In the Lonely Midnight

Alan Stringer

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In the Lonely Midnight

Plainsong, arr. Stringer

In the lonely midnight,
Though in David's city
Though the child of Mary,
on the wintry hill,
an-gels sing no more,
her-al-ded on high,

Shep-herds heard the an-gels singing, "Peace, good will."
love makes an-gel mu-sic in his man-ger cradle
may on long-est shore.

heard the an-gels, oo,
an-gel mu-sic, oo,
man-ger cradle, oo,

Listen, O ye wea-ry,
Though no heav-en-ly glo-ry
love will reign for-ev-er,

Listen, O ye, O ye wea-ry.
Though no heav-en-ly, heav-en-ly glo-ry,
love will reign - will reign for - ev-er,
to the angels' song,
meet your wonder'ing eyes,
though the proud world scorn;

Tenors:
to the angels' song/to the angels' song,
meet your wonder'ing eyes/meet your wonder'ing eyes,
though the proud world scorn/though the proud world scorn;

unto you the tidings of great joy belong.
love can make your dwelling bright as paradise.

if you truly seek peace,

unto you the tidings, the tidings of great joy belong.
love can make your dwelling, your dwelling bright as paradise.

if you truly seek peace, seek peace.

Christ for you is born.
I Think I Could Turn and Live with Animals

Alan Stringer

ASCAP

Piano

think I could turn and live with animals.

I

They are so placid.

and self-contained.

I stand and look at them long and

placid, and self-contained.

and self-contained.
They do not sweat and whine about their condition. They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their
sins.
Not one is dissatisfied. Not one is demented with the maniac.

Not one kneels to another. Nor to his.

Nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago. No one, no one is respectable or industrious.
over, over, over the whole earth.