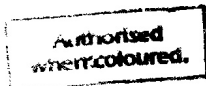


A Pohutukawa Carol

Poem: E.A.FORSMAN



Music: DOUGLAS MEWS (1982)

Con anima

1 Now crim-son, crim-son Christ - mas trees, Po - hu - tu - ka - was rim__ the seas, And
2 Such trees gave wood to make__ His cot, And all His toys from trees__ He got, And
4 Long raise, O trees, a - bout__ our land, Your crim-son sign on ev' - ry strand, That

6

Ma - ry bore.
flow'r in flame on ev' - ry shore For joy of him__ whom Ma - - - ry bore.
when He came to ply__ a trade, He shaped from trees__ the things__ He made.
we may tell each Christ - mas morn Why Je - sus was__ of Ma - - - ry born.

Ma - ry bore.


11

REFRAIN

p
Babe so poor and small, Je - sus, God of all, O, with us__ a -

14

-bide, This ho - - - - ly Christ - mas - tide. *Fine*

Optional repeat from  last time

18

3 Be - cause a tree had brought us doom, Was Je - sus born of

22

Ma - ry's womb To blos - som high on Cal - - - v'ry's

25

tree, The crim - son bloom that makes us free.

29

REFRAIN

Babe so poor and small, Je - sus, God of all, O, with us a -

32

-bide, This ho - - - ly Christ - mas - tide.

D. C. for v.4