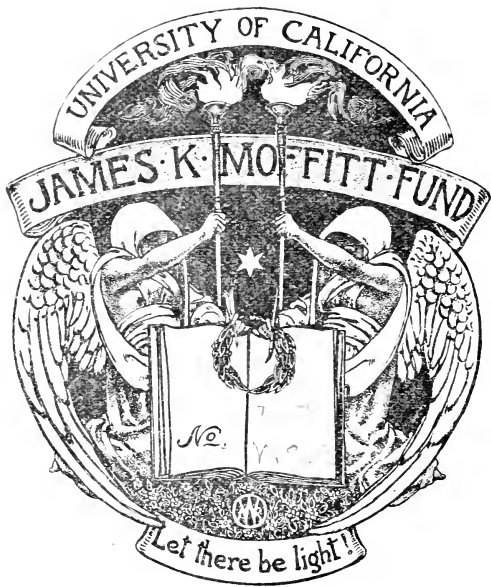


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SONGS AND CAROLS

FROM A

MANUSCRIPT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

OF THE

Fifteenth Century.

EDITED BY

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M.DCCC.LVI.

PREFACE.

THE Sloane MS. No. 2593, in the British Museum, has been long known to the literary historians of the English middle ages, and several of the songs contained in it have been printed. I myself, when first entering on the study of this class of literature, edited a selection from it in a small black-letter volume published by the late Mr. Pickering. Since that time, another volume of the same kind, and containing second copies of some of its contents, fell into my hands accidentally, and I edited it entire for the Percy Society, under the title of *Songs and Carols, now first printed from a Manuscript of the Fifteenth Century*. As far as I have been able to ascertain, these are the only collections of the kind known to exist; they are both of them apparently the song-books of minstrels;

and they are both curious for the character and variety of the poetical effusions they contain, and for the interesting illustration they afford us of contemporary popular sentiments; they are both also of about the same date. The Sloane MS., from which the present collection is printed, has been generally ascribed, from the character of the writing, to the reign of Henry VI. I have thought, therefore, that it would not be unacceptable to the readers of our old poetry, if I gave a complete edition of the Sloane Manuscript, as a companion to the volume printed for the Percy Society.

One of these songs, No. lii, p. 73, furnishes us with curious data for fixing more exactly the period at which it at least was composed, if we could identify the circumstances alluded to in it. The reader, or rather the hearer, of this song, is reminded, as so many memorials of the frailty of human affairs, of certain great disasters which, at the time it was composed, were fresh in people's memories. The first of these were the "dear years three," in which multitudes of people died of hunger; the next were two pestilences of a fearful description; after this came a tempest—a wind's blast—which blew down steeples, and was accompanied with terrible thunder

and lightning, by which the priory of the Carmelites, and the tolbooth at Lynn, in Norfolk, were burnt. This last circumstance would fix the date immediately, but unfortunately I have not been able to discover any historical notice of the event to which it alludes. Pestilences and famines were rather common during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and when described in general terms are not easily identified. After a comparison of the events of this kind mentioned in the old chronicles, I am inclined to think, however, that the two pestilences mentioned in our song are those two celebrated pestilences of the fourteenth century (occurring in the years 1349 and 1361-2) which are commemorated in the well-known popular poem of *Piers Ploughman*, and that the “wyndes blast” of our song is the terrible south-western wind of the same remarkable poem, which occurred on the 15th of January, 1362, and of which we are there told—

He preved that thise pestilences
 Were for pure synne,
 And the south-westrene wynd
 On Saterdag at even
 Was pertliche for pure pride,
 And for no point ellis ;
 Pyrics and plum-trees

Were puffed to the erthe,
 In ensauple that the segges
 Sholden do the bettre ;
 Beches and brode okes
 Were blowen to the grounde,
 Turned upward hire tailles,
 In tokenynge of drede
 That dedly synne er domes-day
 Shal for-doon hem alle.

Piers Ploughman, l. 2500.

Stowe says of this tempest, "The king held his Christmas at Windsore, and the xv. day following a sore and vehement southwest winde brake forth, so hideous, that it overthrew high houses, towers, steeples, and trees, and so bowed them, that the residue which fell not, but remained standing, were the weaker." The first of the two pestilences was followed by a period of excessive dearness, which I suspect was identical with the three dear years of our song.

Now the great pestilences of the fourteenth century were certainly well remembered for two centuries afterwards, but they were remembered not as the *two* pestilences, but as the *three* pestilences, of which the third occurred in the year 1369. If I am right, therefore, in explaining the allusions,

this song must have been originally composed before the third pestilence, or between 1362 and 1369, and probably very soon after the former year.

Of course this date would apply only to the particular song in question, and it proves nothing as to the age of the others ; but I think we may fairly infer from it, that the songs contained in these two collections do not by any means belong to the particular age of the manuscripts in which they are found, but that they belong to a numerous class of popular literature which were preserved in the memory of the sort of people who sang them, during several generations, and that some of them were only at times copied down by accident in collections like the two which I have edited, which we may therefore regard as very curious monuments of the minstrel lore. All this explains the great incorrectness with which they are written, and the numerous variations we find where we have more than one copy of the same song, which would naturally arise in taking it down from the memory of different persons at different times. The collection printed for the Percy Society is the more curious of the two, both because it contains a larger proportion of songs not of a religious character, and

because some of them are accompanied with the musical notes.

I will only add that in editing the Sloane MS. I have followed the same principle adopted in the volume printed for the Percy Society, of strictly following the manuscript, even in its errors, many of which are in themselves philologically curious. The Latin, especially, is in many cases extremely corrupt.

THOMAS WRIGHT.

14, *Sydney Street, Brompton,*
April, 1856.

SONGS AND CAROLS.

I.

Thou wost wol lytil ho is thi foo.

MAN, loke thou have this gys,
Quat sum evere thou xalt doo,
Of thi speche the wil avys,
Thou wost wol lytil ho is thi foo.

Man, rewle thi tunge in swych a gys,
That non mysspeche come the froo;
For than thou dost as the wys,
Thou wost wol lytil ho is thi foo.

Idil speche I rede thou spys,
Lok to hom thou seyst thi wil too;
Qwether thou stonde, walke, or ryde,
Thou wost wol lytil ho is thi foo.

The bryd seyde on his devys,
 Thou mytyst telle sum man thi woo,
 He wol it were dublyd thryis;
 Thou wost wol lytil ho is thi foo.

If thou wyt beryn away the prys,
 Lestene this song and synge the too,
 Of thi speche the wil avys,
 Thou wost wol lytil ho is thin foo.

 II.

Now bething the, gentilman,
 How Adam dalf and Eve span.

In the vale of Abraham
 Cryst hym self he made Adam,
 And of his rybbe a fayr womman,
 And thus thiȝ semly word began.

“ Cum, Adam, and thou xalt se
 The blysse of paradys that is so fre;
 Therin stant an appil-tre,
 Lef and frewt growit theron.

Adam, if thou this appil ete,
 Alle these joyis thou xalt forȝete,

And the peynis of helle gete."

Thus God hym self warnid Adam.

Quan God was fro Adam gon,

Sone after cam the fend anon ;

A fals tretour he was on,

He tok the tre, and krep theron.

"Quat eylyt the, Adam, art thou wod ?

Thi lord haȝt tawt the lytil good,

He wolde not thou understod

Of the wyttes that he can.

Tak the appil of the tre,

And ete therof, I bidde the,

And alle hese joyis thou xalt se,

Fro the he xal hedyn non."

Quan Adam hadde that appil ete,

Alle hese joyis wern forȝete,

Non word more myȝt he speke,

He stod as nakyd as a ston.

Than cam an aungil with a swerd,

And drof Adam into a disert ;

Ther was Adam sore aferd,

For labour coude he werkyn non.

III.

Alle maydenis, for Godes grace,
 Worchepe ꝛe seynt Nicolas.

SEYNT Nicholas was of gret posté,
 For he worchepid maydenis thre,
 That wer sent in fer cuntré
 Common wommen for to be.

Here fader was man in powre aray,
 Onto his dowteres he gan say,
 “Dowteres, ꝛe must away,
 Non lenger kepe ꝛou I may.

Dowteres, myn blyssing I ꝛou ꝛeve,
 For catel wil not with me thryve,
 ꝛe must with ꝛowre body leve,
 ꝛour wordeꝛe must dryve.”

The eldest dowter swor, be bred of qwete,
 “I have levere beggyn myn mete,
 And getyn me good qwer I may gete,
 Than ledyn myn lyf in lecherie.”

The medil dowter seyde, so mote che the,
 “I hadde levere hangyd and drawyd be

With wylde hors to or thre,
 Than ledin myn lyf in lecherie."

The 3ongere lechery gan to spyse,
 And preyid saynt Nicholas, as che was wise,
 " Saynt Nicholas, as he was wyse,
 Help us fro lecherie."

Saynt Nicholas, at the townys ende,
 Consoylid tho maydenis hom to wynde,
 And throw Godes grace he xulde hem synde
 Husbondes thre good and kind.

 IV.

God that alle mytes may,
 Helpe us at our ending daye.

THIS word, lordingges, I understonde,
 May be lyknyd to an husbonde,
 That taket a ferme into his honde
 To 3elde therof serteyn pay.

Spende we neyther speche ne sylle,
 Neyther for good ne for ille,
 We xuln 3evyn acountes grylle
 Beforn our Lord on domys daye.

Leve lordynges, be war of this,
 For oftyn tyme we don amys,
 Ther is non of us i-wys
 But that we trespasyn every day.

This word, lordynges, is but a farye,
 It faryt ryjt as a neysche weye,
 That now is wet and now is dreye,
 For sothe serteyn, as I ȝou say.

Now is joye and now is blys,
 Now is balle and bitternesse ;
 Now it is, and now it nys ;
 Thus pasyt this word away.

Now I hope and now I synge,
 Now I daunce, now I sprynge,
 Now I weyle and now I wrynge,
 Now is wel, and now is way.

Now I hoppe and now I daunce,
 Now I preke and now I praunce ;
 This day heyl, te morwe perchaunce
 We mown be ded and ley in clay.

At domis day quan we xul rysc,

And come befor our heye justyse,
 And 3evyn acountes of our servise,
 And payin up our laste pay,

Help us, Mary, for than is nede ;
 Help to excusyn our misdede,
 As thou art monewere at our nede,
 Help us than, and sey not nay.



v.

O flos de Jesse virgula,
 Laus tibi sit et gloria.

ADAM our fader was in blis,
 And for an appil of lytil prys
 He loste the blysse of paradys,
Pro sua superbia.

And alle that evere of hym cam
 The ryth weye to helle nam,
 Bothe Ysaac and Abraham,
Teste profecia.

Than these profetes prechyd afor,
 That a chyld xuld be born

To beye that Adam hadde forlorn,
Sua morte propria.

Moyses ferst in his lawe told
 A chyld ther xuld be born so bold,
 To beye aȝyn that Adam sold,
Sua nocte pessima.

Isaac withoute lesyng
 Profeciid in his prechyng
 Of Jesse rote a flour xuld spryng
De virgine purica.

Jeromy, that was so ȝyng,
 Profecyid of his comyng,
 That is veri lord and kyng,
Summi patris gracia.

Ferthere more, as I ȝou telle,
 Than profecyid Danyelle,
 Of hys comyng he gan spelle,
Gentibus in Judea.

Quan tyme cam of God almyȝt,
 That wolde brynge mankynde to ryȝt,
 In a maydyn he gan lyȝt,
Que vocatur Maria.

Now is he born, that blysfyl chyld,
 Of Mary moder mayde myld,
 Fro the fynd he us schyld,
Qui creavit omnia.

Prey we to hym with al our mynde,
 That hazt mad al mankynde,
 He brynge us alle to good ende,
In die novissima.



VI.

Eya, Jhesus hodie
 Natus est de virgine.

BLYSSID be that mayde Mary,
 Born he was of here body,
 Godis sone that syttit on hy,
Non ex virili semine.

In a manjour of an as
 Jhesu lay and lullyd was,
 Harde peynis for to pas,
Pro peccante homine.

Kynges comyn fro dyvesse londe,
 With grete 3yftes in here honde,

In Bedlem the child they fonde,
Stella ducte lumine.

Man and chyld bothe eld and ying,
 Now in his blysfyl comyng,
 To that chyld mow we syng,
Gloria tibi, Domine.

Nowel, nowel in this halle,
 Make merye, I prey ʒou alle,
 Onto the chyld may we calle,
Ulo sine crimine.

VII.

Gay, gay, gay, gay,
 Think on drydful domis day.

EVERY day thou myʒt lere,
 To helpe thi self qwil thou art here,
 Quan thou art ded and leyd on bere,
 Cryst help thi sowle, for thou ne may.

Thynk, man, on thi wyttes fyve,
 Do sum good qwyl thou art on lyve;
 Go to cherche, and do the schryve,
 And bryng thi sowle in good aray.

