

Lullay, lullay, litel child

Middle English – Original
(Modern English version also available)

Music: David Yardley
Lyrics: Anon c.1372

$\text{♩} = c.120$ Burden (Chorus) - repeat after each verse

Treble
Mean
Tenor

1. Lul - lay, lul - lay, lul - lay, lul - lay,
Lul - lay, lul - lay, Lul - lay, lul - lay,
Lul - lay, lul - lay,

li - tel child, li - tel child, Qui we - pest thou? qui we - pest thou? qui
li - tel child, Qui we - pest thou? qui
li - tel child, Qui

we - pest thou so so - re? qui we - pest thou so sore?
we - pest thou so so - re? qui we - pest thou so sore?
we - pest thou so so - re? qui we - pest thou so sore?

Verses 1-2

1. Lul - lay, lul - lay, lul - lay, lul - lay, li - tel
2. But for my senne, but for my senne, but for my senne I wot it
1. Lul - my lay, lul - lay, lul - lay, li - tel
2. But for my senne, but for my sen-ne I wot it
1. Lul - lay, lul - lay, li - tel
2. But for my senne I wot it

Lullay, lullay, litel child

child, Thou that were so ster - ne and wild Nou art be - come me - ke and
is That God - is So - ne suf - fret this; Mer - ci, Lord! I ha - ve do

child, Thou that we - re so ster - ne and wild Nou art be - come me - ke and
is That God - is So - ne suf - fret this; Mer - ci, Lord! I ha - ve do

child, Thou that were so ster - ne and wild Nou art be - come me - ke and
is That God - is So - ne suf - fret this; Mer - ci, Lord! I ha - ve do

mild To sa - ven that was for - lore, to sa - ven that was for - lore.
mis; I - wis, I wi - le no more, i - wis, I wi - le no more.

mild To sa - ven that was for - lo - re, to sa - ven that was for - lore.
mis; I - wis, I wi - le no - mo - re, i - wis, I wi - le no more.

mild To sa - ven that was for - lo - re, to sa - ven that was for - lore.
mis; I - wis, I wi - le no - mo - re, i - wis, I wi - le no more.

Verses 3-4

3.A - ye - nis my Fa - dris, a - ye - nis my Fa - dris, my Fa - dris
4.An ap - pel I tok, an ap - pel I tok, an ap - pel I tok

3.A - ye - nis my Fa - dris, my Fa - dris
4.An ap - pel I tok, an ap - pel I tok

3.my Fa - dris
4.An ap - pel tok

wil - le I ches An ap - pel with a reu - ful res; Wer - fore myn
of a tre; God it hadde for - bo - den me; Wer - fore I sul -

wil - le I ches An ap - pel with a reu - ful res; Wer - fore myn
of a tre; God it had - de for - bo - den me; Wer - fore I sul -

wil - le I ches An ap - pel with a reu - ful den res; Wer - fore myn
of a tre; God it hadde for - bo - den me; Wer - fore I sul -

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her - tage I les, And nou thou we - pist ther - fore, and nou thou
de damp - ned be, Yef thi we - ping ne wore, yef thi we -

her - tage I les, And nou thou we - pist ther - fo - re, and nou thou
de damp - ned be, Yef thi we - ping ne wo - re, yef thi we -

her - tage I les, And nou thou wep'st ther - fo - re, and nou thou
de damp - ned be, Yef thi we - ping ne wo - re, yef thi we -

Burden (Chorus) - repeat after each verse

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we - pist ther - fore. Lul - lay, lul - lay, lul - lay, lul -
ping ne wore. Lul - lay, lul - lay, lul -

we - pist ther - fore. Lul - lay, lul - lay, lul -
ping ne wore. Lul - lay, lul -

wep'st ther - fore. Lul - lay, lul -
ping ne wore. Lul - lay, lul -

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lay, li - tel child, li - tel child, Qui we - pest thou? qui we - pest
lay, li - tel child, Qui we - pest
lay, li - tel child,

80

85

3

thou? qui we - pest thou so so - re? qui we - pest thou so sore?
thou? qui we - pest thou so so - re? qui we - pest thou so sore?
Qui we - pest thou so so - re? qui we - pest thou so sore?

