A BOOK OF SONGS

VOLUME TWO

BY :: WALTER BRAITHWAITE

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Edited by Michael Vaughan

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Author's Note.

Once again my former pupil Michael Vaughan has acted as my amanuensis and with his patient and conscientious craftsmanship has created a work of art from my untidy manuscripts. To him my most grateful thanks for lifting such a load from my inadequate shoulders.

With the exceptions listed below both words and music are my own work:

The first verse and chorus of "Birthday Song", author unknown.

The first two verses of "Fair daffodils," by Robert Herrick.

The first two verses of "Heaven's Lofty Barns," founded on a few lines given to me by Adam Bittlestone.

"Adam lay y-bounden", author unknown.

"Little One, Lovely One;" the tune was brought to me as homework by a pupil, Julia Blades, and I arranged it for use in a Christmas play.

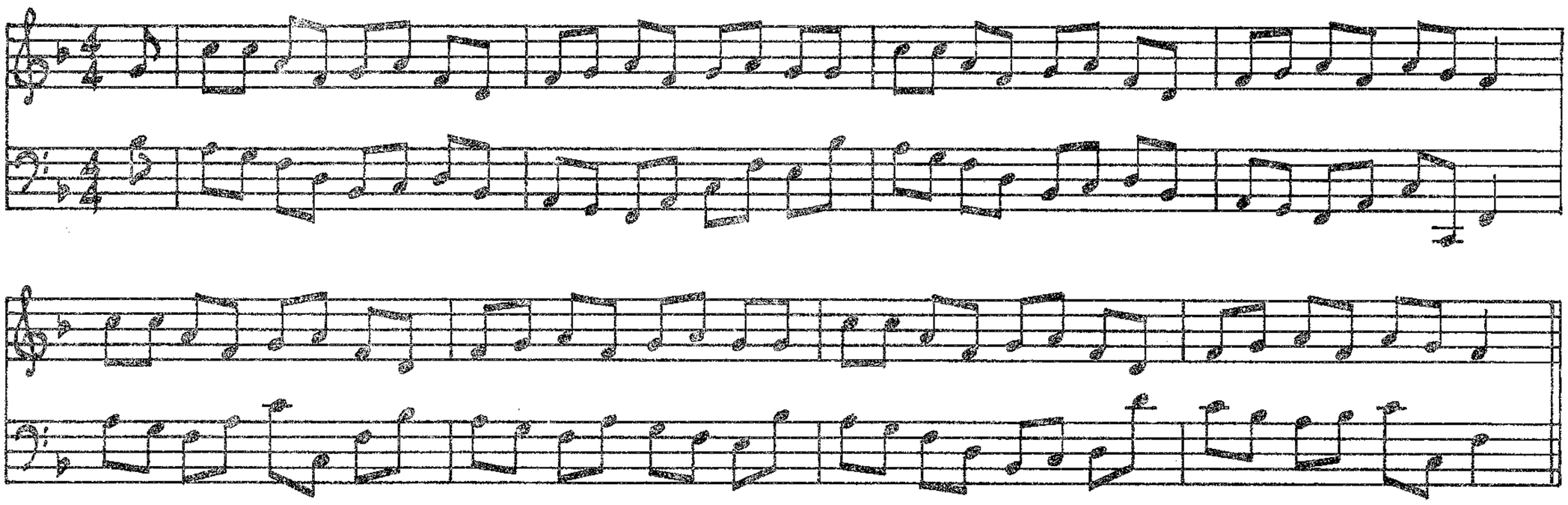
To Robert Herrick, Adam Bittlestone, Julia Blades and "Anon" my grateful thanks. I am also indebted to Peter Cornelius, whose carol no. 193 in the Oxford Book of Carols has suggested to me the Coda to no. 6. In the mood of this carol may I wish to all who make use of my book, Good Journeying.

October 1978

Walter Braithwaite.

51 Corser Street, Stourbridge,
West Midlands DY8 2DQ.

Birthday Song



1. My angel brought me from a star
That shines above in heaven far,
He led me to my house of birth
Upon the strong and loving earth.

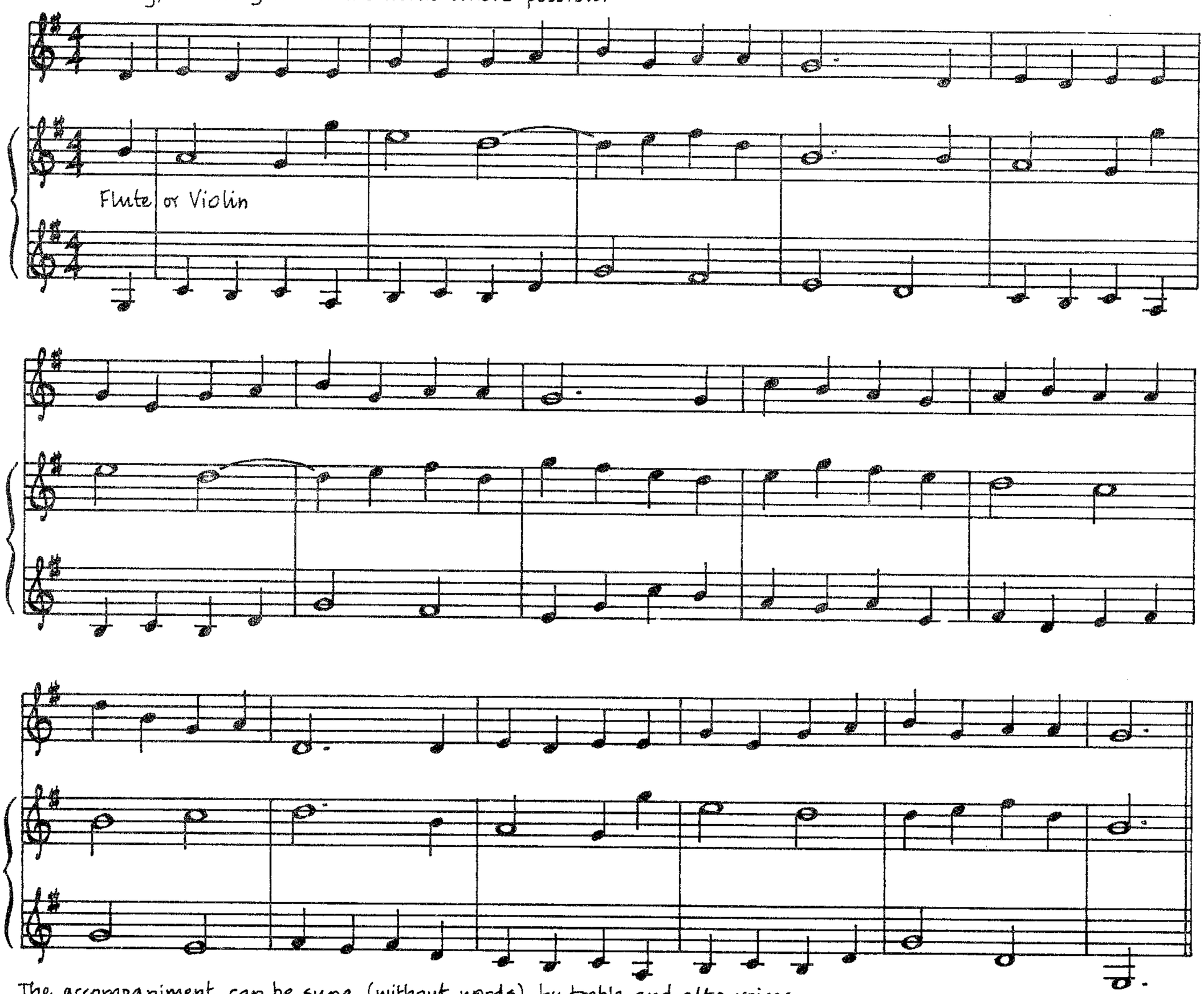
Chorus: Welcome, welcome happy day
With candles bright and flowers gay,
And loving playmates round me too
– Oh make me kind and good and true.

