

Averil

Mediaeval Baebes

When the nightegale singes
And the wodes waxen grene
Lef and grass and blosme springes
In Averil, I wene
(And) love is to min herte gon
With one spere so kene
Night and day my blod it drinkes
Min herte deth me teneIch have loved all this year
That I may love namore
Ich have siked mony sik
Lemmon, for thin ore
Me nis love never the ner
And that me reweth sore
Swete lemmon, thench on me
Ich have loved thee yoreSwete lemmon, I preye thee
Of love one speche
Whil I live in world so wide
Other nulle I seche
With thy love, my swete leof
My bliss thou mightest eche
A swete cos of thy mouth
Mighte be my lecheSwete lemmon, I preye thee
Of a love-bene
If thou me lovest, as men says
Lemmon as I wene
And if it thy wille be
Thou loke that it be sene
So muchel I thenke upon thee
That all I waxe grene

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