

## Field Mice's Carol

Words: Kenneth Grahame

Music: Ali Burns

Villagers all this frosty tide  
Let your doors swing open wide  
Though wind may follow, and snow beside  
Yet draw us in by your fire to bide  
(And) joy [shall] be yours in the morning  
Joy [shall] be yours in the morning

Here we stand in the cold and the sleet  
Blowing fingers and stamping our feet  
We come from far away you to greet  
You by the fire and we in the street  
Bidding you joy in the morning!  
Bidding you joy in the morning!

For ere one half of the night was gone  
Sudden a star has led us on  
Raining bliss and benison  
Bliss tomorrow and more anon  
Joy for every morning!  
Joy for every morning!

Goodman Joseph toiled through the snow  
Saw the star o'er a stable low  
Mary she might not further go  
Welcome thatch and litter below  
Joy was hers in the morning  
Joy was hers in the morning

And they heard the angels tell  
"Who were the first to cry Nowell?  
Animals all, as it befell  
In the stable where they did dwell  
Joy [shall] be theirs in the morning!  
Joy [shall] be theirs  
Joy [shall] be theirs in the morning!"