STING

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GABRIEL’S MESSAGE

Traditional
Arranged by Sting and Robert Sadin

\[ \text{\textbackslash \textbackslash} \]

1. The angel Gabriel from heaven came, his wings as drifted snow, his eyes as flame. “All
hail," said he "Thou low - ly mai - den Mar - y." Most high - ly fa - voured la - dy,

Glo - ri - a! (Glo...) 2."For

known a bless - ed moth - er thou shalt be, all gen - er - a - tions laud and

ho - nour thee. Thy Son shall be E - ma - nu - el, by seers fore - told, most
high - ly fa - voured la - dy,"  Glo - - ri - a!

(Glo...)

3. Then
Gm

Bl₃/D

Eb₆

gen-tle Mar-ry meek-ly bowed her head. "To me be as it plea-seth

Eb₇

F

God," she said, "My soul shall laud and mag-ni fy his ho-ly name." Most

F₃

C₃

Bb

high-ly fa-voured la-dy, Glo-ri-a!

f₃

Eb₆₃

G₄

Gm

(Glo...)

Psalm
SOUL CAKE

Music and Lyrics by Paul Stookey, Tracey Batteast
and Elena Mezzetti

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merry. A soul cake, a soul cake, please good mis-sus a soul cake. One for Pe-ter, two for Paul and three for him that made us all. (A soul cake, a soul cake, please good mis-sus a soul cake. An ap-ple, a pear, a plum, or a cher-ry, an-y good thing to make us all
God bless the master of this house, and the mistress also and all the little children that round your table grow.

The cattle in your stable, the dogs at your front door and all that dwell within your gates we'll wish you ten times more.
A soul cake, a soul cake, please good mis-sus a soul cake.

An apple, a pear, a plum, or a cherry, any good thing to make us all merry.

A soul cake, a soul cake, please good mis-sus a soul cake.

One for Peter, two for Paul and three for him that made us all.
2. Go down into the cellar, and see what you can find,
3. The streets are very dirty, my shoes are very thin,

If the barrels are not empty we'll hope that you'll be kind.
I have a little pocket to put a penny in.

We'll hope that you'll be kind with your apple and your pear.
If you haven't got a penny, a half-penny will do.

And we'll come no more a-soul-lin' till Christmas time next year.
If you haven't got a half-penny then God bless you.
soul cake, a soul cake, please good mis-sus a soul cake. An apple, a pear, a plum, or a cherry, any good thing to make us all mer-ry. A soul cake, a soul cake, please good mis-sus a soul cake. One for Pe-ter, two for Paul,

1.
three for him that made us all.
three for him that made us all.
THERE IS NO ROSE OF SUCH VIRTUE

Traditional
Arranged by Sting and Robert Sadin

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is no rose of such virtue as that
rose we may well see that

To Coda

is the rose that bare Jesus.
he is God in persons three.

For
in this rose contained it was

heaven and earth in little

space.

Alleluia. Alleluia.
D.S. al Coda

There

Coda

Al - le -

lu - ia. Al - le - lu - ia.

There is no rose of

such virtue, as is the
rose that bare Jesus

angels sung en the shepherds

to: Gloria in excelsis de-

Al-le-lu-ia. Al-

22
There is no rose of such virtue.
as she is the rose that bare

__

Je su

__

Alleluia. Alle

__

-lu-

__

-ia.
THE SNOW IT MELTS THE SOONEST

Traditional
Arranged by Sting and Robert Sadin

\[ j = 85 \] Freely

\[ C^5 \]

\[ A^{b6}/C \quad G^7s4/C \quad C^5 \]

1. Oh, the snow it melts, the soon-est when, the winds begin to sing. And the
(4.) never say me fare-well here, no fare-well I'll receive. And

\[ F^{add2} \]

corn it ripens fastest when the frost is settling in. And
you shall set me to the stile and kiss and take your leave. I'll

\[ E^b^{66} \]

when a woman tells me my face she'll soon forget, be-
stay here until the curlew calls and the martlet takes his wing, oh, the

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-fore we’ll part, I’ll wage a croon, she’s fain to fol-low’t yet. 2. Oh, the
snow it melts the soon-est, when the winds be-gins to sing.

