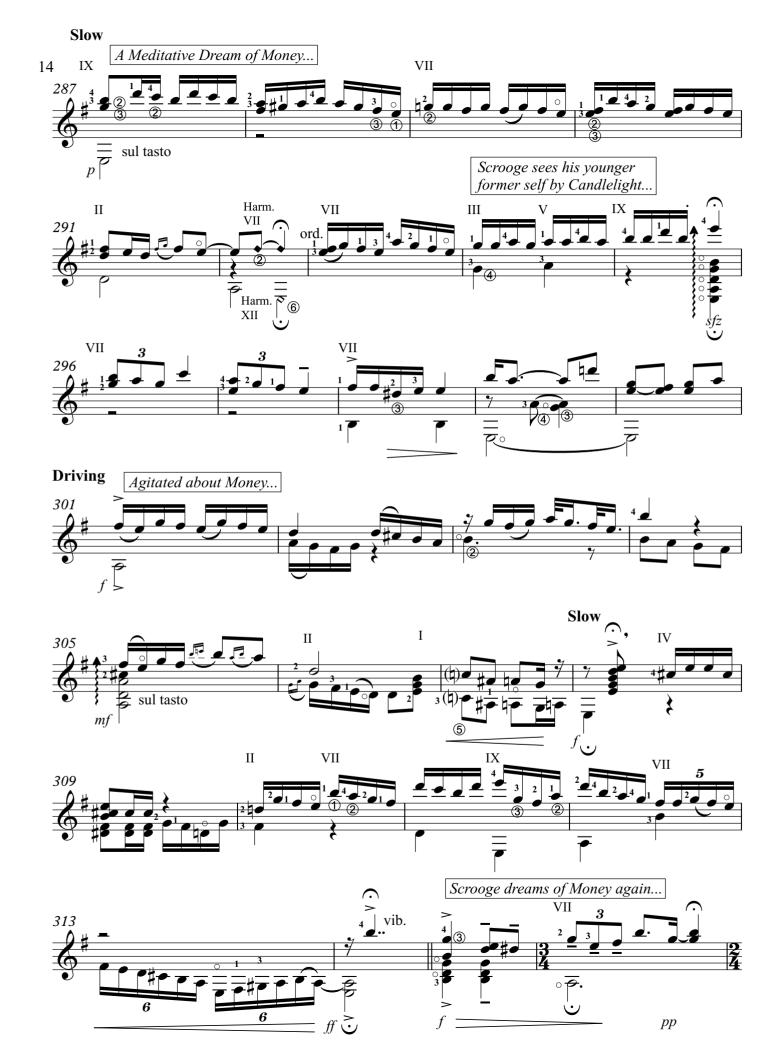


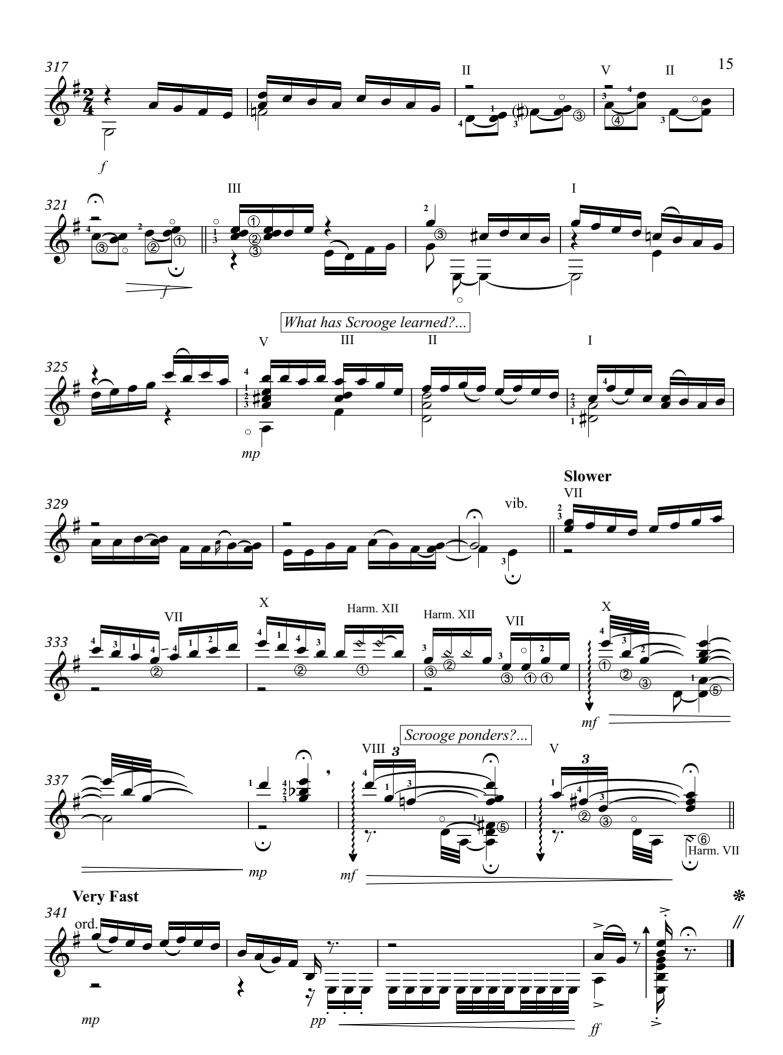


### Prelude







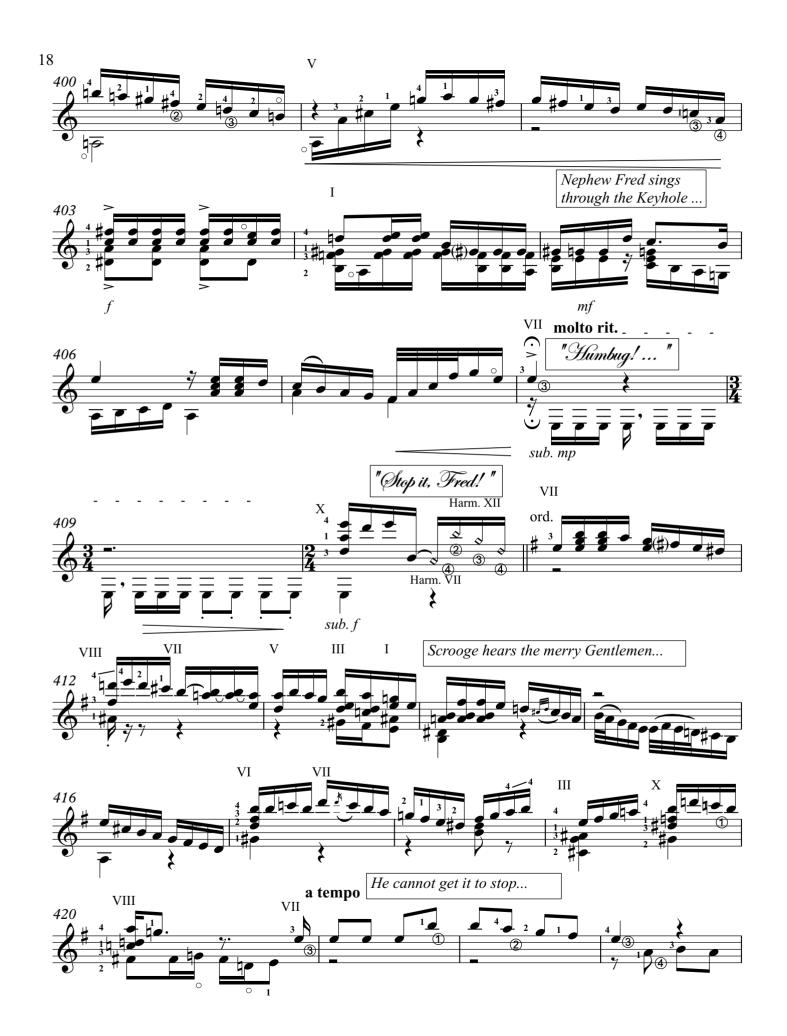


# Stave One -

### Marley's