Lullaby my sweet little baby

Superius

Lul-la, lul-la-by, lul-la-by,

by, my sweet little ba-by, my sweet little ba-by, my sweet little ba-by, what meanest thou to cry, Lul-la, lullaby, la lull-la, lull-la, lullaby, la lulla, lullaby, la lull-la, la lullaby, la lull-la, lullaby, la lull-la, my sweet little ba-by, ba-by.

1. Be still my bles-sed babe, my bles-sed babe,

2. Three kings this King of kings, this King of kings,

3. Lo, my lit-tle Babe, my lit-tle Babe,

4. But thou shalt live and rai-agne, shalt live and rai-agne,

Though cause thou hast to mourn, Though cause thou hast to to see, are come from farre, to see, are come from bee still, la-ment no more, bee still, la-ment no as Si-billes have fore-sayd, as Si-billes have fore-
mourn, whose blood most in-no-cent to shed the cru-el king hath farre, To each un-knownen, with offerings great, by guid-ing of a more, From fu-rie shalt thou step a-side, help have we still in sayd, As all the Pro- phets pro-phe-sie, whose mo-ther yet a
sworn, the cruel king hath sworn: And lo, alas, be hold,
Starre, by guiding of a Starre: And shepherds heard the song,
store: help have we still in store: Wee heven-ly warn - ing have,
maide, whose mo-ther yet a maide, And per-fect Vir - gin pure,

what slaugh-ter he doth make, shed-ding the blood of in - fants
which An - gells bright did sing, Giv - ing all glo - ry un - to
som o - ther soyle to seeke, from death must flie the Lord of
with her brestes shall up breede, Both God and man that all hath

all, of in - fants all, sweet sa - vi - our, for thy
God, un - to God, for com-ming of this
life, the Lord of life, as Lamb both myld and
made, that all hath made, the Sonne of heav-en-ly

sake, for thy sake, a king, a king is born, they say,
King, of this King, Which must, Which must be made a - way,
meeke: myld and meeke. Thus must, thus must my Babe o - bey
seede: heaven-ly seede: Whome cay - tives, cay tives none can traye,

which king this king would kill, (1,2,3) Oh woe, woe,
king He - rod would him kill.
the king that would him kill.
whome ty - rants none can kill, (4.) O joy, joy,

Oh woe, and woe - ful, and woe - ful hea-vy day, hea - vy day,
O joy, and joy - ful, and joy - ful hap-py day, hap - py day,

when wretches have their will, when wretches have their will, will.
when wretches want their will, when wretches want their will, will.
Lullaby my sweet little baby

Medius William Byrd

1. Be still my bles - sed babe, Though cause thou hast to mourn,
2. Three kings this King of kings, To each unknown, with offer-
3. Lo, my lit - tle Babe, From fu - rie shalt thou step
4. But thou shalt live and raigne, As all the Pro - phets pro-

to shed the cru - el king hath sworn: And
ings great, by guiding of a Starre, And
a - side, help have we still in store: Wee
phe - sie, whose mo - ther yet a maide, And
lo, a - las, be - hold, what slaugh - ter he doth make, shepherds heard the song, which An - gels bright did sing, heven - ly warn - ing have, som o - ther soyle to seeke, per - fect Vir - gin pure, with her brestes shall up - breede, 

shed - ding the blood of in - fants all, sweet sa vi - our, Giv - ing all glo - ry un - to God, for com - ming from death must flie the Lord of life, as Lamb both Both God and man that all hath made, the Sonne of for thy sake, a king is born, they say, which of this King, Which must, be made a - way, king myld and meeke: Thus must my Babe o - bey the heavenly seede: Whome caytives, none can traye, whome king this king would kill, (1,2,3) Oh woe, Oh He - rod would him kill. king that would him kill. ty - rants none can kill, (4.) O joy, O woe, and woe - ful, heav - vy day, when wret - ches have joy, and joy - ful, hap - py day, when wret - ches want their will, when wret - ches have their will, have their will, will. their will, when wret - ches want their will, want their will, will.
Lullaby my sweet little baby

Contratenor

William Byrd

Lul-la, lul-la-by, lul-la-by, Lul-la-by, lul-la,

lul-la, lul-la-by, my sweet little baby, ba-by, my sweet little

baby, baby, what meanest thou to cry, Lul-la, lul-la-by, la

lul-la, lul-la-by, la lul-la, lul-la-by, la lul-la, lul-la-lul-la by, la

lul-la, lul-la-by, la lu-la-by, la lu-la lu-la-by, my sweet lit-tle ba-

by, sweet ba-by.