snow it melts the soon-est when the wind be-gins to sing. And the
(3.) snow it melts the soon-est when the wind be-gins to sing. And the

swal-low skims with-out a thought as long as it is spring. But when spring goes, and win-ter blows, my
bee that flew when sum-mer shone, in win-ter can-not sting. I’ve seen a wom-an’s an-ger melt be-

lass ie you’ll be fain, for all your pride, to fol-low me, a-cross the stor-my main. 3. Oh, the
-twixt the night and morn, oh, it’s sure-ly not a har-der thing to
CHRISTMAS AT SEA

Words by Robert Louis Stevenson
Music by Sting & Mary McMaster

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day as cold as charity, in bitter pain and dread, for
very life and nature we tacked from head to
Tho-gra-inn bhith dol dha-chaidh, e hò ro, e hò ro.
Ceud so-raidh bu mar bu dual dhomh, e hò hi ri ill iu
o. I'll go on thistle and brier.

Gu Sgoire-breac a chruidh chaisfhinn, e ho ro e ho ro.

Ceud so-raidh bhuam mar bu dual dhomh, e ho hi ri ill iu 2. We

gave the South a wider berth, for there the tide race roared; but
ev'ry tack we made we brought the North Head close aboard. We

saw the cliffs and houses and the breakers running high and the

cost-guard in his garden, with his glass against his eye.

Tho gra-in bhith dol dha-chan-dh, e ho ro e ho ro
Ceud so-raidh bhuam mar bu dual dhomh, e ho hi ri ill iu... 3. The

frost was on the village roofs as white as ocean foam; the

good red fires were burning bright in every long shore home; The

windows sparkled clear and the chimneys volleyed out; and I vow.
we sniffed the victuals as the vessel went about.

Gu Sgoire-breac a chruidh chaisfhinn, e ho ro, e ho ro.

Ceud so-raidh bhuam mar bu dual dhomh, e ho hi ri ill iu 4. The

bells upon the church were rung with a mighty jovial cheer; for it's
just that I should tell you how of all days in the year this
day of our adversity was blessed Christmas morn and the
house above the coast-guard's was the house where I was born.

Thograinn bhith dol dha-chaidh, e hro, e hro...
well I knew_ the talk_ they had, the talk that was_ of me, of the

shadow on the household and the son that went to sea; And

o, the wicked fool I_ seemed, in ev'ry kind of way_ to be

here and hauling frozen ropes on blessed Christmas Day._

D.S. and fade
LO, HOW A ROSE E’RE BLOOMING

Music by Michael Praetorius
English Translation by Theodore Baker
Arranged by Sting and Robert Sadin

Lo, how a Rose e’er blooming from tender stem hath sprung!

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38
Of Jesse's lineage coming,
as men of old have sung. It came, a flow'ret bright,
-mid the cold of winter,
when half-spent was the night.
Spoken: Isaiah 'twas foretold it, the Rose I have in mind.

And with Mary we behold it, the Virgin Mother so sweet so kind... (und hat ein Blümlein 'bracht.) She bore to men a Saviour,

when half spent was the night.
To show God’s love a - right, she
bore to men a Sa - viour, when half spent was the night.
COLD SONG

Words by John Dryden
Music by Henry Purcell
Arranged by Sting and Robert Sadin

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Low hast made me rise, unwillingly and slow,

From beds of everlasting.

Snow?

See'st thou not how stiff, how stiff and wondrous
breath.

Let me, let me, let me,

freeze again,

let me, let me, freeze

again to death. Let me, let me, let me freeze again to death.
THE BURNING BABE

Words by Chris Wood & Robert Southwell
Music by Chris Wood

\( \text{\#} = 250 \)

N.C.

1. As I in

hoary winter's

(3.) breast

thawed

the

fur-nace is, the
fuel

wound thorns,

surprised I

love is the

snow,
was with sudden heat which made my heart to glow; and lifting
fire, and sighs the smoke, the ashes shame and scorns; the fuel
up a fearful eye to view what fire was near, a pretty
justice layeth on, and mercy blows the coals, the metal
babe all burning bright did in the air appear.
in this furnace wrought are men's defiled souls.

