## 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.

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 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.

I sing of a maiden 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.

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.