

# Come, pretty babe

William Byrd

Voice

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

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

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

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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

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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

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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

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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.