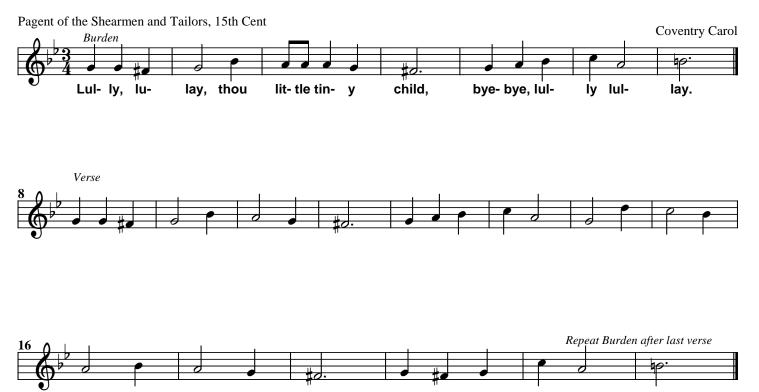
Lully, Lullay, Thou little tiny Child



Lully, lullay, thou little tiny child, bye, bye, lully lullay.

O sisters too, how may we do, for to preserve this day, this poor youngling for whom we sing, bye, bye lully lullay.

Herod the king in his raging, charged he hath this day, his men of night, in his own sight, all young children to slay.

Then woe is me, poor child, for thee! And every morn and day, for thy parting not say nor sing bye, bye, lully lullay.

Lully, lullay, thou little tiny child, bye, bye, lully lullay.

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