

Mediaeval Baebes, I Sing Of A Maiden

I sing of a maiden
That is makelees:
King of alle kinges
To her sone she chees.

I sing of a maiden
That is makelees:
King of alle kinges
To her sone she chees.

He cam also stille
Ther his moder was
As dewe in Aprille
That falleth on the gras.

Moder and maiden
Was nevere noon but she:
Wel may swich a lady
Godes moder be.

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That is makelees:
King of alle kinges
To her sone she chees.

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That is makelees:
King of alle kinges
To her sone she chees.

He cam also stille
To his modres bowr
As dewe in Aprille
That falleth on the flowr.

Moder and maiden
Was nevere noon but she:
Wel may swich a lady
Godes moder be.

I sing of a maiden
That is makelees:
King of alle kinges
To her sone she chees.

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That is makelees:
King of alle kinges
To her sone she chees.

He cam also stille
Ther his moder lay
As dewe in Aprille
That falleth on the spray.

Moder and maiden
Was nevere noon but she:
Wel may swich a lady
Godes moder be.

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That is makelees:
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