

# The Legend of Befana

Phyllis McGinley (1905-1978)

Mary Finlayson

♩ = 126

Alto

Be - fa - na the

Piano

6

house - wife wa - shing her pane, saw three old sa - ges ride down the

12

lane, saw three gray tra - ve - lers pass by her door, Gas - par,

18

Bal - tha - zar, Mel chi - or "Where jour - ney you sirs?" she asked of

24

them. Bal - tha - zar an - swered "To Beth - le - hem. For

*poco rit.* *a tempo*

Ped.

30

we have news of a mar - ve - lous thing. Born in a sta - ble is

38

Christ the King."

44

"Give him my wel - come" then Gas - par smiled. "Come with us

49

'mis - tress to greet the child.' "Hap - pi - ly, hap - pi - ly would I

55

'fare were my dus - ting done and I'd po - lished the stair.

62

'Old Mel - chi - or leaned on his sad - dle horn. "Then send but a gift to the

70

small\_ new - born." "Oh glad\_\_\_ ly glad - ly I'd send\_\_\_ him one if the

76

heart - stone were swept and the wea - ving done. As soon\_\_\_ as ev - er I've

82

baked all my bread, I'll fetch Him a pil - low for\_\_\_ his head And a co - ver - let too, A

90

*poco rit.**a tempo*

co - ver - let too." Be - fa - na said. "When the rooms are aired and the li - nen

98

*poco rit.* *a tempo*

dry then I'll look for the babe." But the three rode by— She worked for a day and a

105

night and a day, then gifts in ber hand, took up— her way But she ne - ver could find,

113

She ne - ver could find where the Christ child lay.

121

And still— she wan - ders this Christ - mas -

127

tide, house-less whose house was all her pride, whose heart was tar-dy, whose

134

gifts were late. wanders and knocks at ev'-ry gate,

140

cry-ing "Good peo-ple the bells be-gin. Put off your

145

toi-ling and let love in

*ritard*

*Ped.*