

**Martha Hill Duncan**

# **A CHILD'S SONG OF CHRISTMAS**

**for SSA & Piano**



**Treble Choir Series**

## **A CHILD'S SONG OF CHRISTMAS**

*My counterpane is soft as silk,  
My blankets white as creamy milk.  
The hay was soft to Him, I know,  
Our little Lord of long ago.*

*Above the roof the pigeons fly  
In silver wheels across the sky.  
The stable-doves they cooed to them,  
Mary and Christ in Bethlehem.*

*Bright shines the sun across the drifts,  
And bright upon my Christmas gifts.  
They brought Him incense, myrrh, and gold,  
Our little Lord who lived of old.*

*O, soft and clear our mother sings  
Of Christmas joys and Christmas things.  
God's holy angels sang to them,  
Mary and Christ in Bethlehem.*

*Our hearts they hold all Christmas dear,  
And earth seems sweet and heaven seems near.  
O, heaven was in His sight, I know,  
That little Child of long ago.*

*Marjorie Pickthall (1883 – 1922)*

### **Cover Artwork by Judith Quintin**

*Judith Quintin was born in Sherbrooke, Quebec and studied at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, the Ontario College of Art and Queen's University. She taught art classes in the Department of Physiotherapy at Queen's University and enjoyed teaching private classes in the Kingston area. Her work has been shown in galleries and solo and group shows in Kingston, Ottawa, Toronto and Oakville, Canada. She was an exhibitor in the 1996 and 1997 Toronto Outdoor Exhibition and her work is in private collections across Canada, the United States and Europe. She works successfully on a commission basis. [www.judithquintin.ca](http://www.judithquintin.ca)*

*Martha Hill Duncan wishes to thank her friend Judy for permission to use her colourful and expressive painting in her Treble Choir Series*

# A Child's Song of Christmas

for SSA and Piano

Words by Marjorie Pickthall (1883 - 1922)

Music by Martha Hill Duncan

Gently Rocking ♩ = c. 80

Piano

*mp* *legato*

*with pedal*

S 1

S 2

A

*p* N.B.

My count er - pane is soft as silk, My blank ets white as cream-y milk. The

*p* N.B.

My count er - pane is soft as silk, My blank ets white as cream-y milk. The

*p* N.B.

My count er - pane is soft as silk, My blank ets white as cream-y milk. The

9

S 1 *rit.* *mf*  
 hay was soft to Him I know, Our lit-tle Lord of long a - go — A -

S 2 *rit.*  
 hay was soft to Him I know, Our lit-tle Lord of long a - go. —

A *mf*  
 hay was soft to Him I know, — Our lit-tle Lord of long a - go. — A -

14 *a tempo*

S 1 *a tempo*  
 bove the roof the pi geons fly In sil ver wheels a - cross the sky, The sta - ble doves they

S 2 *a tempo* *mf*  
 In sil ver wheels a cross the sky, The — sta - ble doves they —

A *a tempo* *mf*  
 bove the roof the pi geons fly The sta - ble-doves they

14 *a tempo* *mp*