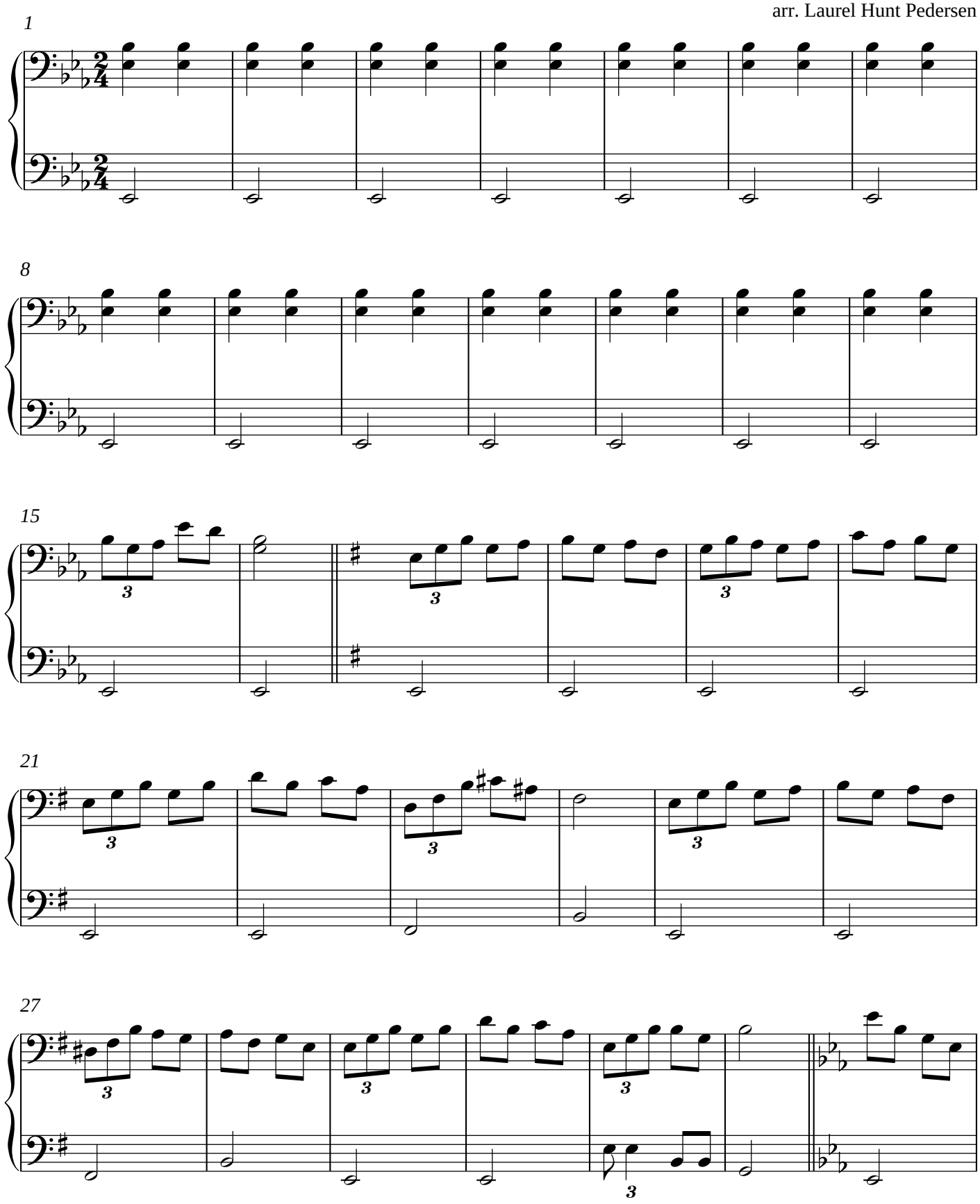
The Journey

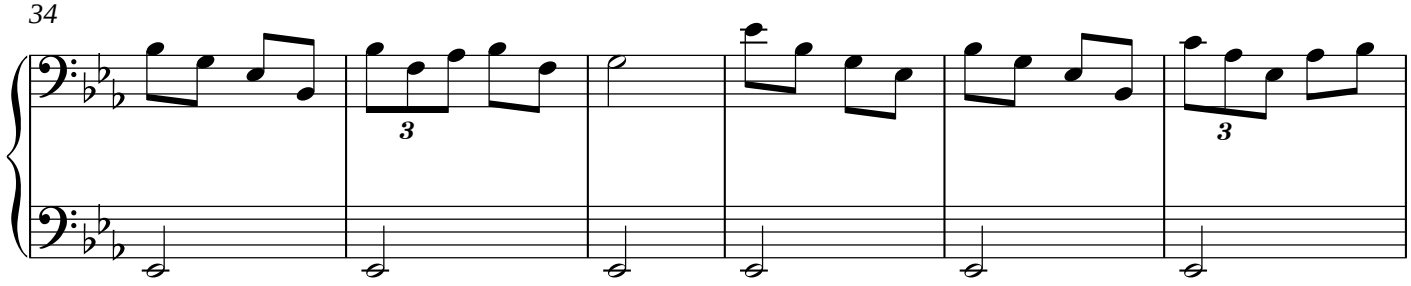
(Din, Din, Din) Secondo

Venezuelan carol
arr. Laurel Hunt Pedersen

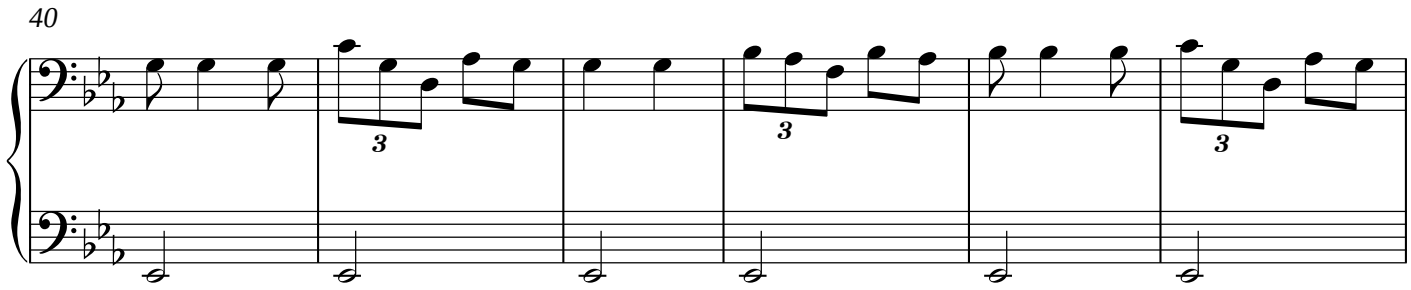


Copyright © 2025 Laurel Hunt Pedersen

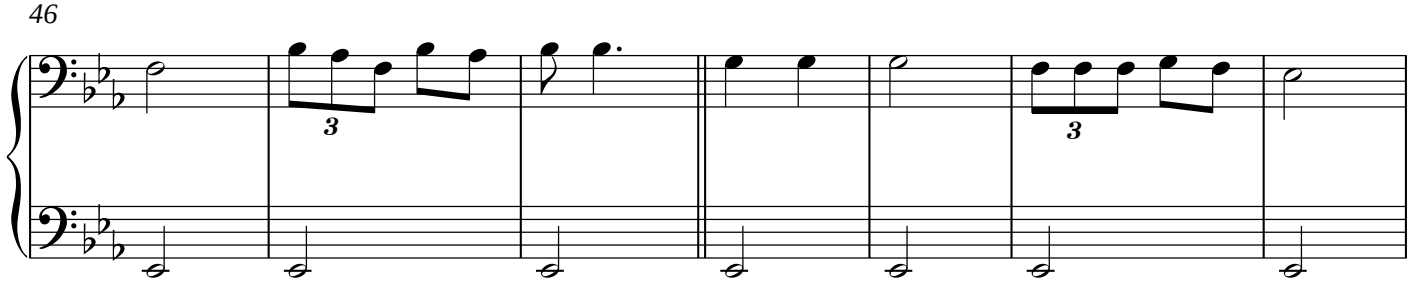
