

48

The Snow in the Street

Words by WILLIAM MORRIS, 1834-96.

VOICES IN UNISON.

Music by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

Andante con moto. ♩ = about 63.

1 From far a - way we come to you, *The snow in the street and the*
ORGAN. *ORGAN (OR VOICES IN HARMONY).*

wind on the door, To tell of great ti - dings strange and true.

Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor: From far a - way we

come to you, To tell of great ti - dings strange..... and true.

I

FROM far away we come to you,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door,
 To tell of great tidings strange and true.

Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor :

*From far away we come to you,
 To tell of great tidings strange and true.*

- 2 For as we wandered far and wide,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door,
 What hap do you deem there should us betide ?
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor :
- 3 Under a bent when the night was deep,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door,
 There lay three shepherds tending their sheep.
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor :
- 4 " O ye shepherds what have ye seen,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door,
 To slay your sorrow and heal your teen ? "
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor :
- 5 " In an ox-stall this night we saw
The snow in the street and the wind on the door,
 A Babe and a Maid without a flaw.
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor :

II

- 6 " There was an old man there beside ;
The snow in the street and the wind on the door,
 His hair was white, and his hood was wide.
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor :
- 7 " And as we gazed this thing upon,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door,
 Those twain knelt down to the little one.
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor :
- 8 " And a marvellous song we straight did hear,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door,
 That slew our sorrow and healed our care."
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor :

III

9. News of a fair and a marvellous thing,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door.
 Nowell, nowell, nowell, we sing !
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor :