

# The Coventry Carol

Hayley Westenra

Lully, lullay  
Lully, lullay

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

That woe is me, poor child, for Thee  
And ever mourn and day  
For Thy parting [Incomprehensible], nor say nor sing  
By, by, lully, lullay

Lully, lullay, Thou little tiny Child  
By, by, lully, lullay  
By, by, lully, lullay  
By, by, lully, lullay

Lully, lullay  
Lully, lullay