

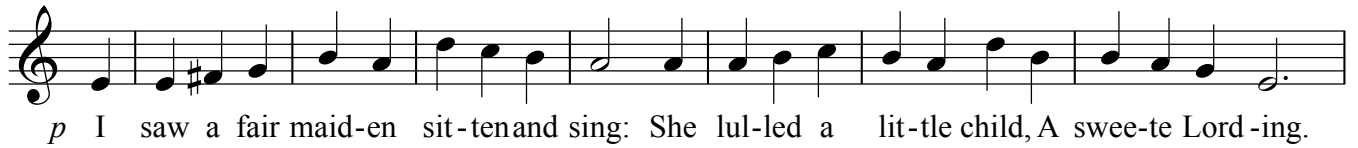
Lullay my Liking

Medieval


Gustav Holst



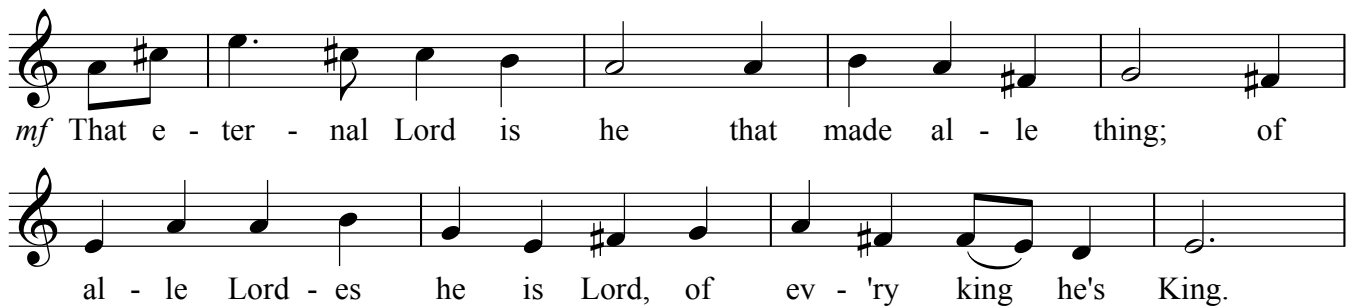
p Lul - lay my Lik - ing, my dear Son, my Sweet - ing; Lul - lay my dear Heart, mine own dear Dar - ling.



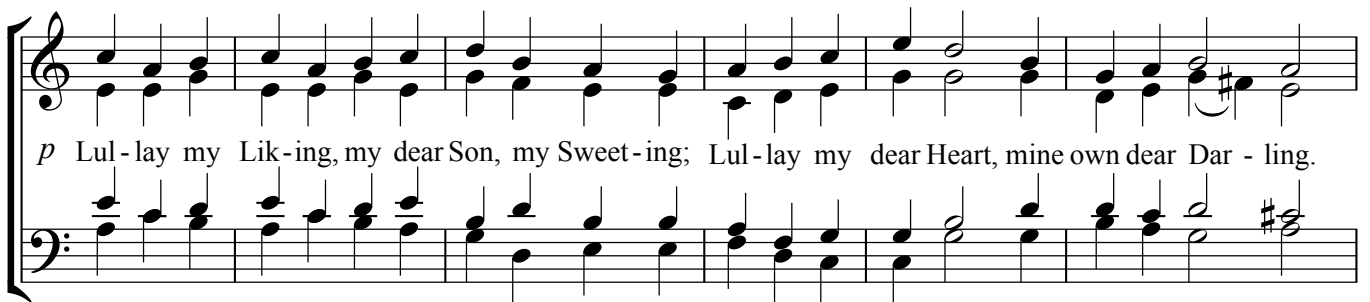
p I saw a fair maid - en sit - ten and sing: She lul - led a lit - tle child, A swee - te Lord - ing.



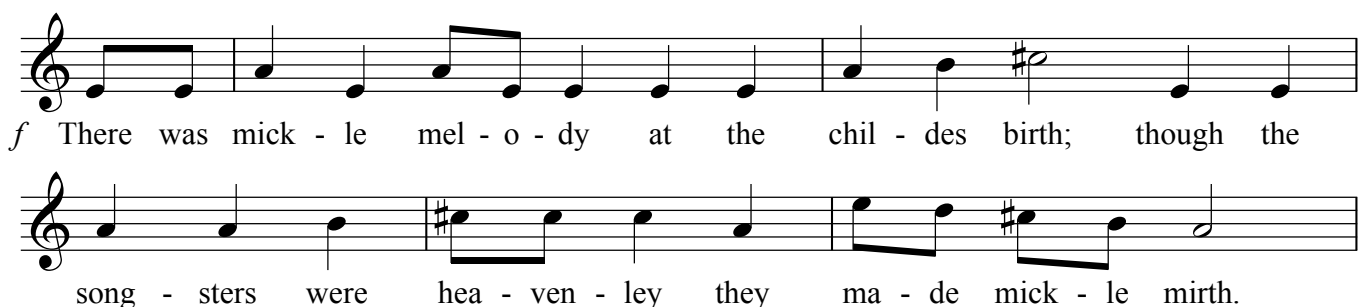
p Lul - lay my Lik - ing, my dear Son, my Sweet - ing; Lul - lay my dear Heart, mine own dear Dar - ling.



mf That e - ter - nal Lord is he that made al - le thing; of
al - le Lord - es he is Lord, of ev - 'ry king he's King.



p Lul - lay my Lik - ing, my dear Son, my Sweet - ing; Lul - lay my dear Heart, mine own dear Dar - ling.



f There was mick - le mel - o - dy at the chil - des birth; though the
song - sters were hea - ven - ley they ma - de mick - le mirth.

p Lul-lay my Lik-ing, my dear Son, my Sweet - ing; Lul-lay my dear Heart, mine own dear Dar - ling.

mf Ang - els bright they sang that night and said - en to that child: *f* "Bless - ed be

thou and so be she that is so meek and mild."

p Lul-lay my Lik-ing, my dear Son, my Sweet - ing; Lul-lay my dear Heart, mine own dear Dar - ling.

p Pray we now to that child, as to his mo - ther dear, God

grant them all his bless - ing that now mak - en cheer.

p Lul-lay my Lik-ing, my dear Son, my Sweet - ing; Lul-lay my dear Heart, mine own dear Dar - ling.