

Mediaeval Baebes, The "How Death Comes"

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Wanne mine ehnen misten
And mine heren sisses
And mine nosen coldet
And mine tunge foldet
And mine rude slaket
And mine lippes blaken
And my muth grenet
And my spotel rennet
And my her risset
And my herte grisset
And mine hinden bivien
And mine fet stivien

Al to late, al to late

Wanne mine ehnen misten
And mine heren sisses
And mine nosen coldet
And mine tunge foldet
And mine rude slaket
And mine lippes blaken
And my muth grenet
And my spotel rennet
And my her risset
And my herte grisset
And mine hinden bivien
And mine fet stivien

Al to late, al to late
Wanne the bere is ate a gate

Thane I schel flutte
From bedde to flora
From flora to here
From here to bere
From bere to putte
And te putte fordete

Al to late, al to late

Thane lyd minehus uppe mine nose

Of al this world ne give I it a pese

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