

The Mediæval Bæbes

"Now Springes The Spray"

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Now springes the spray
All for love I am so seek
That slepen I ne may

Als I me rode this endre day
O' my pleyinge
Seih I whar a litel may
Began to singe
"The clot him clinge!
Way as him I' love-longinge
Shall libben ay!"

Son I herde that mirye note
Thider I drogh I fonde hire
In an herber swot
Under a bogh
With joye enough
Son I asked, "Thou mirue may
Why singes tou ay?"

Than answerde that maiden swote
Midde wordes fewe
"My lemman me haves bihot
Of love trewe
He changes anewe
Yiif I may, it shall him rewe
By this day!"

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