

A BOOK OF  
SONGS

VOLUME ONE

BY :: WALTER  
BRAITHWAITE

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Edited by Michael Vaughan

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## Foreword.

Contrary to predominant commercial practice when a new book is "launched" before the public, somewhat like the throwing of a baited net to fish, these beautiful and charming songs by Walter Braithwaite have already provided many years' sustenance and inspiration to schoolchildren before this, their first publication; only "I sing of a Maiden" has been printed before, in a different arrangement.

Even the very fact of their appearance as a book remains true to the spirit of their message, for they are being brought to light on the personal conviction of the editor, with the warm encouragement of Walter Braithwaite's friends and fellow teachers.

In a day when defenceless children are thrown, almost at birth, into a competitive and barrenly materialistic world, this set of songs assumes a particular importance, for it feeds the child's deep and imperative spiritual needs - the vision, the sounds, the rhythms, the words of harmony, peace, faith and humility - a dream, if you wish, and unfashionable, but one which is the birthright of a child and one without which humanity is a prison.

*Yehudi Menuhin*



## Preface 1984

This is a reprint in a smaller format of the book first published in 1970, which has been out of print for a few years. I have re-conditioned the words of the Song for Easter and the words and music of the Whitsun Hymn - otherwise it is the same book for which Yehudi Menuhin so kindly wrote a foreword.

And now here is an important injunction to PIRATES!

All proceeds from the sale of this book are to go to the Christian Community in Stourbridge (UK), where a new church is to be built. Please remember this when photocopying, or even copying by hand, any part of the book, and send an appropriate donation to one of the addresses below. This will not only absolve you from the sin of piracy, but it will also help us to build and furnish our church, so be generous.

October 1984

Walter Braithwaite

Helen Braithwaite  
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## Author's Note.

Herewith my most grateful thanks to all who have helped towards the creation and publication of these songs. A critical wife has been a great blessing to a (so often unappreciative) husband. Many of my colleagues also have suggested just the right word or phrase at crucial moments of flagging inspiration. Michael Vaughan, a former pupil, offered his hand-writing and craftsmanship, and it was he who brought these songs to the notice of Yehudi Menuhin, to whom I am indebted for the foreword he has so generously written.

The songs may be accompanied by any suitable combination of instruments. Although no expression marks have been supplied, the natural enunciation of the words should enliven the musical rhythms, and the content and circumstances should suggest the style of playing to the accompanist, who should feel free to use all legitimate devices at his disposal to bring life to the singing. Lively singing does not automatically arise from following a prescription, but from thoughtful enunciation, by all concerned.

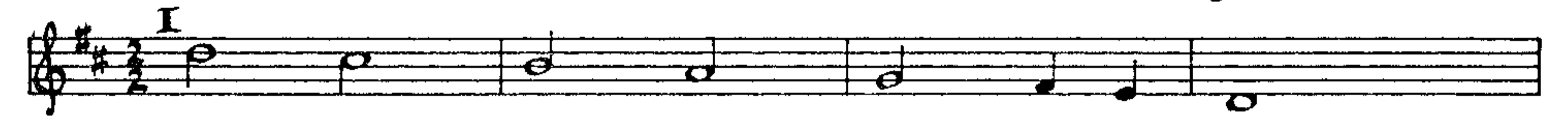
September 1970

Walter Braithwaite.

51, Corser Street,  
Stourbridge, Worcs.

## New Year: 4 part round

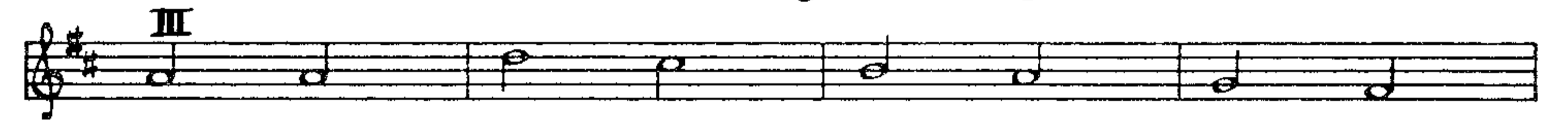
Words by Eileen Hutchins



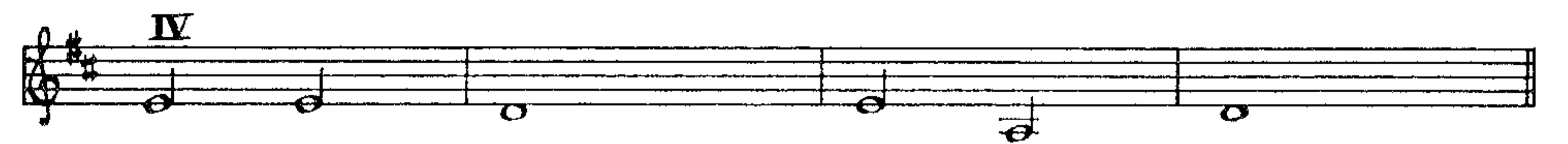
New Year, New Year, what will you bring?



