

Mediaeval Baebes, The "Blow Northern Wind"

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Blow, northerne wind,
Send thou me my sweting,
Blow, northerne wind,
Blow, blow, blow!

Ichot a burde in bowre bright
That sully semly is on sight,
Mensful maiden of might,
Fair and fre to fonde.
In all this wurhliche won
A burde of blod and of bon
Never yet I nuste non
Lussomore in londe.

Blow, northerne wind,
Send thou me my sweting,
Blow, northerne wind,
Blow, blow, blow!

Hire lure lumes light
Ase a launterne anight,
Hire be blikieth so bright,
So fair he is and fine.
Swetly swire he hath to holde,
With armes, shuldre ase mon wolde,
And fingres faire for to folde
God wolde she were mine!

Blow, northerne wind,
Send thou me my sweting,
Blow, northerne wind,
Blow, blow, blow!

To Love I putte pleintes mo,
How Siking me hath siwed so;
And eke Thoght me thrat to slo
With maistry yef he mighte;
And Sorewe sore in balful bende
The he wolde for this hende
Me lede to my lives ende
Unlahfulliche in lighte.

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