Nowel: Owt of your slepe aryse

Ver.0.0.1

Bodleian Arch. MS. Selden B. 26, f.14v Transcribed by n. nakamura Copyright (c) 2004 n. nakamura





Nowel, nowel, nowel, nowel, nowel, nowel.

Ι.

Owt of 30ur slepe aryse and wake For God man kynd nowe hath ytake Al of a maide without eny make; Of al women she bereth the belle. Nowel.

Nowel, nowel, nowel, nowel, nowel, nowel.

2.

And porwe a maide faire and wys, Now man is made of ful grete pris; Now angelys knelen to mannys seruys; And at bis tyme al bis byfel. Nowel.

Nowel, nowel, nowel, nowel, nowel, nowel.

Now man is bri3ter þan þe sonne; Now man in heuen an hye shal wonne; Blessyd be God þis game is begonne; And his moder emperesse of helle. Nowel.

Nowel, nowel, nowel, nowel, nowel, nowel.

4. That euer was thralle, now ys he fre, Pat euer was smalle, now gret is she; Now shal God deme bothe the and me Unto his blysse, yf we do wel. Nowel.

Nowel, nowel, nowel, nowel, nowel, nowel.

5.

Now man may to heuen wende; Now heuen and erthe to hym they bende, He þat was foo, now is oure frende; This is no nay bat Y 30we telle. Nowel.

Nowel, nowel, nowel, nowel, nowel, nowel.

6.

Now blessyd brother, graunte vs grace A domes day to se thy face, And in thy courte to haue a place, Pat we mow there synge nowel. Nowel.

Nowel, nowel, nowel, nowel, nowel, nowel.