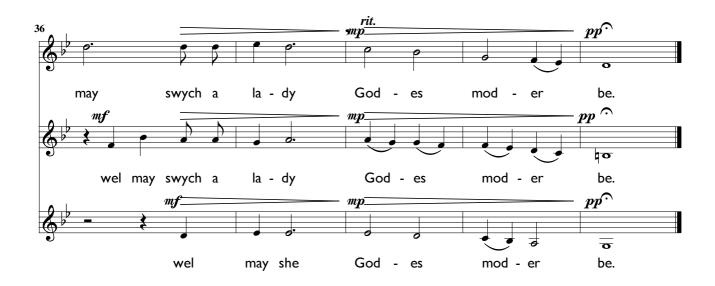
I Syng of a Mayden

Anon. c. 1400



C Upton





l syng of a mayden þat is makeles, kyng of alle kynges to here sone che ches.

He came also stylle þer his moder was as dew in aprylle, þat fallyt on þe gras.

He cam also stylle to his moderes bowr as dew in aprille, þat fallyt on þe flour.

He cam also stylle þer his moder lay as dew in Aprille, þat fallyt on þe spray.;

Moder & mayden was neuer non but che – wel may swych a lady Godes moder be. I sing of a maiden That is matchless, King of all kings For her son she chose.

He came as still Where his mother was As dew in April That falls on the grass.

He came as still To his mother's bower As dew in April That falls on the flower.

He came as still Where his mother lay As dew in April That falls on the spray.

Mother and maiden Was never none but she; Well may such a lady God's mother be.

Copyright © 2010 C Upton

This work is licensed under the Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 3.0 Unported License. To view a copy of this license, visit http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/3.0/ or send a letter to Creative Commons, 444 Castro Street, Suite 900, Mountain View, California, 94041, USA.