

# Besse Bunting

## Mediaeval Baebes

In Aprell and in May  
When hartes be all mery  
Besse Bunting, the millaris may  
Withe lippes so red as chery  
She cast in hir remembrance  
To passe hir time in daliance  
And to leve hir thought driery  
Right womanly arayd  
In a peticote of whit  
She was nothing dismayd  
Hir countenance was full light

Lyrics provided by  
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