1. Be still my bless-ed
2. Three kings this King of
3. Lo, my lit-tle
4. But thou shalt live and

babe, my bless-ed
kings, this King of
Babe, my lit-tle
raigne, shalt live and

babe, Though cause thou hast to mourn, to
kings, to see, are come from farre, from
Babe, bee still, la-ment no more, no
raigne, as Si-billes have fore-sayd, fore-

mourne, whose blood most in-no-cent to shed
farre, To each unknown, with offer-ings great,
more, From fu-rie shalt thou step a-side,
-sayd, As all the Pro- phets pro- phe-sie,

whose mo-ther
king hath sworn, the cruel king hath sworn: And lo, alas, behold, of a Starre, by guiding of a Starre, And shepherds heard the song, still in store, help have we still in store: Wee hevenly warning have, yet a maide, whose mother yet a maide, And perfect Virgin pure, be hold, what slaughter he doth make, shedding the blood of heard the song, which Angells bright did sing, Giving all glory warning have, some other soyle to seeke, from death must flie the Virgin pure, with her brestes shall up-breede, Both God and man that infants all, sweet savion, for thy unto God, for comming of this Lord of life, as Lamb both myld and all hath made, the Sonne of heavenly sake, for thy sake, a king is born, they say, which king this King, of this King, Which must, be made away, King Herod meeke, myld and meeke: Thus must my Babe obey the king that seede, heavenly seede: Whome caytives, none can traye, whome tyrants king would kill, would kill, (1,2,3) Oh woe, and woe-ful, heavy day, Oh would him kill, him kill. would him kill, him kill. none can kill, can kill, (4.) Oh joy, and joyful, happy day, Oh woe, and woe-ful, heavy day, when wretches have their will, have their joy, and joyful, happy day, when wretches want their will, want their will, have their will, when wretches have their will, Oh will. will, have their will, when wretches want their will, Oh will.
Lullaby my sweet little baby

Tenor

William Byrd

Lul-la, lul-la, lul-la, lul-la-b-y, lul-la, lul-la-b-y,
la lulla, lulla-b-y, my sweet lit-tle, lit-tle ba-by, my sweet lit-tle ba-by, what
mea-nest thou to cry, Lul-la, lulla-b-y, lul-la-b-y, by la
lul-la-b-y, la lu-la, la lul-la-b-y, la lu-la, lul-la-b-y, lul-la-b-y, by, my sweet lit-tle ba-by, ba-by.

1. Be still my bles-sed
to mourn, my bles-sed babe, Though cause thou hast
to mourn, whose blood most in-no-cent, the cru-el king
hath sworn, hath sworn, the cru-el king hath sworn, And-lo, a-

2. Three kings this King of
from farre, from farre, To each with offer-ings great, by guid-ing of
from farre, fore-sayd, Pro-Phets pro-phesie, whose mo-ther yet
a Starre, a Starre, by guid-ing of a Starre, And shep-herds

3. Lo, my lit-tle
no more, no more, From fu-rie shalt thou step, help have we still
fore-sayd, fore-sayd, Pro-Phets pro-phesie, whose mo-ther yet
in store, in store, help have we still in store, Wee heven-ly

4. But thou shalt live and
shalt live and raigne, as Si-billes have
hath sworn, hath sworn, the cru-el king hath sworn, And-lo, a-
a Starre, a Starre, by guid-ing of a Starre, And shep-herds
in store, in store, help have we still in store, Wee heven-ly
a maide, a maide, whose mo-ther yet a maide, And per-fect

babe, bles-sed babe, be still, my bles-sed babe, Though cause thou hast
kings, King of kings, three kings, this King of kings, to see, are come
Babe, lit-tle Babe, my Babe, my lit-tle Babe, bee still, la-ment
in store, in store, help have we still in store, Wee heven-ly
a maide, a maide, whose mo-ther yet a maide, And per-fect