Funeral - the first Spirit ...

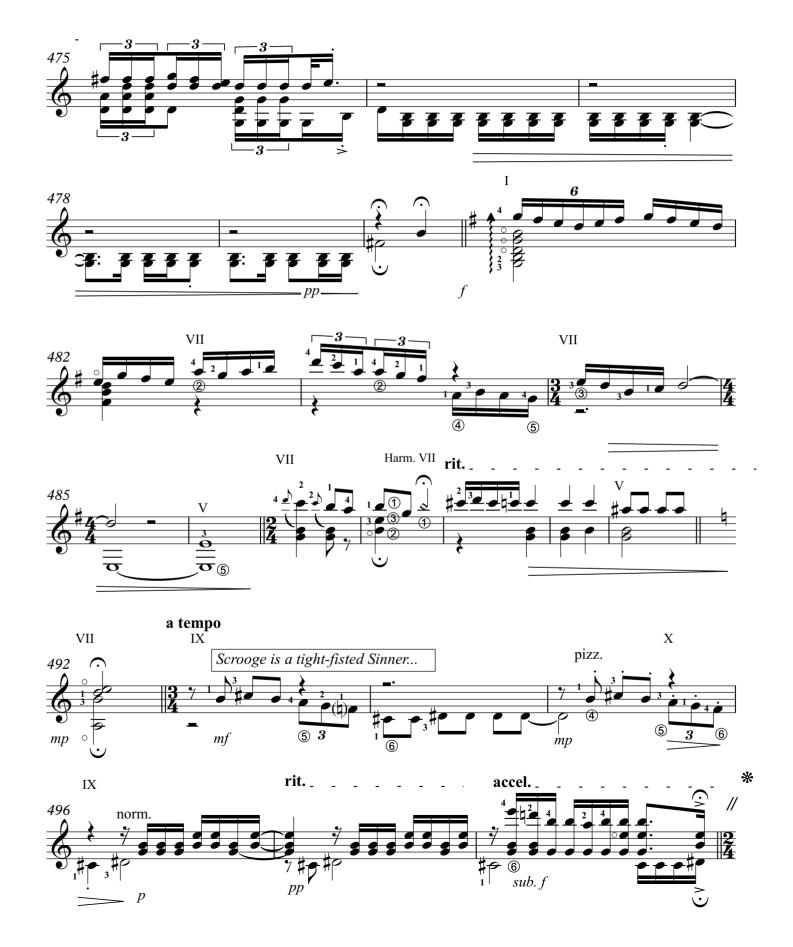






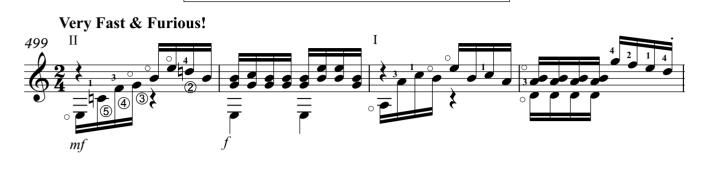




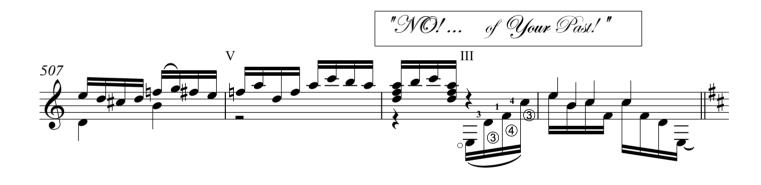


