

Charlotte Church, Lully, Lullay

Lully, lullay, thou little tiny child,
By, by, lully, lullay:
Lully, thou little tiny child,
By, by lully, lullay

O sisters too, how may we do,

For to preserve this day,
This poor young ling, for whom we do 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.