

Come, pretty babe

William Byrd

Voice

Come, pret - ty babe,
Come, lit - tle wretch;
Come, lit - tle boy,

6

come, pret - ty babe, Thy fa - ther's shame, thy mo - ther's grief; Born,
ah, sil - ly heart, Mine on - ly joy, what can I more? If
and rock as - leep, Sing lul - la - by and be thou still. I

6

11

as I doubt, to all our dole,
there be a - - - ny wrong thy smart
that can do nought else but weep

11

14

And to thy - self un - hap - py chief; Come lul - la -
That may the des - ti - nies im - plore, 'Twas I, I
Will sit by thee and wail my feel. God bless my

14

17

by, come lul - la - by, come lul - la - by, come lul - la - by, come lul - la - by, come lul - la -
 say, 'Twas I, I say, 'Twas I, I say, 'Twas I, I say, 'Twas I, I say, 'Twas I, I
 babe, God bless my babe, God bless my babe, God bless my babe, God bless my babe, God bless my

21

by, and wrap the warm, Poor soul, thou think'st no
 say, a - gainst my will, I wail the time, but
 babe and lul - la - by, From this thy fat - ther's

25

crea - ture harm, poor soul, thou think'st no crea - ture harm.
 be thou still. I wail the time, but be thou still.
 qua - li - ty. From this thy fat - ther's qua - li - ty.