

Mediaeval Baebes, Byrd One Brere

Byrd one brere, brid, brid one brere
Kynd is come of love, love to crave
Blythful bryd, on me thu rewe
Or grayth, lef, greith thu me my grave

Hic am so blithe, so bright brid one brere
Quan I se that ende in halle
Yhe is quit of lime, loveli trewe
The is fayr and flur of alle

Mikte hic hire at wille have
Stedefast of love, loveli trewe
Of me sorwe yhe may me saven
loye and blisse were eere me newe