

CAROL OF THE FIELD MICE

To the Choir at 'The Creek'

Poem by Kenneth Grahame
© Donald Patriquin (SOCAN)

Joyfully ♩ = 78 **All S** *mf*

S 1. Vil - la - gers all, this frost - y tide,

mp *f* *mf*

7 **S2 only** *smp* **All S&A1** *mf*

S Let your door swing o - penwide; Though wind may fol - low, and snow beside, yet draw us in by your

f *mp* *mf*

12 *f* *echo (mp)*

S fire_ to bide; — Joy shall be yours in the morn - ing! Joy shall be yours in the morn - ing!

A *(All)* *f* *echo (mp)*

A fire_ to bide; — Joy shall be yours in the morn - ing! Joy shall be yours in the morn - ing!

echo (mp)

17 (All) *mp* *mf*

2. Here we stand in the cold and the sleet, Blow - ing fin - gers and stamp - ing feet,

2. Here we stand in the cold and the sleet, Blow - ing fin - gers and stamp - ing feet,

21 *mp*

Come from far a-way you— to greet, you by the fire and we in the street

Come from far a-way you— to greet, you by the fire and we in the street

25 *f* *p*

Bid-ding you joy in the morn - ing! Bid-ding you joy in the morn - ing!

Bid-ding you joy in the morn - ing! Bid-ding you joy in the morn - ing!