2. My angel loves to hear me sing
In praise of God my heavenly King,
He tells the other angels too
Of all the lovely things I do.

3. He tells them how I've carried down
From heaven to earth a kingly crown,
And how I wear it, every day
At work, at meals, at rest, at play.

4. He tells them how I grow so tall
And learn to count, and catch a ball,
And stand in circle with my friends
To say goodbye when school-time ends.

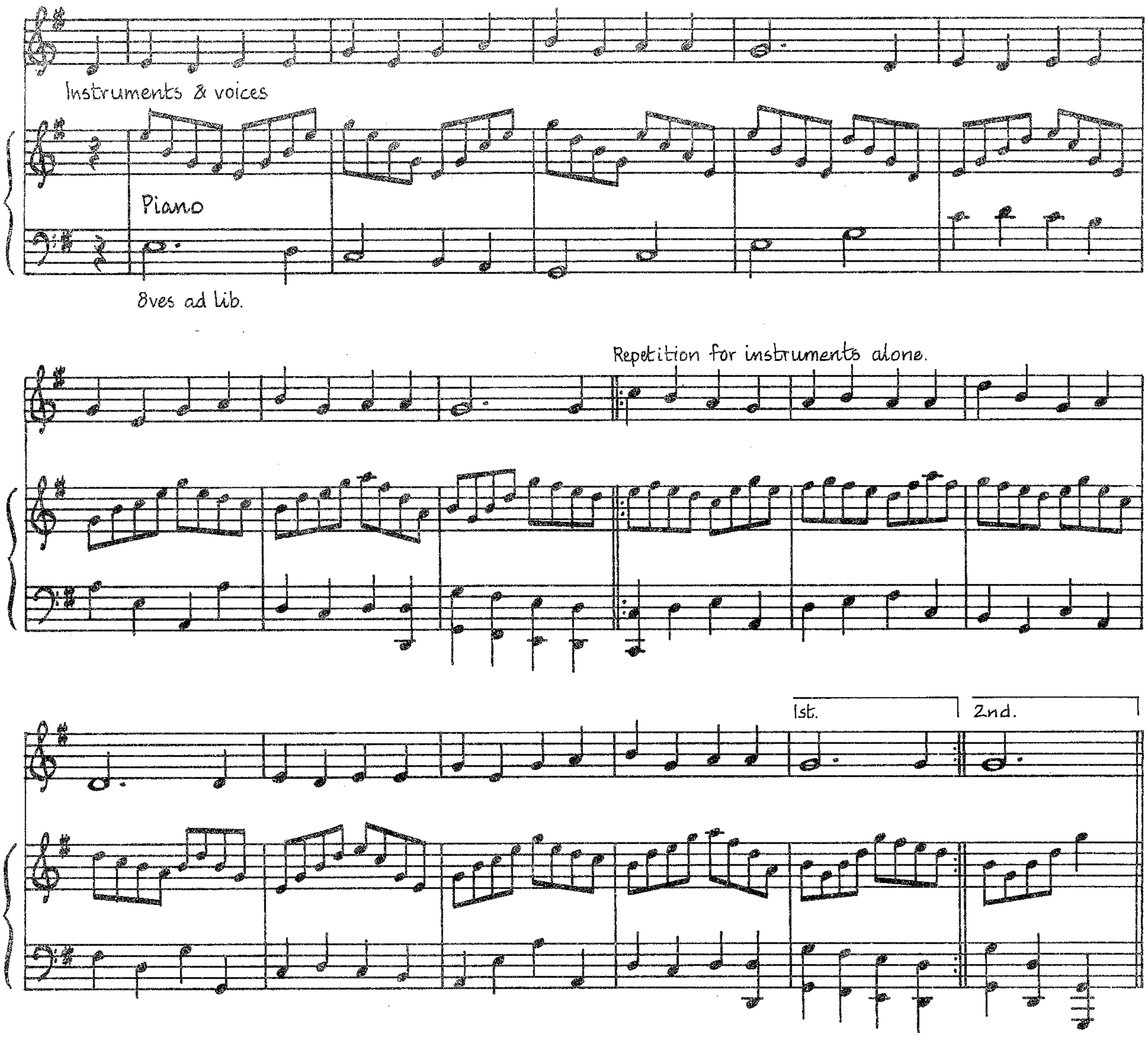
Morning Song



O angel, thou whose wings so strong uphold me through the night,
As wrapt in Mary's mantle blue I climb the starry height,
The rising sun now dims the stars and floods the earth with gold;
O may I in his streaming light thy shining form behold.

My angel now beside me stands with folded resting wing,
Rejoicing in my heart's warm glow as Morning Song I sing.
My soul into her holy shrine refresh'd and blest doth go,
And to my angel's list'ning ear my songs of joy shall flow.

Version with piano accompaniment.



