

Fowls in the Frith

Fowles in the frith,

The fishes in the flood,

And I mon waxe wood:

Much sorwe I walke with

For best of boon and blood.

The Cuckoo Song

Sing, cuccu, nu. Sing, cuccu.

Sing, cuccu. Sing, cuccu, nu.

Sumer is i-cumen in –

Lhude sing, cuccu!

5 Groweth sed and bloweth med

And springth the wude nu.

Sing, cuccu!

Awe bleteth after lomb,

Lhouth after calve cu,

10 Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth –

Murie sing, cuccu!

Cuccu, cuccu.

Wel singes thu, cuccu.

Ne swik thu naver nu!

I Sing of a Maiden

I sing of a maiden		He cam also stille	
That is makelees:		Ther his moder lay	
King of alle kings	15	As dewe in Aprille	
To her sone she chees.		That falleth on the spray.	
5	He cam also stille	Moder and maiden	
	Ther his moder was	Was nevere noon but she:	
	As dewe in Aprille	Wel may swich a lady	
	That falleth on the gras.	20	Godes moder be.
	He cam also stille		
10	To his modres bowr		
	As dewe in Aprille		
	That falleth on the flowr.		

Westron Wind

Westron wind, when wylle thou blow,

The smalle rayne down can rayne?

Cryst, yf my love were in my Armys,

And I'yn my bed a gayne!