

## **The Mediæval Bæbes**

### **"Undrentide"**

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Befell so is the comessing of May  
When mirry and hot is the day  
(And) oway beth winter shours  
And every feld is full of flours  
And blosme breme on evry bough

Overall wexeth mirry anough  
This ich quene Dame Heurodis  
Took two maidens of pris  
And went in an undrentide  
To play by an orchard side

To see the floures sprede and spring  
(And) to here the fowles sing  
They set hem down all three  
Under a faire impe-tree  
And wel sone this faire quene  
Fell on slepe opon the grene

The maidens durst hir nought awake  
Bot lete hir ligge and rest take  
(So) she slepe till after none  
That undrentide was all ydone  
(That undrentide was all ydone)

Ac as sone (as) she gan awake  
She cried and lothly bere gan make  
She froted hir honden and hir feet  
And cracched hir visage, it blede weet  
Hir riche robe hie all to-rett  
And was reveyd out of hir wit

The two maidens hir beside  
No durst with hir no leng abide  
Bot urn to the palais full right  
And tolde bothe squier and knight

That her quene awede wold  
And bad hem go and hir athold  
Knightes urn and levedis also  
Damisels sexty and mo

In they orchard to the quene hie come  
And hir up in her armes nome  
And brought hir to bed atte last  
And held hir there fine fast  
Ac ever she held in o cry  
And wolde up and owy

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