Thynk, man, on thi synnys sevene,
 Think how merie it is in hevenc;
 Prey to God with mylde stefne,
 To be thin helpe on domys day.

Loke that thou non thing stere,
 Ne non fals wytnesse bere;
 Thynk how Cryst was stunge with spere,
 Quan he deyid on good Fryday.

Loke that thou ne sle non man,
 Ne do non foly with non womman;
 Thynk the blod from Jhesu ran,
 Quan he deyid withoutyn nay.

VIII.

Wommen be bothe good and trewe,
 Wytnesse of Marye.
 OF hondes and body and face arn clene,
 Wommen mown non beter bene,
 In every place it is sene,
 Wytnesse of Marie.

It is knowyn and evere was,
 Ther a womman is in plas,

Womman is the welle of gras,
 Wytnesse.

They lovyn men with herte trewe,
 Ho wyl not chaungyn for non newe,
 Wommen ben of wordys ffewe,
 Wytnesse.

Wommen ben trewe without lesyng,
 Wommen be trewe in alle thing,
 And out of care they mown us bryng,
 Wytnesse of Marie.

 IX.

Jhesu, Jhesu, Jhesu, Jhesu,
 Saf us alle thorw thi vertu.

JHESU, as thou art our sayvour,
 That thou save us fro dolour ;
 Jhesu is myn paramour ;
 Blyssid be thi name, Jhesu.

Jhesu was born of a may,
 Upon Cristemesse day,
 Sche was may befor and ay ;
 Blyssid be thi name, Jhesu.

Thre kynges comen fro segent,
 To Jhesu Cryst they browte present ;
 Lord God omnipotent,
 Saf us alle throw thy vertue.

Jhesu deyid and schad his blod
 For al mankynde upon the rod ;
 He graunt us grace of happis good,
 I beseke the, swete Jhesu.

Jhesu, for thy moderes sake,
 Kepe us fro the fyndis blake,
 Aȝens hym that we mown wake ;
 And save us alle throw thi vertu.

—————

x.

Now go gyle, gyle, gyle,
 Now go gyle, gyle, go.

GYLE and gold togedere arn met,
 Coveytyse be hym is set,
 Now haȝt gyle leyd his net,
 To gyle bothe frynd and fo.

Ther is non man worȝt a schelle,
 But he cun plete with wryt or bylle,

His neybowres for to spylle,
 And othere men to werkyn wo.

Coweytise in herte is lent,
 Ryȝt and resoun away is went;
 Man, be war thou be not schent,
 Gyle wil thy herte slo.

Now haȝt gyle get hym gre,
 Bothe in town and in ceté,
 Gyle goth with gret mené,
 With men of lawe and othere mo.

Trewthe hevene mot he wynne,
 Gyle xal in helle brenne;
 He that made al mankynde,
 Amend hem that mys han do.

XI.

Syng we alle and sey we thus,
 Gramersy myn owyn purs.

QUAN I have in myn purs i-now,
 I may have bothe hors and plow,
 And also fryndis i-now,
 Throw the vertu of myn purs.

Quan my purs gynnyȝt to slak,
 And ther is nowt in my pak,
 They wil seyn, "Go, far wil, Jak,
 Thou xalt non more drynke with us."

Thus is al myn good i-lorn,
 And myn purs al totorn,
 I may pleyine with an horn,
 In the stede al of myn purs.

Far wil, hors, and far wil, cow,
 Far wil, carte, and far wil, plow ;
 As I pleyid me with a bow,
 I seyde, "God, quat is al this ?"

 XII.

Synful man, for Godis sake,
 I rede that thou amendis make.

THow thou be kyng of tour and town,
 Thow thou be kyng and were coroun,
 I sette ryȝt not be thi renown,
 But if thou wylt amendys make.

That hast here is othere menys,
 And so it xal ben quan thou art hens ;

Thi sowle xal abeye thi synnys,
 But if thou wit amendes make.

Thow thou be bothe stef and strong,
 And many a man thou hast do wrong,
 Wellaway xal be thi song,
 But, etc.

Man, be war, the weye is sleder,
 Thou xal slyde thou wost not qweder ;
 Body and sowle xul go togeder,
 But, etc.

Man, ber not thi hed to heye,
 In pumpe and pride and velonye ;
 In helle thou xalt ben hangyd hye,
 But if thou wilt amendis make.

XIII.

Of a rose, a lovely rose,
 Of a rose is al myn song.

LESTENYT, lordynges, bothe elde and ȝynge,
 How this rose began to sprynge ;
 Swych a rose to myn lykyng
 In al this word ne knowe I non.

The aungil cam fro hevene tour,
To grete Marye with gret honour,
And seyde sche xuld bere the flour,
That xulde breke the fyndes bond.

The flour sprong in heye Bedlem,
That is bothe bryȝt and schen ;
The rose is Mary hevene qwyn,
Out of here bosum the blosme sprong.

The ferste braunche is ful of myȝt,
That sprong on Cyrstemesse nyȝt ;
The sterre schon over Bedlem bryȝt,
That is bothe brod and long.

The secunde braunche sprong to helle,
The fendys power doun to felle ;
Therin myȝt non sowle dw[e]lle ;
Blyssid be the tyme the rose sprong.

The thredde branche is good and swote,
It sp[r]ang to hevene crop and rote,
Therin to dwellyn and ben our bote ;
Every day it schewit in prystes hond.

Prey we to here with gret honour,
 Che that bar the blyssid flowr,
 Che be our helpe and our socour,
 And schyd us fro the fyndes bond.

XIV.

Man, be war, be war, be war,
 And kep the that thou have no car.

THI tunge is mad of fleych and blod,
 Evele to spekyn it is not good,
 But Cryst, that deyid upon the rood,
 So 3yf us grace our tunge to spare.

Thi lyppis arn withoute bon ;
 Spek non evyl of thi fon ;
 Man, I rede, be seynt Jon,
 Of evyl speche that thou be war.

Quan thou seyst thi evyl seying,
 Be it of eld, be it of 3yng,
 Among many men thi speche may spring,
 And make thin herte of blysse ful bare.

Therefore I telle the, be seynt Austyn,
 Ther xal non man of evele speche wyn
 But sorwe and schame and moche syn,
 And to his herte meche care.

Prey we to God and seynt Margerete,
 That we mown our tunges kepe,
 Qwether we wake or slepe,
 And our body fro evele fare.

 xv.

God be with trewthe qwer he be,
 I wolde he were in this cuntré.

A MAN that xuld of trewthe telle,
 With grete lordys he may not dwelle,
 In trewe story as klerkes telle,
 Trewthe is put in low degré.

In laydyis chaumberes comit he not,
 Ther dar trewthe settyn non fot;
 Thow he wolde, he may not
 Comyn among the heye mené.

With men of lawe he haȝt non spas;
 They lovyn trewthe in non plas;

Me thinkit they han a rewly grace,
That trewthe is put at swych degré.

In holy cherche he may not sytte ;
Fro man to man they xuln hym flytte ;
It rewit me sore in myn wytte,
Of trewthe I have gret peté.

Religiuus, that xulde be good,
If trethe cum ther, I holde hym wood ;
They xuldyn hym rynde cote and hood,
And make hym bare for to fle.

A man that xulde of trewthe aspye,
He must sekyn eslye
In the bosum of Marye,
For there he is for sothe.

XVI.

I drukke, I dare, so wil I may,
Quan I thynke on myn endyng day.

I AM a chyld, and born ful bare,
And bare out of this word xal fare ;
ÿt am I but wermys ware,
Thow I clothis go never so gay.

Thow I be of meeche prys,
 Fayr of face, and holdyn wys,
 Myn fleych xal fadyn as flour-de-lys,
 Quan I am ded and leyd in clay.

Quan I am ded and leyd in ston,
 I xal rotyn fleych and bon,
 Fro myn fryndys I xal gon;
 Cryst help myn sowle quan I ne may.

Quan I xal al my frendes forsake,
 Cryst schyld me fro the fendes blake;
 To Jhesu Cryst my sowle I betake,
 He be our help on domys day.



XVII.

Gay, gay, to be gay,
 I holde it but a vanité.

YNG men that bern hem so gay,
 They think not on domys day,
 Quan they xul stonde in powre aray,
 And for here dedes damnyd be.

God that made se and sond,
 With blody woundis he xal stond,

“Come ȝe alle on my ryȝt hond,
ȝe chylderin that han servyd me.”

To wykkyd men Jhesu xal say,
“ȝe han led your lyf bothe nyȝt and day,
ȝour sowle into a wykkyd way,
Out of myn syte wynd ȝe.

Quan I was nakyd, ȝe me not clad;
Quan I was hungry, ȝe me not fad;
Quan I was in prisoun and harde bestad,
ȝe wold not visite me,

Therefore myn chylderyn xuln han i-wys
That ilke joye, that ilke blys,
That arte haȝt ben, and alwey is,
Beforn myn angel fayr and fre.”

—

XVIII.

Be war, sqwyer, ȝeman, and page,
For servyse is non erytage.

If thou serve a lord of prys,
Be not to boystous in thin servys,
Danne not thin sowle in non wys,
For servyse is non erytage.

Wynteris wether and wommanys thowt,
 And lordis love, schaungit oft;
 This is the sothe, if it be sowt,
 For servyse, etc.

Now thu art gret, to morwe xal I,
 As lordys schaungyn here baly;
 In thin welthe werk sekylly,
 For, etc.

Than serve we God in alle wyse,
 He xal us quityn our servyse,
 And ʒevyn us ʒyftes most of pryse,
 Hevene to ben our erytage.

XIX.

A, a, a, a,
 Nunc gaudet Maria.

MARY is a lady bryʒt,
 Sche haʒt a sone of meche myʒt,
 Over al this word che is lyʒt,
Bona natalicia.

Mary is so fayr of face,
 And here sone so ful of grace,
 In hevене he make us a place,
Cum sua potencia.

Mary is so fayr and sote,
 And here sone so ful of bote,
 Over al this word he is bote,
Bona voluntaria.

Mary is bothe good and kynde,
 Evere on us che haȝt mende,
 That the fend xal us not schende
Cum sua malicia.

Mary is qwen of alle thinge,
 And here sone a lovely kyng;e,
 God graunt us alle good endyng,
Regnat dei gracia.

XX.

Man, be war, er thou be wo,
 Think on pride and let him goo.

PRYDE is out, and pride is ine,
 And pride is rot of every synne,

And pride wil never blynne,
Til he haȝt browt a man in woo.

Lucyfer was aungyl bryȝt,
And conqwerour of meche myȝt;
Throw his pride he les his lyȝt,
And fil doun into endeles woo.

Wenyst thou for thi gaye clothing,
And for thin grete othis sweryng,
To be a lord or a kyng,
Lytill it xal avayle the too.

Quan thou xalt to cherche glyde,
Wermys xuln ete throw thi syde,
And lytil xal avayle thi pride,
Or ony synnys that thou hast doo.

Prey to Cryst, with blody syde,
And othere woundes grile and wide,
That he forȝeve the thi pride,
And thi synnys that thou hast doo.

XXI.

I may synge of a may,
Of joyis fyve and merthis most.

THE ferste joye, as I 3ou telle,
With Mary met seynt Gabrielle,
“Heyl, Mary, I grete the welle,
With Fader and Sone and Holy Gost.”

The secunde joye, in good fay,
Was on Crystemesse day,
Born he was of a may,
With Fader, etc.

The thredde joye, withoutyn stryf,
That blysseful berthe was ful ryf,
Quan he ros fro ded to lyf,
With Fader, etc.

The forte joye, in good fay,
Was upon halewyn thursday,
He stey to hevене in ryche aray,
With Fader and Sone and Holy Gost.

The fyfte joye, withoutyn dene,
In hevене he crownyd his moder clene,
That was wol wil the eyr a sene,
With Fader, etc.

XXII.

Man, be war of thin wowyng,
For weddyng is the longe wo.

Loke, er thin herte be set,
Lok thou wowe er thou be knet;
And if thou se thou mow do bet,
Knet up the haltre and let here goo.

Wyvys be bothe stowte and bolde,
Her husbondes aȝens hem durn not holde,
And if he do, his herte is colde,
How so evere the game go.

Wedewis be wol fals i-wys,
For cum bothe halse and kys,
Til onys purs pikyd is,
And they seyn, Go, boy, goo.

Of madenys I wil seyn but lytil,
For they be bothe fals and fekyll,
And under the tayl they ben ful tekyl,
A twenty devele name, let hem goo.

XXIII.

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia,
Deo patri sit gloria.

Salvator mundi, Domine,
Fader of hevене, blyssid thou be,
Thou gretyst a mayde with on ave,
Que vocatur Maria.

Adesto nunc propicius,
Thou sendyst thi sone swete Jhesus,
Man to become for love of us,
Deo patri sit gloria.