Mantle of Mary

Version 1

Fine

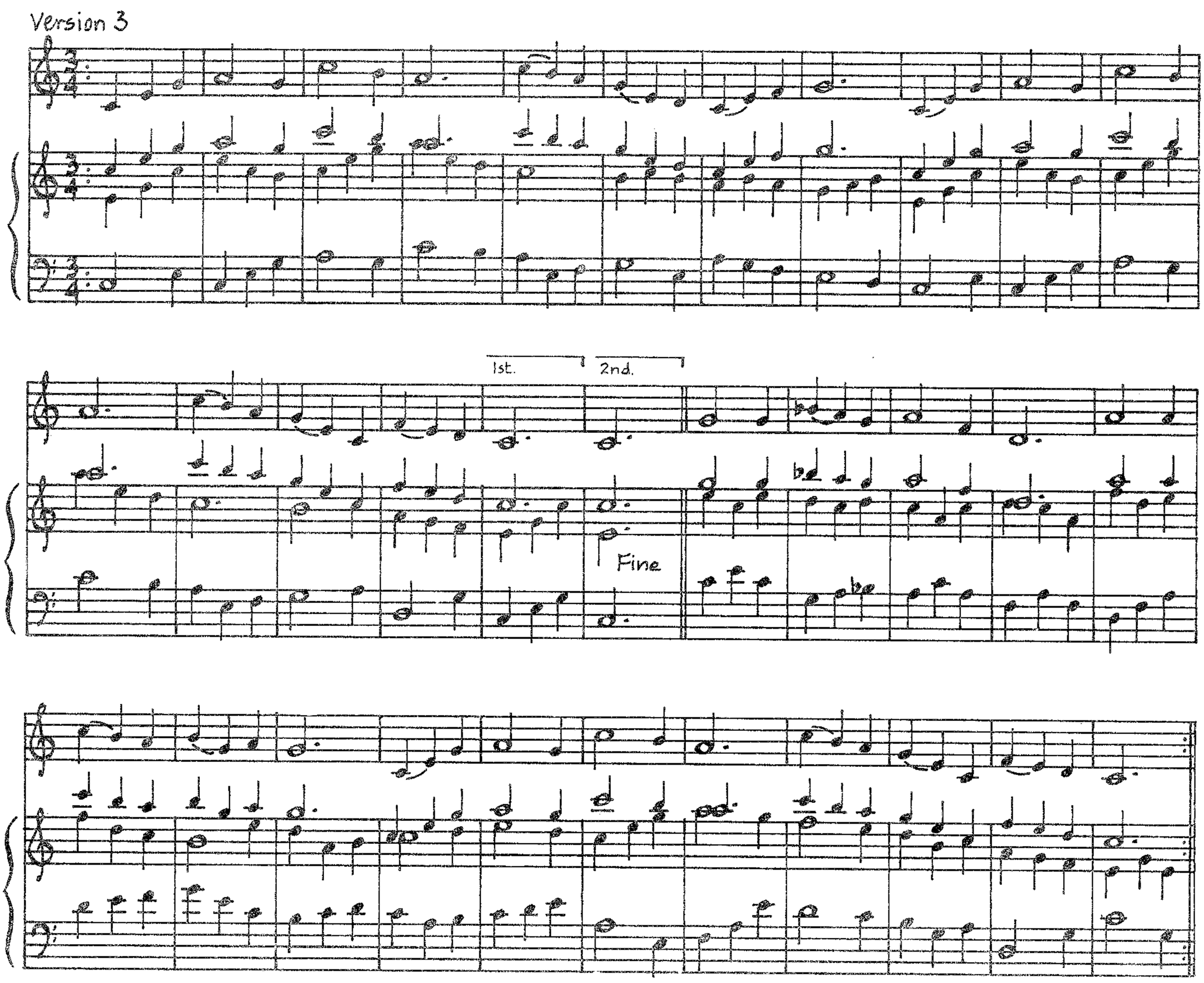
Version 2

2nd time D.C.

