

Winter Lullaby

(little Dear-my-Soul)

Text by
Eugene Field

Music by
Luke Flynn



About the composer

Luke Flynn (b. 1988) is a composer, arranger, and conductor with a highly active career in film, television, and the concert hall.

In the media industry, Flynn's Hollywood music department credits include over 100 of the biggest movies and television series of his lifetime, including *Avatar 2: The Way of Water*, *Star Wars: The Last Jedi*, *Frozen II*, and many others.

As a concert composer, his works are performed regularly throughout the world, including commissions and performances by major symphony orchestras, choirs, and ensembles in over 20 different countries as well as throughout the U.S. He is also an active guest lecturer and conductor, visiting professional ensembles, universities, and high schools around the globe.

Flynn is a graduate of Butler University, Clarke University, and The International University of Kagoshima in Japan. His primary composition mentors include Michael Schelle, Amy Dunker, and Tadashi Kubo.

He resides in Iowa with his wife and daughter, where he conducts all of his work from his studio.

Composer notes

Viewed through the eyes of a parent, "Winter Lullaby" evokes the feeling of nostalgia as we remember the winters of our childhood in hopes of passing their beauty and magic on to the next generation.

Christmas Eve

by Eugene Field (1850 – 1895)

Oh, hush thee, little Dear-my-Soul,
The evening shades are falling,
Hush thee, my dear, dost thou not hear
The voice of the winter calling?

Deep lies the snow upon the earth,
But all the sky is ringing
With joyous song, and all night long
The stars shall dance, with singing.

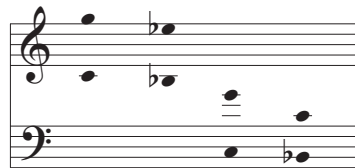
Oh, hush thee, little Dear-my-Soul,
And close thine eyes in dreaming,
And angels fair shall lead thee where
The singing stars are beaming.

A shepherd calls his little lambs,
And he longeth to caress them;
He bids them rest upon his breast,
That his tender love may bless them.

So, hush thee, little Dear-my-Soul,
Whilst evening shades are falling,
And above the song of the heavenly throng
Thou shalt hear the winter calling.



Ranges



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Winter Lullaby

(little Dear-my-Soul)

Eugene Field

Luke Flynn

Gentle ♩ = c. 68 (poco)

Piano *mf free* *sim.* *mp rubato*

Ped. generously

4 *poco rall.* *p*

8 **a tempo** SA unis. *mp*

S Oh, hush thee, lit - tle Dear-my-Soul, the eve - ning shades are

A **a tempo** *p*

11 fall - ing, Hush thee, my dear, dost thou not hear the

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14 *mf*

S voice of win - ter call - ing? _

A voice of win - ter call - ing? _

T *mp* Deep lies the

B *mp* Deep lies the

mp

17

mf

With

mf

With

mf

With

snow up-on the Earth, but all the sky is ring-ing _

snow up-on the Earth, but all the sky is ring-ing _

With

20

joy - ous song, and all night long the stars shall dance, with
 joy - ous song, and all night long the stars shall dance, with
 joy - ous song, and all night long the stars shall dance, with
 joy - ous song, and all night long the stars shall dance, with

poco a poco cresc.
poco a poco cresc.
poco a poco cresc.
mf
poco a poco cresc.

23

Oh, hush thee lit - tle Dear-my-Soul, oh, lit - tle Dear-my-Soul,
 sing-ing. Dear-my-Soul, oh, lit - tle Dear-my-Soul, oh, lit - tle
 sing-ing. Oh, hush thee, Dear-my-Soul, oh, lit - tle, Oh,
 sing-ing. Oh, hush thee, Dear - my - Soul

mf
f
f
f

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26

Dear-my-Soul, oh, lit - tle Dear-my-Soul, And close thine eyes in

Dear-my-Soul, oh, lit - tle Dear-my-Soul, And close thine eyes in

hush thee, Dear-my-Soul

Oh, hush thee, Dear-my-Soul

mp

mp

29

dream - ing, And an - gels fair shall lead thee where the

dream - ing, And an - gels fair shall lead thee where the

32

mp

sing - ing — stars are beam - ing. — Oh, — hush thee, lit - tle Dear-my-Soul, the

mp

sing - ing — stars are beam - ing. — Oh, — hush thee, lit - tle Dear-my-Soul, the

mp

Oh, — hush thee, lit - tle Dear-my-Soul, the

mp

Oh, — hush thee, lit - tle Dear-my-Soul, the

mp

Oh, — hush thee, lit - tle Dear-my-Soul, the

36

poco rall.

mp

eve-ning shades are fall-ing, — Hush thee, my dear, dost thou not hear the

mp

eve-ning shades are fall-ing, — Hush thee, my dear, dost thou not hear the

mp

eve-ning shades are fall-ing, — Hush thee, my dear, dost thou not hear the

mp

eve-ning shades are fall-ing, — Hush thee, my dear, dost thou not hear the

poco rall.

poco accel. a tempo

40 *mf* voice of win-ter call-ing? — *mp* A shep-herd calls his

mf voice of win-ter call-ing? — *mp* A shep-herd calls his

mf voice of win-ter call-ing? — *mp* A shep-herd calls his

mf voice of win-ter call-ing? — *mp* A shep-herd calls his

poco accel. a tempo

43 *mf* lit-tle lambs, and he long-eth to ca-ress them; — He

mf lit-tle lambs, and he long-eth to ca-ress them; — He

mf lit-tle lambs, and he long-eth to ca-ress them; — He

mf lit-tle lambs, and he long-eth to ca-ress them; — He

lit - tle lambs, and he long-eth to ca-ress them; — He

46 *poco a poco cresc.*

bids them rest up - on his breast, that his ten-der__ love__ may

poco a poco cresc.

bids them rest up - on his breast, that his ten-der__ love__ may

poco a poco cresc.

bids them rest up - on his breast, that his ten-der__ love__ may

poco a poco cresc.

bids them rest up - on his breast, that his ten-der__ love__ may

mf poco a poco cresc.

49

bless them... Oh Dear-my-Soul, oh, lit-tle Dear-my-Soul,

bless them... Oh Dear-my-Soul, oh, lit-tle Dear-my-Soul, oh, lit-tle

bless them... Oh hush thee, Dear-my-Soul, oh, lit-tle, Oh,

bless them... Oh hush thee, Dear-my-Soul

f

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a tempo, poco rubato
p delicate

55
So, — hush thee, lit - tle Dear - My - Soul, Whilst eve - ning shades are
p delicate
So, — hush thee, lit - tle Dear - My - Soul, Whilst eve - ning shades are

a tempo, poco rubato
p
Ped. as before

58 *mp poco a poco cresc.*

fall - ing, — and a - bove the song of the heav - en - ly

fall - ing, — and a - bove the song of the heav - en - ly

and a - bove the song of the heav - en - ly

and a - bove the song of the heav - en - ly

mp poco a poco cresc.

61 *molto rit. al fine*

throng, thou shalt hear the win - ter call - ing. *pp*

throng, thou shalt hear the win - ter call - ing. *pp*

throng, thou shalt hear the win - ter call - ing. *pp*

throng, thou shalt hear the win - ter call - ing. *pp*

molto rit. al fine





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