

Jeff Buckley, Corpus Christi Carol

He bear her off, he bear her down
He bear her into an orchard ground
Lu Li Lu Lay
Lu Li Lu Lay
The falcon hath bourne my mate away

And in this orchard there was a hold
That was hanged with purple and gold
And in that hold there was a bed
And it was hanged with chords of red

Lu Li Lu Lay
Lu Li Lu Lay
The falcon hath bourne my mate away

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 night and day

Lu Li Lu Lay
Lu Li Lu Lay
The falcon hath bourne my mate away

By his bedside standeth a stone
Corpus Christi written thereon