

## The Mediæval Bæbes

### "Averil"

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When the nightegale singes  
And the wodes waxen grene  
Lef and grass and blosme springes  
In Averil, I wene  
(And) love is to min herte gon  
With one spere so kene  
Night and day my blod it drinkes  
Min herte deth me tene

Ich have loved all this year  
That I may love namore  
Ich have siked mony sik  
Lemmon, for thin ore  
Me nis love never the ner  
And that me reweth sore  
Swete lemmon, thench on me  
Ich have loved thee yore

Swete lemmon, I preye thee  
Of love one speche  
Whil I live in world so wide  
Other nulle I seche  
With thy love, my swete leof  
My bliss thou mightest eche  
A swete cos of thy mouth  
Mighte be my leche

Swete lemmon, I preye thee  
Of a love-bene  
If thou me lovest, as men says  
Lemmon as I wene  
And if it thy wille be  
Thou loke that it be sene  
So muchel I thenke upon thee  
That all I waxe grene

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