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| Lenten ys come with love to toune,With blosmen ant with briddes roune,        That al this blisse bryngeth.Dayeseyes in this dales,Notes suete of nyhtegales —   Uch foul song singeth!The threstelcoc him threteth oo;Away is huere wynter wo,   When woderove springeth.This foules singeth, ferly fele,Ant wlyteth on huere wynter wele,   That al the wode ryngeth!The rose rayleth hire rode;The leves on the lyhte wode   Waxen al with wille.The mone mandeth hire bleo;The lilie is lossom to seo,   The fenyl ant the fille.Wowes this wilde drakes;Miles murgeth huere makes,   Ase strem that striketh stille.Mody meneth, so doh mo —Ichot, Ych am on of tho —   For love that likes ille.The mone mandeth hire lyht;So doth the semly sonne bryht,   When briddes singeth breme.Deawes donketh the dounes;Deores with huere derne rounes   Domes forte deme;Wormes woweth under cloude;Wymmen waxeth wounder proude,   So wel hit wol hem seme,Yef me shal wonte wille of on,This wunne weole Y wole forgon   Ant wyht in wode be fleme.This line [*the last line, 36*] can be read different ways depending on whether *wyht* is seen as a noun (“creature, man”) or an adverb (“quickly”); *fleme* as a noun (“fugitive”) or a verb (“be banished”); and *wode* as “woods” or “madness.” An alternate meaning is: “And be banished as a madman.” (Note by Susanna Greer Fein (University of Rochester) | Springtime comes with love to town,With blossoms and birds’ secret tunes,   Bringing all this bliss.Daisies spring in these dales,Sweet notes of the nightingales —   Each bird sings a song!The song thrush chides o'er and o'er;Departed is their winter woe,   When woodruff grows.These birds sing, amazingly many,And warble about their wealth of joys,   Making all the woods to ring!The rose puts on her rosy hue;The leaves on the shimmery wood   Grow large with desire.The moon sends forth her radiance;The lily is gorgeous to behold,   The fennel and the chervil.In wooing go these wild drakes;Animals make merry with their mates,   Like stream that flows contentedly.Moody ones complain, and yet do more —I know, for I am one of those —   Of love that hardly pleases.The moon sends forth her light;So does the lovely brilliant sun,   While birds sing gloriously.Morning dews soak the downs;Animals with their secret sounds   Wishes may express;Worms make love under ground;Women grow wondrously proud,   As well it beseems them.If I shall lack the favor of one,Such joyful abundance I must forgo   And flee to woods in exile.Translated by Susanna Greer Fein, U RochesterSource: https://d.lib.rochester.edu/camelot/text/fein-harley2253-volume-2-article-43 |