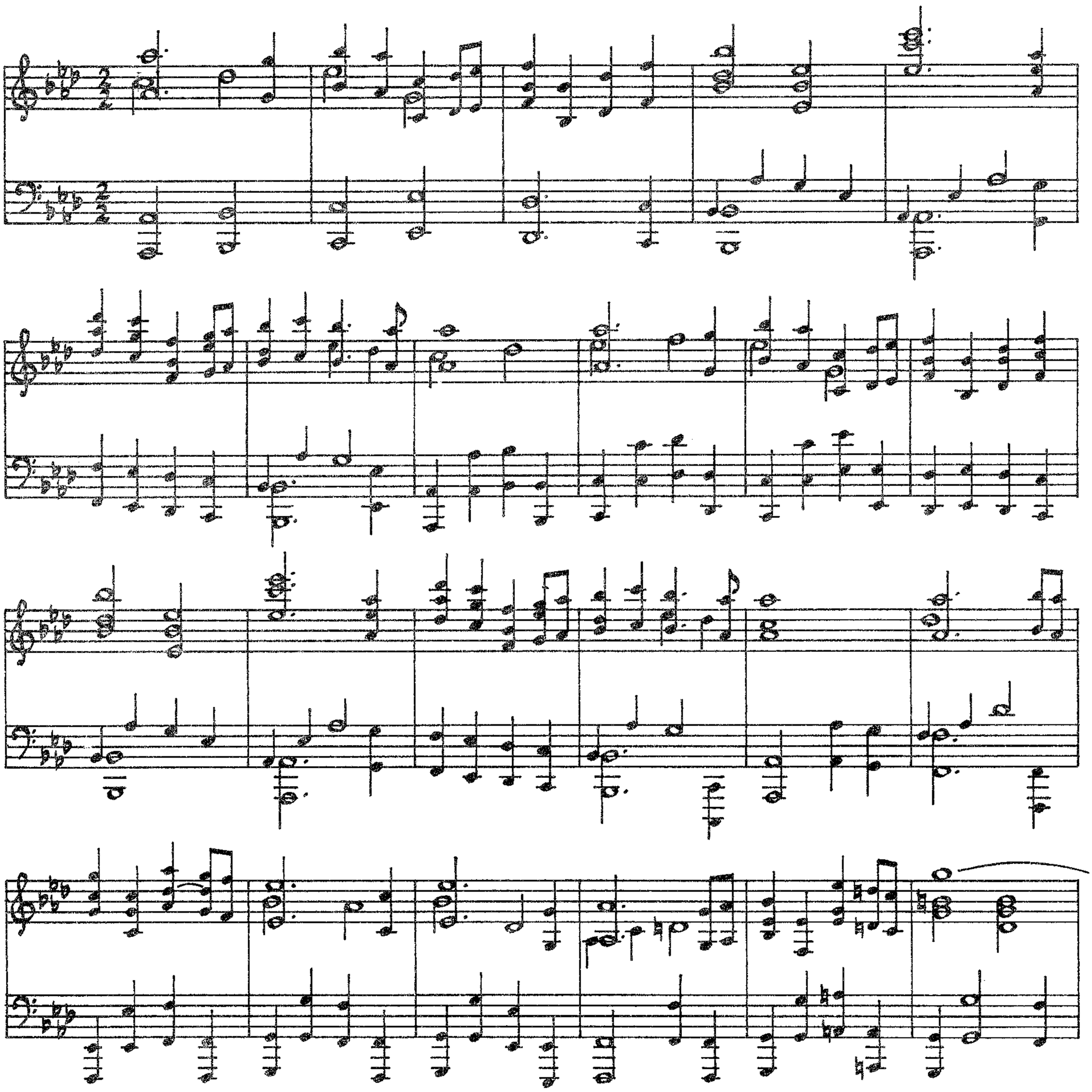
Fine

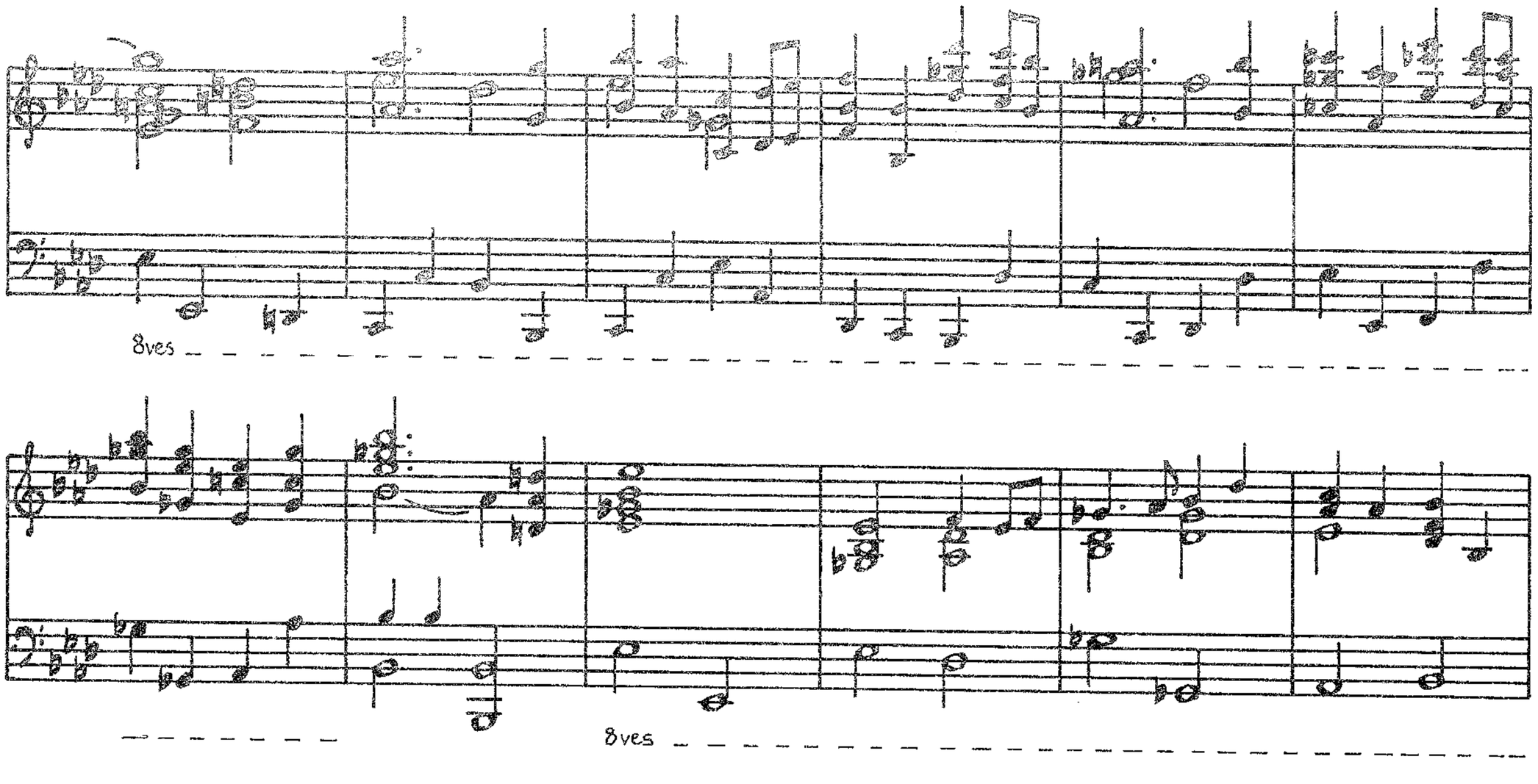
Mantle of Mary blue and gold, softly now my soul enfold.
In the sleeping starry land, I shall find my angel's hand.
He will guide me on my way, he will lead me to the day.
When the sun breaks forth in might I shall find him in the light.
Mantle of Mary blue and gold, softly now my soul enfold.
In the sleeping starry land, I shall find my angel's hand.

Version 3



Easter Introduction and Chorus




8ves
8ves
8ves

Awake! Arise! Behold with opened eyes, A-

8ves

wake! Arise! Behold with opened eyes the tombstone

rolled away, the sunlit skies shi - ning

8ves

into that dark vault, that cavern deep,

where the dead Lord of Life was held in silence.

8ves

Only the linen and the spices show, like

fragrant lilies, that the earth below cannot con-

ceal Him; that the heavens above can only

echo His sustaining love. So awake! and a-

8ves

rise! O behold with o - pened eyes the shi - - ning

8ves

into sunfilled earth of sunfilled skies.

