

# Corpus Christi Carol

Words & Music by Benjamin Britten

$\text{♩} = 52$   
N.C.

Ooh. \_\_\_\_\_ Ooh. \_\_\_\_\_

*p*

He bear her off, he bear her down, he bear her in-to an or - chard ground.

Lul-ly lul-lay, lul-ly lul-lay, the fal-con hath borne my mate a-way.

(Arpeggiate L.H. chords ad lib.)

And in that or- chard there was a hold, — that was hang-ed with pur- ple and gold. And

in that hold there was a bed, — and it was hang-ed with gold so red.

Lul- ly lul- lay, — lul- ly lul- lay, the fal- con hath borne my mate a- way.

And on this bed there li- eth a knight, — his wound- esbleed ing day and night. By that

bed - side kneel-eth a maid, and she weep-eth both night and day.

Lul - ly lul - lay, lul - ly lul - lay, the fal - con hath borne my mate a - way.

By his bed - side stand-eth a stone, Cor - pus Chris - ti writ - ten there - on.

Ooh. Ooh.