1. Haste and Hurry, Work and Worry,
2. Noughts and Crosses, Gains and Losses, all are on the wing.
3. Sun and Shower, Seed and Flower,
4. Laughing, Weeping, Sowing, Reaping,

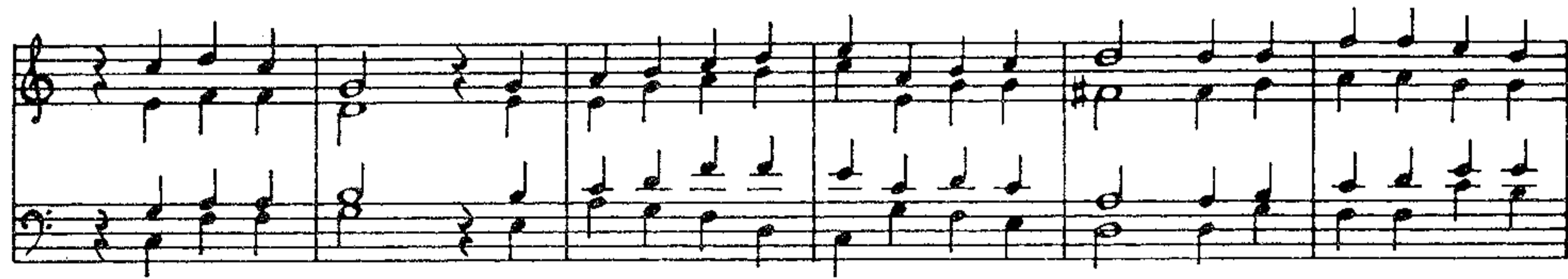


With a ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,



ding dong ding, ding dong ding.

## On Easter Day



The rhythm is not foursquare, and should be created by the words.



## On Easter Day

The tender leaves, the buds aburst, are telling  
That Christ has power to spring from death's dark dwelling:  
Awake my soul from sleep, Alléluia.

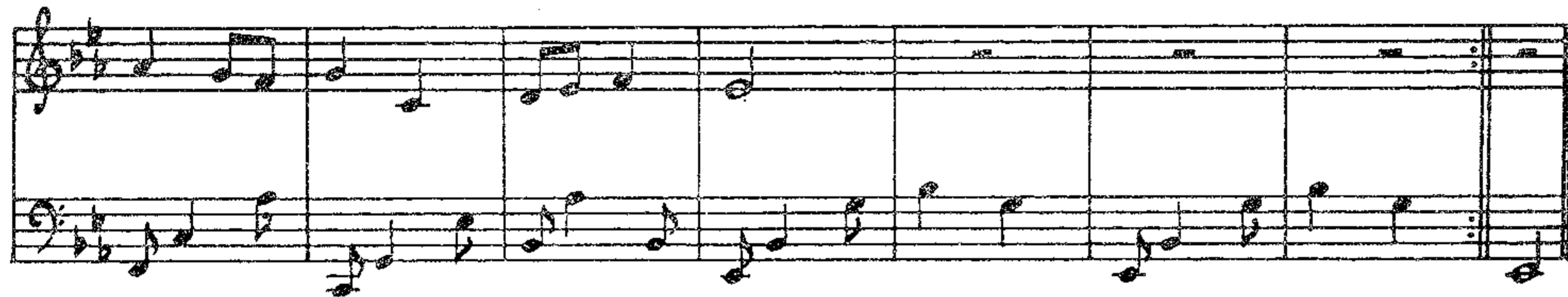
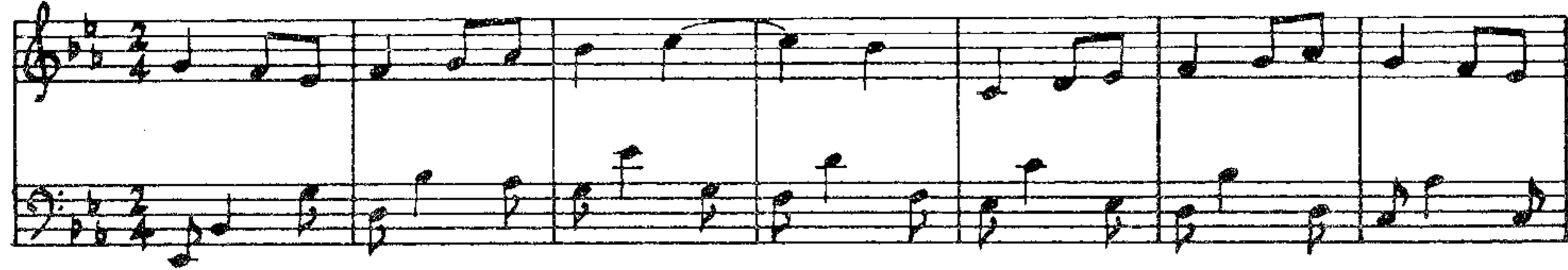
## On Easter Day

