The Christ-child’s lullaby

Ronald Rankin

Flowing ($=92$)

Soprano Solo

My joy, my love, my darling thou! My treasure new, my rapture

SOPRANO

ALTO

Flowing ($=92$)

Rehearsal only

thou! My comely, beauteous babe - son thou, un - worth - thy I to tend to thee.
thou! Of love the heart and eye art thou! Though but a tender babe, I bow in heavenly rapture

un-to thee. Alle-lu-ia, Alle-lu-ia, Alle-

un-to thee. Alle-lu-ia, Alle-lu-ia, Alle-

mf

mf

ah

ah

ah

ah

ah

ah
Thou art the

le - lu - i - a, Al - le - lu - i - a.  

Though thou art the

le - lu - i - a, Al - le - lu - i - a.  

And though thou art the

le - lu - i - a, Al - le - lu - i - a.  

Though thou are the

King of all they sent thee to the manager stall where at thy feet they all shall fall and sing their