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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 Rochester  Source: https://d.lib.rochester.edu/camelot/text/fein-harley2253-volume-2-article-43 |