

Loreena McKennitt, Balulalow

I come to hevin which to tell
The best nowells that e'er befell
To you thir tythings trew I bring
And I will of them say and sing.

This day to you is born ane child
Of Marie meik and Virgin mild
That bliss it bairn bening and kind
Sall you rejoyce baith hart and mind.

Lat us rejoyis and be blyth
And with the Hyrdis go full swyth
And see what God of his grace hes done
Throu Christ to bring us to his throne

My saull and life stand up and see
Wha lye in ane cribbe of tree.
What Babe is that, sa gude and fair
It is Christ, God's son and Air.

O my deir hard, yung Jesus sweit
Prepair thy creddil in my spreit!
And I sall rock thee in my hart
And never mair fra thee depart.

Bot I sall praise thee evermoir
With sangis sweit unto thy gloir
The kneis of my hard sall I bow
And sing that rycht Balulalow.