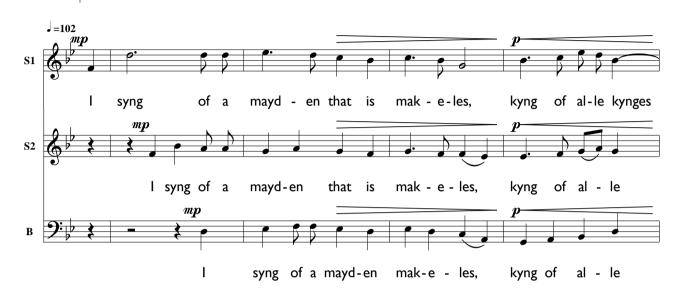
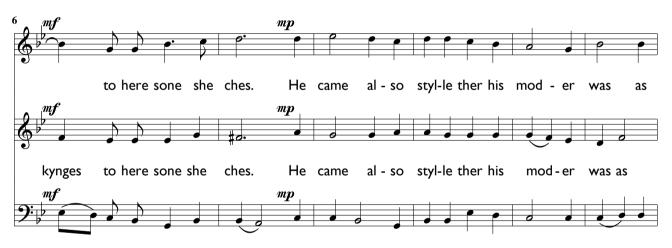
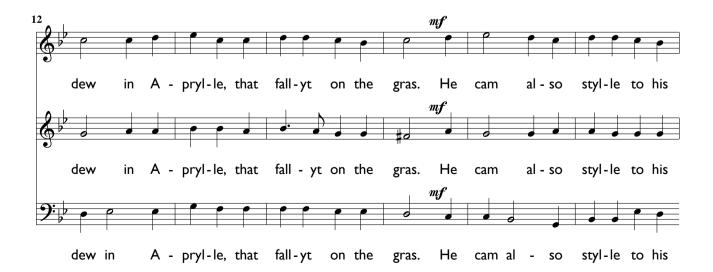
I Syng of a Mayden

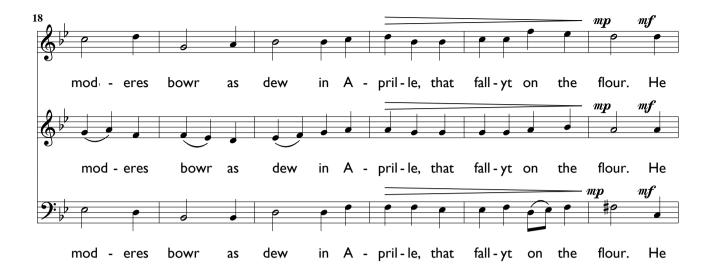
Anon. c. 1400 C Upton

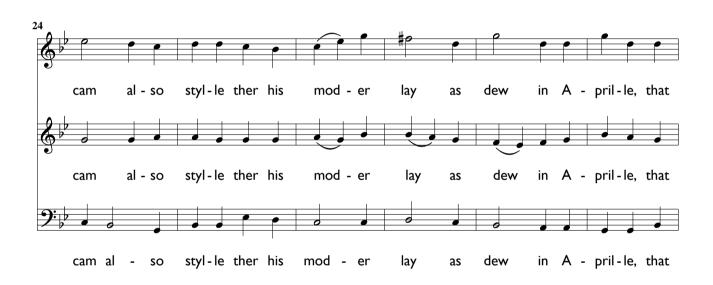


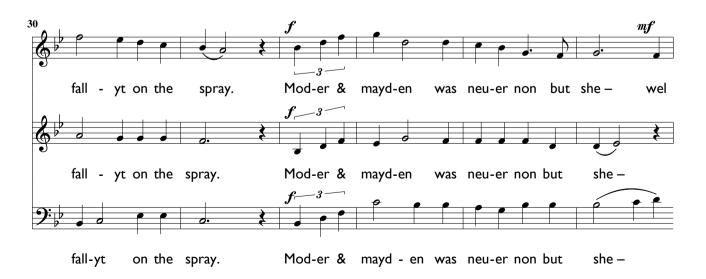


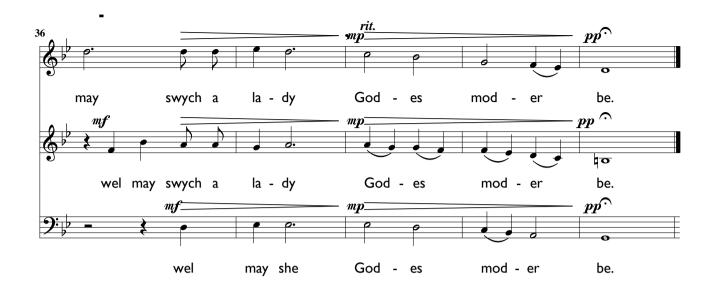
kynges to here sone she ches. He came al - so styl-le ther his mod - er was as











I syng of a mayden bat is makeles, kyng of alle kynges to here sone che ches.

He came also stylle ber his moder was as dew in aprylle, bat fallyt on be gras.

He cam also stylle to his moderes bowr as dew in aprille, bat fallyt on be flour.

He cam also stylle ber his moder lay as dew in Aprille, bat fallyt on be spray.;

Moder & mayden was neuer non but che – wel may swych a lady Godes moder be.

I sing of a maiden That is matchless, King of all kings For her son she chose.

He came as still Where his mother was As dew in April That falls on the grass.

He came as still
To his mother's bower
As dew in April
That falls on the flower.

He came as still Where his mother lay As dew in April That falls on the spray.

Mother and maiden Was never none but she; Well may such a lady God's mother be.