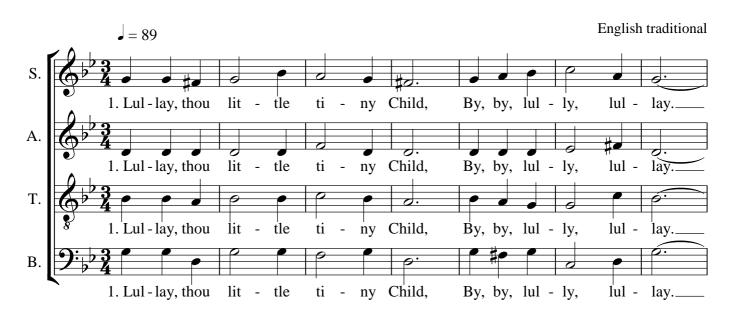
COVENTRY CAROL





- Lullay, Thou little tiny Child, By, by, lully, lullay. Lullay, Thou little tiny Child, By, by, 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.
- 3. Herod the King in his raging, Charged he hath this day, His men of might, in his own sight, All children young to slay.
- 4. Then woe is me, poor Child, for Thee, And ever mourn and say, For Thy parting nor say, nor sing, By, by, lully, lullay.