

f Women Could be Fair

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Bearbeitung
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Alt

Come,
Come,
Come,

Git. 1

Git. 2

5

pret - ty babe, come, pret - ty - babe, Thy fa - ther's-shame, thy
lit tle wretch; ah, sil ly heart, Mine on ly joy, what
lit tle boy, and rock as leep, Sing lul la by and

5

5

mo-ther's grief;
can I more?
be thou still.

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

dole,
smart
weep

And to thy - self - un - hap - py -
That may the des ti nies im
Will sit by thee and wail my

chief: Come lul - la - by, come lul - la - by, come lul - la - by,
plore, 'Twas I, I say, 'Twas I, I say, 'Twas I, I say,
feel. God bless my babe, God bless my babe, God bless my babe,

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come lul - la - by, come lul - la - by, come lul - la - by, and - wrap -
 'Twas I, I say, 'Twas I, I say, 'Twas I, I say, a gainst
 God bless my babe, God bless my babe, God bless my babe and lul

22

— thee - warm, Poor soul, thou think'st - no crea - ture - harm,
 my will, I wail the time, but be thou still.
 la by, From this thy fat ther's qua li ty.

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