

The Crown of Roses

Koorlid: 40

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840 - 1893)

mf *p* *mf* *p* *pp*

Soprano When Je-sus Christ was yet a child He had a gar - den small and wild, Where in he cher-ished

mf *p* *mf* *p* *pp*

Alto When Je-sus Christ was yet a child He had a gar - den small and wild, Where in he cher-ished

mf *p* *mf* *p* *pp*

Tenor When Je-sus Christ was yet a child He had a gar - den small and wild, Where in he cher-ished

mf *p* *mf* *p* *pp*

Bass When Je-sus Christ was yet a child He had a gar - den small and wild, Where in he cher-ished

11 *mf* *p* *mf*

ro-ses fair, And wove them in - to gar-lands there. Now once, as sum - mer-time drew night, There

mf *p* *mf*

ro-ses fair, And wove them in - to gar-lands there. Now once, as sum - mer time drew night, There

mf *p* *mf*

ro-ses fair, And wove them in - to gar-lands there. Now once, as sum-mer - time drew night, There

mf *p* *mf*

ro-ses fair, And wove them in - to gar-lands there. Now once, as sum-mer-time drew night, There

21 *p* *pp*

came a troop of child - ren by, And see-ing ro-ses on the tree, With shouts they plucked them

p *pp*

came a troop of child - ren by, And see-ing ro-ses on the tree, With shouts they plucked them

p *pp*

came a troop of child - ren by, And see-ing ro-ses on the tree, With shouts they plucked them

p *pp*

came a troop of child - ren by, And see-ing ro-ses on the tree, With shouts they plucked them

31 *mf*

mer-ri - ly. "Do you bind ro-ses in your hair?" They cried, in scorn, to Je - sus there.

mf

mer-ri - ly. "Do you bind ro-ses in your hair?" They crie, in scorn, to Je - sus there.

mf

mer-ri - ly. "Do you bind ro - ses in your hair?" They crie, in scorn, to Je - sus there.

mf

mer-ri - ly. "Do you bind ro-ses in your hair?" They crie, in scorn, to Je - sus there.

41 *pp* The boy said hum-bly: "Take, I pray, All but the na - ked thorns a - way." Then of the thorns they *p cresc.*

pp The boy said hum-bly: "Take, I pray, All but the na - ked thorns a - way." Then of the thorns they *p cresc.*

pp The boy said hum-bly: "Take, I pray, All but the na - ked thorns a - way." Then of the thorns they *p cresc.*

pp The boy said hum-bly: "Take, I pray, All but the na - ked thorns a - way." Then of the thorns they *p cresc.*

51 *ff* made a crown, And with rough fin - gers pressed it down, Till on his fore-head fair and *p cresc.*

ff made a crown, And with rough fin - gers pressed it down, Till on his fore-head fair and *p cresc.*

ff made a crown, And with rough fin - gers pressed it down, Till on his fore-head fair and *p cresc.*

ff made a crown, And with rough fin - gers pressed it down, Till on his fore-head fair and *p cresc.*

60 *ff* young Red drops of blood like ro - ses sprung. *p*

ff young Red drops of blood like ro - ses sprung. *p*

ff young Red drops of blood like ro - ses sprung. *p*

ff young Red drops of blood like ro - ses sprung. *p*

young Red drops of blood like ro - ses sprung, like ro - ses sprung.