Ne mentem sompnus oprimat,
Betwyx an ox and an as
Cryst hym self born he was
De virgine Maria.

Te reformator sensuum,
Bothe lytil and mekil and alle a[nd] sum
Wolecum the tyme that now is com,
Deo patri sit gloria.

Gloria tibi, Domine,
Thre personys in trenyté,
Blyssid mot they alle be,
Deo patri sit gloria.

XXIV.

Nowel el el el el el el el el el el,
 Mary was gret with Gabriel.

MARY moder, meke and mylde,
 Fro schame and synne that 3e us schyllde,
 For gret on grownd 3e gon with childe,
Gabriele nuncio.

Mary moder, be not adred,
 Jhesu is in 3our body bred,
 And of 3our bryst he wil be fed,
Cum pudoris lilio.

Mary moder, the frewit of the
 For us was naylid on a tre,
 In hevene is now his majesté,
Fulget resurreccio.

Mary moder, the thredde day
 Up he ros, as I 3ow say,
 To helle he tok the ry3te way,
Motu fertur proprio.

Mary moder, after thin sone,
 Up thou steyist with hym to wone;
 The aungle wern glad quan thou were come
In celi palucio.

XXV.

I SYNG a of a mayden
that is makeles,
Kyng of alle kynges
to here sone che ches.
He cam also style
ther his moder was,
As dew in Aprylle
that fallyt on the gras.
He cam also style
to his moderes bowr,
As dew in Aprille
that fallyt on the flour.
He cam also style
ther his moder lay,
As dew in Aprille
that fallyt on the spray.
Moder and maydyn
was never non but che ;
Wel may swych a lady
Godes moder be.

XXVI.

I HAVE a gentil cook
 crowyt me day,
He doth me rysyn erly
 my matynis for to say.
I have a gentil cook,
 comyn he is of gret,
His comb is of red corel,
 his tayil is of get.
I have a gentyll cook,
 comyn he is of kynde,
His comb is of red scorel,
 his tayl is of inde ;
His legges ben of asour,
 so gentil and so smale,
His spores arn of sylver qwyt
 into the wortewale ;
His eynyn arn of cristal,
 lokyn al in aumbyr ;
And every nyȝt he perchit hym
 in myn ladyis chaumbyr.

XXVII.

Omnes gentes plaudite.

I saw myny bryddis setyn on a tre ;
 He tokyn here fleyȝt and flowyn away,
 With, *Ego dixi*, have good day !
 Many qwyte federes haȝt the pye :—
 I may noon more syngyn, my lyppis arn so drye.
 Manye qwyte federis haȝt the swan :—
 The more that I drynke, the lesse good I can.
 Ley stykkys on the fer, wyl mot is brenne ;
 ȝeve us onys drynkyn er we gon henne.

XXVIII.

ADAM lay i-bowndyn,
 bowndyn in a bond,
 Fowre thowsand wynter
 thowt he not to long ;
 And al was for an appil,
 an appil that he tok,
 As clerkes fyndyn wretyn
 in here book.
 Ne hadde the appil take ben,
 the appil taken ben,

Ne hadde never our lady
 a ben hevene quen.
 Blyssid be the tyme
 that appil take was !
 Therfore we mown syngyn
 Deo gracias.

XXIX.

I HAVE a song suster
 fer bezondyn the se,
 Many be the drowryis
 that che sente me.
 Che sente me the cherye
 withoutyn ony ston ;
 And so che dede [the] dowe
 withoutyn ony bon ;
 Sche sente me the brere
 withoutyn ony rynde ;
 Sche bad me love my lemman
 withoute longgyng.
 How xuld ony cherye
 be withoute ston ?
 And how xuld ony dowe
 ben withoute bon ?

How xuld ony brere
 ben withoute rynde ?
 How xuld y love myn lemman
 without longyng ?
 Quan the cherye was a flour,
 than hadde it non ston ;
 Quan the dowe was an ey,
 than hadde it non bon ;
 Quan the brere was onbred,
 than hadde it non rynd ;
 Quan the maydyn haȝt that che lovit,
 che is without longyng.

XXX.

Al the meryere is that place,
 The sunne of grace hym schynit in.
 THE sunne of grace hym schynit in,
 in on day quan it was mor[we],
 Quan our Lord God born was,
 withoute wem or sorwe.
 The sunne of grace hym schynit in,
 on a day quan it was pryme,
 Quan our Lord God born was,
 so wel he knew his tyme.

The sunne of grace hym schynit in,
 on a day quan it was non,

Quan our Lord God born was,
 and on the rode don.

The sunne of grace hym schynit in,
 on a day quan it was undy[rn].

Quan our Lord God born was,
 and to the herte stongyn.



XXXI.

I HAVE a newe gardyn,
 and newe is begunne ;
 Swych another gardyn
 know I not under sunne.

In the myddis of my gardyn
 is a peryr set,

And it wele non pere bern,
 but a pere jenet.

The fayrest mayde of this toun
 preyid me

For to gryffyn here a gryf
 of myn pery tre ;

Quan I hadde hem gryffid
 alle at here wille,

The wyn and the ale
 che dede in fille.
 And I gryffid here a g[ryf]
 ryȝt up in here honde,
 And be that day xx. wowkes
 it was qwyk in here w[ombe].
 That day twelfve monith
 that mayde I mette,
 Che seyde it was a pere robert,
 but non pere jon[et].

 XXXII.

Out of the blosme sprang a thorn,
 Quan God hym self wold be born,
 He let us nevere be forlorn,
 That born was of Marie.

Ther sprang a welle al at here fot,
 That al this word is t[o]rnyd to good,
 Quan Jhesu Cryst took fleych and blod
 Of his moder Marie.

Out of the welle sprang a strem
 Fro patriarck to Jerusalem,
 Til Cryst hymself aȝen it nem
 Of his moder, etc.

In wynter quan the frost hym fres,
A powre beddyng our Lord hym ches ;
Betwyin an ox and an as
Godes sone born he was
 Of his, etc.

It was upon the twelwe day,
Ther come thre kynges in ryche aray,
To seke Cryst ther he lay
 And his, etc.

Thre kynges out of dyves londe,
Swythe comyn with herte stronge,
The chyld to sekyn underfonge,
 That born was of Marie.

The sterre led hem a ryte way
To the chyld ther he lay ;
He help us bothe nyjt and day,
 That born was of Marie.

Baltyzar was the ferste kyng,
He browte gold to his offeryng,
For to presente that ryche kyng,
 And his moder Marie.

Melchiar was the secunde kyng,
 He browte incens to his offering,
 For to present that ryche kyng,
 And his, etc.

Jasper was the thred kyng,
 He browte myrre to his offeryng,
 For to presente that ryche kyng,
 and his, etc.

Ther they offerid here presens,
 With gold and myrre and francineus,
 And clerkes redyn in here seqwens
 in Ephifanye.

Knel we down hym beforne,
 And prey we to hym that now is born,
 And let us never be forlorn,
 that born was of Marye.

XXXIII.

Of alle the spyces that I knowe,
 Blyssid be the qwete flour.
 QWETE is bothe semely and sote,
 Of alle spyces that is bote,

The vertu spryngit out of the rote,
 so blyssid be the qw[e]te flour,

The secunde vers I sey befor,
 Qwete is kyng of every corn ;
 Jhesu hym self for us was born,
 so blyssid, etc.

The thredde vers, with Godes grace,
 Qw[e]te is good in every place,
 In qwete is porteyidid Godes face,
 so, etc.

The forte vers, withoute stryf,
 Of qwete is mad the bred of lyf,
 Us to receyvyn in clene lyf,
 so, etc.

The fyfte vers, withoute skorn,
 Qwete is a spyce, a wol good on,
 King that is of every corn,
 so, etc.

The sexte vers, I xal 3ou seye,
 Jhesu Cryst that sit on heye
 He let us never for hunger deye,
 so blyssid be the qwete flour.

XXXIV.

The sterre hym schon bothe nyȝt and day,
 To lede thre kynges ther our Lord lay.

JHESU was born in Bedlem Judé,
 Of mayde Mary, thus fynde we ;
 Out of the est come kynges thre
 with ryche presentes, as I ȝow say.

As they went forth in here pas,
 The sterre schon al in here fas
 As bryȝt as golde withine the glas,
 to Bedlem to ledyn hem the way.

Kyng Herowdes was most of pryse,
 He seyde to tho thre kynges that wern so wys
 “Go and sekit me ȝone chyld of pryse,
 and comit ageyn be me, I ȝou pray.

And I myself xal with ȝow wynde,
 The chyld to worchepe, the child to fynde,
 And worchepyn hym with al myn mynde,
 with al the honour that I may.”

Quan they kemyn into that plas
 Ther Jhesu with his moder was,

They settyn hem down and made solas,
and every kyng to other gan say.

Quan they haddyn offerid up here presens,
With gold and myrre and francincens,
As clerkes redyn in here sequens,
he took it of hem, and seyde not nay.

Quan they hadde offerid here offeryng
To Jhesu that is hevne kyng,
Of an aungyl they hadd warnyng,
to wendyn hom be another way.

The aungyl cam fro hevne kyng,
And bad tho thre kynges ageyn hom wynd,
Therin to dwelle, therin to ben,
til kyng Herowdes endyng day.

Kyng Herowde wox wol ille,
For tho thre kynges comyn hym not tille,
For to fulfille his wykkyd wille,
and to his knytes he gan say.

Kyng Herowdes wox wroth anon,
The chylderin of Israel he dide slon,
He wende Jhesu hadde ben the ton,
and ȝyt he falyid of his pray.

Kyng Herowdes deyd, and went to helle,
 For swete Jhesus that we spelle;
 God saf us fro the peynis of helle,
 and fro the wykkid fyndes pray.

XXXV.

Robynn lyth in grene wode bowndyn.

I HERDE a carpyng of a clerk
 al at 3one wodes ende,
 Of gode Robyn and Gandeleyn
 was ther non other gyng.
 Stronge thevys wern the chylderin non,
 but bowmen gode and hende;
 He wentyn to wode to getyn hem fleych,
 if God wold it hem sende.
 Al day wentyn the chylderin too,
 and fleych fowndyn he non,
 Til it were ageyn evyn
 the chylderin wold gon hom;
 Half a honderid of fat falyf der
 he comyn a3on,
 And alle he wern fayr and fat inow,
 but markyd was ther non.
 Be dere Gode, seyde gode [Robyn],
 hereof we xul have on.

Robyn went his joly bowe,
 therin he set a flo,
 The fattest der of alle the herte
 he clef a-to.
 He hadde not the der i-slawe
 ne half out of the hyde,
 Ther cam a schrewde arwe out of the west
 that felde Robertes pryde.
 Gandeleyn lokyd hym est and west,
 be every syde,
 “Hoo hat myn mayster slayin ?
 ho hat don this dede ?
 Xal I never out of grene wode go
 ti[1] I se sydis blede.”
 Gandeleyn lokyd hym est and lokyd west,
 and sowl under the sunne,
 He saw a lytil boy he clepyn
 Wrennok of Doune ;
 A good bowe in his hond,
 a brod arewe therine,
 And fowre and xx. goode arwys
 trusyde in a thrumme.
 “Be war the, war the, Gandeleyn,
 herof thu xalt han summe.
 Be war the, war the, Gandeleyn,
 herof thou gyst plenté.”

“Evere on for another,” seyde Gandeleyn,
 “mysaunter have he xal fle.”

“Qwerat xal our marke be ?”
 seyde Gandeleyn.

“Everyche at otheris herte,”
 seyde Wrennok ageyn.

“Ho xal ȝeve the ferste schote ?”
 seyde Gandeleyn.

“And I xal ȝewe the on befor,”
 seyde Wrennok ageyn.

Wrennok schette a ful good schote,
 and he schet not to hye,

Throw the sanchothis of his bryk
 it towchyd neyther thye.

“Now hast thou ȝovyn me on befor,”
 al thus to Wrennok seyde he,

“And throw thu myȝt of our lady
 a bettere I xal ȝeve the.”

Gandeleyn bent his goode bowe,
 and set therin a flo,

He schet throw his grene certyl,
 his herte he clef on too.

“Now xalt thou never ȝelpe, Wrennok,
 at ale ne at wyn,

That thou hast slawe goode Robyn
 and his knave Gandeleyn ;

Now xalt thou never ȝelpe, Wrennok,
 at wyn ne at ale,
 That thou hast slawe goode Robyn,
 and Gandeleyyn his knawe.”
 Robyn lyȝth in grene wode bowdyn.

 XXXVI.

PROCEDENTI puereo,
 eya nobis annus est,
 Virginis ex utero,
 gloria, laudes,
 Deus homo factus est, et immortalis.

Sine viri semine,
 eya nobis, etc.
 Natus est de virgine,
 gloria, laudes,
 Deus homo, etc.

Sine viri coitu,
 eya nobis annus est,
 Pleno sancto spiritu,
 gloria, laudes,
 Deus homo factus est, etc.

