

Mediaeval Baebes, The "Star Of The Sea"

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Star of the Sea

Of on that is so fair and bright
Velud maris stella,
Brighter than the dayes light,
Parens et puella:
Ic crye to thee - thou se to me-
Levedy, preye thy sone for me,
Tam pia,
That ic mote come to thee,
Maria

Levedy, flowr of alle thing,
Rosa sine spina,
Thu bere Jesu, Hevene King,
Gratia divina.
Of alle thu berst the pris,
Levedy, Quene of Paradis
Electa;
Maide milde, moder es
Effecta.

All this world was forlore
Eva peccatrice,
Till our Lord was ibore
De te genitrice.
With 'Ave' it went away,
Thuster night, and cometh the day
Salutis.
The welle springeth ut of thee
Virtutis.

Of care, conseil though ert best,
Felix fecundata;
Of alle wery thou ert rest.
Mater honorata.
Besek him with milde mod,
That for ous alle sad his blod
In cruce,
That we moten comen till him
In luce.

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