



## OLD ENGLISH SPRING

Adapted from Harleian MS. 2253. Date, about 1200?)

### I. That he will have none of Love.

Lent is come with Love to town,  
Blossoms brag of his renown,  
    All their bliss that bringeth ;  
Daisies in the dales  
And the sweet nightingales  
    Each a song singeth.

The throstle cock doth verily know  
Away is every Winter-woe  
    When the woodruff springeth ;  
And he sings so wonder-well,  
He frights the Winter fleet and fell,  
    That all the wood ringeth.

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The rose is ruddy now,  
Blossoms blow on the bough  
    Waxing with will ;  
The moon mendeth her blee,  
The lily is lissom to see  
    And the daffodil !

In May it is merry when it dawns  
On the leas and on the lawns,  
    And leaf is light on the lime ;  
On the waters the wild drakes  
Go seeking of their makes—  
    For Love lives in the Prime !

Grass grows under sun and cloud,  
Women wax wondrous proud  
    As meseemeth still ;  
But my wish hath want of None  
Nor would I live all woebegone  
    For Love that likes me ill !

## II. He entreateth the North Wind to send him his Love.

Blow, Northern Wind,  
    Send thou me my sweeting ;  
Blow, Northern Wind,  
    Blow, blow, blow !

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I have a Burd in a bower bright  
That is seemly unto sight,  
And like roses red and white  
    Are her cheek and hand :  
In all the world is none  
Fairer 'neath shadow or sun,  
No, never knew I one  
    So lovely in the land !

Blow, Northern Wind,  
    Send thou me my sweeting ;  
Blow, Northern Wind,  
    Blow, blow, blow !

HUGO LAUBACH.

