

Big Boss, Tree

Upon this mount I fand a tree, wat gyf agayne my soule to me!
Wen erthe toc erthe of mortual note and ssulen wormes feste
in thi throte, my nayle-stranged soule will sterte upriss
on ssulen wormes and erthe to piss.
Quben thow art ded and laid in layme and raggtre rut this ribbs
ar thow art than brocht to thi lang hayme than grett agayn
warldis dignite.

[Old English]