34



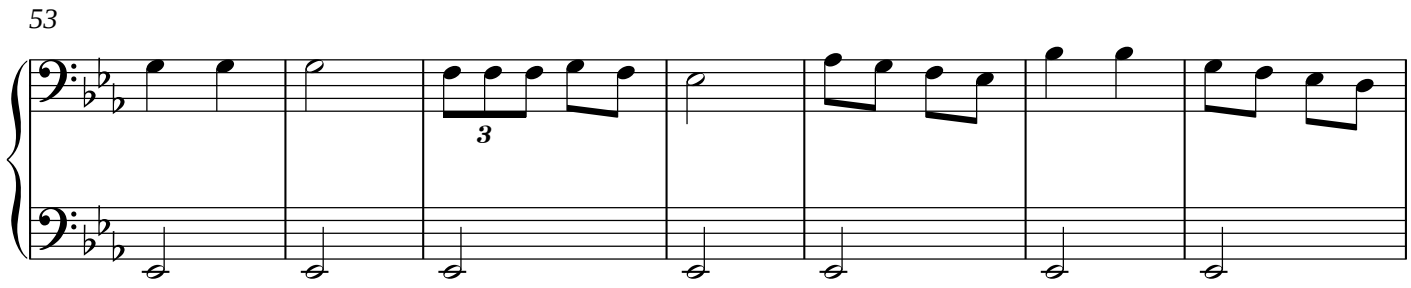
40



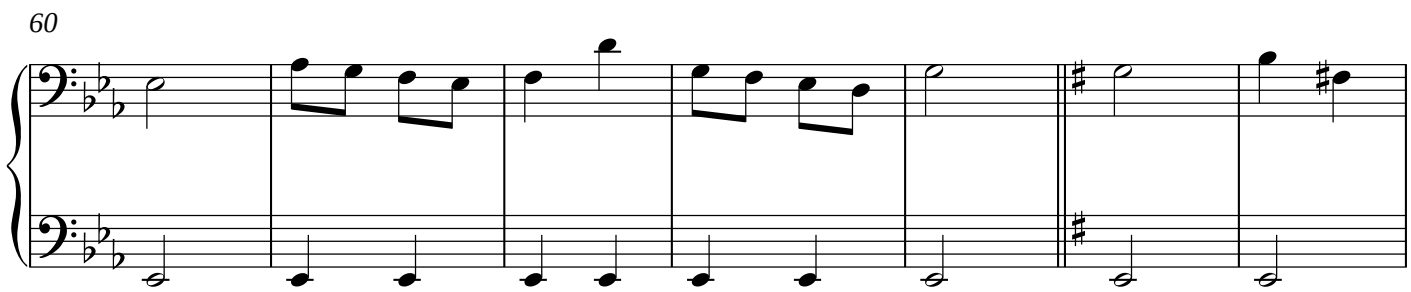
46



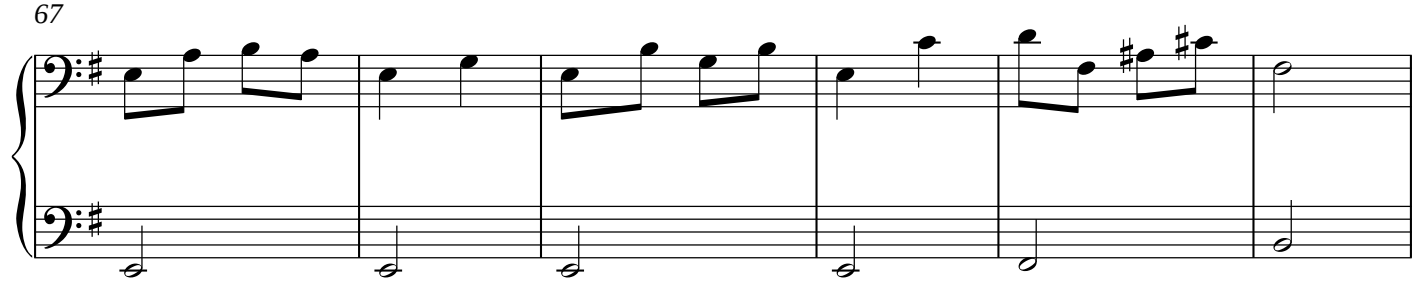
53



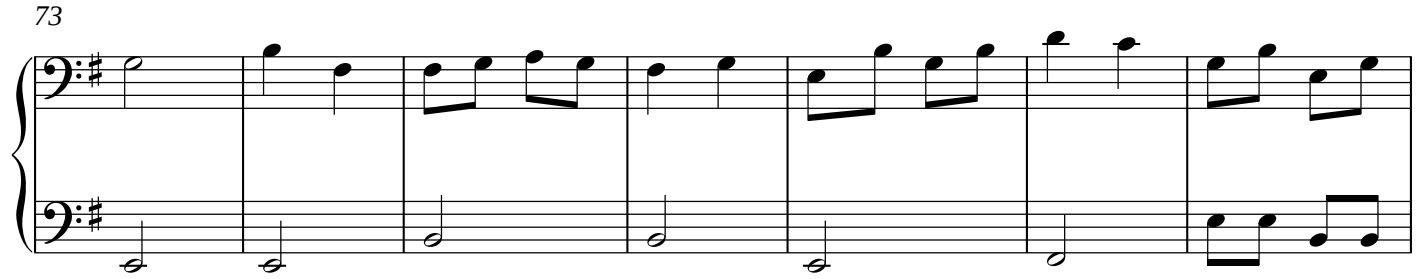
60



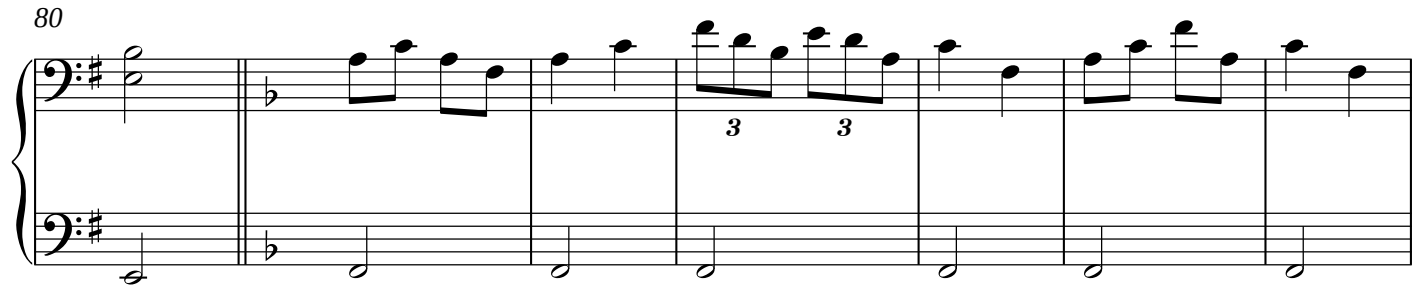
67



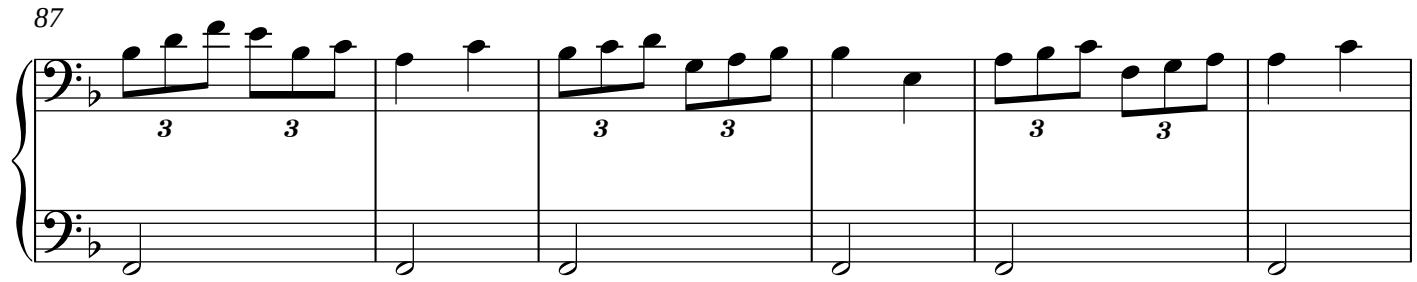
