The Troubled Land

Paul Johnson

SOPRANO

ALTO

TENOR

BASS

ORGAN

\begin{music}
\begin{equation}
Long \text{ a-go in a troubled land}\quad \text{Ma-ry bore a son.}
\end{equation}
\end{music}

In a sta-ble, no-thing grand, No An-gel Choir, no Heav'n-ly Band, Of Mu-sic, of Mu-sic, of no-thing grand, No An-gel Choir, no Heav'n-ly Band, of Mu-sic, of Mu-sic was there none. The on-ly sound in the Mu-sic was there none. The on-ly sound in the Mu-sic was there none. The on-ly sound in the
19 mid-night air, The baby's birth-thing cries. His

mid-night air, The baby's birth-thing cries. His

mid-night air, The baby's birth-thing cries. But now he sleeps, and with tender care His

24 pa-rents gaze in won-der where on a bed of straw, a bed of straw. Their ti-ny babe has closed his

pa-rents gaze in won-der where on a bed of straw, a bed of straw. Their ti-ny babe has closed his

pa-rents gaze in won-der where on a bed of straw, a bed of straw. Their ti-ny babe has closed his

30 eyes. Più mosso

eyes. Più mosso

eyes. Più mosso

They know their in-fant is a King Sent down to teach us
In days to come church bells will ring, and festive choirs their
carols sing. But long ago in this troubled land, this
carols sing. But long ago in this troubled land, this
carols sing. But long ago in this troubled land, The Son of God lay sleeping in a stall.