

Mediaeval Baebes, The "Averil"

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Lyrics (13th century English)
Translation

When the nightegale singes,
When the nightingale sings,

The wodes waxen grene:
And the woods wax green:

Lef and grass and blosme springes
I expect, the leaves and the blades of grass,

In Averil, I wene;
And blossoms to spring up, in April;

(And) love is to min herte gon
And so love has shot through my heart

With one spere so kene:
With a spear so honed

Night and day my blod it drinkes;
That night and day it drinks my blood

Min herte deth me tene.
And my heart grieves.

Ich have loved all this year
All this year I have loved

That I may love namore;
The one I can love no more;

Ich have siked mony sik,
I have sighed so many sighs,

Lemmon, for thin ore.
Sweetheart, for your favour.

Me nis love never the ner,
Love will never be any closer to me,

And that me reweth sore.
And I rue that intensely.

Swete lemmon, thench on me:
Sweetheart, think about me:

Ich have loved thee yore.
I have loved you such a long time.

Swete lemmon, I preye thee
Dear sweetheart, I beg you,

Of love one speche.
For one word of love.

Whil I live in world so wide
As long as I live I will not seek

Other nulle I seche.
Another throughout the entire world.

With thy love, my swete leof,
With your affection, my sweet love,

My bliss thou mightest eche:
You could bring me joy:

A swete cos of thy mouth
A sweet kiss from you lips

Mighte be my leche.
Could cure me completely

Swete lemmon, I preye thee
Sweetheart, I beg you,

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