8ves

Fair daffodils

Voice and perhaps descant recorder

Tenor recorder and/or voice

Violin or bass recorder and/or voice

Fair daffodils, we weep to see You haste away so soon, As yet the early rising sun Has not attained his noon, Stay, O stay Until the hasting day has run But to the evensong, And having prayed together, we Will go with you along. We have short time to stay, as you, Ah we have as short a spring, As quick a growth to meet decay As you or anything, We die, we die As

your hours do, and dry away Like to the summer rain, Or as the

pearls of morning dew, Ne'er to be found again. Nay,

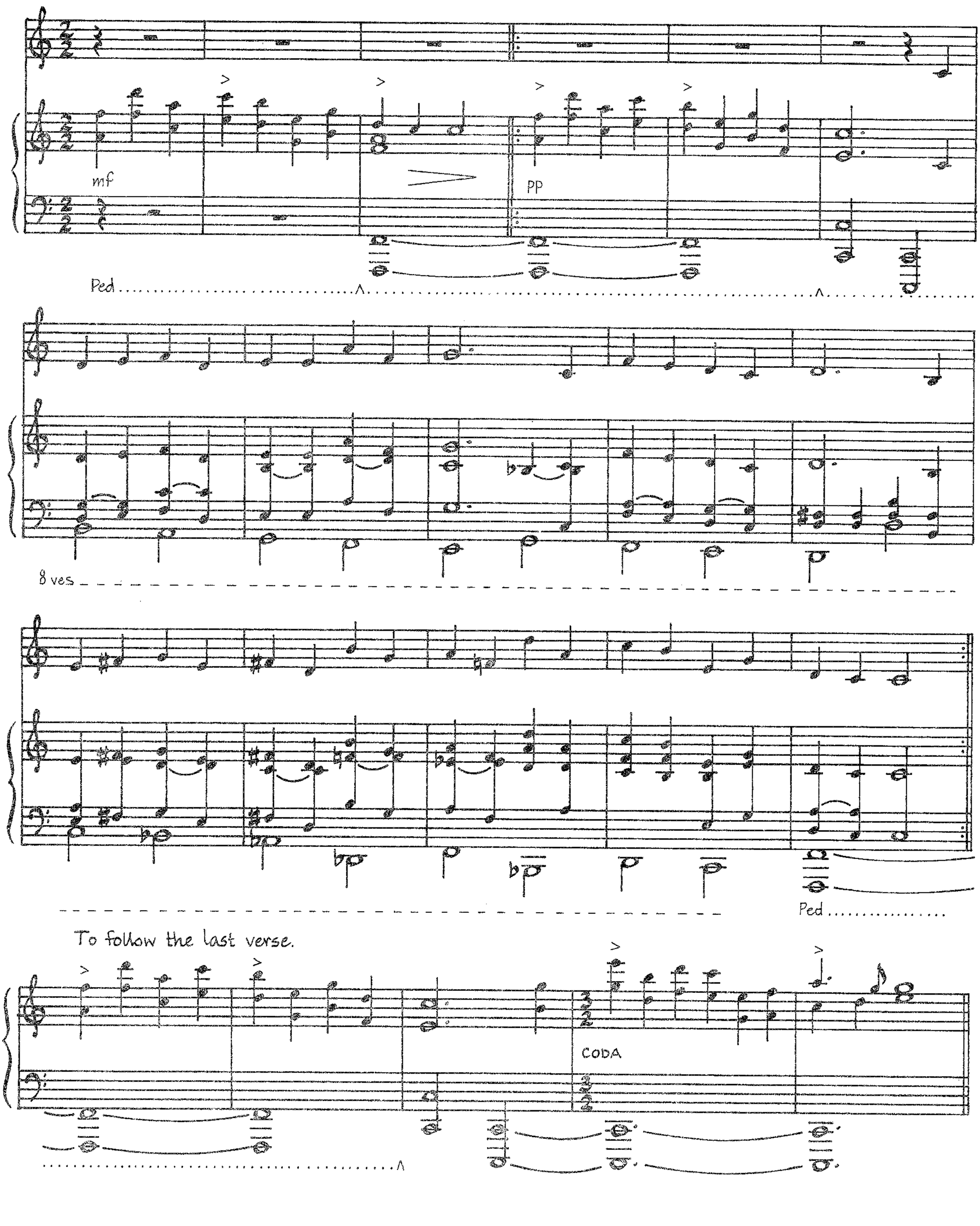
plundered pearls of dew so bright And vanished gems of rain The noonday sun from

clouded skies Gives back to earth again, And all, yea, all That into death do

fall shall rise Sure as tomorrow's morn, Or daffodils from earth's dark

night Year after year new born.

Heaven's Lofty Barns



May heaven's lofty barns receive and hold
The harvest of this day,
As night spreads forth her purple cloak to fold
Both man and beast beneath her panoply.

Our song be winged and robed with spirit power,
By archangelic grace,
In paths of sleep to find the midnight hour
And know the deeds of heaven's granaries.

Our song shall bear the steady candle's flame
Along the darkened way,
That good and bad, though blind or deaf or lame,
May see and hear, and dance false cares away.

For these same candles' golden stars do shine
Around the grace of Christ,
As we by daylight take with Bread and Wine
The Marriage Feast that He has sacrificed;

And heaven's lofty barns await to hold
The Harvest of the Day
Whose Night shall spread her sun-bright cloak to fold
Mid golden straw, new born Humanity.

Adam lay y-bounden

Adam lay y-bounden, bounden in a

bond, Four thousand winter thought he not too long, And

all was for an apple, an apple that he took, As clerkes finden

written, written in their book.

Octaves

Unisons

Ne had the apple taken been, the apple taken been, Ne

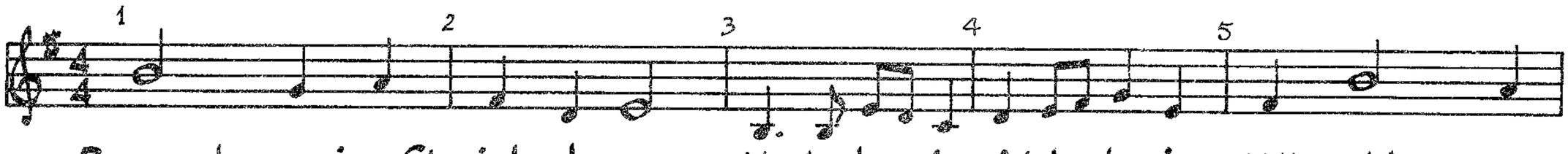
never had our Lady a-been our heavenly queen, So

blessed be the time that the apple taken was, And

therefore we mun singen De - o gratias.

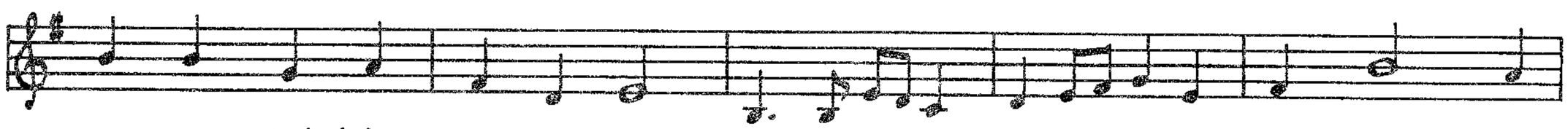
Born, born is Christ Jesu. (Kings' Play)

Round for nine parts, suggested for three men's voices, three women's voices, and three instruments.
The words should be sung by the first man only.

