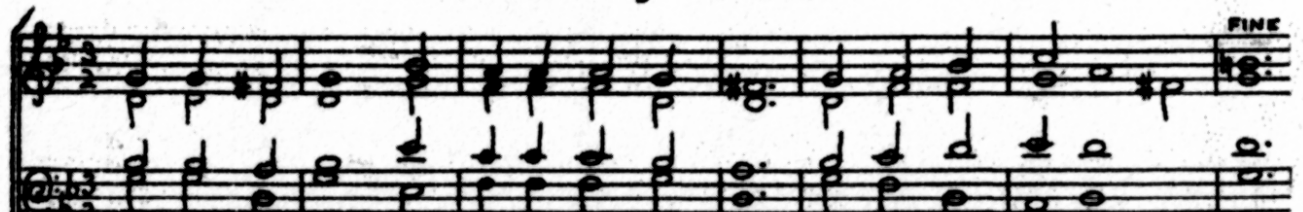
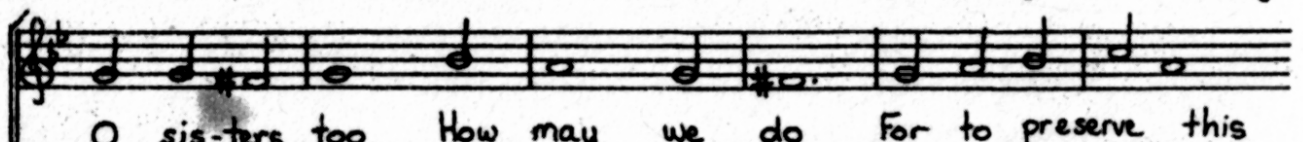


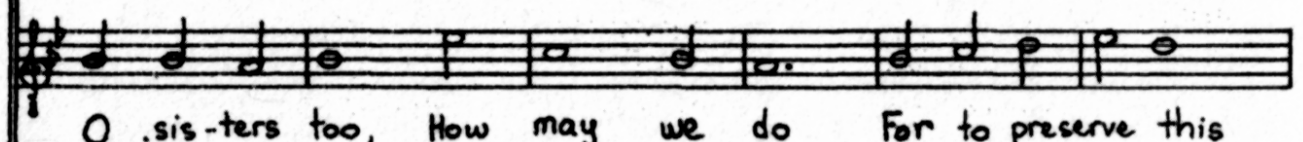
55
coventry carol



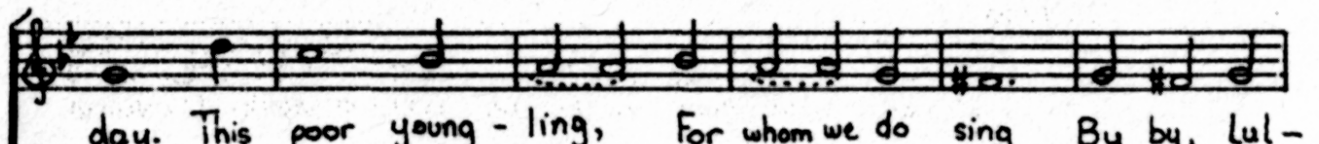
Lul-ly lul-la, thou little ti-ny child, By by, lul-ly, lul - lay. FINE



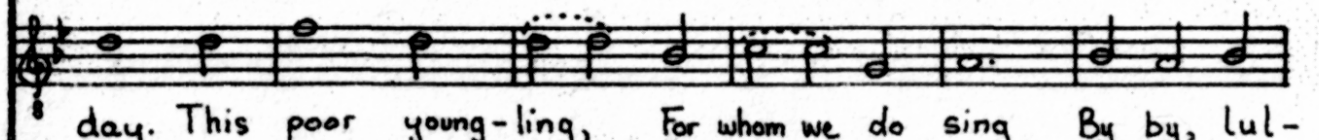
O sis-ters too, How may we do For to preserve this



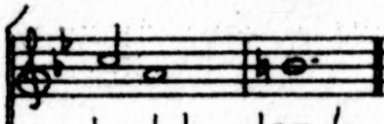
O sis-ters too, How may we do For to preserve this



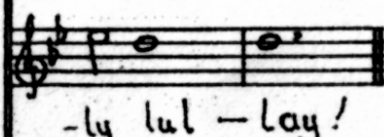
day. This poor young-ling, For whom we do sing By by, lul-



day. This poor young-ling, For whom we do sing By by, lul-



-ly lul - lay!



-ly lul - lay!

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

3. That woe is me poor child for thee
And ever morn and day,
For thy parting neither say nor sing
By by, lully lullay!