# Stave Two -

### "Are You the Ghost of Christmas long-past? ..."





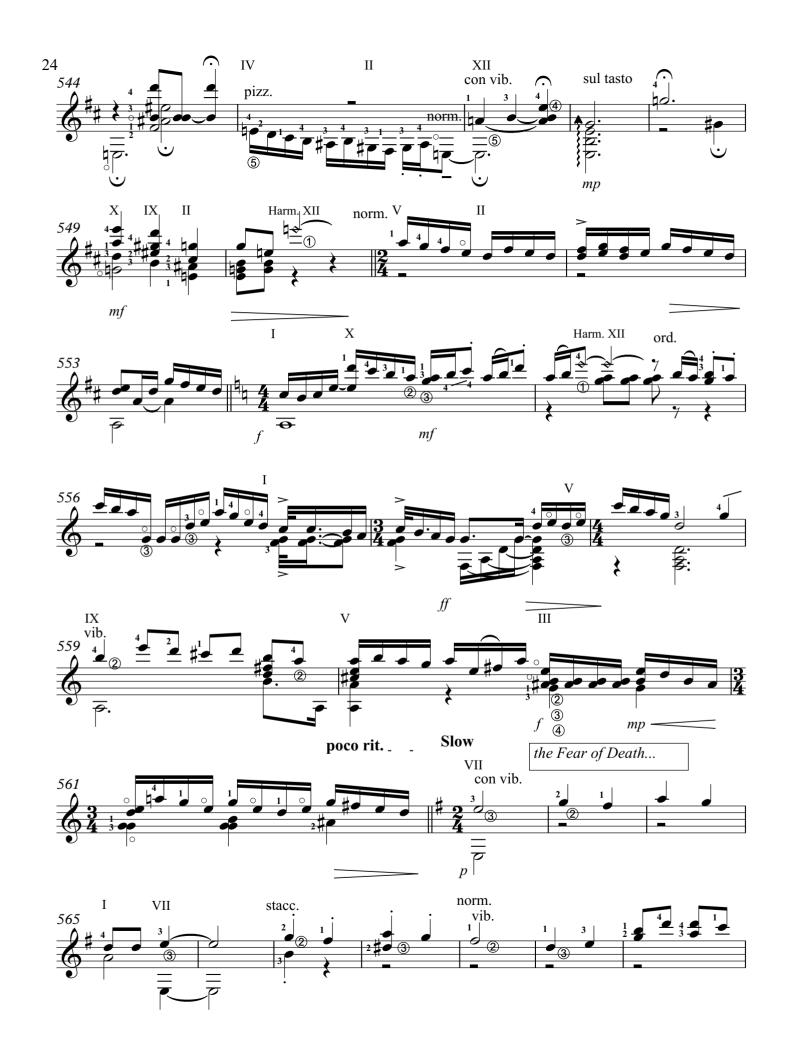


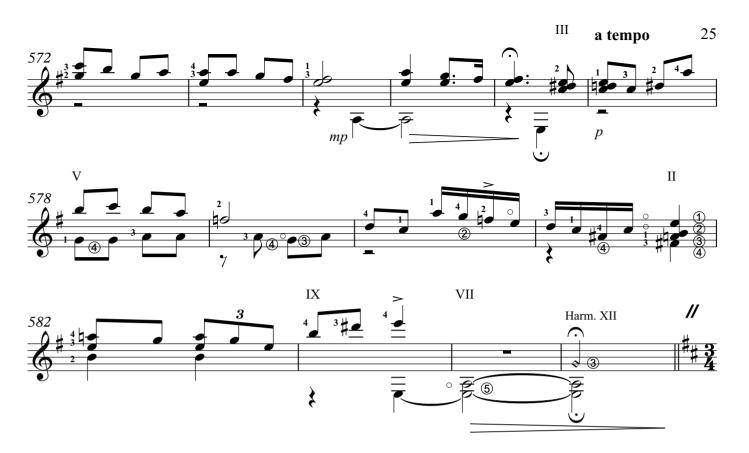


The Bells of the Clock ring ...

