

Kinderly

MediÃ½val BÃ½bes

Kinderly is now my coming
Into this werld with teres and cry
Litel and povere is min having
Britel and sone I falle from hi
Scharp and strong is my deying
I ne woth whider schal I
Foul and stinkande is my roting
On me, Jhesu, you have mercy!

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