THE COVENTRY CAROL

Lully, lullay, thou little tiny child
By-by, lully, lullay
Lullay, thou little tiny child
By-by, lully, lullay

Oh, sisters too, how may we do
For to preserve this day
Oh, 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 morn and day
For thy parting, nor say nor sing
By-by, lully, lullay