

Bryd one Brere

Anonymous, circa 1300

Byrd on - e bre - re, brid brid on - e bre - re,
Hic am so bli - the so bry - ghit brid on bre - re,
Mik - te hic hi - re at wil - le ha - ven,

5
Kynd is co - me of lo - ve, lo - ve to cra - ve.
Quan I se that hen - de in hal - le.
Ste - de - fast of lo - ve, lo - ve - li tre - we,

9
Blyth - ful bi - ryd, on me thu re - we.
Yhe is quit of lime, lo - veli, tre - we,
Of mi sor - we yhe may me sa - ven;

13
Or greyth, lef, greith thu me my gra - ve.
Yhe is fayr and flur of al - le.
Ioye and blise were eere me ne - we.

Middle English: Generally all letters are pronounced.

Translation from Constance Fairfax

<http://home.uchicago.edu/~atterlep/Music/Songs/brydonebrere.htm>

Bird on a briar, bird on a briar,

Mankind has come of love, love to crave.

Blissful bird, on me have pity,

Or build, love, build me my grave.

I am so blithe, so blithe, bird on a briar,

When I see that maid in the hall.

She is white of limb, lovely, true,

She is fair and the flower of all.

Might her I have at my will,

Steadfast of love, lovely, and true,

Of my sorrow she might me save,

Joy and bliss were ever new to me.