The soaring lark, the lamb new born, betoken  
That Christ the ancient bonds of death has broken:  
Arise my soul, rejoice, Alléluia.

## On Easter Day

The very stone itself with joy is singing  
That Christ from death lost souls to life is bringing:  
Behold my heart, Christ's Deed, Alléluia.

## The Spring by the Wayside



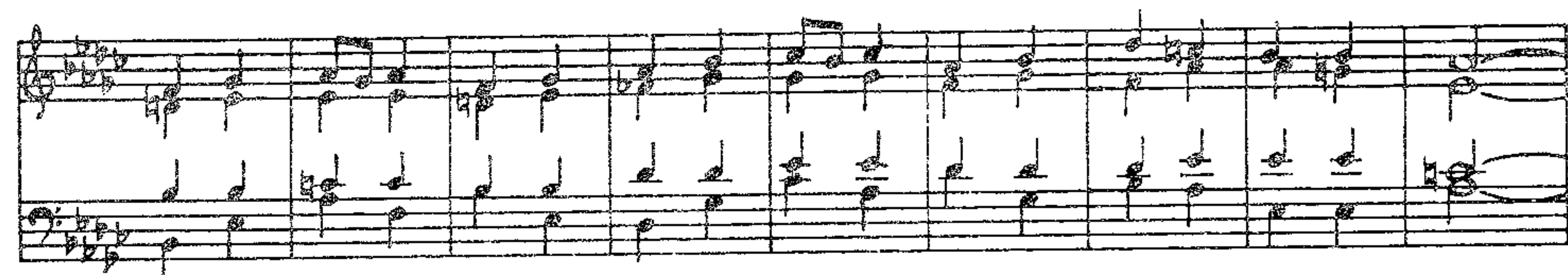
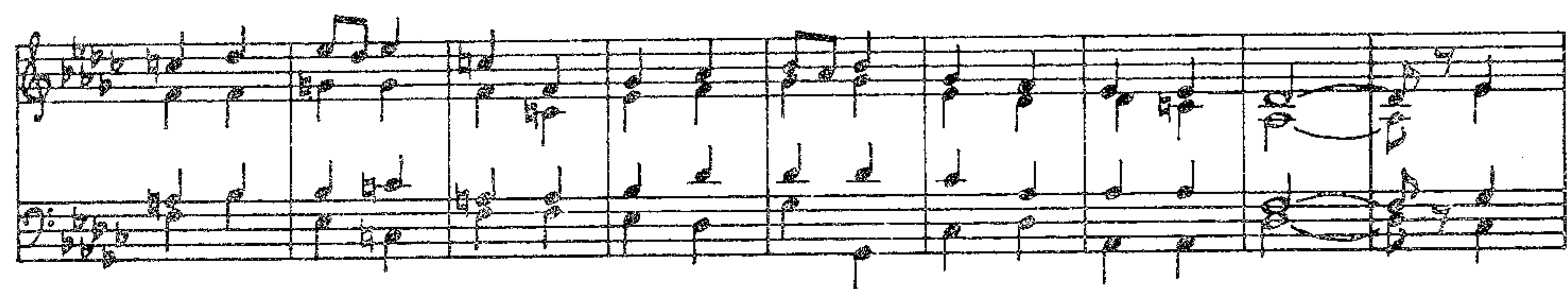
Bare is the rock at the hill top,  
 And steep is the path to the valley below;  
 Cool, fresh and sweet is the spring by the wayside,  
 And for man and his beast and his garden  
     Water doth flow.