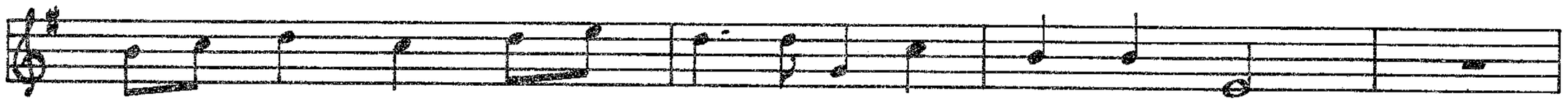


Born, born is Christ Jesu, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Wise Men are

seeking him led by a star to guide their journey far.

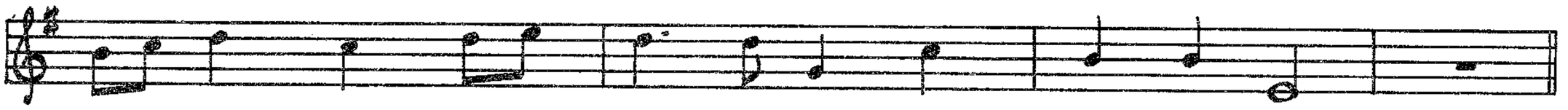


Caspar, Melchior, Balthazar, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, great store of



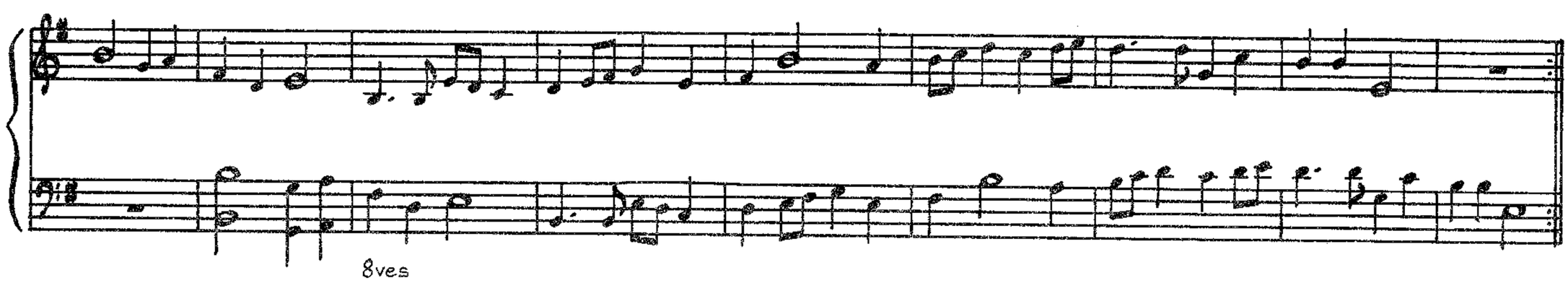
treasure they bring for to glorify their Lord and King.

Jesu, Lord of the Golden Star, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, O may thy



wakening ray, shining far and wide, turn night to day.

The round may be sung in any number of parts from two up to nine.
If sung in procession, four steps to a bar. This keeps it stately.
The first two entries can be played throughout on piano as below, to keep things together and give a bass.



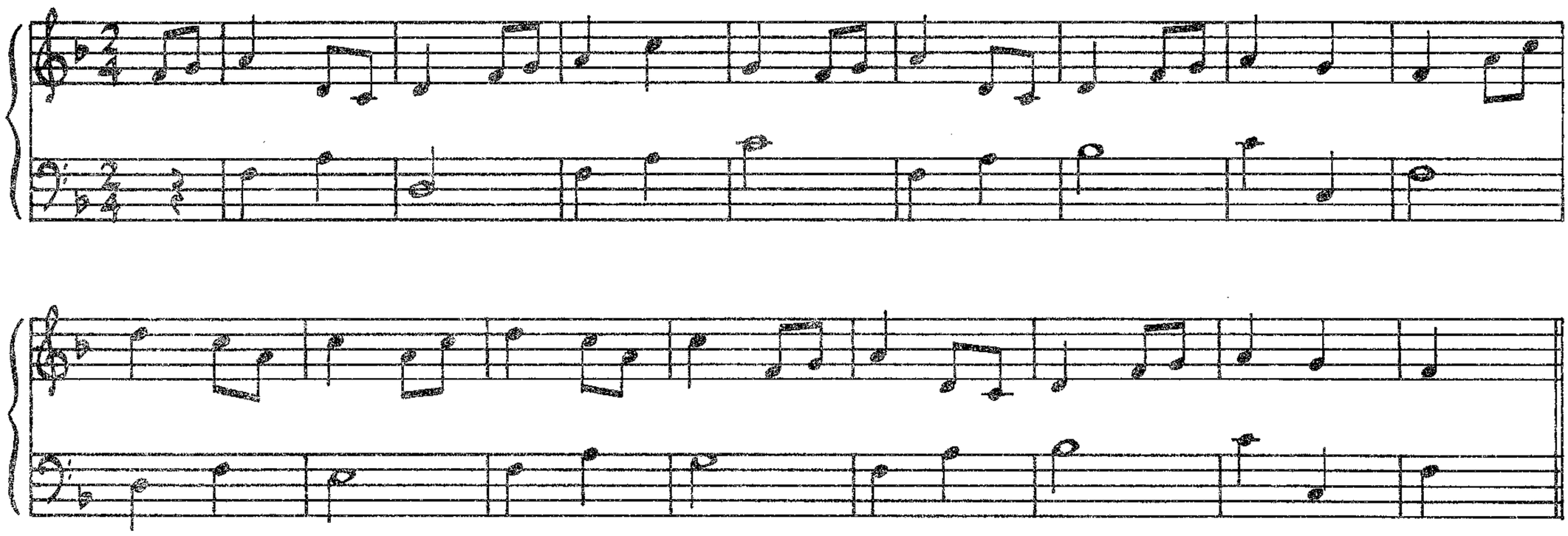
Little One, Lovely One. (Shepherds' Play)

Little One, Lovely One, the will of God in thee is done.