Lullay, lullay, litel child

Verses 5-7

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5. Lul - lay for wo, lul - lay for wo, lul - lay for wo,
 6. For man that thou hast, for man that thou hast, for man that thou
 7. That pei - ne, that pei - ne, that peine us make

5. Lul - lay for wo, lul - lay for wo,
 6. For man that thou hast, for man that thou
 7. That pei - ne, that peine us ma - ke

5. Lul - lay for wo,
 6. For man that thou
 7. That peine us make

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thou li - tel thing, Thou li - tel ba - run, thou li - tel king; Man -
 hast ay lo - ved so, Yet sal - tu suf - fren pei - nes mo, In
 of sen - ne fre; That pei - ne us bring - ge Je - su to the; That

thou li - tel thing, Thou li - tel ba - run, thou li - tel king; Man -
 hast ay lo - ved so, Yet sal - tu suf - fren pei - nes mo, In
 of sen - ne fre; That pei - ne us bring - ge Je - su to the; That

thou li - tel thing, Thou li - tel ba - run, thou king; Man -
 hast ay lov'd so, Yet sal - tu suf - fren pei - nes mo, In
 of sen - ne fre; That pei - ne us bring' Je - su the; That

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kin - de is cause of thy mur - ning, That thou hast lo - ved so yore, that
 he - ved, in feet, in hond - is to, And yet we - pen wel more, and
 pei - ne us hel - pe ay to fle The wik - ke - de fen - des lore, the

kin - de is cause of thy mur - ning, That thou hast lo - ved so yo - re, that
 he - ved, in feet, in hond's to, And yet we - pen wel mo - re, and
 pei - ne us hel - pe ay fle The wik - ke - de fen - des lo - re, the

kin - de is cause of thy mur - ning, That thou hast lov'd so yo - re, that
 he - ved, in feet, in hond's to, And yet we - pen wel mo - re, and
 pei - ne us hel - pe ay fle The wik - ke - de fen - des lo - re, the

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thou hast lo - ved so yore.
 yet we - pen wel more.
 wik - ke - de fen - des lore.

thou hast lo - ved so yore.
 yet we - pen wel more.
 wik - ke - de fen - des lore.

thou hast lo - ved so yore.
 yet we - pen wel more.
 wik - ke - de fen - des lore.

TRANSLATION:

*Lullay, lullay, litel child,
Qui wepest thou?
qui wepest thou so sore?*

Lullay, lullay, litel child,
Thou that were so sterne and wild
Nou art become meke and mild
To saven that was forlore.

But for my senne I wot it is
That Godis Sone suffret this;
Merci, Lord! I have do mis;
Iwis, I wile no more.

Ayenis my Fadriss wille I ches
An appel with a reufull res;
Werfore myn hertage I les,
And nou thou wepist therfore.

An appel I tok of a tre;
God it hadde forboden me;
Werfore I sulde dampned be,
Yef thi weping ne wore.

Lullay for wo, thou litel thing,
Thou litel barun, thou litel king;
Mankinde is cause of thy murning,
That thou hast loved so yore.

For man that thou hast ay loved so,
Yet saltu suffren peines mo,
In heved, in feet, in hondis to,
And yet wepen wel more.

That peine us make of senne fre;
That peine us bringge Jesu to the;
That peine us helpe ay to fle
The wikkede fendes lore.

*Lullay, lullay, little child,
Why weepest thou?
Why weepest thou so sore?*

Lullay, lullay, little child,
Thou that were so stern and wild
Now art become meek and mild
To save what was forlorn

But for my sin, I know it is
That God's Son suffered this;
Mercy, Lord! I have done amiss;
Truly, I will no more

Against my Father's will I chose
An apple through a rueful act;
Wherefore mine heart's desire I lose,
And now thou weepest therefore,

An apple I took from a tree;
God it had forbidden me;
Wherefore I should damned be,
Else you would not need to weep.

Lullay for woe, thou little thing,
Thou little baron, thou little king;
Mankind is cause of thy mourning,
That thou hast loved so long.

For man, that thou hast ever loved so,
Yet shalt thou suffer pain more,
In head, in feet, in hands too,
And yet weep well more.

That pain that makes us free of sin;
That pain that brings us, Jesu, to thee;
That pain that helps us always to flee
The wicked fiend's lore.