Glad is the earth when the raindrops  
 Fall down from the light to the darkness below;  
 So springeth love in the heart's deepest places,  
 For the wisdom of God bringeth life  
     To all that we know.

Bare is the rock &c.



## Whitsun Hymn



Through Death's dark Portals of Earth  
O Christ, Thy Spirit of Birth  
Is now revealed.

Where Eve and Adam lay bound  
Are Gates to Paradise found  
Unlocked, unsealed.

That Tree, whose Blossom was hid  
By Clouds of Knowledge forbid  
With golden Fruit doth glow,  
The Seeds of Life to sow  
In Earth's dark shades below.

Life giving, loveliest Tree,  
Within our innermost Heart  
Thou takest Root;  
Now, newborn Fire of Love  
Guards that sweet Paradise,  
Ripens there that Fruit.  
Now may our Offering bear  
The Christ-filled fragrance of Prayer  
To timeless Realms of Light,  
Where Christ's redeeming Might  
Illumines Death's dark Night.

Thou Holy Spirit of Birth,  
Thou Godhood given to Earth  
For Man to gain,  
Our Tree-girt Paradise yields  
To wide-spread, ripening Fields  
Of golden Grain.  
Yea, now, there springeth from Earth  
The new-born Spirit of Birth,  
The Christ-filled Bread and Wine:  
The true and faithful Sign  
Of Manhood made Divine.

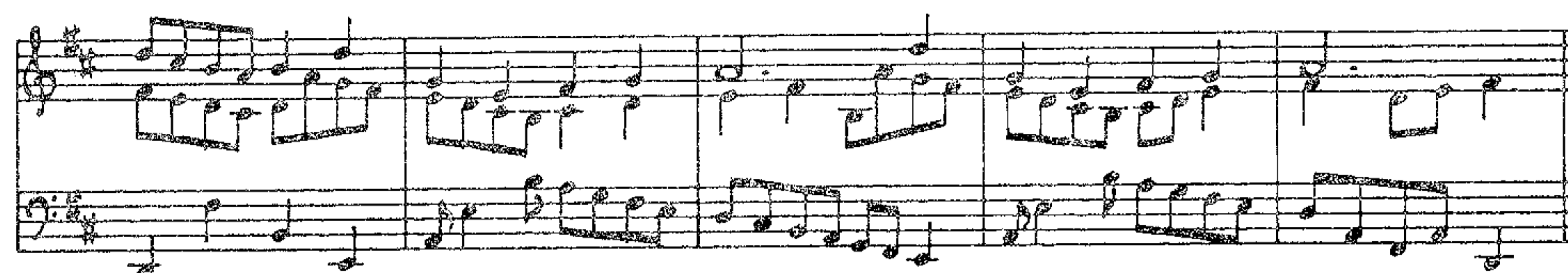
## Ut queant laxis



Ut queant laxis resonare fibris  
 Mira gestorum famuli tuorum,  
 Solve polluti labii reatum  
 Sancte Johannes,  
 Sancte Johannes.

Paulus Diaconus.

## The sun is in my heart



## Alternative version.



The sun is in my heart,  
 He warms me with his power,  
 And wakens, wakens life and love  
 In bird and beast and flower,  
 In bird and beast and flower.

The stars above my head  
 Are shining in my mind  
 As spirits, spirits of the world  
 That in my thoughts I find,  
 That in my thoughts I find.

The earth whereon I tread  
 Lets not my feet go through,  
 But strongly, strongly doth uphold  
 The weight of deeds I do,  
 The weight of deeds I do.

Then thankful I must be  
 That man on earth I dwell,  
 To know, to know and love the world  
 And work all creatures well,  
 And work all creatures well.

