

Mediaeval Baebes, Blow Northern Wind

Blow, northerne wind
Send thou me my sweting
Blow, northerne wind
Blow, blow, blow!

Ichot a burde in bowre bright
That sully semly is on sight
Menspful maiden of might
Fair and fre to fonde
In all this wurhliche won
A burde of blod and of bon
Never yet I nuste non
Lussomore in lode

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Hire lure lumes light
Ase a launterne anight
Hire be blikieth so bright
So fair he is and fine
Swetly swire he hath to holde
With armes, shuldre ase mon wolde
And fingres faire for to folde
God wolde she were mine

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To Love I putte pleintes mo
How Siking me hath siwed so
And eke Thoght me thrat to slo
With maistry yef he mighte
And Sorewe sore in balful bende
The he wolde for this hende
Me lede to my lives ende
Unlahfulliche in lighte

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