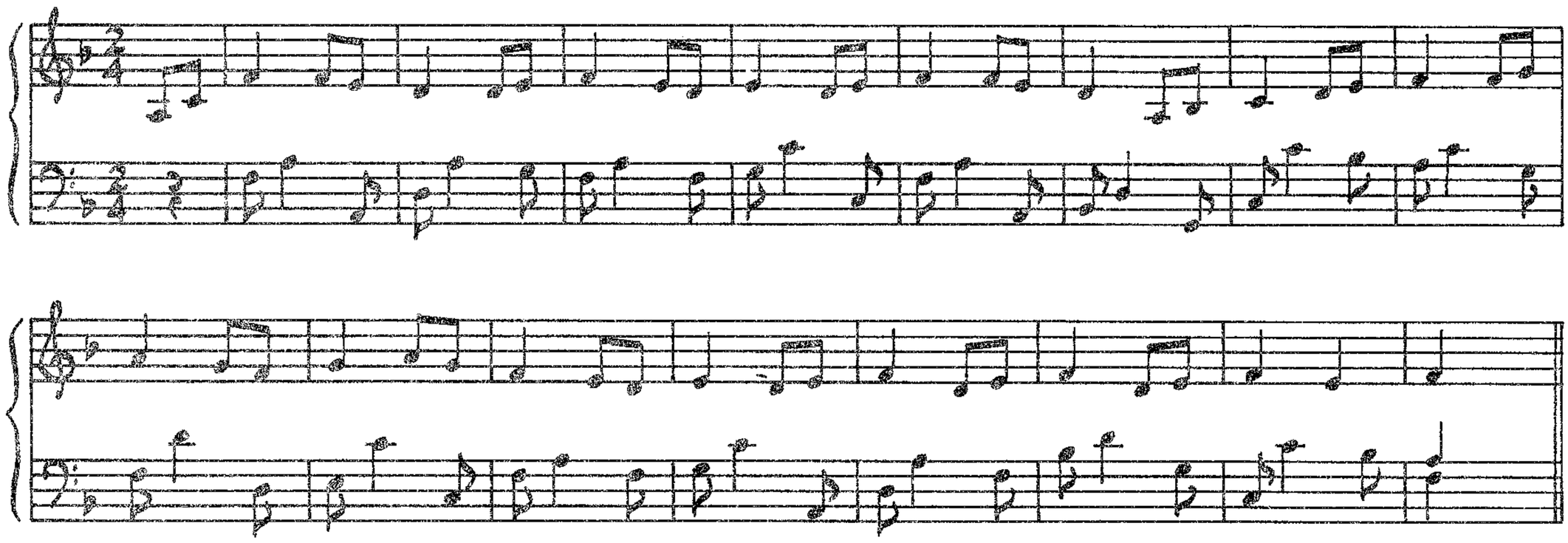
All this night heaven's light, shining from the farthest height, rang with songs of

angels bright. Little One, Holy One, Peace on earth is here begun.

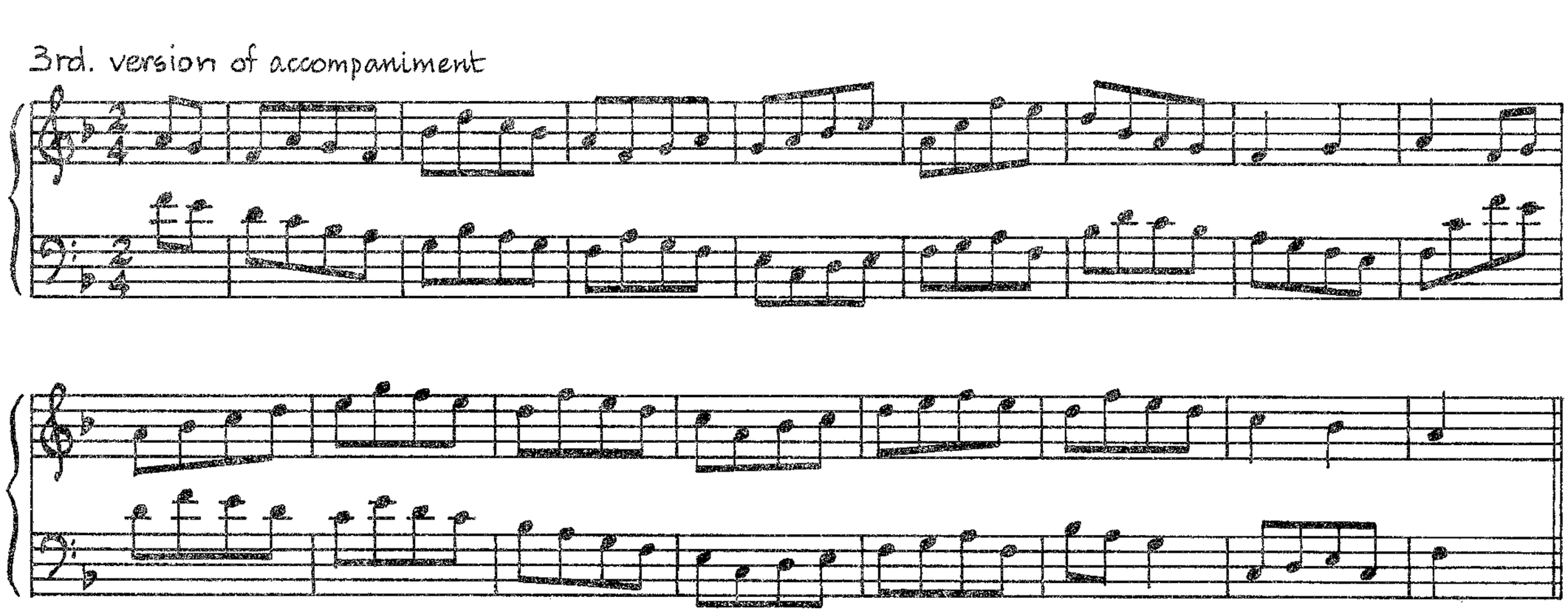
While their sheep were asleep



2nd. version of accompaniment

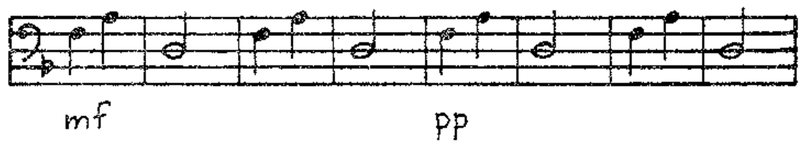


3rd. version of accompaniment



It is suggested that the three versions be used alternately.

The following might be used as introduction and between verses:



1 While their sheep were asleep, huddled warm from storm In their fold
on the wold near to Bethlehem, Shepherds woke in the night for the light
shone so bright From an angel of God who had come to them.

