

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?

Herod the king, in his raging
Charged he hath this day,
His men of might, 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 nor say nor sing
By, by, lully, lullay.

Mmmm
By, by, lully, lullay.