

# Mediaeval Baebes, Mad Song

The wild winds weep  
And the night is a-cold;  
Come hither, Sleep,  
Let my griefs infold thee  
Morning peeps Over the eastern steeps,  
And the rustling birds of dawn  
earth they do scorn.

To the vault  
Of paved heaven,  
With sorrow fraught  
My notes are driven:  
They strike the ear of night,  
Make weep the eyes of day;  
They make mad the roaring winds,  
And with tempests play.

Like a fiend in a cloud,  
With howling woe,  
After night I do crowd,  
And with night I will go;  
Turn my back to the east,  
From whence comforts have increas'd;  
Light doth seize my brain  
With frantic pain.

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