

Undrentide

Mediaeval Baebes

Befell so is the comessing of May
When mirry and hot is the day
(And) oway beth winter shours
And every feld is full of flours
And blosme breme on evry boughOverall wexeth mirry enough
This ich quene Dame Heurodis
Took two maidens of pris
And went in an undrentide
To play by an orchard sideTo see the floures sprede and spring
(And) to here the fowles sing
They set hem down all three
Under a faire impe-tree
And wel sone this faire quene
Fell on slepe opon the greneThe maidens durst hir nought awake
Bot lete hir ligge and rest take
(So) she slepe till after none
That undrentide was all ydone
(That undrentide was all ydone)Ac as sone (as) she gan awake
She cried and lothly bere gan make
She froted hir honden and hir feet
And cracched hir visage, it blede weet
Hir riche robe hie all to-rett
And was reveyd out of hir witThe two maidens hir beside
No durst with hir no leng abide
Bot urn to the palais full right
And tolde bothe squier and knightThat her quene awede wold
And bad hem go and hir athold
Knightes urn and levedis also
Damisels sixty and moIn they orchard to the quene hie come
And hir up in her armes nome
And brought hir to bed atte last
And held hir there fine fast
Ac ever she held in o cry
And wolde up and owy

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