Lullaby my sweet little baby

Superius

William Byrd

Lul-la, lul-la-by, lul-la-by,
Lul-la, lul-la-by, lul-la, lul-la-by,
by, my sweet little ba-by, my sweet lit-tle ba-by, my sweet lit-tle
ba-by, what meanest thou to cry, Lul-la, lul-la-by, la lul-la, lul-la, lull-by, la
lulla, lul-la-by, la lul-la, la lul-la-by, la lull-la-by, lull-la-by, my sweet little baby, ba-by.

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

my blessed babe, Though cause thou hast to mourn, Though cause thou
this King of kings, to see, are come from farre, to see, are
my lit-tle Babe, bee still, la-ment no more, bee still, la-
shalt live and raigne, as Si-billes have fore-sayd, as Si-billes

hast to mourn, whose blood most in-no-cent to shed the cru-el king hath
come from farre, To each unknown, with offerings great, by guid-ing of a
ment no more, From fu-rie shalt thou step a-side, help have we still in
have fore-sayd, As all the Pro- phets pro-phe-sie, whose mo- ther yet a

sworn, the cru-el king hath sworn: And lo, a-las, be hold,
Starre, by guiding of a Starre: And shep-herds 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 slaughter he doth make, shedding the blood of infants all, which Angells bright did sing, Giv ing all glory unto God, som o ther soyle to seeke, from death must flie the Lord of life, with her brestes shall up breede, Both God and man that all hath made, of infants all, sweet sav i our, for thy sake, for thy sake, un to God, for com ming of this King, of this King, the Lord of life, as Lamb both myld and meek e: myld and meek e. that all hath made, the Sonne of heav en ly seede: heav en ly seede: a king, a king is born, they say, which king this king would kill, Which must, Which must be made a way, king He rod would him kill. Thus must, thus must my Babe o bey the king that would him kill. Whome cay tives, cay tives none can traye, whome ty rants none can kill, (1,2,3) Oh woe, woe, Oh woe, and woe ful, and woe ful heavy day, hea vy day, (4.) O joy, joy, O joy, and joy ful, and joy ful happy 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

Lul-la, lul-la-by,

Lul-la lul-la-by,

my sweet little ba-by,

my sweet lit-tle ba-by,

what mean-est thou
to cry,

Lul-la, lul-la-by,

lul-la, lul-la-by,

la lulla, lulla-by

la lul-la,

la lullaby, la lullaby,

lu-la-by, my sweet little

ba - by.

1. Be still my bles-sed

2. Three kings this King of

3. Lo, my lit-tle

4. But thou shalt live and

babe,

Though cause thou hast to mourn,

whose blood most

kings,

to see, are come from farre,

To each un -

Babe,

bee still, la - ment no more,

From fu - rie

raigne,

as Si - billes have fore - sayd,

As all the

in - no-cent to shed

the cru-el king hath sworn:

knowen, with offer-ings great,

by guid-ing of a

shalt thou step a-side,

help have we still in

store:

Pro - phets pro-phe-sie,

whose mo-ther yet a

maide,

And lo, a - las, be-hold,

what slaugh-ter he doth make,

And shepherds heard the song,

which An-gells bright did sing,

Wee heven-ly warn-ing have,

som o-ther soyle to seek,

And per-fect Vir-gin pure,

with her brestes shall up-breede,
shed-ding the blood of in fants all, sweet sa vi-our, for thy sake,
Giv-ing all glo-ry un-to God, for com-ming of this King,
from death must flie the Lord of life, as Lamb both myld and meeke:
Both God and man that all hath made, the Sonne of heaven-ly seede:

a king is born, they say, which king this king would kill,
Which must, be made a-way, king He-rod would him kill.
Thus must my Babe o-bey the king that would him kill.
Whome caytives, none can traye, whome ty-rants none can kill,

(1,2,3) Oh woe, Oh woe, and woe-ful, hea-vy day, when
(4.) O joy, O joy, and joy-ful, hap-py day, when

wretches have their will, when wret-ches have their will, have their will, will.
wretches want 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 ba - by, baby, what meanest thou to cry, Lul-la, lullaby, la lul-la, lul-la by, la lulla,lullaby, la lulla, lul-la-lul-la by, la lul-la, lul-la - by, la lu-la lul-la - by, my sweet lit-tle ba - by, sweet ba by.

1. Be still my bles - sed babe, my bles - sed kings, this King of kings, to see, are come to mourn, to mourn, from farre, from farre, the cru-el king hath whose blood most in - no-cent to shed by guid-ing of a
To each unknown, with offer - ings great, the cru-el king hath sworn, the cru-el king hath

2. Three kings this King of
3. Lo, my lit - tle
4. But thou shalt live and
Babe, my lit-tle Babe, bee still, la - ment no more, no more, raigne, as Si - billes have fore-sayd, fore - sayd, whose raigne, shalt live and

sworn, the cru-el king hath sworn: And lo, a - las, be - hold, be Starre, by guid-ing of a Starre, And shepherds heard the song, heard store, help have we still in store: Wee heven-ly warn-ing have, warn maide, whose mo-ther yet a maide, And per - fect Vir - gin pure, Vir

