

## Mediaeval Baebes, The "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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