

Medieval Lyrics

Fowls in the Frith

Fowls in the frith,	birds	wood
The fishes in the flood,		
And I mon waxe wood.	must become crazy	
Much sorwe I walk with	sorrow	
For beste of boon and blood.	beast	bone (boon also means favor or request)

My Lief Is Faren in Londe

My lief is faren in lond.	love	gone	country
Alas, why is she so?			
And I am so sore bond			painfully or severely bound
I may not come her to.			
She hath mine heart in hold			
Wherever she ride or go	walk		
With true love a thousand fold.	times		

Western Wind

Westron wind, when wilt thou blow?	western
That the small rain down can rain.	
Christ, that my love were in my arms,	
And I in my bed again.	

Cuckoo Song

Summer is ycomen in,	come
Loud sing cuckoo!	
Groweth seed and bloweth mead,	meadow
And springth the wood now.	grows
Sing cuckoo!	
Ewe bleateth after lamb,	
Loweth after calf cow,	
Bullock sterteth, buck ferteth,	jumps farts
Merry sing cuckoo!	
Cuckoo, cuckoo,	
Well singest thou cuckoo:	
Ne swike thou never now!	Nor cease

I Have a Young Sister

I have a young sister
Far beyond the sea;
Many be the druries gifts
That she sent me.

She sent me the cherry
Withouten any stone,
And so she did the dove
Withouten any bone.

She sent me the briar
Withouten any rind; bark
She bade me love my leman lover
Without longing.

How should any cherry
Be without stone?
And how should any dove
Be without bone?

How should any briar
Be without rind?
How should I love my leman
Without longing?

When the cherry was a flower,
Then had it no stone;
When the dove was an egg,
Then had it no bone.

When the briar was unbred, young
Then had it no rind;
When the maiden hath that she loveth,
She is without longing.

Merry It Is

Merry it is while summer y-last	Merry lasts
With fowls' son	sound (tune)
Oc, now nigheth wind's blast	However gets nearer
And weather strong.	
Ay, ay! What this night is long,	How
And I with well mickle wrong	much
Sorrow and mourn and fast.	

Adam Lay Bound

Adam lay ybounden, bounden in a bond,	
Four thousand winter thought he not too long.	
And all was for an apple, an apple that he took,	
As clerks finden written, written in hir book.	their
Ne had the apple taken been, the apple taken been,	(If. . . not)
Ne had never Our Lady ybeen heaven Queen.	Nor
Blessed be the time that apple taken was:	
Therefore we mown singen <i>Deo Gratias</i> .	must Thanks be to God

I Sing of a Maiden

I sing of a maiden	
That is makeless.	without a mate (either a sexual mate or a peer)
King of all kings	
To her son she chees.	chose

He came also still	as silently
There his mother was	There where
As dew in April	
That falleth on the grass.	

He came also still	as silently
To his mother's bower	
As dew in Aprill	
That falleth on the flower.	

He came also still	as silently
There his mother lay	There where
As dew in Aprill	
That falleth on the spray.	twigs

Mother and maiden
 Was never none but she:
 Well may such a lady
 God's mother be.

Sunset on Calvary

Giotto di Bondone	
Now goeth sun under wood.	
Me rueth, Mary, thy faire rood.	pity cross
Now goeth sun under tree.	
Me rueth, Mary, thy son and thee.	

The Agincourt Carol*Deo gratias anglia, redde pro victoria.**Give thanks to God, England, for the victory*

Our king went forth to Normandy,
 With grace and might of chivalry;
 There God for him wrought marvelously,
 Wherefore England may call and cry,

worked

*Deo gratias,**Thanks to God**Deo gratias anglia, redde pro victoria.**Give thanks to God, England, for the victory*

He set a siege, for sooth to say,
 To Harfleur town with royal array;
 That town he won and made a fray,
 That France shall rue till Doomsday.

truth

*Deo gratias,**Thanks to God**Deo gratias anglia, redde pro victoria.**Give thanks to God, England, for the victory*

Then went our king, with all his host,
 Through France for all the French boast.
 He spared for dread of least ne most
 Till he come to Agincourt coast;

nor

Deo gratias,

region

*Deo gratias anglia, redde pro victoria.**Thanks to God**Give thanks to God, England, for the victory*

Then for sooth that knight comely
 In Agincourt field he fought manly;
 Through grace of God most mighty
 He had both the field and the victory.

truth

*Deo gratias,**Thanks to God**Deo gratias anglia, redde pro victoria.**Give thanks to God, England, for the victory*

There dukes and earls, lord and baron,
 Were take and slain, and that well soon,
 And some were led in to London
 With joy and mirth and great renown.

*Deo gratias,**Thanks to God**Deo gratias anglia, redde pro victoria.**Give thanks to God, England, for the victory*

Now gracious God, he save our king,
 His people, and all his well-willing,
 Give him good life and good ending
 That we with mirth mowe safely sing

may

*Deo gratias,**Thanks to God**Deo gratias anglia, redde pro victoria.**Give thanks to God, England, for the victory*

Tell Me, Wight in the Broom

"Say me, wight in the broom,
What is me for to doon?
I have the worst bond
That is in any land."

being yellow-flowered bush
do
master

"If thy bond is ill,
Hold thy tongue still."

master