

Corpus Christi Carol

Jeff Beck

Lully, lully, lully, lully,
The faucon hath born my make away.
He bare him up, he bare him down,
He bare him into an orcahrd brown.
In that orchard there was an halle,
That was hanged with purpill and pall.
And in that hall there was a bede,
It was hanged with gold so rede.
And in that bed there lithe a knight
His woundes bleding day and night.
By that bede side kneleth a may,
And she wepeth both night and day.
And by that bede side there standeth a stone,
"Corpus Christi" wreten there on.