

## Edi Beo Thu, Heven Quene

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Guarda il video di "Edi Beo Thu, Heven Quene"

Edi beo thu heven quene folkes froove & engles blis  
maid unwemmed modher cleene swich in world non other nis  
on the hit is wel ethseene of alle wimmen thu hast the pris  
mi sweete leudi heer mi beene & rew ot me ghif thi will is.  
Thu astighe so dairewe deleth from the derke night  
of the sprong a leeme neue al this world hit hath ilight  
nis no maid of thine hewe so fair so scheene so rudi so bright  
mi leudi sweet of me thu rewe & have merci of thi knight.

Sprunge blostm of one roote th'oli gost thee rest upon;  
that was for mankines boote her soul aleese for on.  
Leudi milde, soft and swoot, ich crie merci, ich am thi mon,  
to honde bothen and to foot on allewise that ich kon.

Erth tu of goode seede on thee lighte th'even dew;  
of thee sprong that edi bleede th'oli gost it on thee sew.  
Bring us ut of kar, of dreede that Eve bitterlich us brew;  
thu shalt us into hevne leede; wel sweet is us thet ilke dew.

Moder ful of thewes heende, maide dreigh and wel itaugh,  
ich am in thi lubebeende and to thee is al mi draught.  
Thu me schild ye from the feend, as thu art free and wilt and m  
aught,  
and help me to mi lives eend and make with thi sune saught.