

Sweet Mary Lulled Her Blessed Child

H. Ernest Nichol



Sweet Ma-ry lul-led her bless-ed Child In man-ger ly-ing low-ly; -



- - Full ten-der was her gaze and mild, Her heart was pure and



un-de-filed And all her tho'ts were ho - ly. She sang a song of



slum-ber. "Sleep, my Heart's De - sire! Lul-la-by, I sing;



Born in low-ly byre, Yet Sav-iour, Lord and King. Lul-la-by,



lul-la-by, lul - la - by.