

Come, pretty babe

William Byrd

3

Come, pret - ty babe, come, pret - ty
 Come, lit - tle wretch; ah, sil - ly
 Come, lit - tle boy, and rock as -

7

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

11

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

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

17

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

20

lul - la - by, come lul - la - by, and wrap - - - thee warm, Poor
 I, I say, 'Twas I, I say, a - - - gainst - - - my will, I
 bless my babe, God bless my babe and lul - la - by, From

24

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

27

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