(attacca)



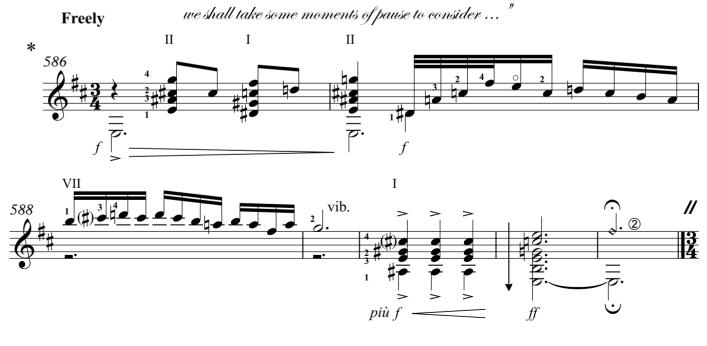




### Transition One

# \* to be played after Narrator states:

\*NAR- "Ind now ladies, children, gentlemen, and ghosts,

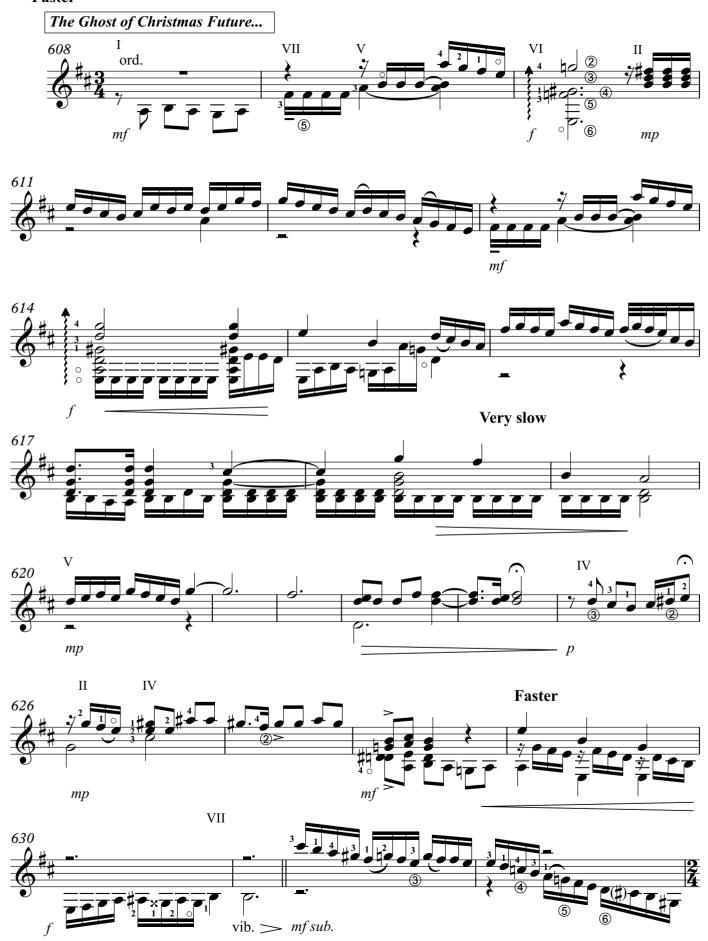


# Part 2-

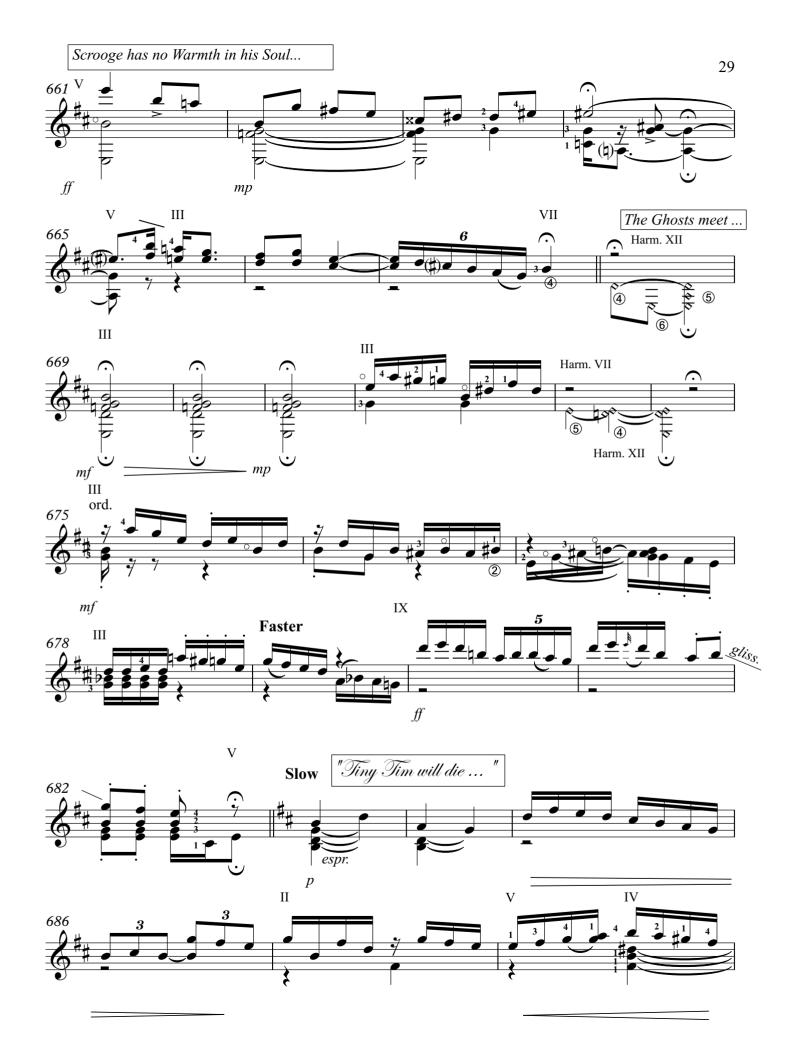
# Transition Two

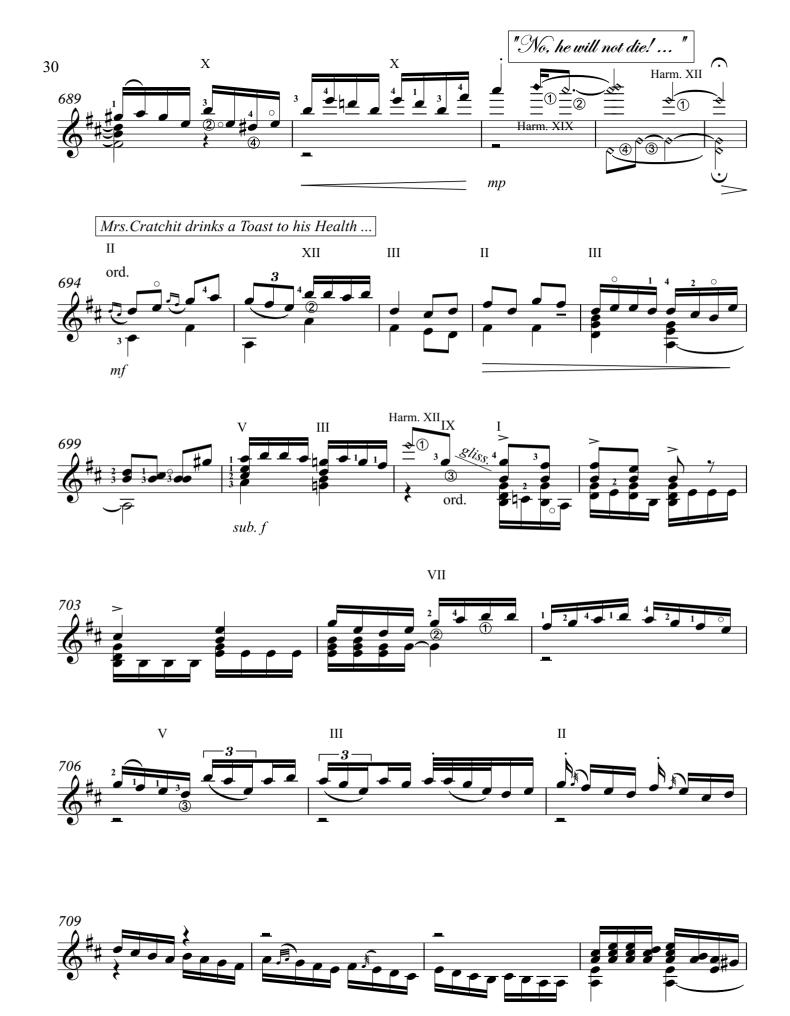


