



Georges de La Tour - Young Virgin Mary

I syng of a mayden

for choir SATB a cappella

Jean-Christophe Rosaz



I syng of a mayden

dedicated to Stephen Dodsworth

Jean-Christophe Rosaz

♩ = 100

Soprano

Alto

Ténor

Basse

p ritmico

bocca chiusa

p

mp

bocca chiusa

8

S

A

T

B

mp

mp

p

mp

p

mp

I sing of a mai - den That is match - less, Div.

I sing of a mai - den That is match - less, —

I sing of a mai - den That is — match - less,

I sing of a mai - den That is match - less,

14

S

A

T

B

mf

mf

mf

mf

dolce legato

dolce legato

dolce legato

dolce legato

King of all — kings For her son she chose. I sing of a mai -

Unis. *mf* *dolce legato*

— King of all kings — For her son she chose. I sing of a mai -

King of all — kings For her son — she — chose. — I sing of a mai -

King of all kings For her son — she chose. I sing of a mai -

I sing of a mayden

20 Div. Unis. *p* *mp*

S den He came as still as still Where his mo-ther was As dew in A - pril

A den He came as still Where his mo-ther was As dew in A - pril

T den As dew in A - pril

B den As dew in A - pril

25 *p* *mp* *mf*

S That falls on the grass. Ah! To his mo - ther's bo-wer As dew in

A That falls on the grass. Ah! To his mo - ther's bo-wer As dew in

T That falls on the grass. He came as still as still To his mo-ther's bo-wer As dew in

B That falls on the grass. He came as still To his mo-ther's bo-wer As dew in

30 *p ritmico* *p* *p*

S A - pril That falls on the flo - wer. Ah! Ah!

A A - pril That falls on the flo - wer. Ah! Ah!

T A - pril That falls on the flo - wer. Ah!

B A - pril That falls on the flo - wer. Ah!

I sing of a maiden

36 *più presente* *a tempo* *pp*

S Ah! I sing of a mai - den

A *più presente* *pp* Ah! I sing of a mai - den

T *più presente* *pp* Ah! I sing of a mai - den

B *più presente* *pp* Ah! I sing of a mai - den

43 *mp*

S He came as still as still Where his mo - ther lay As dew in A - pril

A *mp* He came as still Where his mo - ther lay As dew in A - pril

T *mp* He came as still Where's mo - ther lay As dew in A - pril

B *mp* Lay as dew in A - pril

47 *mp*

S That falls on the spray. The spray. Oh!

A That falls on the spray. The spray. Oh!

T That falls on the spray. Oh! The spray. Oh!

B That falls on the spray. The spray. Oh!

I sing of a maiden

53

S Oh! Oh! *p* *mp* *a tempo* Mo-ther and mai - den

A Oh! Oh! *p* *mp* Mo-ther and mai - den

T Oh! Oh! *p* *mp* Mo - ther, mai - den

B Oh! Oh! *p* *mp* Mo - ther, mai - den

59

S There was ne - ver, e-ver one but she; Well may such a la - dy God's

A There was ne - ver, e-ver one but she; Well may such a la - dy God's

T There was ne - ver, e-ver one but she; Well may such a la - dy God's

B There was ne - ver, e-ver one but she; Well may such a la - dy God's

64

S mo - ther be. *mp* I sing of a mai - den I sing...

A mo - ther be. *mp* I sing of a mai - den I sing...

T mo - ther be. *mp* I sing of a mai - den I sing...

B mo - ther be. *mp* I sing of a mai - den I sing...

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

He came also styll
 þer his moder was
 as dew in aprylle,
 þat fallyt on þe gras.

He cam also styll
 to his moderes bowr
 as dew in aprylle,
 þat fallyt on þe flour.

He cam also styll
 þer his moder lay
 as dew in Aprille,
 þat fallyt on þe 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.