

Upon my lap my Sovereigne sits

Private Musicke. Or the First Booke of Ayres and Dialogues, 1620, No. 12.

Words from *Our Blessed Ladie's Lullaby* by Richard Rowlands (c.1550-1640)

Martin Peerson (c.1571-c.1651)

Cantus

Contra-Tenor

Tenor

Bassus

Up - on my lap my Sove-raigne sits, and sucks up - on my
 When thou hast tak-en thy re - past, Re - pose (my Babe) on
 I grieve that du-ty doth not worke All what my wish - ing
 Yet as I am, and as I may, I must and will be

7

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B

Brest, Meane - time His love mayne-taines my life, and gives my sense her rest.
 me: So may thy Mo - ther and thy Nurse Thy Crad - le al - so be. Sing
 would: Be - cause I would not be to thee, But in the best I should.
 thine: Though all too lit - tle for thy selfe, Vouch -saf - ing to be mine.

Sing lul-la,

14

C

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B

lul-la, lul - la - by, sing lul - la, lul-la - by, my lit-tle, lit-tle Boye, Sing
 Sing lul - la, by, sing lull, lul - la - by, my lit-tle, lit-tle, Boye, sing
 lul - la, lul - la - by, sing lull, lul - la - by, Sing
 Sing lul-la - by, sing lul-la, lul-la, lul - la - by, Sing

20

C

CT

T

B

lul - la, lul-la - by, sing lul - la, lul-la - by, mine one - ly Joy, Sing Joy,
 lul - la, lul-la - by, sing lul - la - by, mine one - ly joy, Joy,
 lul - la - by, sing lul-la, lul-la - by mine one - ly joy, Sing lul-la, Joy,
 lul - la - by, sing lul - la, lul-la - by, mine one - ly joy, Joy,