### Faster



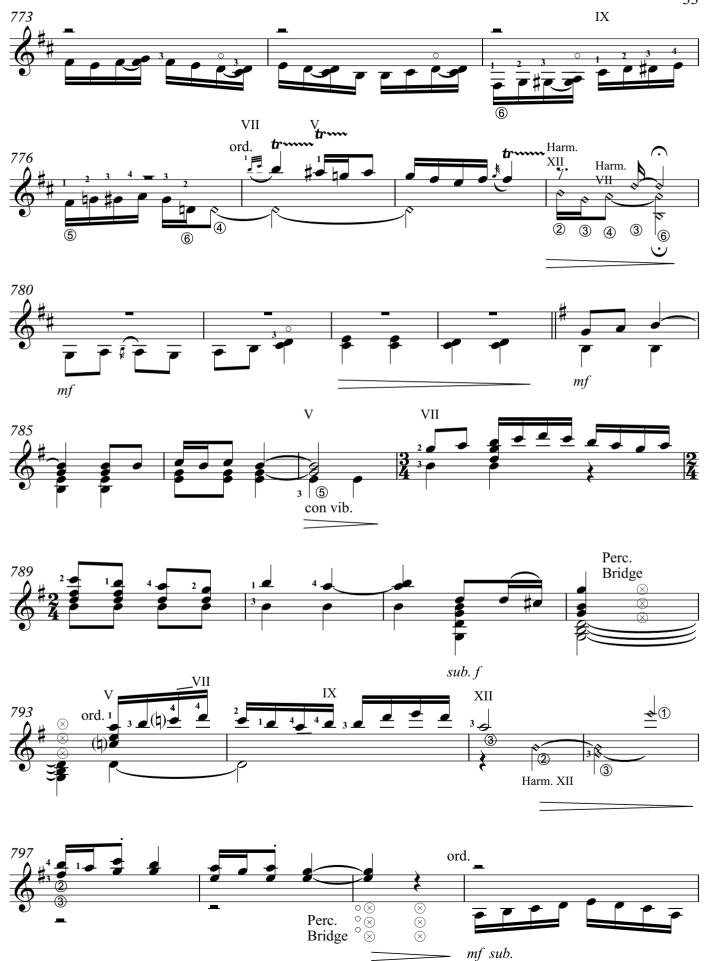


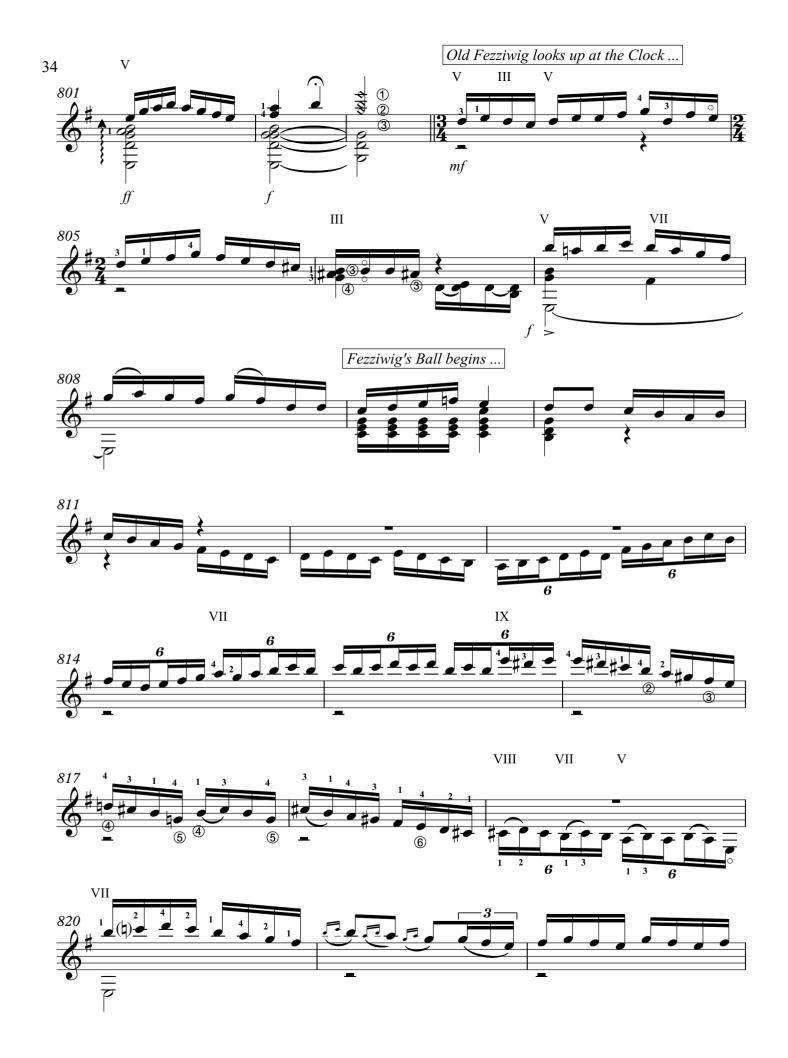




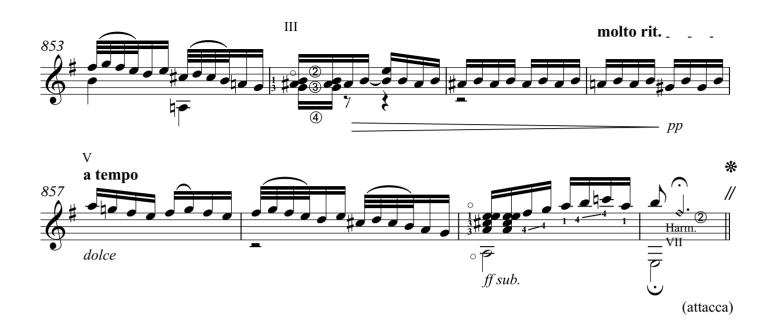






