

The Coventry Carol

Alison Moyet

Lullay, Thou little tiny Child
By, by, lully, lullay
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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 young children to slay

That woe is me, poor Child for Thee
And ever morn and day
For thy parting neither say nor sing
By, by, lully, lullay