

NEW EVERY YEAR

(UNTO US A SON IS GIVEN)

GIVEN, not lent,
And not withdrawn—once sent,
This Infant of mankind, this One,
Is still the little welcome Son.

New every year,
New born and newly dear,
He comes with tidings and a song,
The ages long, the ages long;

Even as the cold
Keen winter grows not old,
As childhood is so fresh, foreseen,
And spring in the familiar green.

Sudden as sweet
Come the expected feet.
All joy is young, and new all art,
And He, too, Whom we have by heart.

Words: Alice Meynell

Music: Tom Cullivan

MODERATO RITMICO

SOPRANO

ALTO

TENOR

BASS

ORGAN

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