Syne viri copia,
 eya nobis, etc.
 Natus est ex Maria,
 gloria, laudes,
 Deus nobis factus est, et immortalis.

In hoc festo de termino,
 eya nobis annus est,
 Benedicamus Domino,
 gloria, laudes,
 Deus homo factus est, et immortalis.

XXXVII.

A NEW ȝer, a newe ȝer, a chyld was i-born
 Us for to savyn that al was for-lorn,
 So blyssid be the tyme.

The fader of hevene his owyn sone he sent,
 His kyngdam for to cleydyn.
 So blyssid be the tyme.

Al in a clene maydyn our Lord was i-lyȝt,
 Us for to savyn with al his myȝt.
 So blyssid, etc.

Al of a clene maydyn our Lord was i-born,
 Us for to savyn that al was for-lorn.

So blyssid, etc.

Lullay, lullay, lytil chyld, myn owyn dere fode,
 How xalt thou sufferin be naylid on the rode ?

So, etc.

Lullay, lullay, lytil chyld, myn owyn dere smerte,
 How xalt thou sufferin the scharp spere to thi herte ?

So, etc.

Lullay, lullay, lytyl child, I synge al for thi sake,
 Many on is the scharpe schour to thi body is schape.

So, etc.

Lullay, lullay, lytyl child, fayre happis the befalle,
 How xal thou sufferin to drynke ezyll and galle ?

So, etc.

Lullay, lullay, lytil chyld, I synge al beforne,
 How xalt thou sufferin the scharp garlong of thorn ?

So, etc.

Lullay, lullay, lytil chyld, qwy wepy thou so sore ?
 And art thou bothin God and man, quat woldyst thou
 be more ?

So, etc.

Blyssid be the armys the chyld bar abowte,
And also the tetes the chyld on sowkid.

So, etc.

Blyssid be the moder, the chyld also,
With *benedicamus Domino*.

So blyssid be the tyme.

XXXVIII.

Moder, qwyt as lylie flour,
ȝour lullyng lassyt myn langour.

As I me ros in on morwenyng,
Myn thowt was on a mayde ȝynge,
Che song aslepe with here lullynge
Here dere sone, our Savyour.

As che hym tok al in here lap,
He tok that maydyn be the pap,
And tok therof a ryȝt god nap
And sok his fille of that licour.

To his moder than he gan say,
“For this mylk me muste day,
It is myn kynde therwith to play,
My swete moder, myn paramour.”

That mayde frely began to synge,
 And in here song che mad murnynge,
 That here sone, that is our kyng,
 Xuld schred his blod with gret dolour.

“3our wepyng, moder, grevit me sore,
 But I wold deye, 3e wern forlore;
 Do wey, moder, and wepe non more;
 3our lullyng lassit myn langour.”



XXXIX.

Reges de Saba venient,
 Aurum, tus, myrram, offerent.
 Alleluia.

Now is the twelthe day i-come,
 The Fader and Sone togeder arn nome,
 The Holy Gost, as they wern wone,
 in fere.
 God send us good newe 3ere.

I wil 3ou synge with al myn my3t,
 Of a chyld so fayr in sy3t,
 A maydyn hym bar this ender ny3t,
 so styлле;
 As it was his wylle.

Thre kynges out of Galylie
 Kemyn to Bedlem that ceté,
 For to takyn in to that se,
 be nyte ;
 It was a ful fayr syte.

As they keme forȝt with here offeryng,
 They mette with Herowdes, that mody kyng ;
 He askyd hem of here comyng,
 that tyde,
 And thus to hem he seyde :

“ Fro qwens come ȝe, kynges thre ? ”
 “ Out of the est, as thou mayst se,
 To sekyn hym that evere xal be,
 throw ryte,
 Lord and kyng of myte. ”

“ Quan ȝe han at that kyng i-be,
 Comit ageyn this weye be me,
 And tel me the sytes that han se ;
 I praye,
 ȝe gon non other waye. ”

Of Herowdys, that mody kyng,
 He tokyn here leve, of eld and ȝyng ;

And foth they wente with here offeryng
 in syzte,
 And ther wey come be nyte.

Quan they comyn into the plas
 Ther Jhesu with his moder was,
 Thei made offeryng with gret solas,
 not ferre,
 With gold, incens, and myrre.

As they wern hom-ward i-went,
 The Fader of hevene an aungyl sent
 To tho thre kynges that made present,
 or daye,
 And thus to hem gan saye.

“My Lord haȝt warnyd ȝou of ȝour fon,
 Be kyng Herowdes that ȝe not gon;
 For if ȝe don, he wil ȝou slon,
 and traye;
 ȝe gon another waye.”

Quan they comyn hom to here cuntré,
 Blythe and glad they wern alle thre
 Of the sytes that they had se,
 be nyte,
 Jhesu and Mari bryte.

With tresoun to us gan he sayn,
 He trowid Jhesu to han slayn;
 Into Egypt thei went ful playn,
 be syde;

Josep was here gyde.

Into Bedlem thei gunne pas,
 The sterre gan schynyn in here fas
 Brytter than evere schon sunne in glas,
 in londe,

Jhesu with Mari thei fonde.

Kyng Herowdes he made his vow,
 Gret plenté of chylderin he slow,
 He wende ther xuld a be Jhesu;
 I saye,

He falyid of his praye.

Herowdes was wod in ryalté;
 He slow schylderin ryȝt gret plenté
 In Bedlem, that fayre ceté,
 with stryf;

Ne left he non on lyf.

The chylderin of Israel cryid "wa, wa!"
 The moderis of Bedlem cryid "ba, ba!"

Herowdes low, and seyde, "a ha!
 that qwede,
 The kyng of Juwys is dede."

Almyty God in magesté,
 In on God personys thre,
 Bryng us to the blysse that is so fre,
 in fere;
 And send us a good newe zere.

Reges de Saba venient, aurum, tus, mirra, offerunt.

XL.

As I went throw a gardyn grene,
 I fond an erber makyd ful newe;
 A fayrere syte had I non sene,
 On every tre song a turtill trewe.

Therin a womman bryzt of hewe,
 Che seyde in here song not lest,
 This was he[re] carpyng, as I knewe,
 Verbum caro factum est.

I askyd that mayde quat che ment,
 Che bad me abydyn and I myzt here

To here song than tok I intent,
 Che seyde a song woys clere.

“The pryns that is without pere
 Is born and leyd betwyn tweyn best;
 Therefore I synge, as thou myȝt here,
Verbum caro factum est.”

In that wone forȝt gan I wynde,
 A semely song than herd I tho,
 Of thre schepperdes that wern ful hynde,
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

I wold not the hadde ferryd me froo,
 Wol faste after hem than gan I prest;
 Thei told me that they sungyn soo,
 For *verbum caro factum est.*

ȝyt ferthere more in that fryth,
 I saw thre kynges comyn corown;
 I sped me faste to speke hem wyt,
 And to tho lordes I knelid adown.

Tho kynges curteys to me gun rown,
 And seydyn thei woldyn fare prest,
 “To Bedlem bour now arn we bown,
 For *verbum caro factum est.*”

This is as meche for to say,
 As Godes sone becum is fleych,
 He was born this ilke day,
 A blysful weye us for to wych.

That may now withoutyn mys,
 Here I wyte bothe most and lest,
 For che was the cause i-wys.
 Of *verbum caro factum est.*

Godis sone becomyn is fleych,
 That bote hazt of al our bale,
 A blysful weye us for to wych,
 That mayde hym herberwyd in here hale.

Che curid that lovely in here sale,
 Che hyld that hyndin in here rest,
 With trewe tunge che teld the tale,
 For *verbum caro factum est.*

Verbum caro is to say
 That Godes sone becomyn is man ;
 He was born this ilke day,
 To savyn us fro the fend Sathan.

That may that is qwyt as swan,
 Che fed that Lord upon here bryst ;
 Therefore I synge you as I can,
 Verbum caro factum est.

XLI.

BE the way wanderyng as I went,
Sore I scyid for sorwenis sad,
For harde happys that I have hent,
Murnyng makyd me masyd and mad.

To a lettere alone I me ledde,
That wel was wretyn upon a wal;
A blysfyl word theron I redde,
Was, evere more thank God of al.

ȝyt I redde wel ferthere more,
With trewe intent I took thertyl,
Cryst may wel our stat restore,
It is not to strywe agen his wil.

He may us save, and that is skyl,
Thynk ryȝt wel we ben his thral;
Quat thou tholyst, wo or yl,
Evere more thank God of al.

If that thou waxe blynd or lame,
Or ony evyl to the be set,
Thynk ryȝt wel it is non schame,
With swych grace God haȝt the gret.

In sorwe and care if thou be set,
 And thi ryches begynne to falle ;
I can not se thou may do bet
 Than evere more thank God of al.

If thou welde thi wordele goodes,
 And ryȝt ryally leve in thi rest,
Fayr of face, frely of fode,
 Ther is non swych be est ne west.

God wil sende ryȝt as hym leste,
 For ryches tranytȝ as a bal ;
In ilke a manere this is the beste,
 Evere more to thank God of al

If thi good begynne to pase,
 And thou waxe a powre man,
Thak good cumfort and mak good fase,
 And trust on hym that al began.

Of God ferst our good began,
 He may us reve bothe bour and halle ;
Betere counsel I non can,
 Than evere more thank God of al.

Thynk on Job that was so ryche,
 He wex powre fro day to day.

His bestes drenkelyd in every dyche,
His good wansid al away.

He was put in a powre aray,
Neyther in purpyl ne in palle,
In sympel wede, as I ȝou say,
And evere he thankyd God of alle.

For Godes love, so do ȝe,
He may ȝou bothe ȝeve and take ;
Quat myschyf ȝe in be,
He haȝt myȝt ȝour wo to slake.

Ful good amendes he wil us make,
If we to hym wil crye or calle ;
Quat wel or wo we ben in take,
Evere more thank God of al.

If thi fryndes fro the fayle,
And deth haȝt reft hem of here lyf ;
Qwerfore xuldyst thou wepyn or wayle,
It is not to stryve ageyn his wyl.

Thynk he made bothe man and wyf,
And that we alle ben his thral ;
Quat wo thou sufferyst or how thou thryf,
Evere more thank God of al.

Dyves sondes God haȝt us sent,
Here and also in othere place ;
Tak we hem in good atent,
The sunnere God wil sendyn us grace.

If ȝour body be bowndyn in bas,
Lok ȝour herte be good and stal ;
Thynk he is ȝyt ther he was,
And evere more thank God of al.

For Godes love be not as a chyld,
Ne mak thi self not to stowt,
But take with god herte and myld
The good that God sendit al about.

Than dar I seyn, withoute dowt,
In hevene blysse is mad your halle ;
Ryche and powre that ȝe lowe lowt,
And evere more thank God of alle.

This wordele good xuld increse,
And eche man kynde wold be,
And partyn abowtyn of here ryches
To hem that arn in poverté.

A wonder thing now may we sene,
That kynde love adoun is falle ;
Non betere counsel can I mene,
Than evere to thank God of alle.

XLII.

Worchyp we bothe more and lesce
 Crystes body in furme of bred.

IT is bred fro hevenc cam,
 Fleych and blod of Mary it nam,
 For the synnys of Adam,
 He sched his blod that was so red.

He that onworthi this bred ete,
 The peyne of helle he xal gete,
 My swete body away to lete,
 And makyn his sowle to ben ded.

He that this bred haȝt in mynde,
 He xal levyn withoutyn ende ;
 This is bred to ȝevyn a frende,
 Withoutyn qwyte, withine red.

On Schyre-Thursday, al at the messe,
 To hese desipele he seyde thisse,
 “ Etyȝt this bred, myn body it isse,
 Lok therof ȝe han non dred.”

Aftyward at here soper,
 He tok the wyn that was so cler,

And blyssid it with mylde cher,
 "This is myn blod that is so red."

The Juwys wern bothe wylde and wode,
 He puttyn Jhesu upon the rode,
 For to spyllyn his herte blode;
 For manys synne he sufferid ded.

Jhesu, lynd us this bred to ete,
 And alle our synnys for to forȝete,
 And in hevене a place to gete,
 Throw the vertu of this bred.

 XLIII.

Synge we, synge we,
Gloria tibi, Domine.

MAN, if thou hast synnyd owth,
 Chaunge redely thi thowth,
 Thynk on hym that haȝt the bowth,
 So dere upon the rode tre.

Thynk he cam for to ben born,
 To beyin aȝen that was forlorn,
 Many a m^l ȝer beforn,
 Out of his owyn magesté.

Thynk the Juwis quan hym tokyn,
 Hese desipele hym forsokyn,
 Alle the veynys on hym schokyn,
 For dowl of deth wold he not fle.

Thynk the cros he dedyn hym bere,
 Garlond of thorn he dedyn hym were,
 False tretowres that they were,
 Til he kemyn ther he wolde be.