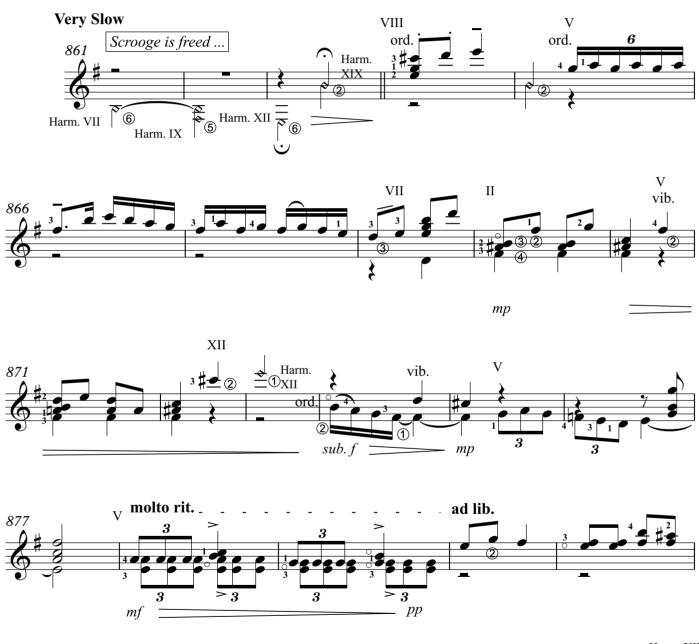






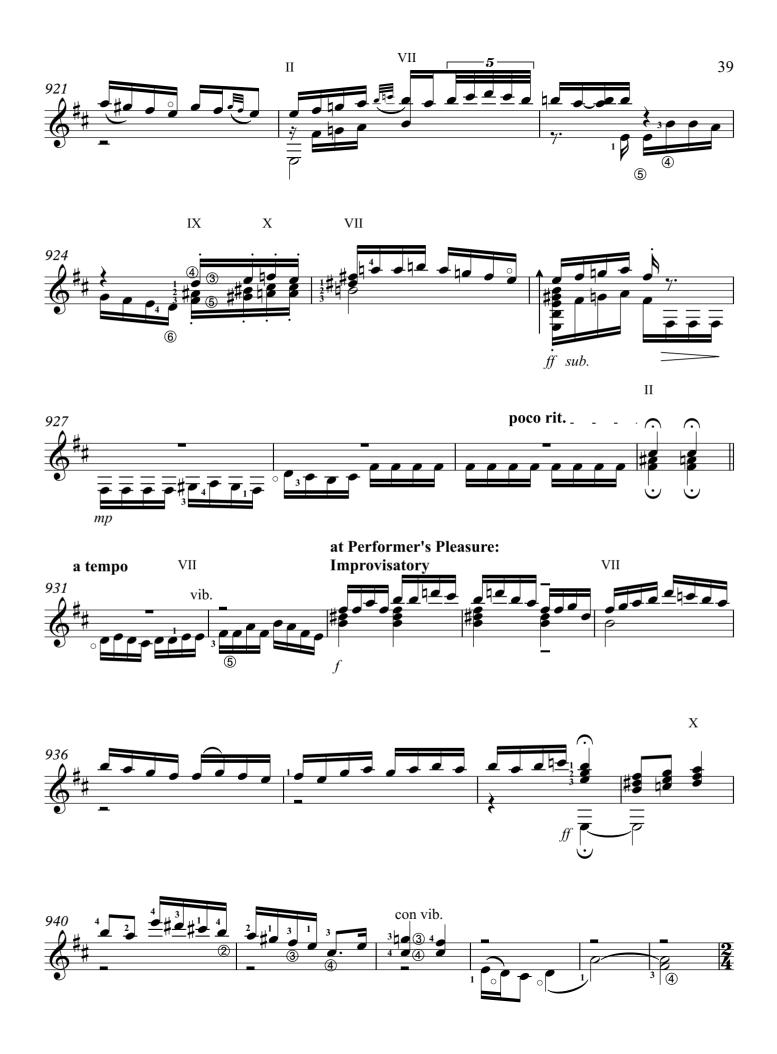
# Stave Five -

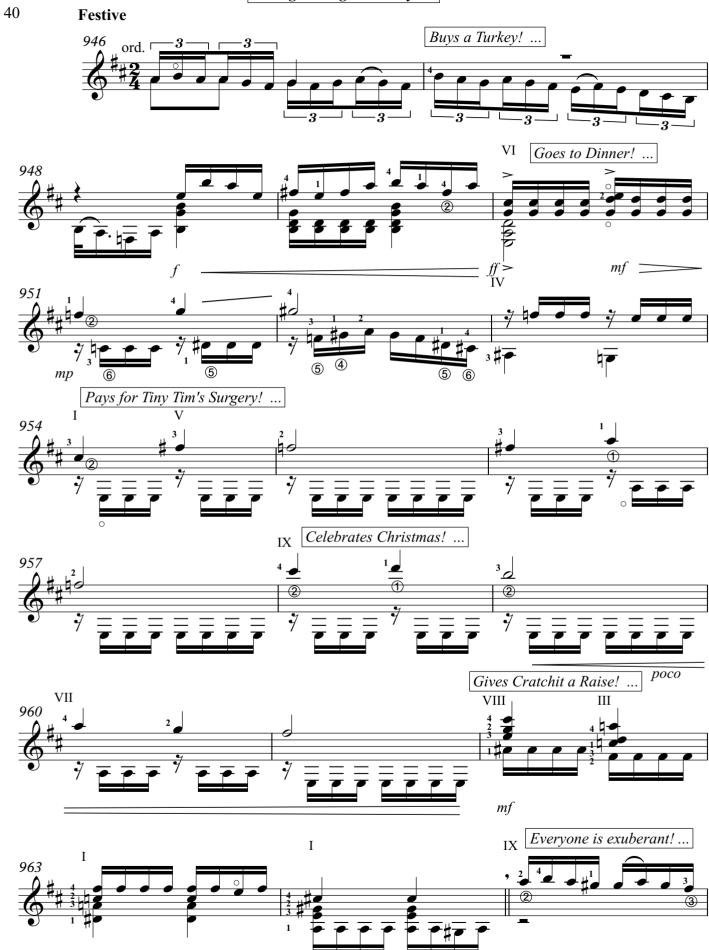
### the End of it! ...