2 O they were so afraid. "Do not fear" he said, "For the Saviour is born
on this brawe new morn." All about in the sky angels shout, sing and cry,
That the Glory on High in a shed doth lie.

3 Through the wood, down the hill, oh they ran so fast That in no
time at all they were there at last, And they saw, in the shed, laid in
straw for his bed, Little Jesus asleep as the angel said.

4 Then they whispered and thought what they should have brought,
As a gift to the One who is God's own Son. Said the first "I'm the worst,
for I'm older than you, And I ought to have thought what we all should do."

5 Said the next "O I'm vexed that I ran so swift, When I ought to
have bought Him a handsome gift." But the third shepherd said "though
I'm younger than you I can tell very well what we all must do."

6 To the 1st: "On your head you've a hat - you must give him that. To the 2nd: On
each hand you've a glove that will show your love. I've a pipe that I play
when my sheep go astray, And my pipe I will lay in His hand today."

7 O they knelt on their knee and they felt great glee, For He woke and
He spoke to those herdsmen three. Yea He blessed them that day, for they
helped Him to play That His sheep were astray as in bed He lay.

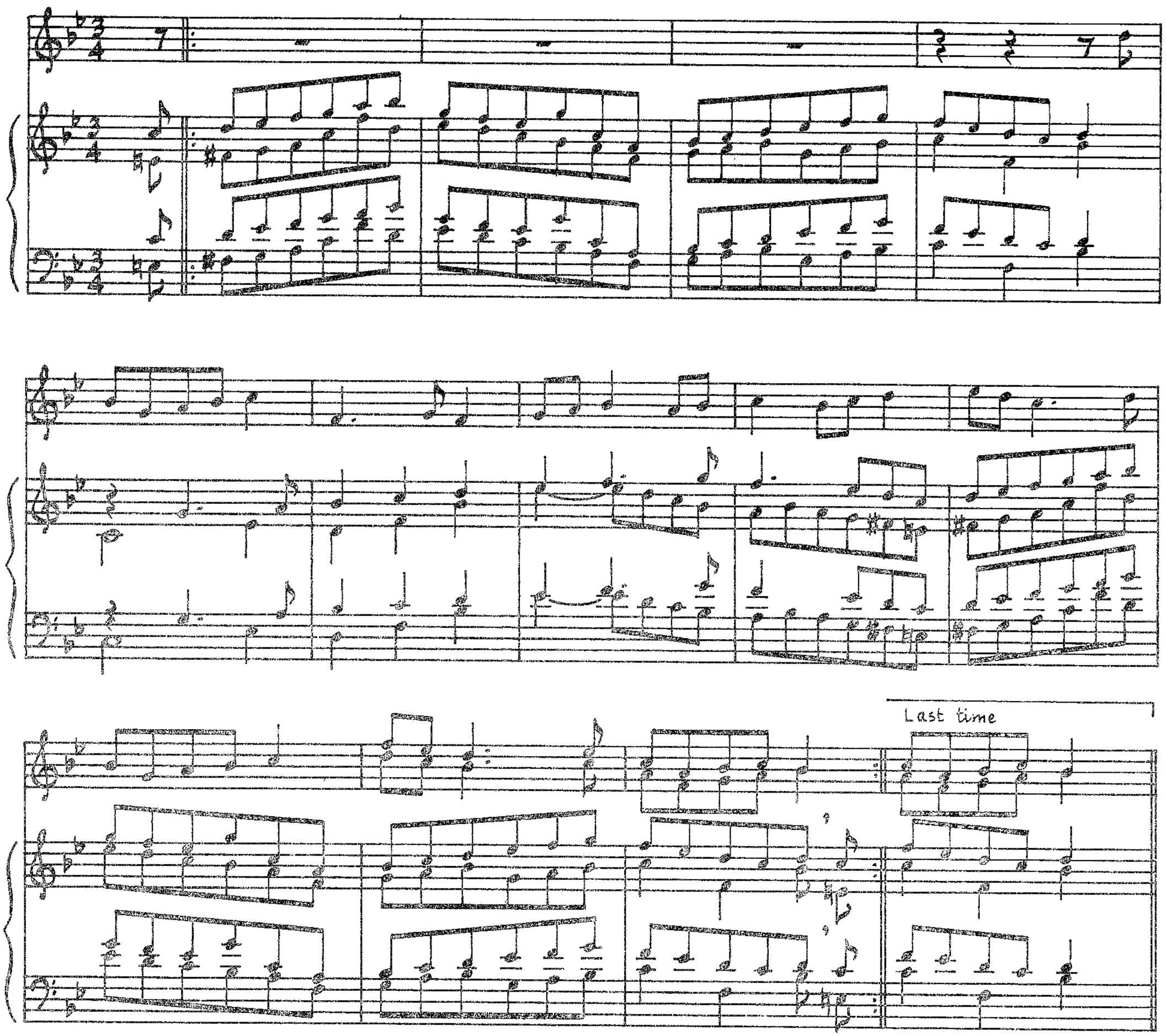
8 O the pipe whistled clear to those sheep so dear, (For a glove was
a lamb and the hat his dam. In the straw of the manger she saw him
in danger, And bleated in fear that the wolf was near.)

9 When a glove was a lamb and a hat his dam, And a pipe whistled
clear to those sheep so dear, Up the hill, through the wood, as a good
shepherd should, With a glove as His dog, strode the Hand of God.

10 O He blessed them that day they had helped Him play That His sheep
were astray as in bed He lay, Yea He blessed them and said "Put your
hat on your head." "Wear each glove with My love as you go your way."

11 When the third shepherd heard what his Lord had said, He rejoiced
at His word and his heart was glad. For the pipe shepherds play when
their sheep go astray In the hand of the Lord, as He slept, still lay.

The shepherds leave their sheep



The shepherds leave their sheep
Safely there
Huddled warm, where the angels had been;
Quick they run, down rugged pathways steep.
Quick they run, down rugged pathways steep.

And so they come into
Bethlehem
And they knock, softly knock at the door,
Waiting there, as guests must always do.
Waiting there, as guests must always do.

The door is opened wide,
In they go
And they see, as the angel had told,
Gentle Mary, Joseph at her side.
Gentle Mary, Joseph at her side.

And in the manger. Lo!
Christ the Lord
Newly born, in a glory of light,
Christ the Lord, in linen white as snow.
Christ the Lord, in linen white as snow.

O Holy Child, we pray,
Come to us,
Christmas joy for the heart of the world,
Evermore be born in us today.
Evermore be born in us today.