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Printed on: December 27, 2019
hold, what slaughter he doth make, shedding the blood of infants all,
the song, which Angels bright did sing, Giving all glory unto God,
ing have, some other soyle to seeke, from death must flie the Lord of life,
gin pure, with her brestes shall upbreede, Both God and man that all hath made,

sweet savour, for thy sake, for thy sake, a king is
for coming of this King, of this King, Which must, be
as Lamb both myld and meeke, myld and meeke: Thus must my
the Sonne of heavenly seede, heaven-ly seede: Whome caytives,

born, they say, which king this king would kill, would kill,(1,2,3) Oh woe, and
made a-way, King He-rod would him kill, him kill.
Babe o-bey the king that would him kill, him kill.
none can traye, whome tyrants none can kill, can kill, (4.) Oh joy, and

woeful, heavy day, Oh woe, and woe-ful, hea- vy day, when wretches have their
joy-ful, hap-py day, Oh joy, and joy-ful, hap-py day, when wretches want their

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

Tenor  

William Byrd

Lul-la, lul-la, lul-la, lull-a-by, lull-la, lull-la-by,

by, my sweet little ba-by, ba-by.

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

2. Three kings this King of kings, King of

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

4. But thou shalt live and raigne, live and

babe, be still, my bles-sed babe, Though cause thou hast to mourn, to

kings, three kings, this King of kings, to see, are come from farre, from

Babe, my Babe, my lit-tle Babe, bee still, la-ment no more, no

raigne, thou shalt shall live and raigne, as Si-billes have fore-sayd, fore-

mourn, whose blood most in-no-cent, the cru-el king hath sworn, hath sworn,

farre, To each with offer-ings great, by guid-ing of a Starre, a Starre,

more, From fu-rie shalt thou step, help have we still in store, in store,

sayd, Pro- phets pro-phe-sie, whose mo-ther yet a maide, a maide,

the cru-el king hath sworn, And-lo, a-las, be-hold, what slaugh-ter he doth

by guid-ing of a Starre, And shep-herds heard the song, which An-gells bright did

help have we still in store, Wee heven-ly warn-ing have, som o- ther soyle to

whose mo-ther yet a maide, And per-fect Vir-gin pure, with her brestes shall up-
make, he doth make, he doth make, shedding the blood, of infants all,
sing, bright did sing, bright did sing, Giv-ing all glo-ry un-to God,
seeke, soyle to seeke, soyle to seeke, from death must fliethe Lord of life,
breed, shall up-breede, shall up-breede, Both God and man that all hath made,
sweet sa-vi-our, for thy sake, for thy sake, a king is born, they
for com-ming of this King, of this King, Which must, be made a-
as Lamb both myld and meeke, myld and meeke: Thus must my Babe o-
the Sonne of heaven-ly seede, heaven-ly seede: Whome caytives, none can
say, which king this king would kill, would kill, (1,2,3) Oh woe, woe, Oh woe, woe,
way, King He-ro-d 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, heav-y day, when wretches have their will, have their
Oh joy and joy-ful, heav-y day, when wretches want their will, have their
will, when wretches have their will, when wret-ches have their will, will.
will, when wretches want their will, when wret-ches want their will, will.
Lullaby my sweet little baby

Bassus

William Byrd

1. Be still my blessed babe, blessed
2. Three kings this King of kings, King of
3. Lo, my little Babe, little
4. But thou shalt live and raigne, live and

babe, Be still my blessed babe, Though cause thou hast to mourn, whose
kings, Three kings this King of kings, to see, are come from farre, To
Babe, Lo, my little Babe, bee still, la-ment no more, From
raigne, But thou shalt live and raigne, as Si-billes have fore-sayd, As

blood most in-no-cent to shed, to shed, the cruel
each unknown, with offer-ings great, offer-ings great, by guiding
fu-rie shalt thou step a-side, a-side help have we
all the Pro-phets pro-phesie, pro-phy-sie, whose mother

king hath sworn, hath sworn: And lo, alas, be hold, what slaugh-
of a Starre, a Starre, And shepherds heard the song, which An-
still in store, in store: Wee heven-ly warn-ing have, some o-
yet a maide, a maide, And per-fect Vir-gin pure, with her
After he doth make, what slaughter he doth make, shedding the blood of
gells bright did sing, which An-gells bright did sing, Giv-ing all glo-ry
ther soyle to seeke, som o-ther soyle to seeke, from death must flie the
brestes shall up-breede, with her brestes shall up-breede, Both God and man that

in-fants all, sweet sa-vi-our, for thy sake, for thy sake, a king is
un-to God, for com-ming of this King, of this King, Which must, be
Lord of life, as Lamb both myld and meeke, myld and meeke: Thus must my
all hath made, the Sonne of heaven-ly seede, heaven-ly seede: Whome cay-tives,

born, they say, which king this king would kill, would kill, (1,2,3) Oh woe, Oh
made a-way, King He-rod would him kill, him kill.
Babe o-bey the king that would him kill, him kill.
none can traye, whome ty-rants none can kill, can kill, (4.) Oh joy, Oh

woe, Oh woe, woe, Oh woe, and woe-ful, hea-vy day, hea-vy day, when
joy, Oh joy, joy, Oh joy, and joy-ful, hea-vy day, hea-vy day, when

wretches have their will, have their will, their will, when wretches have their will, will.
wretches want their will, want their will, their will, when wretches want their will, will.
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