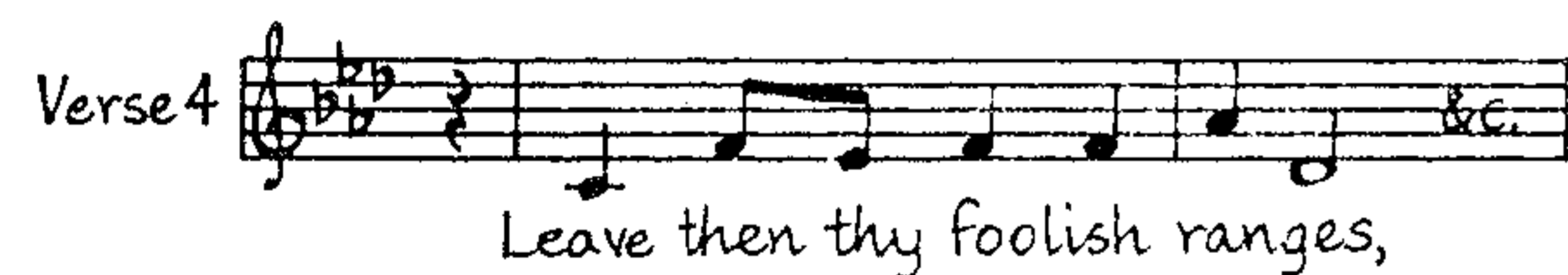
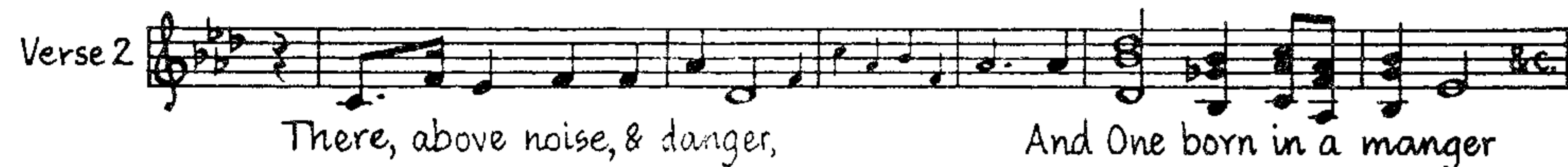
Cecil Harwood.



My soul, there is a country



It is intended that the rhythm should follow that of natural speech.



My soul, there is a country  
Afar beyond the stars,  
Where stands a wingèd sentry  
All skilful in the wars:

There, above noise, and danger,  
Sweet Peace sits crowned and smiles,  
And One born in a manger  
Commands the beauteous files.

If thou canst get but thither,  
There grows the flower of Peace,  
The Rose that cannot wither,  
Thy fortress and thy ease.

Leave then thy foolish ranges,  
For none can thee secure,  
But One, who never changes,  
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

Henry Vaughan.

## The Snow on the Mountaintops



I will lift up mine eyes to the hills so high  
 And behold how they rise through the clouds in the sky,  
 Till the snow on the mountaintops shines in the sun  
 Like a house builded there for the Holy One.

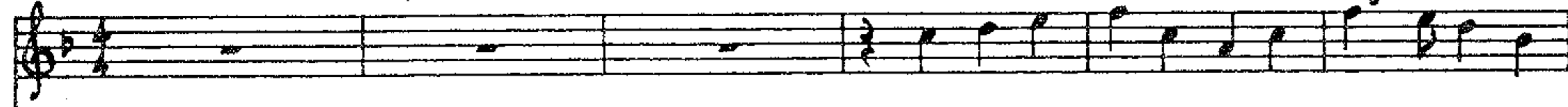
It is He who has made all the world so wide,  
 'Tis His light shining down on the steep mountainside,  
 'Tis to Him I have lifted my heart and my will,  
 For His Truth and His Grace do the whole world fill.

In the darkest of night He will guard my way,  
 And the dark will be light till the break of the day,  
 For 'tis He who created me, He who doth know  
 All the heights and the depths where my soul can go.



## Song for Michaelmas

Instrument and/or Descant



Introduction



8ves ad lib.



O World so wide,  
Where, far beyond the clouds on every side,  
The Stars are shining bright,  
Though sunshine hides from sight  
Their steadfast ray.

O World so wide,  
Where darkness follows day at eventide,  
Yet shines the sun at night,  
Gilding with morning light  
Lands far away.

O World so wide,  
Where dawn and sunset's archangelic stride  
Bears Michael's sword and shield [Michael's  
Through all the starry field  
From night to day.

O World so wide,  
Where, far beyond all realms of time and tide,  
Man brings his will to birth,  
Brings Michael's deed to Earth  
Each new born day.

## Autumn



The Autumn leaves are falling fast,  
 The Autumn mists are grey,  
 Sing Heigh-ho, sing Heigh-ho,  
 The Autumn mists are grey.  
 The Summer days of jollity  
 When all the world makes holiday,  
 The long days are over,  
 Winter comes again.

The snow will soon be lying thick,  
 All white upon the ground,  
 Sing Heigh-ho, sing Heigh-ho,  
 So white upon the ground.  
 The lovely days of jollity  
 When all the world makes holiday,  
 The short days are coming,  
 Christmas Night is near.