73



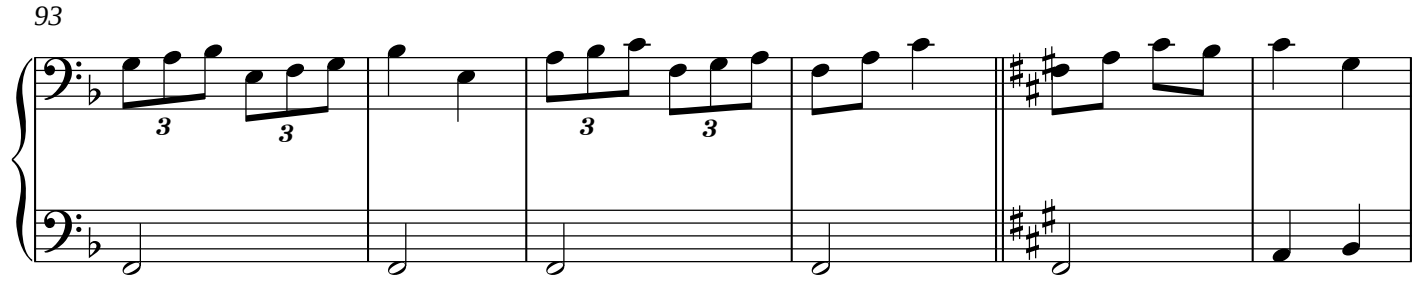
80

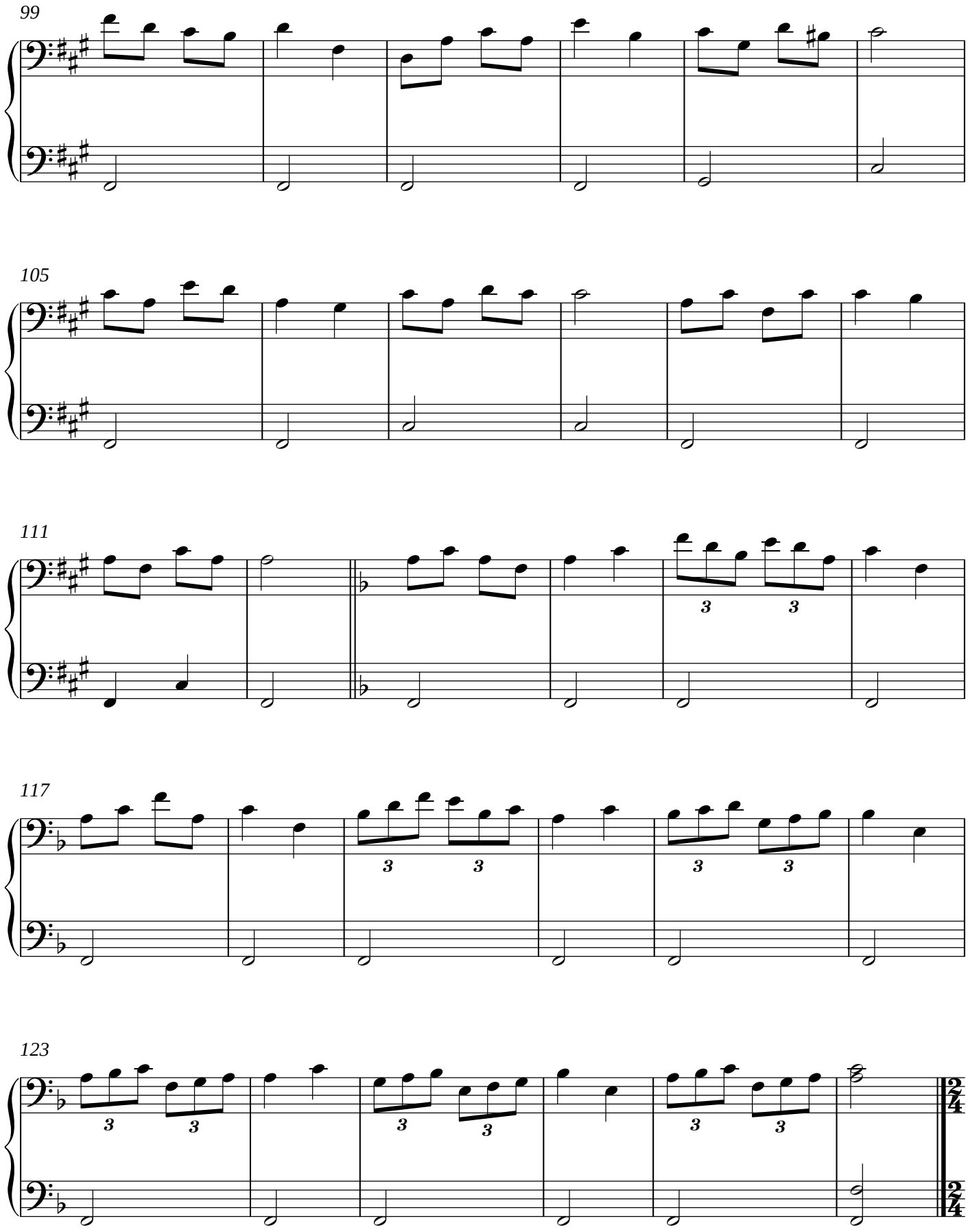


87



93

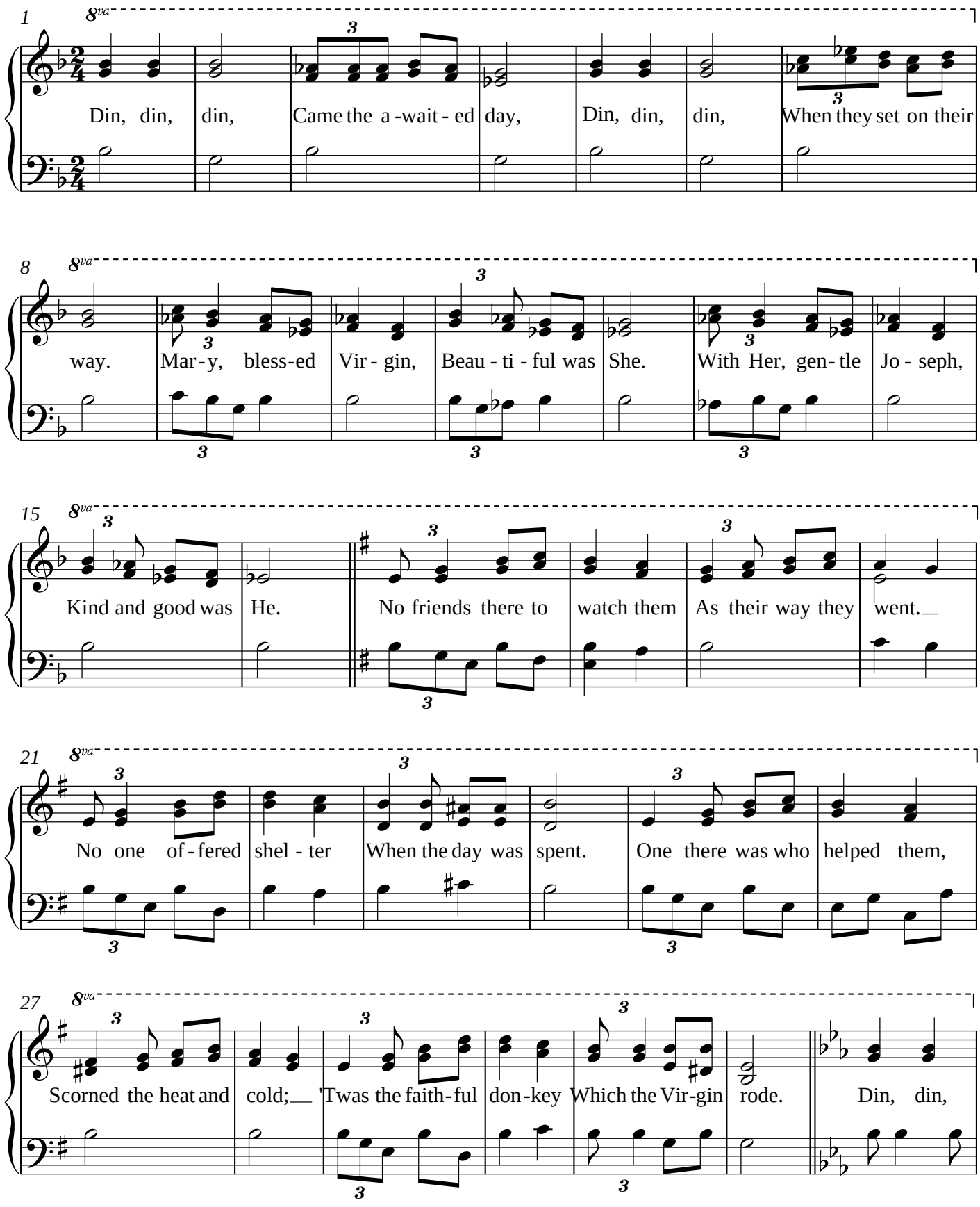



99
105
111
117
123

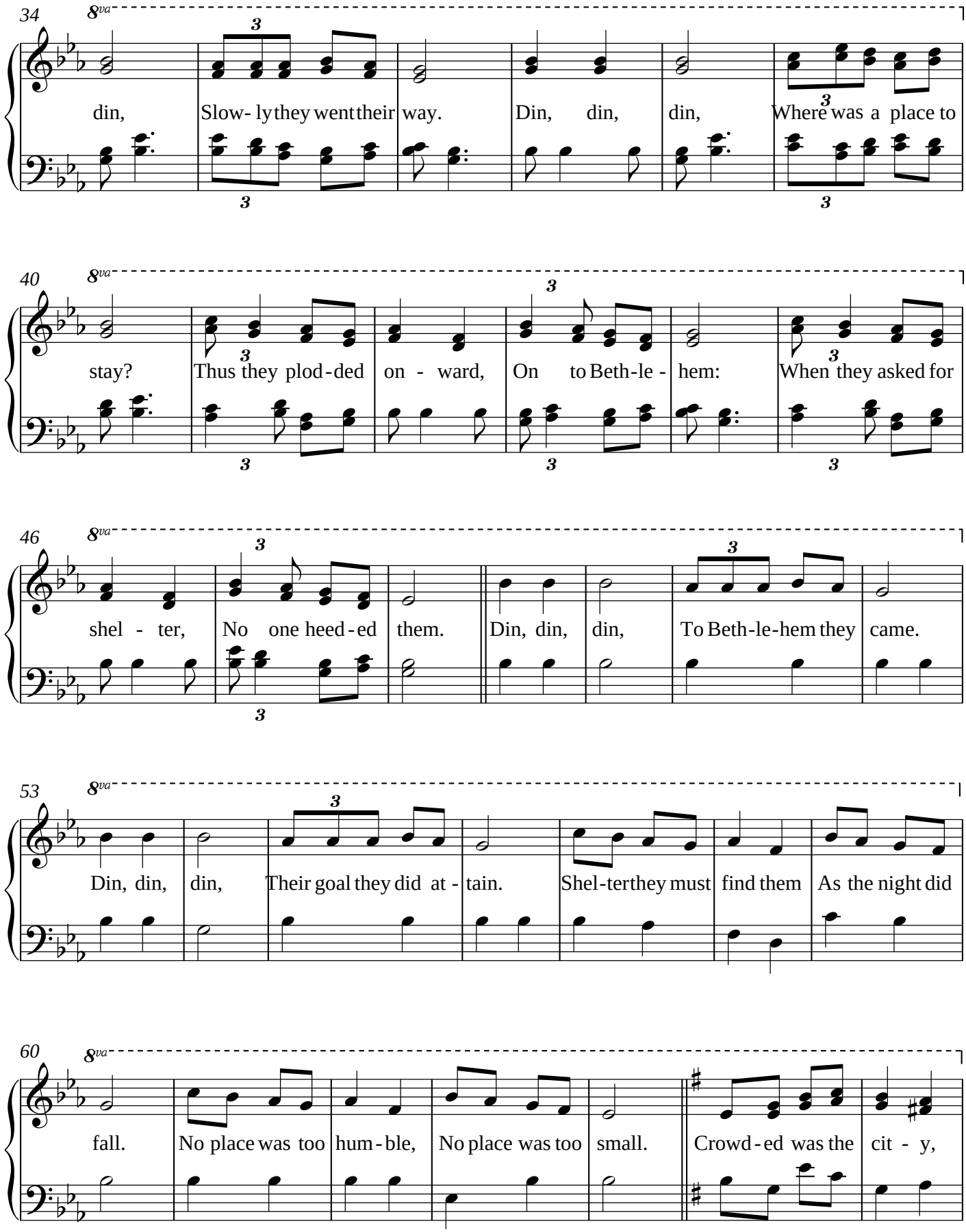
The Journey

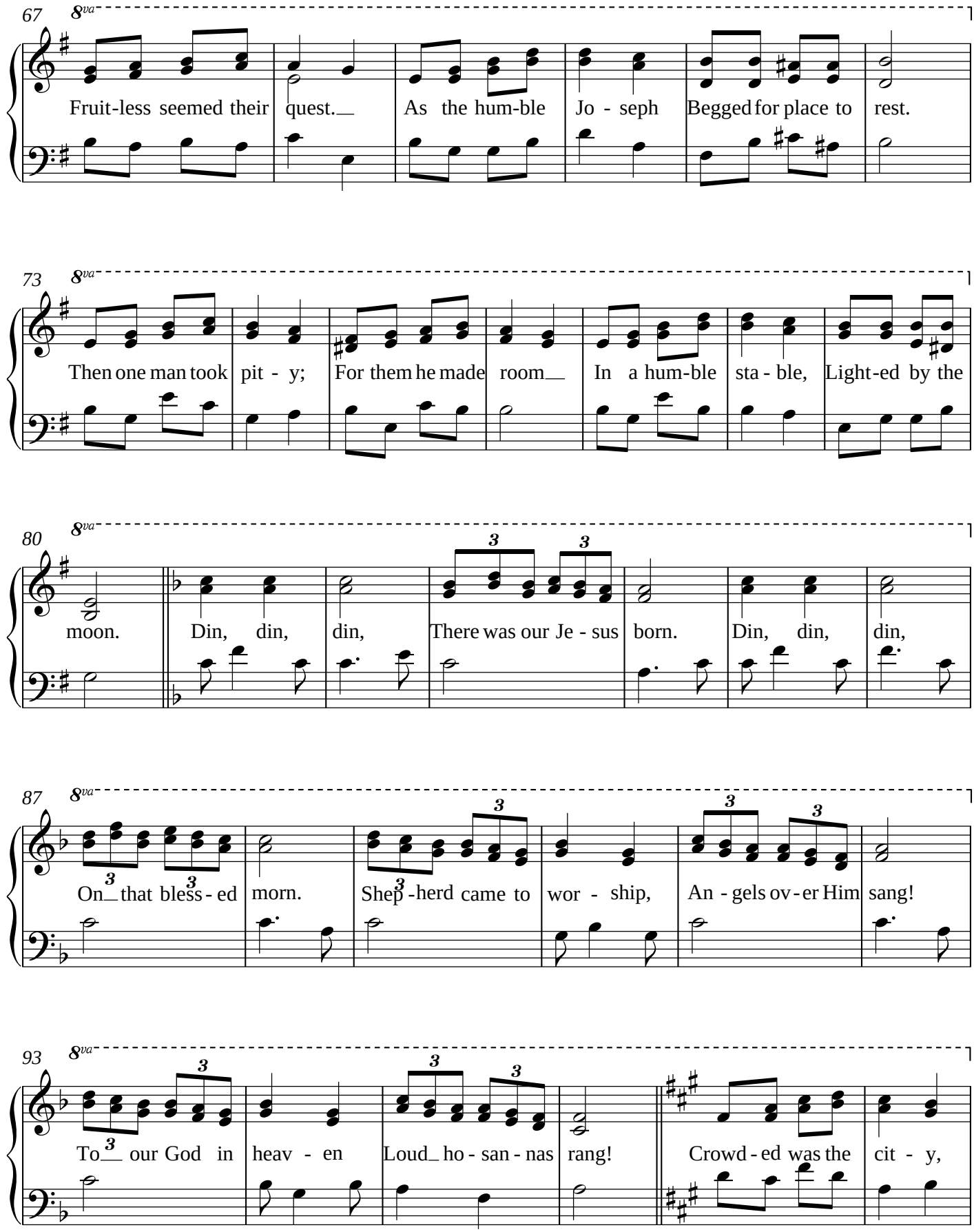
(Din, Din, Din) Primo

