

Coventry Carol

John Denver

Lullay, thou little tiny child, by, by, lully, lullay.

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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 regime charged he hath this
day,

His men of night, in his own sight, all children young to slay.

Then woe is me, poor child, for thee, and ever mourn and say,

For thy parting not say, nor sing, by, by, lully, lullay.

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