Thynk he dedyn hym on the rode ;
 Thynk it was al for our goode ;
 Thynk the Juwys wyxin wode,
 On hym they haddyn non peté.

Thynk how sore he was bowndyn ;
 Thynk he sufferid harde woundys,
 Of tho false helle howndys,
 With schorge and spere and naylys thre.

Thynk, man, on the werste of alle,
 He ȝevyn hym drynkyn ezyl and galle,
 Hely for peyne he gan to calle
 To his fader in trenité.

Thynk, man, wytterly,
 Think he bowt the bytterly ;
 Forsake thi synne and to hym cry,
 That he have mercy upon the.

XLIV.

SEYNT Stevene was a clerk
in kyng Herowdes halle,
And servyd him of bred and cloth,
as every kyng befalle.

Stevyn out of kechoun cam
with boris hed on honde,
He saw a sterre was fayr and bryzt
over Bedlem stonde.

He kyst adoun the bores hed,
and went into the halle,
“ I forsak the, kyng Herowdes,
and thi werkes alle.

I forsak the, kyng Herowdes,
and thi werkes alle,
Ther is a chyld in Bedlem born,
is beter than we alle.”

“ Quat eylyt the, Stevene ?
quat is the befalle ?

Lakkyt the eyther mete or drynk
in kyng Herodwes halle ? ”

“ Lakit me neyther mete ne drynk
in kyng Herowdes halle ;
Ther is a chyld in Bedlem born,
is beter than we alle.”

Quat eylyt the, Stevyn? art thou wod?
or thou gynnyst to brede?

Lakkyt the eyther gold or fe,
or ony ryche wede?"

"Lakyt me neyther gold ne fe,
ne non ryche wede;

Ther is a chyld in Bedlem born,
xal helpyn us at our nede."

"That is also soth, Stevyn,
also soth i-wys,

As this capoun crowe xal
that lyth here in myn dych."

That word was not so sone seyde,
that word in that halle,

The capoun crew *Christus natus est*
among thio lordes alle.

"Rysyt up, myn turmentowres,
be to and al be on,

And ledit Stevyn out of this town,
and stonit hym with ston."

Tokyn he Stevene,
and stonyd hym in the way

And therfore is his evyn
on Crystes owyn day.

XLV.

Nowel el el el el el el el el el el el el el.

MARY moder, cum and se,
 Thi sone is naylyd on a tre,
 Hand and fot, he may not go,
 His body is woundyn al in woo.

Thi swete sone, that thu hast born
 To save mankynde that was forlorn,
 His hed is wrethin in a thorn,
 His blysfyl body is al to-torn.

Quan he this tale began to telle,
 Mary wold non lenger dwelle,
 But hyid here faste to that hylle,
 Ther Jhesu his blod began to spylle.

“Myn swete sone, that art me dere,
 Qwy han men hangyd the here?
 Thi hed is wrethin in a brere,
 Myn lovely sone, qwer is thin chere.

Thin swete body that in me rest,
 Thin comely mowth that I have kest,

Now on rode is mad thi nest;
 Leve chyld, quat is me best?"

"Womman, to Jon I the betake;—
 Jon, kyp this womman for myn sake;
 For synful sowlys my deth I take,
 On rode I hange for manys sake.

"This game alone me muste play,
 For synful sowles I deye to day;
 Ther is non wy;t that goth be the way,
 Of myn peynys can wel say."

XLVI.

A, a, a, a,
 Nunc gaudet ecclesia.

LESTENYT, lordynges, bothe grete and smale,
 I xal 3ou telyn a wonder tale,
 How holy cherche was brow[t] in bale,
Cum magna injuria.

The greteste clerk of al this lond,
 Of Cauntyrbery, 3e understond,
 Slawyn he was [be] wykkyd hond,
Demonis potencia.

Knytes kemyn fro Hendry kyng,
 Wykkyd men, withoute lesyng,
 Ther they dedyn a wonder thing,
Ferventes insania.

They sowtyn hym al abowtyn,
 Withine the paleys and withoutyn
 Of Jhesu Cryst hadde they non dowte,
In sua malicia.

They openyd here mowthis wonder wyde,
 To Thomeys they spokyn mekyl pryde,
 “Here, tretour, thou xalt abyde,
Ferens mortis tedia.”

Thomas answerid with mylde chere,
 “If ȝe wil me slon in this manere,
 Let hem pasyn alle tho arn here,
Sine contumilia.”

Beforn his aunter he knelyd adoun,
 Ther they gunne to paryn his crown ;
 He sterdyn the braynys up and down,
Optans celi gaudia.

The turmentowres abowtyn sterte,
 With dedly wondys thei gunne him hurte;
 Thomas deyid in moder cherche,
Pergens ad celestia.

Moder, clerk, wedue, and wyf,
 Worchepe 3e Thomeys in al 3our lyf;
 For lij. poyntes he les his lyf,
Contra regis consilia.

—————

XLVII.

Man, be glad in halle and bour,
 This tyme was born our Savyour.

IN this tyme Cryst ha3t us sent
 His owyn sone in present,
 To dwelle with us verement,
 To ben our helpe and socour.

In this tyme ros a sterre cler,
 Over Bedlem, as bry3t as fer,
 In tokenyng that he hadde non per,
 Lord God, kyng, and emperour.

In this tyme it is befalle,
 He that deyid for us alle,

Born he was in assis stalle,
 Of Mary, that swete flour.

In this tyme kemyn thre kynges,
 He kemyn fro fer with ryche thinges,
 For to makyn here offerynges
 On here knen with gret honour.

In this tyme prey we
 To hym that deyid on the tre,
 On us have mercy and peté,
 And bryng us alle to his tour.

 XLVIII.

M and A, and R and I,
 Syngyn I wyl a newe song.
 It wern fowre letterys of purposy,
 M and A, R and I,
 Tho wern letteris of Mary,
 Of hom al our joye sprong.

On the mownt of Calvory,
 With M and A, R and I,
 There he betyn his bryte body
 With schorges that wern bothe scharp and long.

Our swete lady stod hym by,
 With M and A, and R and I,
 Che wept water with here ey,
 And alwey the blod folwyd among.

God that sit above the sky,
 With M and A, and R and I,
 Save now al this cumpany,
 And send us joye and blysse ammong.

XLIX.

How hey, it is [non] les,
 I dar not seyn, quan che seyȝ pes.

ȝYNG men, I warne ȝou everychon,
 Elde wywys tak ȝe non,
 For I myself have on at hom;
 I dare not seyn, quan che seyȝt pes.

Quan I cum fro the plow at non,
 In a reven dych myn mete is don,
 I dar not askyn our dame a spon;
 I dar not, etc.

If I aske our dame bred,
 Che takyt a staf and brekit myn hed,

And doth me rennyn under the led;
I dar not, etc.

If I aske our dame fleych,
Che brekyt myn hed with a dych;
“Boy, thou art not worȝt a reych;”
I dar, etc.

If I aske our dame chese,
“Boy,” che seyȝt, “al at ese;
Thou art not worȝt half a pese.”
I dar not sey, quan che seyȝt pes.

L.

Synge we, synge we,
Regina celi, letare.

HOLY maydyn, blyssid thou be,
Godes sone is born of the;
The fader of hevene worchepe we,
Regina celi, letare.

Heyl, wyf! heyl, maydyn! heyl, brytȝ of ble!
Heyl, dowter! heyl, suster! heyl, ful of peté
Heyl, chosyn to tho personys thre!
Regina, etc.

Thou art empresse of hevене so fre,
 Worthi maydyn in magesté ;
 Now worchepe we the trenyté,
Regina, etc.

Lady so lovely, so goodly to see,
 So buxsum in thi body to be,
 Thou art his moder for humylité,
Regina celi, letare.

These ben curteys kynges of solunté,
 They worchepyd thi sone with umylité ;
 Mylde Mary, thus rede we.
Regina, etc.

So gracios, so precyows in ryalté ;
 Thus jentyl, thus good, thus fynde we
 Ther is non swych in non cuntré.
Regina, etc.

And therefore knel we doun on our kne,
 This blyssid berthe worchepe we ;
 This is a song of humylyté.
Regina, etc.

LI.

Synge we nowe alle and sum,
Ave, rex gentes Anglorum.

A NEWE song I wil begynne,
 Of kyng Edmund that was so fre,
 How he deyid withoute synne,
 And bowdyn his body was to a tre.
 With arwys scharpe they gunne hym prykke,
 For non rewthe wold they lete ;
 As dropys of reyn they comyn thikke,
 And every arwe with other gan mete.
 And his hed also thei of smette,
 Among the breres thei it kest ;
 A wolf it kepte withoutyn lette,
 A bynd man fond it at the last.
 Prey we to that worthi kyng
 That sufferid ded this same day,
 He saf us, bothe eld and 3yng,
 And scheld us fro the fendes fray.

LII.

Man, be wys, and arys,
 And think on lyf that lestenit ay.

THYNNK, man, qwerof thou art wrout,
 Powre and nakyd thou were heder browt,
 Think how Cryst thi sowle ha3t bowt,
 And fond to servyn hym to pay.

Thynk, man, on the dere ȝeres thre ;
 For hunger deyid gret plenté,
 Powre and ryche, bond and fre,
 Thei leyn dede in every way.

Thynk, man, on the pestelens tweye ;
 In every cuntré men gunne deye ;
 Deth left neyther for lowe ne heye,
 But lettyd hem of here pray.

Deth is wonder covetous ;
 Quan he comit in a manys hous,
 He takit the good man and his spows,
 And bryngit hem in powre aray.

After cam a wyndes blast,
 That made many a man agast :
 Stefve stepelys that stodyn fast,
 The weyke fyllyn and blewyn away.

Many merveylis God haȝt sent,
 Of lytenyng and of thunder dent ;
 At the frere camys haȝt it hent,
 At Lynne toun, it is non nay.

Lytenyng at Lynne dede gret harm,
 Of tolbothe and of fryre carm ;

Thei stodyn wol cole, that stodyn wol warm;
 It made hem a wol sory fray.

Lok, man, how thou ledyst thi lyf,
 And how thou spendyst thi wyttes v. ;
 Go to cherche, and do the schryf,
 And bryng thi sowle in redy way.

 LIII.

Go bet, peny, go bet, go,
 For thou mat makyn bothe frynd and fo.

PENY is an hardy knyjt;
 Peny is mekyl of myjt;
 Peny of wrong he makyt ryjt,
 In every cuntré qwer he goo.

Thow I have a man i-slawe,
 And forfetyd the kynges lawe,
 I xal fyndyn a man of lawe
 Wyl takyn myn peny and let me goo.

And if I have to don fer or ner,
 And peny be myn massanger,
 Than am I non thing in dwer
 My cause xal be wol i-doo.

And if I have pens bothe good and fyn,
 Men wyl byddyn me to the wyn;
 “That I have xal be thin;”
 Sekyrly thei wil seyn so.

And quan I have non in myn purs,
 Peny bet, ne peny wers,
 Of me thei holdyn but lytil fors,—
 “He was a man, let hym goo.”



LIV.

We ben chapmen lyst of fote,
 The fowle weyis for to fle.
 WE bern abowtyn non cattes skynnys,
 Pursis, perlis, sylver pynnys,
 Smale wympel for ladyis chynnys;
 Damsele, bey sum ware of me.

I have a poket for the nonys,
 Therine ben tweyne precyous stonys;
 Damsele, hadde 3e asayid hem onys,
 3e xuld the rathere gon with me.

I have a jelyf of Godes sonde,
 Withoutyn fyt it can stonde;

It can smytyn and haȝt non honde ;
 Ryd yourself quat it may be.

I have a powder for to selle,
 Quat it is can I not telle ;
 It makit maydenys wombys to swelle ;
 Therof I have a quantyté.

 LV.

Ave maris stella,
 the sterre on the see,
Dei mater alma,
 blyssid mot xe be.
Atque semper virgo,
 pray thi sone for me,
Felix celi porta,
 that I may come to the.
 Gabriel, that archangyl,
 he was massanger,
 So fayre he gret our lady,
 with an ave so cler.
 Heyl be thou, Mary,
 be thou, Mary,
 Ful of Godes grace,
 and qwyn of mercy.

Alle that arn to grete,
 withoutyn dedly synne,
 Forty dayis of pardoun
 God grauntyt hym.



LVI.

Man, be glad in halle and bour,
 This tyme was born our sayour.

IN this tyme a chyld was born,
 To save tho sowle that wern forlorn;
 For us he werde garlond of thorn,
 Al it was for our honour.

The eytende day he was schorn,
 To fulfyll the lawe that was beforn;
 Of meknesse he blew his horn

.....

On Good Fryday was don on rode;
 The Juwes spyltyn his herte blode;
 Mary, his moder, be hym stode;
 3e ben our help and our socour.