## The Candle Flame



Into deep darkness  
 Shines the light  
 When a candle flame burns  
 Clear and bright,  
 For the sun brings down  
 With his golden ray  
 Spirits of God  
 Who bless us  
 Night and day.  
     Spirits of God.

Hidden in all things,  
 Everywhere,  
 With a watchful love  
 And tender care,  
 With a web of truth  
 And a thread of light,  
 Spirits of God  
 Are weaving  
 Day and night.  
     Spirits of God.



## Sheep all Safe in the Fold



Sheep all safe in the fold,  
 Moon rising bright in the eastern sky.  
 High on the hills, pasture is resting,  
 Star-rippled pool fills full to the brim;  
 Sheep all safe in the fold,  
 Moon rising bright in the eastern sky.

Midnight past, shepherd wakes,  
 Hastes to the town where the Christ Child lies.  
 Sheep gently stir, safe in the sheep fold,  
 Songs of the angels sound in their dream;  
 Midnight past, shepherd wakes,  
 Hastes to the town where the Christ Child lies.

Morning breaks, shepherd calls,  
 Gate opens wide to a new born day.  
 High on the hills, dew on the pasture,  
 Sheep at the stream side, pool crystal clear;  
 Morning breaks, shepherd calls,  
 Gate opens wide to a new born day.

## When Christ was Born unto Mary



When Christ was born unto Mary,  
 Alle, Alleluia,  
 Though deep cold snow on the earth lay white  
 There was no welcome for them that night,  
 No room in the inn, but a stable  
 for Christmas tide.





When Christ was born unto Mary,  
 Alle, Alleluia,  
 Though the Lord's own Angel announced His birth  
 Yet his word woke no one upon the earth,  
 Only shepherds asleep with their sheep  
 on the steep hillside.

Ah . . . .

When Christ was born &c. . . .

8ves throughout

The musical score on page 34 consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines in G major and 4/4 time. The first staff begins with a rest followed by the vocal line starting on 'Ah'. The second staff continues the vocal line starting on 'When Christ was born &c.'. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The right hand plays chords and arpeggiated figures, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note bass line. The instruction '8ves throughout' is written below the piano part.

The musical score on page 34 continues with four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines, and the bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with the same accompaniment as the first system, providing harmonic support for the vocal lines.

When Christ was born unto Mary,  
 Alle, Alleluia,  
 With right good will and a song of joy  
 Those shepherds they ran to the Holy Boy,  
 And gave to Him all that they had  
 in the world so wide,  
 in the world so wide.

## Song for Three Shepherds.



First Shepherd: Lullay my Dear,  
 Second " Lullay my Darling,  
 Third " Christ Jesu, Truly God,  
 Second " Truly Man,  
 First " Truly born today.



## Christmas Carol

The rhythm should be flexible, to suit the words.



Within the mean and lowly place  
 Where ox and ass make room for Thee,  
 Though man has none,  
 Thou comest to the manger straw  
 Whose golden grain is gone,  
 Whose golden grain is gone.

Yet what has man to give to Thee,  
 That it could be both blest and crowned  
 With such sweet grace?  
 O Thou whose shining grain doth fill  
 The starry heaven's space,  
 The starry heaven's space.



# Cradle Song of Mary

To Earth art Thou come, Thou Child of the

Heavens, Alle - luia, Alle-luia, To Earth art Thou come, Thou

Child of my Heart, Al - - - le-lu - ia, Alle, Alle - luia.

Though cold is the Earth, and dark is the night, Al -

- le - luia, Alle - luia, To Earth art Thou come, Thou

Star of the Day, Al - - - lelu - ia, Alle, Alle - luia.



# I sing of a maiden

Words 15th. century

1. I sing of a maiden That is makèless; King of all kings

To her son she ches, King of all kings To her son she ches.

2. Where his mother was,  
3. He came all so still To his mother's bowr, As dew in April That  
4. Where his mother lay,

grass,  
falleth on the flower, As dew in April That falleth on the flower.  
spray, spray.

5. Mother and maiden Was never none but she; Well may

such a lady Godès mother be, Well may such a lady Godès mother be.

## Angels' Gloria

Glo - ria, Glo-ria in excelsis De - o; et in terra pax,

hominibus bonae voluntatis. Glo - - ri-a, Glo-

- ria in excelsis De-o, Glo-ria in excelsis De-o. Glo-

*Fading* - - ria, Glo - - ria, Glo - - ria, Glo - - ria.

Amesbury, Mass.

Dear Sir,

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the above named matter.

I am sorry to hear that you are unable to attend to the business of your office at the present time.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
J. W. [Name]

