

THE INFANT KING *Lucas.*

Words by
S. BARING-GOULD

Basque Noël
Harmonized by
DESMOND RATCLIFFE

p

1 Sing lul - la - by! Lul - la - by ba - by, now re -

p

mp

clin - ing, Sing 'lul - la - by! Hush, do not wake the In - fant

mp

mf *f*

King. — An - gels are watch - ing, stars are shin - ing O - ver the

mf *f*

p *dim.* *pp* Sing — lul - la - by!

place — where He — is ly - ing. — Sing lul - la - by!

p *dim.* *pp*

2 Sing lullaby !
 Lullaby baby, now a-sleeping,
 Sing lullaby !
 Hush, do not wake the Infant King.
 Soon will come sorrow with the morning,
 Soon will come bitter grief and weeping :
 Sing lullaby !

3 Sing lullaby !
 Lullaby baby, now a-dozing,
 Sing lullaby !
 Hush, do not wake the Infant King.
 Soon comes the cross, the nails, the piercing,
 Then in the grave at last reposing :
 Sing lullaby !

4 Sing lullaby !
 Lullaby ! is the babe a-waking ?
 Sing lullaby !
 Hush, do not stir the Infant King.
 Dreaming of Easter, gladsome morning.
 Conquering Death, its bondage breaking :
 Sing lullaby !