

Corpus Christi Carol

Libera

He bare her up, he bare her down He bare her into an orchard gr
ound Lully lullay, lully lullay The falcon hath borne my mate a
way

And in that orchard there was a hall That was hanged with purpl
e and pall And in that hall there was a bed And it was hanged w
ith gold so red

And on this bed there lyeth a knight His wound is bleeding day
and night By his bedside kneeleth a maid And she weepeth both n
ight and day

By his bedside standeth a stone 'Corpus Christi' written thereo
n