

THE COVENTRY CAROL



Lullee, lullah,
Lullee, lullah,

Thou little tiny Child,
Bye, bye, lullee, lullay.

Lullee, lullah.

O sisters, too, how may we do,
For to preserve this day;
This poor Youngling for whom we sing,
Bye, bye, lullee, lullay.

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

That woe is me, poor Child, for Thee,
And ever mourn and say;
For Thy parting, nor say nor sing,
Bye, bye, lullee lullay.

Lullee, lullah,
Thou little tiny Child,
Bye, bye, lullee, lullay.

Bye, bye, lullee, lullay.

Bye, bye, lullee, lullay.

Lullee, lullah
Lullee, lullah

