

Lullaby John Ness Beck

A child, a holy child, fast asleep - beneath a winter sky, is warm at least at his mother's breast as she sings her lullaby.

Lullaby, Lullaby, Lullaby, Lu-lay, Lullaby.

The Lambs the Cattle too are sleeping in a bed of bay,

And All around there's no other sound than lullaby, lullaby.

Lullaby, sleep well, sleep well. My pre-cious one;

Sleep, lullaby, sleep well lullaby sleep well lullaby my precious one.

Lull - a - by sleep well lullaby sleep well lullaby my precious one.

Lull-a- by my love. My only son. New life has now. Be - gun.

Lu Lay, Lull - a by my on -ly. Son; new - Life - has now be - gun.

Lu Lay, Lull - a by my on -ly. Son; new - Life - has now be - gun.

So the story goes, once upon a winter morn - - a tiny boy bringing love and joy, the Prince of Peace was born.