

# Villagers All

Kenneth Grahame

Simon Dew

1 D Em A

Villagers all, this frosty tide, (oh) \_\_\_\_\_

3 D G A7sus4 A7 D

Let your doors swing open wide, Though  
 Blow-ing fin-gers and stamp-ing feet  
 Sud-den a star has led us on  
 Saw the star o'er a sta-ble low  
 "Who were the first to cry NO - WELL? An -

5 Bm7 D/F# G A

wind may foll-ow, and snow be-side, Yet \_\_\_\_\_  
 Come from far a-way you to greet, You \_\_\_\_\_  
 Rain-ing bliss and be-ni-son,  
 Ma-ry she might not fur-ther go,  
 -im-als all as it be-fell,

7 F#/A# Bm7 Em7 A7

draw us in by your fire to bide,  
 by the fire and we in the street,  
 Bliss to-mor-row and more a-non,  
 Wel-come thatch and lit-ter be-low!  
 In the sta-ble where they did dwell!

9 D G A7sus4 A7 D FINE

Joy shall be yours in the mor-ning!  
 Bid-ding you joy in the mor-ning! For  
 Joy for ev-er-y mor-ning!  
 Joy was hers in the mor-ning!  
 Joy shall be theirs in the mor-ning!"

11 Verse 2 D Em A D.S.

Here we stand in the cold and the sleet ...

13 Verse 3-5 D Em A D.S.

ere one half of the night was gone ...  
 Good-man Jo-seph toiled through the snow ...  
 And then they heard the an-gels tell ...