

An Archive of the musical compositions by Herb Bielawa

Composition: **Let Every Child (Our Brother is Born)** – SSA and piano

Date: 1982

Duration: 3:44

Recording: from publisher promotional package

Program Note:

After a semester at the University of Michigan on a faculty exchange, this piece was a coming-home gift for Sandra Soderlund and her children's choir. It was subsequently published by Belwin Music, Inc. but is presently not continued. The author of the text, Eleanor Farjeon, was born in London in 1884 and lived until 1965. She was famous as a writer of children's poems. She is known also to have written the musical tunes for some of her poems. The Catholic Library Association awarded her the Regina award for her children's literature. This is a lively piece most suited to Christmas. It should be sung in a sprightly tempo without losing word clarity. A light and accented style is appropriate as marked.

Text:

Now every Child that dwells on earth,
Stand up, stand up and sing :
The passing night has given birth
Unto the children's King.
Sing sweet as the flute, Sing clear as the horn,
Sing joy of the Children,
Come Christmas the morn :
Little Christ Jesus Our brother is born.

Now every star that dwells in sky,
Look down with shining eyes :
The night has dropped in passing by
A Star from Paradise.
Sing sweet as the flute,
Sing clear as the horn,
Sing joy of the Stars,
Come Christmas the morn :

Now every Beast that crops in field,
Breathe sweetly and adore:
The night has brought the richest yield
That ever the harvest bore.

Sing sweet as the flute,
Sing clear as the horn,
Sing joy of the Creatures
Come Christmas the morn :

Now every Bird that flies in air,
Sing, raven, lark and dove:
The night has brooded on her lair
And fledged the Bird of love.
Sing sweet as the flute,
Sing clear as the horn,
Sing joy of the Birds,
Come Christmas the morn :

Now all the Angels of the Lord,
Rise up on Christmas Even :
The passing night will hear the Word
That is the voice of Heaven.
Sing sweet as the flute,
Sing clear as the horn,
Sing joy of the Angels,
Come Christmas the morn

- Eleanor Farjeon