Coventry Carol

Lullay, Thou little tiny child,

By, by, lully, lully lay.

Lullay, Thou
O sisters too, how may we do
For to preserve this day
This poor youngling for whom we sing,
"Bye bye, lully, lullay"?

Herod the king, in his raging,
Chargèd 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 pray
For thy parting neither say nor sing,
"Bye bye, lully, lullay."