

## Loreena Mckennitt "Balulalow"

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Traditional Scottish

I come from 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 lysis in ane cribbe of tree.  
What Babe is that, sa gude and fair  
It is Christ, God's Son and Air.

O my deir hart, yung Jesus sweit  
Prepair thy creddill 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 hart sall I bow  
And sing that rycht Balulalow.

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