2. Who, scorched with excessive heat, such floods of
4. For which, as now on fire I am to work them
tears did shed, as though his floods should quench his
to their good, so will I melt into a

flames which with his tears were fed. A - las, quoth
bath to wash them in my blood. With this he

he, but newly born in fiery heats I cry, yet none ap-
avanished out of sight and swiftly shrunk away, and straight I

To Coda  

-proach to warm their hearts or feel my fire but I!
called unto mind that it was
3. My faultless

Coda

Christmas day. Instrumental ad lib.

Repeat to fade
winter comes Slowly, Pale, Meager and Old

First

trembling with Age, and then quiv

ring with Cold.

Be
-numb'd with hard Frost and Snow cov - red o'er, be -

-numb'd with hard Frost and with Snow cov - red o'er.

Prays the Sun to Re - store him, prays the Sun to Re -

D.C. al Fine

-store him and Sings as be - fore.
THE HOUNDS OF WINTER

Words & Music by Sting

\[
\begin{align*}
&J = 85 \\
&N.C.
\end{align*}
\]

G  Em  G  Em  D^5  Em  D^5  Em

\[
\begin{align*}
&G  Em  G  Em  D^5  Em  D^5  Em
\end{align*}
\]

1. Mercury falling, I rise from my bed,
(2.) my coat around my ears,

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collect my thoughts together.
I look for my companion.
I have to hold my head.
I have to dry my tears.

It seems that she's gone
It seems that she's gone
3. A season for joy,

and somehow I am pinned
leaving me too soon
I'm as dark
Where she's gone, I will surely, surely follow.
1. G Em
   of Winter
   as December, I'm as cold,
   She brightened my day, she howling in the wind.

2, 3. D\(^5\) Em D\(^5\) Em
   2. I walk through the day, warmed the coldest night.

D\(^5\) Em D\(^5\) Em
   — But the Hounds of Winter, I'm as cold, as the man in the moon.

D\(^5\) Em D\(^5\) Em
   they got me in their sights.
Bm  A  Bm  A
I still see her face as beautiful as day.

Am  G  Am(maj7)  D
It’s easy to remember, remember my love that way.

Bm  Cmaj7  Bm  A
All I hear is that lonely, lonely sound. And the Hounds.

Am  G  D5  Em  To Coda
of Winter, they follow me down.
Bm A Am G
I can’t make up the fire the way that she could.

Am Am(maj7) D5 Em Bm A
I spend all my days in the search for dry wood. Board all the windows.

Am G Am D5 Em
... and close the front door... I can’t believe she won’t be here anymore.

Bm A/C Bm A Am(maj7) G
I still see her face as beautiful as day... It’s easy to remember.
re-mem-ber my love that way. All I hear is that lone-some, lone-some sound. And the Hounds of Winter, they fol-low me down.

D.S. al Coda
Coda

D  A/C#  C  Em

Bm  A  D#  Em  D  A/C#  

C  Em  Bm  A  D#  Em

Doo, do, do, do, do, doo...

D#  Em  D#  Em  D#  Em  D#  Em

Repeat to fade

Vocal and instrumental ad lib.
my deare hert, young Jesus sweit, pre-
pair thy cred - dil in my spreit. And
I sall rock thee in my hert and
nev - er mair from thee de - part. Ooh,
2. But I shall praise thee ev'rymore
with sangis sweit unto thy glory.
The knees of my hert
CHERRY TREE CAROL
Traditional
Arranged by Sting and Robert Sadin

\[ j = 120 \]
\[ Gsus^2 \]

1. When

Freely

N.C.

Joseph was an old man, an old man was he, he

(2.) Joseph and Mary were walking one day, here is

(Verses 3-7. see block lyrics)

courted Virgin Mary, the Queen of Galilee. He

applied and cherries, so fair to behold. Here is

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Verse 3:
Then Mary spoke to Joseph, so meek and so mild
“Joseph, gather me some cherries for I am with child”
“Oh, Joseph, gather me some cherries for I am with child.”

Verse 4:
Then Joseph flew in anger, in anger he flew
“Oh, let the father of the baby gather cherries for you!”
“Oh, let the father of the baby gather cherries for you!”

Verse 5:
So the cherry tree bowed low down, low down to the ground
And Mary gathered cherries while Joseph stood down
And Mary gathered cherries while Joseph stood down.

