

Carol of the Field Mice

Kenneth Grahame

For Unaccompanied Mixed Voices

Brian Holmes

Soprano *mp* Vil-lag-ers all, this frost-y tide, *mf* Let your doors— swing

Alto *mp* Vil-lag-ers all,— this frost-y tide, *mf* Let your doors swing

Tenor *mp* Vil-lag-ers all, this frost-y tide, *mf* Let your doors swing

Bass *mp* Vil-lag-ers all, this frost-y tide, *mf* Let your doors— swing

Piano (for rehearsal only) *mp* *mf*

4 *p* *cresc.* o - pen wide, Though wind may fol-low, and snow be-side, Yet draw us in by your

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4 *p* *cresc.*

8

fire to bide, Joy shall be yours, joy shall be yours,

fire to bide, Joy shall be yours, joy shall be yours,

fire to bide, Joy shall be yours, joy shall be

fire to bide, Joy shall be yours, joy shall be

8

mf

11

joy shall be yours in the morn-ing. Joy shall be yours,

joy shall be yours in the morn-ing. Joy shall be

yours, yours in the morn-ing. Joy joy

yours, in the morn-ing. Joy joy

11

f

14

dim. e rit. *mp* //

joy shall be yours, joy shall be yours in the morn - ing.

dim. e rit. *mp* //

yours, joy shall be yours, in the morn - ing.

dim. e rit. *mp* //

joy joy joy in the morn - ing.

dim. e rit. *mp* //

joy joy joy in the morn - ing.

14

dim. e rit. *mp* //

17 *a tempo*

mf *f*

Here we stand in the cold and sleet, Blow-ing fing-ers and stam-ping feet,

mf *f*

Here we stand in the cold and sleet, Blow-ing fing-ers and stam-ping feet,

mf *f*

Here we stand in the cold and sleet, Blow-ing fing-ers and stam-ping feet,

mf *f*

Here we stand in the cold the sleet, Blow-ing fing-ers and stam-ping feet,

17 *a tempo*

mf *f*