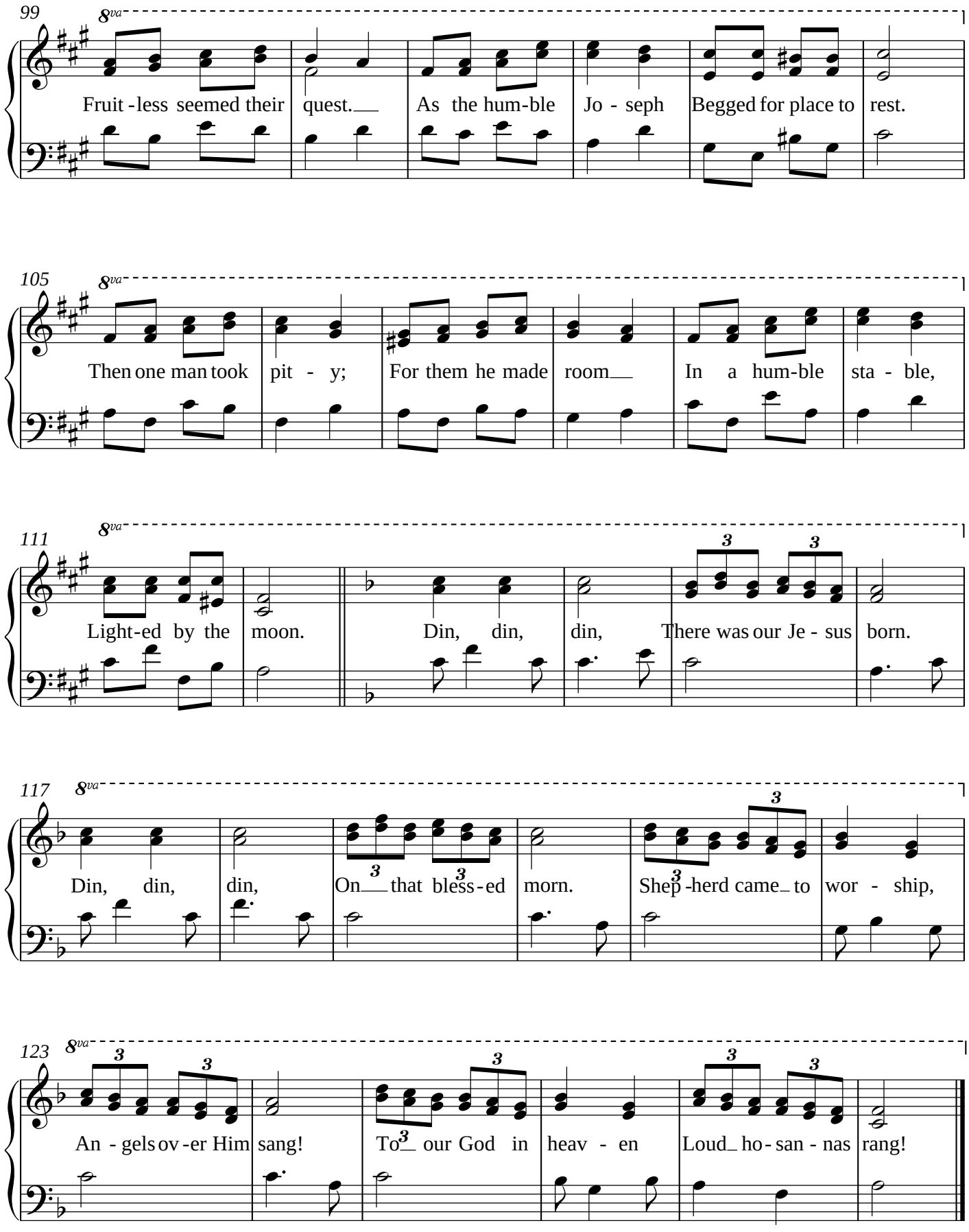
Venezuelan carol
arr. Laurel Hunt Pedersen



Copyright © 2025 Laurel Hunt Pedersen


34
8va
din, Slow- ly they went their way. Din, din, din, Where was a place to
40
8va
stay? Thus they plod-ded on - ward, On to Beth-le - hem: When they asked for
46
8va
shel - ter, No one heed-ed them. Din, din, din, To Beth-le-hem they came.
53
8va
Din, din, din, Their goal they did at - tain. Shel-ter they must find them As the night did
60
8va
fall. No place was too hum-ble, No place was too small. Crowd-ed was the cit - y,


67
8va
Fruit-less seemed their quest. As the hum-ble Jo - seph Begged for place to rest.
73
8va
Then one man took pit - y; For them he made room In a hum-ble sta - ble, Light-ed by the
80
8va
moon. Din, din, din, There was our Je - sus born. Din, din, din,
87
8va
On that bless - ed morn. Shep - herd came to wor - ship, An - gels ov - er Him sang!
93
8va
To our God in heav - en Loud ho - san - nas rang! Crowd - ed was the cit - y,


99
8va
Fruit - less seemed their quest. As the hum-ble Jo - seph Begged for place to rest.
105
8va
Then one man took pit - y; For them he made room In a hum-ble sta - ble,
111
8va
Light-ed by the moon. Din, din, din, There was our Je - sus born.
117
8va
Din, din, din, On that bless-ed morn. Shep-herd came to wor - ship,
123
8va
An - gels ov-er Him sang! To our God in heav - en Loud ho-san - nas rang!