

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