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7
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las, be-hold, what slaugh-ter he doth make, he doth make, he
heard the song, which An-gells bright did sing, bright did sing, bright
warn-ing have, som o-ther soyle to seeke, soyle to seeke, soyle
Vir-gin pure, with her brestes shall up-breede, shall up-breede, shall
doth make, shed-ding the blood, of in-fants all, sweet sa-vi-
did sing, Giv-ing all glo-ry un-to God, for com-
to seeke, from death must flie the Lord of life, as Lamb
up-breede, Both God and man that all hath made, the Sonne
our, for thy sake, for thy sake, a king is born, they
ming of this King, of this King, Which must, be made a-
both myld and meeke, myld and meeke: Thus must my Babe o-
of heav-en-ly seede, heaven-ly seede: Whome cay-tives, none can
say, which king this king would kill, would kill,(1,2,3) Oh woe, woe, Oh woe, woe,
way, King He-rod would him kill, him kill.
bey the king that would him kill, him kill.
traye, whome ty-rants none can kill, can kill, (4) Oh joy, joy, Oh joy, joy,
Oh woe and woe-ful, hea-vy day, when wretches have their
Oh joy and joy-ful, hea-vy day, when wretches want their
will, have their
will, have their
will, when wretches have their will, when wret-ches have their
will, when wretches want their will, when wret-ches want their
Lullaby my sweet little baby

Bassus

William Byrd

1. Be still my bles-sed babe, bles-sed babe, Be
2. Three kings this King of kings, King of kings, Three
3. Lo, my lit-tle Babe, lit-tle Babe, Lo,
4. But thou shalt live and raigne, live and raigne, But

still my bles-sed babe, Though cause thou hast to mourn, whose blood most
kings this King of kings, to see, are come from farre, To each un-
my lit-tle Babe, bee still, la-ment no more, From fu-rie
thou shalt live and raigne, as Si-billes have fore-sayd, As all the

in-no-cent to shed, to shed, the cru-el
known, with offer-ings great, offer-ings great, by guid-ing
shalt thou step a-side, a-side help have we
Pro-phets pro-Phesie, pro-Phesie, whose mo-ther
king hath sworn, hath sworn: And lo, alas, be hold,
of a Starre, a Starre, And shep-herds heard the song,
still in store, in store: Wee heven-ly warn-ing have,
yet a maide, a maide, And per-fect Vir-gin pure,
what slaugh-ter he doth make, what slaugh-ter he doth make,
which An-gells bright did sing, which An-gells bright did sing,
som o-ther soyle to seeke, som o-ther soyle to seeke,
with her brestes shall up-breede, with her brestes shall up-breede,
shed-ding the blood of in-fants all, sweet sa-vi-our, for thy sake, for
Giv-ing all glo-ry un-to God, for com-ming of this King, of
from death must flie the Lord of life, as Lamb both myld and meeke, myld
Both God and man that all hath made, the Sonne of heavenly seede, heaven-
thy sake, a king is born, they say, which king this king would
this King, Which must, be made a-way, King He-rod would him
and meeke: Thus must my Babe o-bey the king that would him
ly seede: Whome cay-tives, none can traye, whome ty-rants none can
kill, would kill, (1,2,3) Oh woe, Oh woe, Oh woe, woe, Oh woe,
kill, him kill.
kill, him kill.
kill, can kill, (4.) Oh joy, Oh joy, Oh joy, joy, Oh joy,
and woe-ful, hea- vy day, hea- vy day, when wret-ches have their will,
and joy-ful, hea- vy day, hea- vy day, when wret-ches want their will,
have their will, their will, when wret-ches have their will, will.
want their will, their will, when wret-ches want their will, will.
Lullaby my sweet little baby

William Byrd