When Mary Sang Her Lullaby
Solo
Sally DeFord

When darkness falls and night besets my soul, Her

1. Dark-ness fell o'er Beth-le-hem at last, And
2. Dark-ness fell o'er shep-herds in the fields, Till
3. When dark-ness falls and night besets my soul, Her

hastened wea-ry trav-ers to their rest, The em-py streets all si- lent,
heaven's joy-ful ti-dings were re- vealed, The an-gels' song of glo- ry re-
gen-tle song still sings of bright er hope, A bove the voice of sor-row, be-

si- lent was the night, All si- lent neath the star of stars, a-glow with heav-en's
e-choed o'er the plains, While in a sta- ble, soft and low, a sweet er song re-
yond all bit-ter tears, E-choes of that lul-la-by - lin-ger through the
When Mary Sang Her Lullaby

For many years, Mary sang her lullaby of love, and for many years, Mary sang her lullaby of love. And when Mary sang her lullaby of love, Mary sang her lullaby of love, Mary sang her lullaby of love, Mary sang her lullaby of love.

Cradled in her arms the Holy Child, In that poor and lowly place, Hallowed by His grace, 'twas a lullaby to comfort all the world. 'Twas a lullaby to comfort all the world.