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*Music, imagination and experience in the medieval world*

III To sing and dance

A carol. Andrea di Bonaiuto, Spanish chapel of Santa Maria Novella in [Florence](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Florence), painted in 1365.



*Lullay, lullay, lay, lay lullay*

*Mid dere moder, sing lullay.*

Als I lay on Yoolis night

Alone in my longing,

Me thoughte I saw a well fair sight

A may her child rokking.

The maiden wolde withouten songe

Hir childe o slepe bringge;

The child him thoughte sche ded him wrong

And bad his moder sengge.

‘Sing nou, moder’, seide the child,

‘What sall to me befalle

Hereafter wan I cum to eld; *come of age*

For so don modres alle’.

‘Sweete sune’, seyde sche,

‘Weroffe suld I singe?

Ne wist I never yet more of the

But Gabriels grettinge’.

‘He grett me goodli on his kne

And seide: Heil Marie,

Heil ful of grace, God is with the,

Thou beren shalt messye’.

‘I wondred michil in my thought,

For man wold I riht none;

Marie, he seyde, drede the nouth,

Lat God of hevene alone’.

‘Ther, als he saide, I the bare

On midwinter night,

In maydenhed, withouten kare,

Be grace of God almiht’.

‘Ther schepperds waked in the wolde

Thei herd a wonder mirthe

Of angles ther, as theim thei tolde

The tiding of thi birthe’.

Serteynly this sight I say,

This song I herde singe,

Als I me lay this Yolis day,

Alone in my longingge’.