

# JOY SHALL BE YOURS IN THE MORNING



Music by  
Z. RANDALL STROOPE

Text by  
KENNETH GRAHAME

*♩ = ca. 80*  
Soprano *Spirited unts.*  
Alto *mf*  
Tenor *unts. mf*  
Bass

Vil-lag-ers all this frost-y tide, Let your doors swing o-penwide,

*div.*  
*(mf)*  
Though wind may fol-low, and snow be-side, Let us draw in by your  
*div.*  
Joy, joy,

KENNETH GRAHAME (1859-1932) was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, and educated at Oxford and Summertown. Although he worked in banking most of his life, Grahame wrote occasional poetry and essays. This text is from his most popular work, *Wind in the Willows*, and was started informally as a narrative for his son. The text used here is by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

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fire to bide; Joy shall be yours, joy shall be yours in the morn - ing!

joy, joy,

*f* *mf* *mp* *mf* *f* *mf*

Here we stand in cold and sleet, Blow - ing fin - gers, stamp - ing feet,

Come from far a - way to greet You by the fire and

we in the street Bid - ding you joy, bid - ding you joy in the morn - ing!

*f* *mf* *f* *mf*

Soprano *mp dolce*

Alto *mp dolce* Good-man Jo - seph toiled through snow Saw the star o'er

*espr. div. p* Mar-y could not fur - ther go Joy, joy, Wel - come thatch\_ and Joy, joy,

sta - ble low; sta - ble low; Hm Hm

*p mf* joy, joy shall be hers, joy shall be hers in the morn - ing! straw be - low! Joy shall be hers, joy shall be hers in the morn - ing!

joy, joy, joy shall be hers, joy shall be hers in the morn - ing!

Soprano *mf energetically*

Alto *f energetically* Joy, joy, joy, joy! Joy, joy, joy, joy!

Tenor *mf energetically* Then they heard the an-gels tell 'Who were the first to cry No-well?...

Bass *f energetically* Joy, joy, joy, joy! Joy, joy, joy, joy!

Then they heard the an-gels tell 'Who were the first to cry No-well?...

*f*  
 'Crea - tures all, as it be-fell, In the sta - ble where they dwelled!

*f*  
 Crea - tures all, as it be-fell, In the sta - ble where they dwelled!

*f*  
 'Crea - tures all, as it be-fell, Joy, joy, joy, joy,

*f*  
 Crea - tures all, as it be-fell, Joy, joy, joy, joy,

*f*

*3<sup>ma</sup> molto rallentando . . . . .*

*ff*  
 Joy shall be yours, joy shall be yours, joy shall be yours in the morn - ing!

*ff*  
 Joy shall be yours, joy shall be yours, joy shall be yours in the morn - ing!

*ff*  
 Joy shall be yours, joy shall be yours, joy shall be yours in the morn - ing!

*ff*  
 Joy shall be yours, joy shall be yours, joy shall be yours in the morn - ing!

*ff*