

Muz.: A.H.D. Troyte;
Tekst: Dylan Thomas

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1. Ev'-ry mor-ning when I wake, Dear Lord a lit-tle pray-er I - make

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B II

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O please to keep Thy love - ly eye,

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On all 4 poor crea - tures born to die.

11

2. And ev'-ry evening at sun - down, I ask the blessing on the town,

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For whe-ther we last thenight or no I'm sure is al-ways touch and go.

19 *ff* 3. We are not whol - ly bad or good

25 Who live our Lives un - der Milk Wood,

27 *fff* and Thou, *ppp* I know, wilt be the First

29 To see our bestside, not our worst. 4. O let us see an - o - ther

34 day! Bless us all this night, we pray. And to the sun we all will

38 *p* bow, and say: *p* Good - bye - but just for now!