

## Coventry Carol

Pentatonix

Lully, 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 morn and day  
For Thy parting, nor say nor sing  
By, by, lully, lullay