Verse 6:
Then Joseph took Mary all on his right knee
Crying “Lord, have mercy for what I have done!”
Crying “Lord, have mercy for what I have done!”

Verse 7:
When Joseph was an old man, an old man was he
He courted Virgin Mary, the Queen of Galilee
He courted Virgin Mary, the Queen of Galilee.
LULLABY FOR AN ANXIOUS CHILD

Words & Music by Sting & Dominic Miller

\[ j = 120 \]

\[ \text{C#m7} \quad \text{Aadd9} \quad \text{B} \quad \text{Em} \quad \text{F#dim} \quad \text{G} \]

Hush child, let your mom - my sleep...
B/D#    Em    C    B    Em    F#dim    G
 into the night until we rise Hush child, let me soothe the shin-

B/D#    Em    C    B    C#m7    Aadd9    B
 ing tears that gather in your eyes

Em    F#o    G    B/D#    Em    C    B
 Hush child, I won’t leave, I’ll stay with you to cross this Bridge of Sighs

Em    F#dim    G    B/D#    Em    C    B
 Hush child, I can’t help the look of accusation in your eyes
The world is broken now, all in sorrow, wise men hang their heads.

Hush child, let your mother sleep, into the night until we rise. Hush child, all the strength. I'll need...
to fight, I'll find inside your eyes,
in your eyes...

The world is broken now, all in sor-
HURDY-GURDY MAN

Words by Wilhelm Müller
Music by Franz Schubert
English Adaptation by Sting
Arranged by Sting and Robert Sadin

\[ J = 75 \]

\[ A^5 \]

\[ E/A \quad Am \quad E/A \]

\[ A^5 \]

\[ E/A \quad Am \quad E/A \quad Am \]

In the snow there stands a

hurdy-gurdy-man,

with his frozen fingers
plays as best he can.
Bare-foot on the ice, he shuffles to and fro and his empty plate, it

only fills with snow.
And his empty plate, it

only fills with snow.
No one wants to hear his hurdy-gurdy-song,
hungry dogs surround him and before too long,
he will fall asleep and then, before too long,
he'll just let it happen, happen come what may.
Play his hurdy-gurdy till his dying day.

Watching you, old man, I see myself in you.

One day I will play the hurdy-gurdy too.
YOU ONLY CROSS MY MIND
IN WINTER

Music by J.S. Bach
Words by Sting
Arranged by Sting and Robert Sadin

\[ J = 60 \]

\[
\begin{align*}
E^b & \quad A^b & \quad Eb/G & \quad Fm & \quad Bb & \quad Bb7 & \quad E^b \\
\end{align*}
\]

Always this winter child, December sun sits low against the sky.

\[
\begin{align*}
Cm & \quad Adim/C & \quad Adim & \quad Bb & \quad Eb & \quad F & \quad Bb \\
\end{align*}
\]

Cold light on frozen fields, the cattle in their stable lowing. When

\[
\begin{align*}
E^b & \quad A^b & \quad Eb/G & \quad Fm & \quad Bb & \quad Eb & \quad Cm & \quad Adim/C \\
\end{align*}
\]

two walked this winter road, ten thousand miles seemed nothing to us then. One walks with

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heav-y tread, the space be-tween their foot-steps slow-ing. All day the

snow did fall, what’s left of the day is close drawn in. I speak your name as if you’d

answer me. But the si-lence of the snow is deaf-‘ning. How

well do I re-call our ar-gu-ments. Our lo-gic owed no debts or re-com-pense. Phil-
-os - o - phy and faith were ghosts that we would chase un - ti

gates of heav-en were bro - ken. But some-thing makes me turn, I don't know, to

see an - oth - er's foot-steps there in the snow. I smile to my - self and then I 

won - der why it is you on - ly cross my mind in win - ter.
Inspired by Sting's favourite season, If On a Winter's Night... takes traditional music from the British Isles as its starting point and evolves into a compelling and personal journey with music spanning over five centuries (including two of Sting's own songs).

An evocative collection of lullabies, carols and songs arranged for piano, voice and guitar, Sting's new album celebrates the many facets of winter - before the snows melt and the cycle of the seasons begin once more.

1 Gabriel's Message
2 Soul Cake
3 There Is No Rose of Such Virtue
4 The Snow It Melts the Soonest
5 Christmas at Sea
6 Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming
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