

Georges de La Tour - Young Virgin Mary

## I syng of a mayden

for choir SATB a cappella

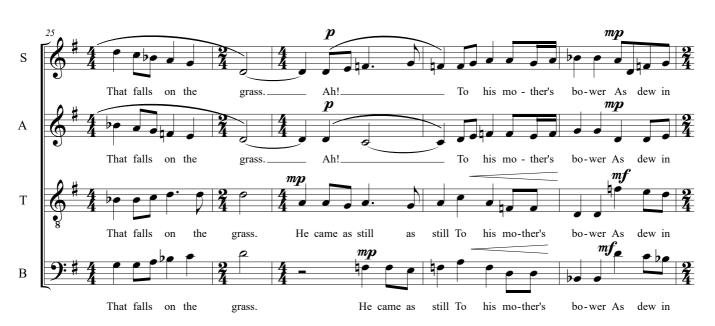
## Jean-Christophe Rosaz



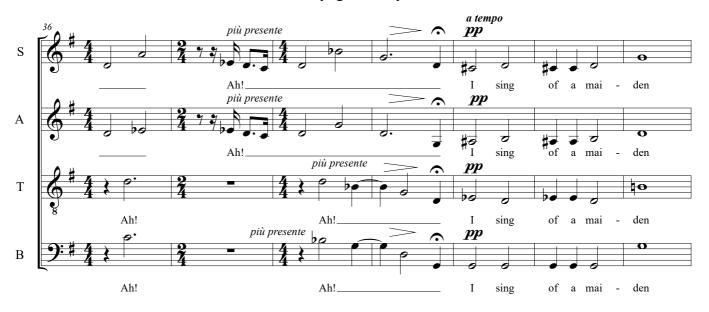
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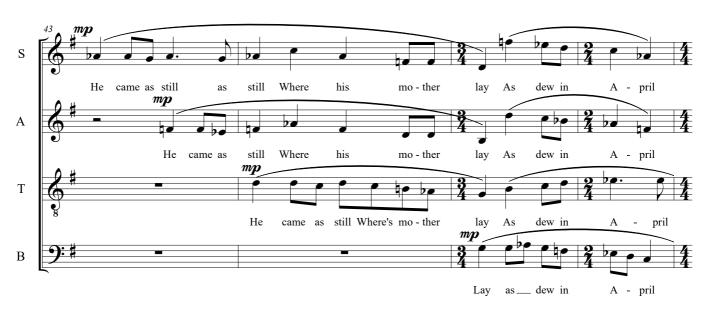


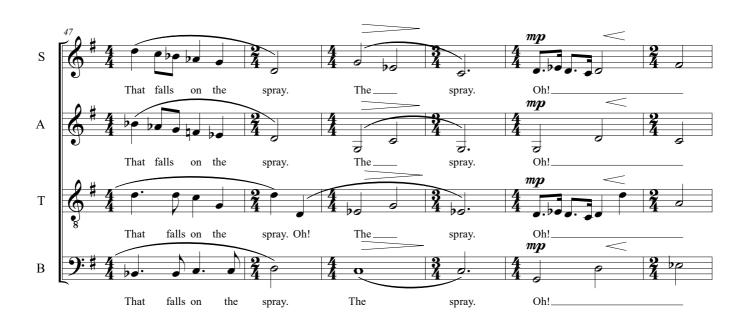


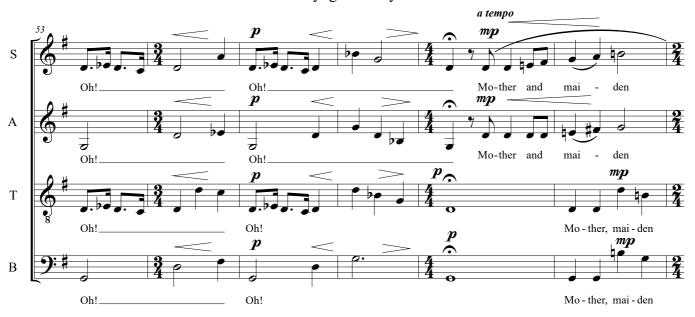


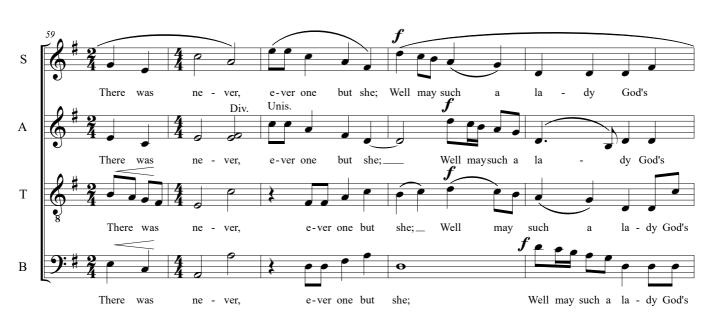


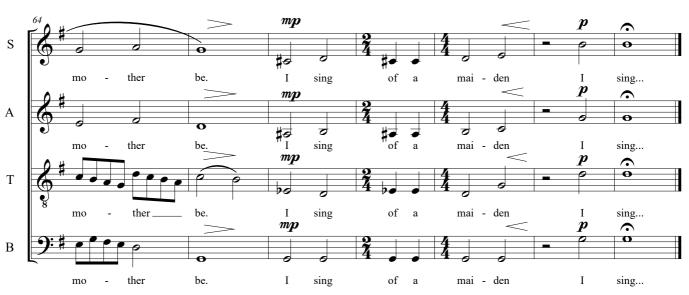












Etiveau September 2024

I syng of a mayden bat is makeles, kyng of alle kynges to here sone che ches.

He came also stylle ber his moder was as dew in aprylle, bat fallyt on be gras.

He cam also stylle to his moderes bowr as dew in aprille, bat fallyt on be flour.

He cam also stylle ber his moder lay as dew in Aprille, bat fallyt on be spray.

Moder & mayden was neuer non but che – wel may swych a lady Godes moder be. I sing of a maiden That is matchless, King of all kings For her son she chose.

He came as still Where his mother was As dew in April That falls on the grass.

He came as still To his mother's bower As dew in April That falls on the flower.

He came as still Where his mother lay As dew in April That falls on the spray.

Mother and maiden There was never, ever one but she; Well may such a lady God's mother be. Je chante une jeune fille Qui est sans égale, Roi de tous les rois Elle a choisi son fils.

Il est venu aussi calme Là où était sa mère Comme la rosée d'avril Qui tombe sur l'herbe.

Il est venu aussi calme Au berceau de sa mère Comme la rosée d'avril Qui tombe sur la fleur.

Il est venu aussi calme Là où gisait sa mère Comme la rosée d'avril Qui tombe sur les branches.

Mère et jeune fille Il n'y a jamais eu, jamais une autre femme qu'elle ; Que cette dame soit bien la mère de Dieu.