

Carol of the Field Mice

Kenneth Grahame

To Bill Webster

Donald & Heidi Patriquin

Merrily - 'in one'

f Tutti: 1. *ÈÈ* Vil - la - gers all, this frost - y tide,
Let your door swing o - pen wide, Though
wind may fol - low, and snow be - side, Yet
draw us in by your fire to bide;
SA: Joy shall be yours in the morn - ing!
Tutti: Joy shall be yours in the morn - ing!

(Verse 2 & 3: Sop-melody; parts hum)

f 2. *ÈÈ* Here we stand in the cold and the sleët,
f 3. *ÈÈ* For ere one half of the night was gone,
mf 4. *ÈÈ* Good - man Jo - seph toiled thru the snow,
f 5. *ÈÈ* And then they heard the An - gels tell
Blow - ing fin - gers and stamp - ing feet,
Sud - den a star has led us on,
Saw the star o'er a sta - ble low;
'Who were the first to cry No well?