On Esterne day he gan up ryse,
 To techyn hem that wern onwyse;

Jhesu, for ȝour woundes five,
ȝe ben our, etc.

On Halwyn Thursday he gan up steye,
To his fader that sit on heye ;
Jhesu, for your curteysye,
ȝe ben, etc.

On QwytSunday he gan down sende
Wyt and Wysdam us to amende ;
Jhesu, bryng us to that ende,
Withoutyn delay, our savyour.



LVII.

Nowel, el, el, el,
Now is wel that evere was woo.

A BABE is born al of a may
In the savasyoun of us,
To hom we syngyn bothe nyȝt and day,
Veni creator spiritus.

At Bedlem, that blyssid p[1]as,
The chyld of blysse born he was ;
Hym to serve geve us gras,
O lux beata trinitas.

Ther come thre kynges out of the est,
 To worchepe the kyng that is so fre,
 With gold and myrre and francincens,

A solis ortus cardine.

The herdes herdyn an aungele cry,
 A merye song then sungyn he,
 Qwy arn ȝe so sore agast,

Jam ortus solis cardine.

The aungele comyn doun with on cry,
 A fayr song then sungyn he,
 In the worchepe of that chyld,

Gloria tibi, Domine.



LVIII.

Man, be merie as bryd on berie,
 And al thi care let away.

THIS tyme is born a chyld ful good,
 He that us bowt upon the rod;
 He bond the devyl that is so wod,
 Til the drydful domys day.

Quan the chyld of meche myȝt
 Wold be born of Mary bryȝt,

A tokene he sente to kyng and knyȝt,
 A sterre that schon bothe nyȝt and day.

The sterre schon as bryȝt as fer,
 Over al the world bothe fer and ner,
 In tokene he was withoutyn per;
 And pereles he xal lastyn ay.

The .viij. day he was circumsise,
 For to fulfyll the profecye;
 The profetes with wordes wyse
 Hym present with ryche aray.

The .xij. day come kynges thre,
 Out of the est, with herte fre,
 To worchepyn hym thei knelyd on kne,
 With gold and myrr[e] and francincens.

LIX.

I may seyn to most and lest,
Verbum caro factum est.

JHESU of his moder was born,
 For us he werde garlond of thorn,
 And ellys hadde we ben forlorn;
 He tok his deth for most and lest.

I xal 3ou telle good skele qwy
 That he was born of Mary,
 For he deyid on Calvory,
 He tok, etc.

He wrowt us alle with his hond ;
 The fendes woldyn adoun us wrong,
 He bowt us ageyn with peynys strong,
 He tok his, etc.

A kerche thanne to him was fet,
 A spere to his herte was set ;
 Than seyde the Juwys, "have thou that!"
 He, etc.

The Juwis 3evyn hym drynk ezyl and galle,
 Quan Jhesu after drynk gan calle ;
 God, let us never in synne falle.
 He tok, [etc.]

Prey we to that lord so fre,
 For us he deyid on a tre,
 At domys day our helpe he be.
 He tok, etc.

LX.

Nowel, el, el, el, el, el, el, el, el, el, el, el, el, el, el.

Nowel, el, bothe eld and ȝyng,

Nowel, el, nowe mow we syng,

In worchepe of our hevene kyng,

Almyty God in trinité.

Lestenyȝt, lordynges, bothe leve and dere,

Lestenyȝt, ladyis, with glad chere,

A song of merthe now mow ȝe here,

How Cryst our brother he wolde be.

An aungyl fro hefne was sent ful snel,

His name his clepyd Gabriel,

His ardene he dede ful snel,

He sat on kne and seyde "Ave!"

And he seyde, "Mary, ful of grace,

Hevене and erthe in every place

Withine the tyme of lytyl space

Reconsilid it xuld be."

Mary stod styll as ony ston,

And to the aungyl che seyde anon,

“Than herd I nevere of manys mon,
 Me thinkit wonder thou seyst to me.”

The aungyl answerd anon ful wel,
 “Mary, dryd the never a del,
 Thou xalt conseyye a chyld ful wel,
 The Holy Gost xal schadue the.”

Mary on bryst here hand che leyd,
 Stylet xer stod, and thus xer seyde,
 “Lo me here Godes owyn handmayde,
 With herte and wil and body fre.”

Mary, moder, mayde myld,
 For the love al of thi chyld,
 Fro helle pet thou us schyld;
 Amen, amen, now synge we.

— — —

LXI.

Prenegard, prenegard,
 Thus bere I myn baselard.

LESTENIT, lordynges, I 3ou beseke;
 Ther is non man wor3t a leke,
 Be he sturdy, be he meke,
 But he bere a baselard.

Myn baselard haȝt a schede of red,
 And a clene loket of led ;
 Me thinkit I may bere up myn hed,
 For I bere myn baselard.

My baselard haȝt a wrethin hafte ;
 Quan I am ful of ale cawte,
 It is gret dred of man-slawtte,
 For then I bere, etc.

My baselard haȝt a sylver schape ;
 Therefore I may bothe gaspe and gape ;
 Me thinkit I go lyk non knape,
 For I bere a baselard.

My baselard haȝt a trencher kene,
 Fayr as rasour scharp and schene ;
 Evere me thinkit I may be kene,
 For I bere, etc.

As I ȝede up in the strete,
 With a cartere I gan mete,
 "Felawe," he seyde, "so mot I the,
 Thou xalt forego thi baselard."

The cartere his qwyppe began to take ;
 And al myn fleych began to quake,

And I was lef for to ascape,
 And there I left myn baselard.

Quan I cam forȝt onto myn damme,
 Myn hed was brokyn to the pannc;
 Che seyde I was a praty manne,
 And wel cowde bere myn baselard.



LXII.

I may seyn, and so mown mo,
 That in semenaunt goth gyle.

SEMENAUNT is a wonder thing,
 It begylyt bothe knyȝt and kyng,
 And makit maydenys of love-longyng;
 I warne ȝou of that gyle.

Semenaunt is a sly peyntour,
 It florechyt and fadit in many a flour,
 And makit wommen to lesyn here bryte colour,
 Upon a lytil qwyle.

In semenaunt be thinges thre,
 Thowt, speche, and prevyté;
 And trewth the xuld the forte be—
 It is hens a m^l. myle.

Trewthe is fer and semyt hynde,
 Good and wykkyt it haȝt in mynde ;
 It faryt has a candele ende
 That brennit fro half a myle.

Many man fayre to me he spekyt,
 And he wyste hym wel bewreke,
 He hadde we[1] levere myn hed to-broke,
 Than help me over a style.

God that deyid upon the cros,
 Ferst he deyid sythin he ros,
 Have mercy and peté on us ;
 We levyn here but a qwyle.

LXIII.

Kep thi tunge, thi tunge, thi tunge,
 Thi wykkyd tunge werkit me w[o].
 THER is non gres that growit on ground,
 Satenas ne peny round,
 Wersse then is a wykkyd tunge,
 That spekit bethe evyl of frynd and fo.

Wykkyd tunge makit ofte stryf
 Betwyxe a good man and his wyf,

Quan he xulde lede a merie lyf,
 Here qwyte sydys waxin ful blo.

Wykkyd tunge makit ofte stauns,
 Bothe in Engelond and in Frauns ;
 Many a man wyt spere and launs,
 Throw wykkyd tunge, to dede is do.

Wykkyd tunge brekit bon,
 Thow the self have non ;
 Of his frynd he makit his fon,
 In every place qwere that he go.

Good men that stondyn and syttyn in this halle,
 I prey 3ou bothe on and alle,
 That wykkyd tinges fro 3ou falle,
 That 3e mown to hefne go.

LXIV.

Alma Redemptoris mater.

As I lay upon a ny3t,
 My thowt was on a mayde bry3t
 That men callyn Mary of my3t,
Redemptoris mater.

To here cam Gabriel so bryȝt,
 And seyde, "Heyl, Mari, ful of myȝt,
 To be cald thou art adyȝt
Redemp."

After that word that mayde bryȝt
 Anon conseyyd God of myȝt,
 And therby wyst men that che hyȝt
R.

Ryȝt as the sunne schynit in glas,
 So Jhesu in his moder was,
 And therby wyt man that che was
R.

Now is born that babe of blys,
 And qwen of hevene is moder is ;
 And therefore think me that che is
R.

After to hevene he tok his flyȝt,
 And ther he sit with his fader of myȝt ;
 With hym is crownyd that lady bryȝt,
Redemptoris mater.

LXV.

NON pudescit corpore,
Quod testatur hodie,
Manna monumenti,
dies

Adest procul dubio
nova res auditu,
Infans viso gladio
cessat a vagitu,
dies.

Innocencium sanguine
Rubent matrum lacryme,
o licor suavis,
Nati danti jugulo,
Set caret preposito
Herodes tua vis,
dies.

Bonus pastor prodiit,
gaude, grex Anglorum,
Cujus primus extitit
Thomas, flos pastorum,
dies.

Thomas Cantuarie,
Omni carens carie,
 pro lege luctaris
Dans mucroni militis
Tinam tui capitis,
 sic quod coronaris,
 dies.

Patitur se parvulus
 carne circumcidi,
Qui pro carnalibus
 venerat occidi,
 dies.

O stupenda pietas,
Amoris quod immetas
 verbi incarnati,
Nam stillat sub calice
Cruor carnis tenere
 Jhesu nuper nati,
 dies.

LXVI.

MEUM est propositum in taberna mori,
Et vinum appositum scicienti ori;
Ut dicant cum venerint angulorum cori,
Deus sit propicius iste potatori.

Potatores singuli sunt omnes benigni;
Tam senes quam juvenes in eterna igni
Cruciantur rustici, qui non sunt tam digni
Qui bibisse noverint bonum vinum vini.

Unum super omnia bonum diligamus,
Nam purgantur vissia dum vinum potamus,
Cum nobis sint copia vinum dum clamamus,
Qui vivis in gloria, te Deum laudamus.

Magis quam ecclesiam diligo tabernam,
Ipsam nullo tempore sprevi neque spernam,
Donec sanctos angelos venientes cernam,
Cantantibus pro ebris requiem eternam.

Fertur in convivium vinus, na, num,
Masculinum duplicet atque femininum,
Set in neutro genere vinum est devinum,
Loqui facit socios optimum Latinum.

LXVII.

IF I synge ȝe wyl me lakke,
 And wenyn I were out of myn wyt;
 Therefore smale notes wil I crake,
 So wolde God I were qwyt.
 Syn me muste take this mery toyn,
 To glade withal this cumpany,
 I rede, or ony swych be don,
 For Godes love, tey up ȝour ky.
 For sothe I may not synge, I say,
 My voys and I arn at discord;
 But we xul fonde to take a day,
 To takyn myn avys and myn acord.



LXVII.

Wolcum, ȝol, thou mery man,
 In worchepe of this holy day.

WOLCUM be thou, hevne kyng,
 Wolcum, born in on morwenyng,
 Wolcum, for hom we xal syng,
 Wolcum, ȝol.

Wolcum be ȝe, Stefne and Jon,
 Wolcum, innocentes everychon;
 Wolcum, Thomas, marter on;
 Wolcum, ȝol.

Wolcum be ȝe, good newe ȝere,
 Wolcum, twelthe day, bothe in fere ;
 Wolcum, seyntes, lef and dere ;
 Wolcum, ȝol.

Wolcum be ȝe, candylmesse ;
 Wolcum be ȝe, qwyn of blys,
 Wolcum bothe to more and lesse ;
 Wolcum, ȝol.

Wolcum be ȝe that arn here ;
 Wolcum, alle, and mak good chere ;
 Wolcum, alle, another ȝere ;
 Wolcum, ȝole.

LXIX.

Lullay, myn lykyng, my dere sone, myn swetyng ;
 Lullay, my dere herte, myn owyn dere derlyng.

I SAW a fayr maydyn syttyn and synge,
 Sche lullyd a lytyl chyld, a swete lordyng,
 Lullay, myn, [etc.]

That eche lord is that that made alle thinge,
 Of alle lordis he is lord, of alle kynges kyng.
 Lullay.

Ther was mekyl melody at that chyldes berthe,
 Alle tho wern in hevene blys thei made mekyl merthe,
 [Lullay.]

Aungele bryȝt thei song that nyȝt and seydyn to that chyld,
 Blyssid be thou, and so be sche that is bothe mek and
 myld.

[Lullay.]

Prey we now to that chyld, and to his moder dere,
 Grawnt hem his blyssyng that now makyn chere.

[Lullay.]

—————

LXX.

Hostis Herodis impie, Christum venire quid times? non eripit
 mortalia.

ENMY Herowde, thou wokkyd kyng,
 Qwy dredes thou the of Cristes comyng?
 He dezyryt here non erthely thing,
 That hevene haȝt at his ȝevyng.

Ibant magi quam viderant stellam sequentes, premant lumen.

