

## Coventry Carol

Lullay, Thou little tiny Child,  
By, by, lully, lullay.  
Lullay, Thou little tiny Child.  
By, by, lully, lullay.

O sisters, too, how may we do,  
For to preserve this day;  
This poor Youngling for whom we sing,  
By, by, lully, lullay.

Herod the King, in his raging,  
Charged he hath this day;  
His men of might, in his own sight,  
All children young, to slay.

Then woe is me, poor Child, for Thee,  
And ever mourn and say;  
For Thy parting, nor say nor sing,  
By, by, lully, lullay.