Red Sky at Night

Jennifer Henderson

Liz Lane

Slowly, freely, folk-like

Soprano

Alto

It will be a cold night to-night, my friend: the frost

Tenor

Bass

4

S.

A.

glitters and snaps in the still air. Stamp your feet and rub your hands as you tend the

T.

B.

7

S. (optional solo/soli)

A. (add more voices again)

sheep! The sky is crimson over there, stained by the

T.

B.

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becoming more intense, moving on

Sun in the day's dying flight - a fiery canopy of angels'

as if the

wings, scarlet and gold in opalescent light,

as if the

wings, scarlet and gold in opalescent light,

as if the

whole world in its radiance sings with joyful expectation! Now the

whole world in its radiance sings with joyful expectation! Now the

whole world in its radiance sings with joyful expectation! Now the

sings with joyful expectation! Now the
In tempo

S.

A.

T.

B.

sky grows dark save for one bright star over-head. Then,

sky grows dark save for one bright star over-head. Then,

In tempo

S.

in the silence suddenly, the cry of one new

in the silence suddenly, the cry of one new

in the silence suddenly, the cry of one new

A little faster, dance-like

S.

born. Come, friends, we must take bread - the flocks are safely huddled in the

born. Come, friends, we must take bread - the flocks are safely huddled in the

Come, friends, we must take bread - the flocks are safely huddled in the

Come, friends, bread safely
fold, but it lacks many hours until the dawn.

Slower, solemn.

bring that fleece, for it is a cruel, cold night.

for any little lamb to be born.

rall.

pp