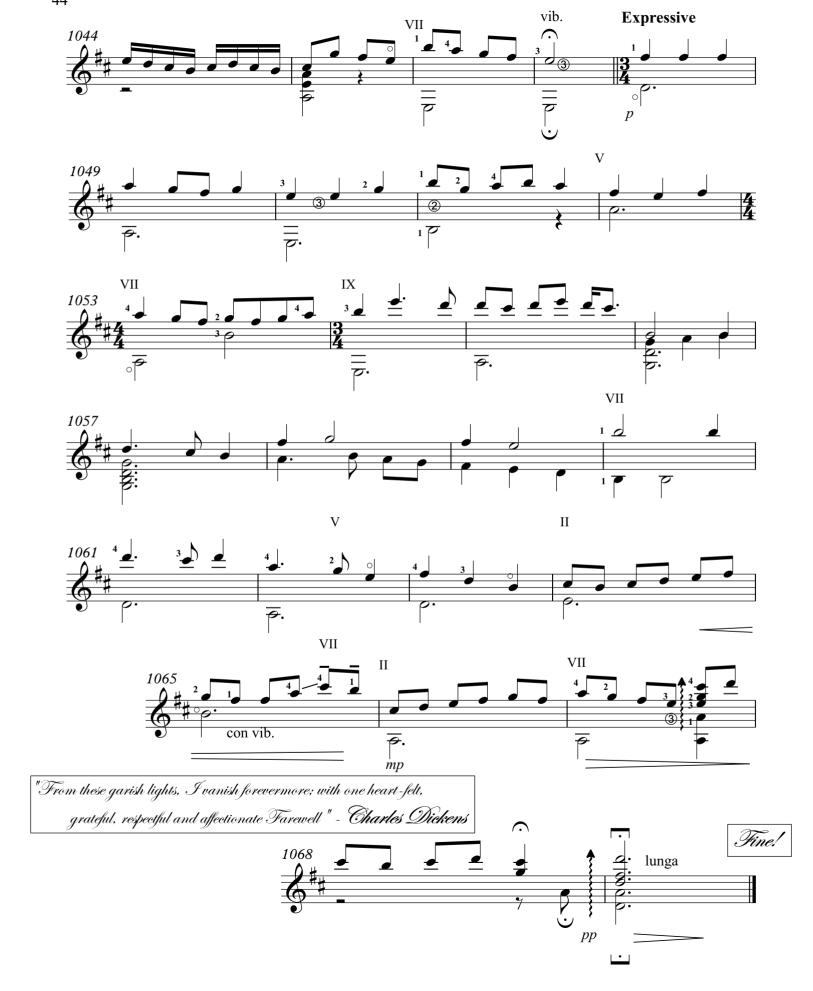




# Epilogue -

### Charles Dickens bids us Goodbye ...





# Alternate Epilogue -

### Charles Dickens bids us Goodbye ...





## LOUIS VALENTINE JOHNSON COMPOSITIONS

#### FOR SOLO GUITAR

Walking the Yuba River Remembrance White Bird Pass (A Message To Mama) Two Boys1 To the Poets

**Snake River Sunset** Wapello Morning

> A Winter Day Saigon - 1965

One

The Journey

Ragdoll

Lament at Fort Hall September Eleventh<sup>1</sup>

Reflections 9113

Twenty One Years<sup>2</sup>

Monkey Mind

Valentine Waltz<sup>2</sup>

Goodbye To Mexico

Pandemic Phantasma<sup>1</sup>

The Devil's Path

A Christmas Carol (after Dickens)

The Nature of Things (after Epicurus)

Arrangements also available for <sup>1</sup>Guitar Duo, <sup>2</sup>Guitar/Cello, <sup>3</sup>Guitar/Violin/Cello Guitar/Viola, Guitar/Violin/Cello

#### TRES PENSAMIENTOS LATINOS

Snowfall in El Escorial Lullaby of Love Malagueña California

Arrangements also available for Guitar Duo, Guitar/Cello, Guitar/Viola, Guitar, String Quartet, Percussion and Castanets

#### THREE PASTORALES

A Soldier in Paradise Dark Honey The Ferris Wheel

Arrangements also available for Guitar/Cello, Guitar/Trombone

#### TWO HAIKUS

If Only Water Wind & Stone Arrangements also available for Guitar/Violin

#### FOR SOLO GUITAR

#### THE PEACE CONCERTO

**Portraits** Song of Peace The Question

Arrangements also available for

Guitar Duo, Guitar/Violin, Guitar/Flute, Guitar/String Quartet, Guitar/String Orchestra, Guitar/Viola, Guitar/Cello, Guitar/Piano

#### **SOLSTICE**

Summer Shadows from the North Winter

#### TWELVE MOMENTS

from the Peace Concerto

Valiantly Running with Fire Sad the Death

Song of Peace

A Boy's Tears Play the Guitar

I Am Here

A Photograph of Love

A Little Boy Runs

The Journey Begins

Thoughts of the Dark Fire

Happy with Mama and Daddy

Without My Daddy Always in My Heart

#### Arrangements also available for

Guitar Duo, Guitar/String Ouartet. Guitar/Violin, Guitar/Viola, Guitar/Cello, Guitar/Piano, Guitar/Flute, Guitar/Clarinet, Guitar/Trombone

#### FOR THE CHILDREN

Heidi's Song Children Dancing The First Night Graduation

Arrangements also available for

Guitar/Viola, Guitar/Clarinet, Guitar/String Quartet, Guitar/String Orchestra

### FOR GUITAR AND **HARPSICHORD**

#### THREE MEMORIES

Allegro Appassionato

Andante Espressivo

Ш

Allegro

#### ARRANGEMENTS

La Hora Azul (Elorriaga)

A Day in the Country (Mexican Trad.)

Plegaria - (Gomez)

Mazurka - (Fortea)

Evocacion - (Merlin)

Romanza - (Anon.)

Mi Noche Triste

(Castriota)

Moderato - (F. Sor)

Estudio/Lagrima<sup>1</sup>

(Tarrega)

Song of the Birds1 (Casals)

Minuets I & II

Gavottes I & II (J.S. Bach)

Allegretto in B Minor, Opus 35 - Number 22<sup>2,3,4</sup> (Fernando Sor)

Toccata, Evocation, and Fandango 1,3,5,6 (Mark A. Radice)

J.S. Bach Prelude BWV1007

La Folia de Espana<sup>1</sup> (Arcangelo Corelli)

Jácaras<sup>1</sup>

(Antonio de Santa Cruz)

Fantasia X1 (Alonso Mudarra)

#### Arrangements also available for

<sup>1</sup>Solo Guitar, <sup>2</sup>Guitar/Cello, <sup>3</sup>Guitar/String Quartet, <sup>4</sup>Guitar/Viola, <sup>5</sup>Guitar/Piano, <sup>6</sup>Guitar/String Orchestra



### LouisValentineJohnson.com