Thre kynges thei saw a sterre ful bryȝt,
 Thei folwyd it with al here myȝt,
 Bryȝtnesse thei saw throw that lyȝt,
 Thei knewe God with here ȝyftes ryȝt.

Lavaera puri gurgitis selestis angnus attigit peccata. . . . non. . .

The welle haȝt waschyn us fro wo,
 The lomb of hevене is comyn us to,
 He that synne nevere wold do,
 Haȝt waschyn clene our synnys us fro.

Novum genus potencie aque rubescunt idrie unum. . . . ine.

His myȝt is chawngyd of newe maner,
 The water wyx red in pecher ;
 The water is turnyd to wyn ful cler,
 Ageyn the kynde thow it were.

Gloria tibi, Domine, qui aperuisti hodie cum patre et sancto
 spiritu in sempiterna secula. Amen.

Lovyng Lord be to the ay,
 That haȝt schewyd the to us this day,
 With fader and holy gost veray,
 That in the word never fayle may.

————

LXXI.

As I me lend to a lend,
 I herd a schepperde makyn a schowte ;
 He gronyd and seyde, with sory syghyng,
 “ A, Lord ! how gos this word abowte.

“ It gos ful wrong, ho so it wyst,
 A frend he may ken fro his foo ;
 To hom I may trewely trost,
 In fayth I fynde but fewe of tho.

“ The sothe me thinkyt, if I xulde say,
 Trewe frendes arn fewe withoutyn dowte ;
 Alle half frendes wel worth hem ay,
 O, Lord ! how gos this word abowte.

“ Alle trewe frendes wel worth hem ay,
 In wel, in wo, in hert, in thowth,
 It must be soth that alle men say,
 He was nevere good frend was wroth for nowth.

“ Now wel, now wo ; now frend, now foo ;
 Now lef, now thef ; now in, now out ;
 Now cum, now go ; now to, now froo ;
 O, Lord ! how gos this word abowte !

“ The werst wytes werte of alle mankende,
 Alle wykkyd tungen ay worth hem woo !
 Thei arn ful fayin fals talis to fynd,
 Thei gref me thus I may not goo.

“But, God, of hem thou take sum wreche,
 And arest hem alle be rowt,
 That fals arn and fayre cun spake ;
 O, Lord ! how gos this word abowte !

LXXII.

Mak me merthe for Crystes berthe,
 And syng we ȝol til candilmesse.

THE ferste day of ȝol we han in mynde,
 How man was born al of our kende,
 For he wold the bondes onbynde
 Of alle our synne and wykkydnes.
 The secunde day we syng of Stevene,
 That stonyd was, and fid up evene,
 With Cryst ther he wold stonde in hevene,
 And crownyd was for his promys.
 The threde day longe to saynt Jon,
 That was Crystes derlyng, derest on,
 To hom he lok, quan he xuld gon,
 His dere moder for his clenness.
 The forte day of the chylderyng ȝyng,
 With Herowdes wretthe to deth were wrong,
 Of Cryst thei cowde not speke with long,
 But with here blod bare wytnesse.
 The fyfte day halwyt seynt Thomas,

Ryth as strong as peler of bras,
 Hyld up his kyrke and slayin was,
 For he stod faste in rythwynes
 The extende day tok Jhesu his nam,
 That savyd mankynde fro synne and schame,
 And circumsysed was for non blame,
 But for insane and mekeness.

The xii. day offeryd to him kynges iij.
 Gold, myrre, incens, this 3yftes fre,
 For God, and man, and kyng is he,
 And thus thei worchepyd his worthinesse.

The forty day cam Mary myld,
 Onto the temple with here schyld,
 To schewyne here alone that never was fyld;
 And herewith endis Crystemesse.

 LXXII.

Mak 3e merrie, as ye may,
 And syng with me, I 3ou pray.

IN Patras ther born he was
 The holy buschop seynt Nycholas,
 He wyst mekyl of Godes gras,
 Throw vertu of the Trinité.
 He reysyd thre klerkes fro deth to lyfve,
 That wern in salt put ful swythe,
 Betwyx a bochere and his wyfve,

And was hid in privyté.
 He maryid thre maydenys of myld mod ;
 He gaf hem gold to here fod ;
 He turnyd hem fro ille to good,
 Throw vertu of the Trynyté.
 Another he dede sekyrly,
 He sayd a thef that was ful sly,
 That stal a swyn out of his sty ;
 His lyf than sayd he.
 God grawt us grace, bothe old and ȝyng,
 Hym to serve at his plesyng ;
 To hevене blysse he us bryng.
 Throw vertu of the Trinité.

 LXXIV.

Kyrie, so kyrie, Jankyn syngyt merie, with aleyson.

As I went on ȝol day
 in owre prosessyon,
 Know I joly Jankyn
 be his mery ton ;
 Jankyn began the offys
 on the ȝol day ;
 And ȝit me thynkyt it dos me good,
 so merie gan he say,
 Kyricleyson.

Jankyn red the pystyl
 ful fayre and ful wel,
 And ȝyt me thinkyt it dos me good,
 as evere have I sal.

Jankyn at the sanctus
 crakit a merie note,
 And ȝit me thinkyt it dos me good,
 I payid for his cote.

Jankyn crakit notes,
 an hunderid on a knot,
 And ȝyt he hakkyt hem smallere
 than wortes to the pot.

k.

Jankyn at the angnus
 beryt the pax brede,
 He twynkelid, but sayd nowt,
 and on myn fot he trede.

Benedicamus Domino,

Cryst from schame me schylde.

Deo gracias thereto,

alas ! I go with schylde.

k.

70 7100
ANNOUNCING

NOTES.

Page 2, line 9. Now bething the, gentleman. This is but another form of the old popular proverb—

When Adam dolve and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

It was the well-known motto of the English popular insurrections of the fourteenth century. Holinshed, speaking of the troubles in the reign of Richard II, and of the priest John Ball, says, "When all the prisons were broken up, and the prisoners set at libertie, he being therefore so delivered, followed them, and at Blackeheath when the greatest multitude was there got together (as some write) he made a sermon, taking this saieng or common proverbe for his theame, whereupon to intreat,—

When Adam delv'd and Eve span,
Who was then a gentleman?

and so continueing his sermon, went about to proove by the words of that proverbe, that from the beginning all men by nature were created alike, and that bondage or servitude came in by unjust oppression of naughtie men." The same proverb existed in German, and is given by Agricola (Prov. No. 264) as follows :—

So Adam reutte, und Eva span,
Wer was da ein eddelman?

In a Manuscript in the British Museum of the fourteenth century, (MS. Harl. No. 3362, fol. 7) the same proverb is given in Latin leonines—

Cum vanga quadam tellurem foderit Adam,
Et Eva nens fuerat, quis generosus erat?

Page 2, l. 11. In the vale of Abraham. According to the mediæval notion, the scene of the creation lay in the valley of Hebron, which was afterwards the residence of Abraham. "And in that same place," says Maundevile (p. 66), "was Abrahames hous; and there he satt and saughe thre persones, and worschipte but on, as holy writt seythe, *Tres vidit et unum adoravit*, that is to seyne, he saughe thre, and worschiped on; and of the same reseeyved Abraham the aungeles into his hous. And righte faste by that place is a cave in the roche where Adam and Eve duelleden, whan thei weren putt out of Paradyse, and there goten thei here children. And in that same place was Adam formed and made, aftre that that sum men seyn. For men weren wont for to clepe that place the feld of Damasce, because that it was in the lordschipe of Damask. And fro thens was he translated into Paradyse of delytes, as thei seyn; and aftre that he was dryven out of Paradyse, he was there left."

Page 2, l. 17. An apple-tree. The popular religious writers in the middle ages believed literally that the tree of knowledge was an apple-tree, and that the fruit which Eve plucked was an apple. In the curious sermon, in French verse of the thirteenth century, published by M. Jubinal, we read—

O Deus, quele dolor
Et eum grant tristor
Lor vint à soffrir,

Par icele *pome*
 Qui à un sol home
 Vint si à plaisir!

The account of the fall in the same poem may be quoted as illustrative of our song, especially in the circumstance that the part acted by Eve is omitted, and the serpent is supposed to have tempted Adam.—

Grant mal fist Adam,
 Qui par le Sathan
 Tel conseil crut;
 Mal conseil li dona,
 Qui ceo lui loa,
 Car tost l'out soduit.
 Par l'enticement
 Del mortel serpent
 Fu tost deposés;
 Mult par fu chatifs
 Quant de Parais
 Fu deserités.
 Mult par pout plorer
 Quant ne pout entrer
 Là dum il esteit;
 Li angres ert devant
 O s'espée ardent
 Qui deffendeit.

Page 4, l. 3. Seynt Nicholas...maydenis thre. This was one of the stories of the beneficent interference of St. Nicholas which was very popular in the middle ages. It is told as follows in Caxton's edition of the *Liber Festivalis* (1484). "Than fyl it so that there was a ryche man that had doughters fayre and yonge wymmen, but by myschycfe he was fallen unto poverte, so for grete nede he ordeyned

hem to be comen women for to geten her lyvyng and hys bothe; and whan Nicholas herde therof, he had grete compassyon of hem, and on a nyght pryvelye at a windowe he caste a bagge wyth a somme of golde into the mannes chaumbre. Than on the morowe-tyde that man aroos and founde thys golde; than was he glad therwith that no man coude telle hit, and anone with that golde he married his elder doughter. Than another nyght Nycholas caste another somme of golde into the mannes chaumbre as he dyd before; and so the iij. nyght, whan this man herde the golde falle, anone he went out and overtoke Nycholas, and knewe that it was he that had holpen hym soo in his myscheyf, and knelid doun and wold have kissed his fete, but he wold not suffre hym, but prayed hym to kepe counceyl whyle he lyved."

Page 6, l. 5. Farye. An enchantment; a scene of fairy-land.

Page 11, l. 13 Wommen be bothe good and trewe. Another copy of this song is found in MS. Harl. No. 7358, which, as it presents some variations, may be given entire for comparison.

Wymmen beth bothe goude and truwe,
Wyttesse on Marie.

Wymmen beth bothe goud and schene,
On handes, fet, and face clene;
Wymmen may no beter bene;

W. o. M.

Wymmen beth gentel on her tour;
A womman bar oure Savyour;
Of al thys wor[ld] wyman is flour;

W. o. M.

Wyrehyp we wymmanys face,

Wer we seth hem on a place ;
For wymman ys the wyl of grace.

W. o. M.

Love a womman with herte truwe,
He nel chongy for no newe ;
Wymmen beth of wordes fewe ;

W. o. M.

Wymmen beth goud, withoute lesyng ;
Fro sorwe and care hy wol us bryng ;
Wymman ys flour of alle thyng ;

W. o. M.

Page 16, l. 7. Man, be war. This stanza, with slight variation, forms the commencement of a song in the *Songs and Carols* edited for the Percy Society, p. 4.

Page 16, l. 15. Of a rose. Another copy of this song will be found in the Percy Society *Songs and Carols*, p. 21.

Page 20, l. 7. Religiuus. It may perhaps be well to observe that this word, in old English, meant almost invariably people in the monastic orders.

Page 26, l. 2. Of joyis five. A different song on the "five joys" is printed in the Percy Society *Songs and Carols*, p. 68. It is a subject celebrated in a vast number of petty effusions in verse and prose, and in many languages, scattered through the manuscripts of the middle ages. A short English poem on the same subject will be found in the *Reliquie Antique*, vol. i, p. 48.

Page 27, l. 6. Knet up the haltre and let here goo. Nearly the same phrase occurs as the burthen of a ballad on the fickleness of women, of the age of Henry VI, printed in the *Reliquie Antique*, vol. i, p. 75, the first stanza of which is as follows.—

I not what I shall syng nor say,
 I, man forsakyn, wo worth the wyle!
 Ho may hold that wyll away?
 My soveren lald has don me gyle.
 I have bethoȝt me upon a wyle,
 Sythen that hur hert ys turnyd me fro,
 I hold yt the best, for drede of gyle,
Turne up hur halter and let hur go.

Another poem on the same subject and of the same period, printed also in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ* (vol. i. p. 27), has a similar burthen, taken like it from the language of hawking. The first stanza is—

Who carpys of byrddys of grete jentrys,
 The sperhawke me semyth makys moste dysporte,
 And moste acordynge for alle degreys,
 For smalle byrddys sche puttys to morte.
 Y reclaymyd on, as y schalle reporte,
 As longe as sche wolde to me aply;
 When sche wolde noȝt to my glove resorte,
Then plukkyd y of here bellys, and let here fly.

Page 28, l. 1. Another copy of this song, with variations, and the omission of the third stanza, will be found in the *Percy Society Songs and Carols*, p. 18.

Page 29, l. 2. *Gret with*, i. e., greeted by. A not unusual phrase in early English.

Page 31, l. 1. The writer of this song appears to have had in his eye the description of the cock in Chaucer's *Nonne Prestes Tale* (Cant. T. 16,335).

