

Mediaeval Baebes

"The Worlds Fareth As A Fantasye"

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The sunnes cours, we may well kenne,
Ariseth est and goth down west:
The rivers into the see they renne
And it is never the more alмест;

Windes rosheth here and henne;
In snow and rain is non arrest.
Whon this woll stunte who wot, or whenne,
But only god on grounde grest?

The erthe in oon is ever prest,
Now bedropped, now all drye;
But uche gome glit forth as a gest:
This world fareth as a fantasye

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

The arc of the sun, as we all well know,
Rises in the east and descends in the west:
Into the sea the rivers run
Yet it almost never overflows

The winds rush hither and thither:
In endlessly driving snow and rain.
Who knows where all this will end, or when,

Except for god who graces the plain?

The earth is constantly pressed into unity,
Sometimes dripping wet, other times dry:
But each man walks here only as a guest:
This world fares well as a fantasy

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