

Child Jesus in His Garden Fair

3

A LEGEND

From poem by Pleshtchéyeff

Text edited by J.B.Y.

P. Tchaikowsky. Arr. J.B.Y.
(From "Songs for Young People")

Rather slowly & expressively

Soprano

Child Je - sus in His gar - den fair, Some sweet red ros - es

Alto

Child Je - sus in His gar - den fair, Some sweet red ros - es.

Tenor

Child Je - sus in His gar - den fair, Some sweet red ros - es

Bass

Child Je - sus in His gar - den fair, Some sweet red ros - es

For Practice Only

once had grown, tend - ed them with lov - ing care,

once had grown, He tend - ed them with lov - ing care,

once had grown, He tend - ed them with lov - ing care,

once had grown, He tend - ed them with lov - ing care,

mp Think-ing to make Him - self a crown; And when some chil - dren from a -

mp Think-ing to make Him - self a crown; And when some chil - dren from a -

mp Think-ing to make Him - self a crown; And when some chil - dren from a -

mp Think-ing to make Him - self a crown; And when some chil - dren from a -

round, — Who, one fine morn - ing came that way; They tore the

round, — Who, fine morn - ing came that way; They tore the

round, — Who, one fine morn - ing came that way; They tore the

round, — Who, one fine morn - ing came that way; They tore the

ros - es from the ground, And left the place in dis - ar - ray.

ros - es from the ground, And left the place in dis - ar - ray.

ros - es from the ground, And left the place in dis - ar - ray.

ros - es from the ground, And left the place in dis - ar - ray.

P "How will you weave your-self a crown, Now that the ros - es are all

P "How will you weave your-self a crown, Now that the ros - es are all

mf marcato "How will you weave your-self a crown, Now that the ros - es are all

P "How will you weave your-self a crown, Now that the ros - es are all

dead?" "You have for - got - ten — that the thorns — Are left for me," the

dead?" "You have for - got - ten — that the thorns — Are left for the

dead?" "You have for - got - ten — that the thorns — Are left for me," the

dead?" "You have for - got - ten — that the thorns — Are left for me," the

Christ-child said. They plait - ed then a crown of thorns And laid it

Christ-child said. They plait - ed then a crown of thorns And laid it —

Christ-child said. They plait - ed then a crown of thorns And laid it

Christ-child said. They plait - ed then a crown of thorns And laid it

p *cresc.*
 rude - ly on His head. Lo, from His brow, all pierced and torn, Sprang
p *cresc.*
 rude - ly on His head. Lo, from His brow, all pierced and torn, Sprang
p *cresc.*
 rude - ly on His head. Lo, from His brow, all pierced and torn, Sprang
p *cresc.*
 rude - ly on His head. Lo, from His brow, pierced and torn, Sprang

p *rall.*
 drops of blood like ros - es red.
p *rall.*
 drops of blood like ros - es red.
p *rall.*
 drops of blood like ros - es red.
p *rall.*
 drops of blood, sprang drops of blood like ros - es red.