In which sche had a cok, hight Chaunteclere,
 In al the lond of crowyng was noon his peere.
 His vois was merier than the mery organ,
 On masse dayes that in the chirche goon;

Wel sekerer was his crowyng in his logge,
 Than is a klok, or an abbay orologge.
 By nature knew he ech ascencioun
 Of equinoxial in thilke toun ;
 For whan degrees fyftene were ascendid,
 Thanne crewe he, it might not ben amendid.
His comb was redder than the fyn coral,
 And batayld, as it were a castel wal.
 His bile was blak, and *as the geet it schon ;*
Lik asur were his legges, and his ton ;
 His *nayles whitter* than the lily flour,
 And lik the burnischt gold was his colour.

Page 31, l. 16. Wortewale. The skin which covered the claws.

Page 32, l. 11. Adam lay i-bowndyn. Adam was supposed to have remained in bonds, with the other patriarchs, in the *limbus patrum*, from the time of his death till the crucifixion of the Saviour.

Page 33, l. 7. The sort of paradoxes contained in this curious popular song seem to be of considerable antiquity, and have been preserved in nearly the same form, almost, if not quite, down to our own time. They will be found in the following ballad, which is here given from a chap-book printed at Newcastle about the beginning of the present century, but which is no doubt of much greater antiquity.

LORD ROSLIN'S DAUGHTER.

The lord of Roslin's daughter
 Walks through the wood her lane,
 And by came captain Wedderburn,
 A servant to the king.

He said unto his servant man,
Were it not against the law,
I would take her to my own bed,
And lay her next the wa'.

I'm walking here alane, she says,
Amang my father's trees,
And you may let me walk alane,
Kind sir, now, if you please.
The supper bell it will be rung,
And I'll be miss'd, you know;
So I will not lie in your bed,
Neither at stock nor wa'.

He says, My pretty lady,
I pray lend me your hand,
And you'll have drums and trumpets
Always at your command,
And fifty men to guard you with,
That well their swords can draw,
And we'll baith lie in ae bed,
And thou's ly next the wa'.

Hold away from me, kind sir,
I pray let go my hand;
The supper bell it will be rung,
No longer will I stand;
My father he'll no supper take,
If I be miss'd, you know;
So I'll not lie in your bed,
Neither at stock nor wa'.

Then said the pretty lady,
I pray, tell me your name.

My name is Captain Wedderburn,
A servant to the king.
Tho' thy father and his men were here,
Of him I'd not stand in aw ;
But wou'd take thee into my bed,
And lay the next the wa'.

He lighted off his milk-white steed,
And set his lady on,
And held her by the milk-white hand,
Even as they rode along.
He held her by the middle so jimp,
For fear that she shou'd fa';—
So I'll take thee to my own bed,
And lay the next the wa'.

He took her to his lodging house,
His landlady look been,—
Since many pretty ladies
In Edinburgh I've seen ;
But such a pretty face as thine
In it I never saw.
Go meake her up a down bed,
And lay her next the wa'.

Hold away from me, kind sir,
I pray you let me be ;
For I will not go to your bed
Till you dress me dishes three.
Dishes three you must do to me,
If I shou'd eat them a',
Before that I lie in your bed,
Either at stock or wa'.

O, I must have to my supper
 A cherry without a stone ;
 And I must have to my supper
 A chicken without a bone ;
 And I must have to my supper
 A bird without a ga' ;
 Before that I lie in your bed,
 Either at stock or wa'.

When the cherry is in the bloom,
 I am sure it has no stone ;
 And when the chicken's in the shell,
 I'm sure it has no bone ;
 The dove it is a gentle bird,
 It flies without a ga' ;
 And we's lie baith within ae bed,
 And thou's lie next the wa'.

Hold away from me, kind sir,
 I pray you give me o'er ;
 For I will not go till your bed,
 Till you answer me questions four.
 Questions four you must tell me,
 And that is twa and twa,
 Or I will not lie in your bed,
 Neither at stock or wa'.

You must get me some winter fruit
 That in December grew ;
 And I must have a silk mantle,
 That wraft was ne'er ca'd throw ;
 What bird sings best and wood buds first,
 That dew doth on them fa' ;
 And then I'll lie into your bed,
 Either at stock or wa'.

My father has some winter fruit
 That in December grew ;
 My mother has a silk mantle,
 That wraft was ne'er ca'd throw ;
 The cock crows first, cyder buds first,
 The dew doth on them fa' ;
 So we'll baith lie in ae bed,
 And thou's lie next the wa'.

Hold away from me, kind sir,
 And do not me perplex ;
 For I'll not lie into your bed
 Till you answer me questions six ;
 Questions six you must tell me,
 And that is four and twa,
 Before that I lie into your bed,
 Either at stock or wa'.

What is greener than the grass ?
 What's higher than the trees ?
 And what is worse than woman's voice ?
 What's deeper than the seas ?
 A sparrow's horn, a priest unborn,
 This night to join us twa,
 Before I lie into your bed,
 Either at stock or wa'.

Death is greener than the grass ;
 Sky is higher than the trees ;
 The devil's worse than woman's voice ;
 Hell's deeper than the seas ;
 A sparrow's horn you may well get,
 There's one on ilka pa',
 And two upon the gab of it,
 And you shall have them a'.

The priest he's standing at the door,
 Just ready to come in,
 No man can say that he was born,
 No man without a fin:
 A hole cut in his mother's side,
 He from the same did fa';
 So we will both lie in ae bed,
 And thou's lie next the wa'.

O, little did the lady think,
 That morning when she raise,
 That it was to be the last night
 Of her maiden days;
 But there is not in the king's realm
 To be found a blyther twa:
 And now they both lie in one bed,
 And she lies next the wa'.

In his interesting little volume, *Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales*, p. 150, Mr. Halliwell has given the following verses, as current in the north of England, which resemble still more closely those in our text:—

THE FOUR SISTERS.

I have four sisters beyond the sea,
 Para-mara, dictum, domine.
 And they did send four presents to me,
 Partum, quartum, paradise, tempum,
 Para-mara, dictum, domine.

The first it was a bird without e'er a bone;
 Para-mara, dictum, &c.
 The second was a cherry without e'er a stone;
 Partum, quartum, &c.

The third it was a blanket without e'er a thread;

Para-mara, dictum, &c.

The fourth it was a book which no man could read;

Partum, quartum, &c.

How can there be a bird without e'er a bone?

Para-mara, dictum, &c.

How can there be a cherry without e'er a stone?

Partum, quartum, &c.

How can there be a blanket without e'er a thread?

Para-mara, dictum, &c.

How can there be a book which no man can read?

Partum, quartum, &c.

When the bird's in the shell, there is no bone;

Para-mara, dictum, &c.

When the cherry's in the bud, there is no stone;

Partum, quartum, &c.

When the blanket's in the fleece, there is no thread;

Para-mara, dictum, &c.

When the book's in the press, no man can read;

Partum, quartum, &c.

Page 37, l. 3. Betwixt an ox and an ass. The ox and ass were perhaps first introduced for the sake of pictorial effect, to show that the scene was really a stable; but it became subsequently an article of literal belief that these two animals attended the birth of the Saviour, and they always appear in the illuminations of missals, etc.

Page 37, l. 18. Baltyzar. The legends differ in the order of the kings, and also in the appropriation of their offerings. In the *Coventry Mysteries*, as in our song, the first king is

Baltazare, and he offers gold; the second, Melchizar, who offers incense; and the third, Jasper, whose offering is myrrh. The order is the same in the French *Gen des Trois Roys*, published by M. Jubinal. In the *Towneley Mysteries*, the first king is Jaspar, who offers gold; the second, Melchor, who offers "rekyls" (incense); the third, Balthesar, who offers myrrh. The English legend of the Three Kings, published in my edition of the *Chester Plays*, tells us, "Melchior that was kyng of Nube and of Arabie, that offred gold to God, he was lest of stature and of persone; Baltazar, that was kyng of Godolie and of Saba, that offred encense to God, he was of mene stature in his persone; and Jasper that was kyng of Taars and of Egripwille, that offred mirre to God, he was most in persone, and was a blacke Ethiope."

Page 42, l. 5. *Robynn*. This song furnishes us with rather a curious example of the danger of hasty criticism. Ritson, who printed it in his *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, took the word *lyth* for a proper name, although the form it takes in the refrain at the end, *lyȝth*, shows clearly enough its meaning, *lieth*. Not content with this, by a little stretch of his imagination, he has given a short sketch of the life of his hero, Robin Lyth, whom he even supposed to be one of Robin Hood's own men, who set up the trade of outlaw for himself after the death of his master. "Who or what this Robin Lyth was," he observes, "does not, otherwise than by this little performance, composed, it should seem, to commemorate the manner of his death, and of the revenge taken for it, anywhere appear. That he was a native or inhabitant of Yorkshire is, indeed, highly probable, for two reasons: the first is, that a few miles north of Whitby is a village called *Lythe*, whence he may be re-

sonably supposed to have acquired his surname; the second, that near Flamborough, in Holderness, is a large cavern in the rocks, subject, at present, to the influx of the sea, which, among the country people, retains to this day the name of *Robin Lyth hole*; from the circumstance, no doubt, of its having been one of his skulking places. Robin Hood, a hero of the same occupation, had several such in those and other parts; and, indeed, it is not very improbable that our hero had been formerly in the suite of that gallant robber, and, on his master's death, had set up for himself."

Page 42, l. 8. Gandeleyn. This name seems to be connected with that of *Gamelyn*, in the *Cokes Tale* attributed to Chaucer. It was probably a well known one in this class of ballads.

Page 42, l. 10. Chylderin. This word evidently means here upgrown men. It is one of those words which appear to have been formerly used in a much less restricted sense than at present, and we have such examples as 'Horn child,' etc.

Page 48, l. 7. Moder, qwyt as. Another copy of this song, with variations, and one stanza more at the end, will be found in the *Songs and Carols* of the Percy Society, p. 50. The additional stanza is—

Swych mornynge as the maydyn mad,
I can not telle it in this howr;
Therfor be mery and glade,
And make us mery for our Savowr.

Page 49, l. 9. Reges de Saba. Another copy of this song also occurs in the collection printed for the Percy Society, p. 46, where it is much more complete.

Page 60, l. 15. On Schyre-Thursday. Shear-Thursday,

or Maundy-Thursaday, the day on which Christ's last supper with his disciples is commemorated.

Page 63, l. 1. Seynt Stevene. I do not know whence this strange legend of St. Stephen being king Herod's clerk of the kitchen is derived.

Page 65, l. 1. Nowel. This song also occurs with variations, as usual, among the Percy Society *Songs and Carols*, p. 38.

Page 66, l. 17. The greteste clerk. Thomas Becket, archbishop of Canterbury.

Page 68, l. 9. For lij. poyntes. This must, I suppose, refer to the "Constitutions" of Clarendon, which, however, were sixteen in number, and not fifty-two. The manuscript, however, is very incorrectly written, and the songs are apparently taken down from memory.

Page 69, l. 11. M. and A. Another copy of this song will be found in the *Songs and Carols* of the Percy Society, p. 31.

Page 73, l. 4. Of kyng Edmund. Edmund king of the East Angles; the wolf and the blind man figure in this legend, which will be found in Capgrave, *Nov. Leg. Anglie*.

Page 74, l. 1. The dere zeres thre. l. 5. The pestelens tweye. l. 13. A wyndes blast. See on these allusions, the Preface.

Page 74, l. 19. At the frere camys . . . at Lynne toun. There was a priory of Carmelites, or White Friars, at Lynn, in Norfolk, but I have not been able to trace any other mention of the accidental burning of it, which is alluded to in our song.

Page 75, l. 7. Go bet, peny. This song was printed by Ritson, in his *Ancient Popular Poetry*. The subject was far from an uncommon one, and is found versified in French

and Latin, as well as in English. See my edition of the *Latin Poems commonly attributed to Walter Mapes*, pp. 223, 355.

Page 88, l. 7. *Wykkyd tunge*. It is perhaps hardly necessary to remark that this was a very old and popular proverb.

Page 92, l. 1. *Meum est propositum*. This is very curious, as being, as far as I am aware, the earliest instance in which these celebrated lines, taken from one of the poems attributed to Walter Mapes, are given in the form of a song. The song, in its ordinary form, was first printed, I believe, in Camden's *Remaines*. It is made up from lines in the *Confessio Golie*. See my *Latin Poems attributed to Walter Mapes*, p. 71.

Page 99, l. 18. *In Patras*. It is hardly necessary to make any further remark upon this song, than that the stories alluded to in it will be found in the legendary life of St. Nicholas. One of them has already been the subject of a song in this collection. See Song III.

Page 100, l. 23. *Kyrieleyson*. The Greek, *κυριε ελεισον*, i. e., *Lord, have mercy upon us*, a part of the Liturgy.

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