

A Lute Lullaby

Adapted for Recorders

John Dowland

8

S 1. Lul lay my babe, lie still and sleep, Soar it grieves me to
thou be qui - et I'd be glad, Weep - ing thus makes

A

T 1. Lul lay my babe, lie still and sleep, Soar it grieves me to
thou be qui - et I'd be glad, Weep - ing thus makes

B

4 8 1. 2.

S hear thee weep, Would'st me so sad. My pret ty lamb, my pret ty boy, Sweet - ly sleep,

A

T hear thee weep, Would'st me so sad. My pret - ty lamb, my pret - ty boy, Sweet - ly sleep,

B

9 8

S Je - su my Joy. My lit tle Son, my lit tle King, Oh! would'st thou wert peace ful - ly sleep-ing.

A

T Je su my Joy. My lit - tle Son, my lit - tle King, Oh! would'st thou wert peace ful - ly sleep-ing.

B

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2. Oh! would'st some angel kiss thy brow,
Sing lullay, sing balalow,
While thus thy lullaby I sing,
Music soothe my sweet lording.
My pretty lamb, etc.

3. What ails my darling thus to cry,
Sing lullay, sing lullaby,
Lie still, my darling rest awhile,
When thou wakest sweetly smile.
My pretty lamb, etc.