

Текст:



Группа Вконтакте

1. Lul-lay, Thou lit - tie ti - ny Child,
By, by, lul - ly, lul - lay: Lul-lay,
Thou lit - tie ti - ny Child,
By, by, lul - ly, lul - lay.

2. O sisters too, how may we do,
For to preserve this day,
This poor Youngling for whom we sing,
By, by, lully, lullay?

3. Herod the king in his raging,
Charged he hat this day
His men of might, in his own sight,
All children young to slay.

4. Then woe is me, poor Child, for Thee,
And ever mourn and say,
For They parting nor say nor sing,
By, by, lully, lullay.

