Be Still, My Blessed Babe

Nervous but lulling $\frac{\text{d}}{\text{c}} \approx 84$

Chris Hutchings

Voice

Piano

Sample copy only - to order a copy for performance, please email chris@hutchingsmusic.co.uk

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lo, a last, be hold, what slaugh - ter he doth make,

Shed - ding the blood of in - fants all, sweet Sa - viour, for thy sake. A

As if rocking a baby to sleep $d = c. 78$

King is born, they say, which King this king would kill. O

woe - ful hea - vy day, when wret - ches have their will;
Voice  
Lul-la, lul-la-by, lul-ly, lul-la-by.

(2.) My sweet little baby, what meanest thou to cry?  Three

kings this king of kings to see are come from far,

To each unknown, with offerings great, by guiding of a star, And
shep-herds heard the song which an-gels bright did sing.

Gi-ving all glo-ry un-to God for co-ming of this King, Which must be made a-way; King He-rod would him kill.

woe-ful hea-vy day, when wret-ches have_ their will;
(3.) My sweet little baby, what meanest thou to cry? Lo,

lo, my little babe, be still, lament no more:

From fury thou shalt step aside, help have we still in store; We
Be Still, My Blessed Babe

Voice

79  hea’n-ly war-n-ing have some o-ther soil to seek;

Pno.

Voice

82  From death must fly the Lord of Life, as lamb both mild and meek; Thus

Pno.

Voice

85  must my babe o-bey the King that would him kill. O

Pno.

Voice

89  woe-ful heav-y day, when wretches have their will;

Pno.
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Lul-la, lul-la-by, lul-ly, lul-la-by.

Voice

4.) My sweet little baby, what meanest thou to cry? For thou shalt live and reign, as sibyls have foretold.

Voice

sied, thy mother, yet a maid and perfect virgin pure, with her love shall upbraid.

Voice

reign, as sibyls have foretold, As all the prophets prophesied.

Voice

Hopeful, as if seeing a bright future $= c. 84$

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Voice

(4.) My sweet little baby, what meanest thou to cry? For thou shalt live and reign, as sibyls have foretold.

Voice

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Voice

reign, as sibyls have foretold, As all the prophets prophesied.

Voice

Hopeful, as if seeing a bright future $= c. 84$
Both God and man that all hath made, the Son of heav'n-ly seed, Whom

men can not betray, and tyrants can not kill.

woeful heavy day, when wretches have their will;

Lul-la, lul-la-by, lul-ly, lul-la-by.