

Winter Lullaby

(little Dear-my-Soul)

Text by
Eugene Field

Music by
Luke Flynn



Santa Barbara Music Publishing, Inc.

sbmp.com

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

S S A



recording and rehearsal tracks
available at sbmp.com

Winter Lullaby

(little Dear-my-Soul)

Eugene Field

Luke Flynn

Gentle ♩ = c. 68 (poco)

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

Ped. generously

4 *poco rall.* *p*

A **a tempo**
Sop 1 & 2, unis.
8 *mp*

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

p

11

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

It is illegal to duplicate this piece by photocopying or any other means.

Those violating the copyright will be punished to the full extent of the law.

© Copyright 2025 for ALL COUNTRIES by Santa Barbara Music Publishing, Inc.

Printed in the U.S.A.

1828-3

14 *mf* B *mp*

S voice of win - ter call - ing? _ Deep lies the

S voice of win - ter call - ing? _ Deep lies the

A *mp* Deep lies the

mp

17 *mf* *mf* *mf*

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

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

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

20 *poco a poco cresc.*

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

poco a poco cresc.

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

poco a poco cresc.

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

mf *poco a poco cresc.*

23 *mf*

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

f

sing-ing. — Dear-my-Soul, oh, lit - tle Dear-my-Soul, oh, lit - tle

f

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

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 And close thine eyes in

mp

mp

mp

PREVIEW

29

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

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

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

PREVIEW

32

D *mp*

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

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

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

mp

36

poco rall.

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

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

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

40 *mf* poco accel. a tempo *mp* [E]

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

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

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

mf *mp*

43 *mf* *mf* *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

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

mf *mf* *mf*

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

mf poco a poco cresc.

49

bids them rest up - on his breast, that his ten-der love may

mf poco a poco cresc.

This section of the score is not included for copyright protection.
© Copyright 2025 for ALL COUNTRIES by Santa Barbara Music Publishing, Inc.

rit.

52

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

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

hush thee, Dear-my-Soul. Oh.

Ped. *

G a tempo, poco rubato

55

p delicate

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

p

Ped. as before

58 *mp poco a poco cresc.*

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

mp poco a poco cresc.

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

mp poco a poco cresc.

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

mp poco a poco cresc.

61 *molto rit. a 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*

f *pp*

f *pp*

f *pp*

Lea. * Lea. *