

Medi?val B?bes**"Kinderly"**

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Kinderly is now my coming
into this world with teres and cry
litel and povere is my having
britel and sone I falle from hit
sharpe and strong is my deying
I ne woth whinder schal I
foul and stinkande is my roting
on me, Jhesun you have mercy!
My arrival here is natural
Into this world with tears and crying;
What I have is not much, and poor at that,
Frail and too quickly I have fallen from on high,
My death is sharp and severe,
I do not know where I am going,
foul and stinking I rot,
O, Jesus have mercy on me!

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