Deo gracias Anglia

1. Owe kynge went forth to Normandy With grace and
to - ria.

2. He sette a sege þe sothe for to say, To Har - flu

3. Than went oure kynge with alle his oste Thorwe Fraunce, for
to - ria.

myst of chy - ual - ry, Ther God for hym wrought merve - lus - ly; Where -
tourne with ryal a - ray; Dat toune he won and made a fray Dat
alle þe Fre - she boste; He spared no drede of lest ne moste Tyl

myst of chyuar - ly, Ther God for hym wrought merve - lus - ly; Where -
tourne with ryal a - ray; Dat toune he won and made a fray Dat
alle þe Fre - she boste; He spared no drede of lest ne moste Tyl
Deo gracias Anglia
Redde pro victoria

1. Owre kynge went forth to Normandy
   With grace and myõt of chyualry;
   Ther God for hym wrought mervelusly;
   Wherfore Englonde may calle and cry,
   'Deo gracias'

2. He sette a sege þe sothe for to say,
   To Harluf tourne with ryal aray;
   þat toune he won and made a fray
   þat fraunce shal rywe tyl domesday;
   'Deo gratias'

3. Than went oure kynge with alle his oste
   Thorwe Fraunce, for alle þe Freshe boste;
   He spared no drede of lest ne moste
   Tyl he come to Agincourt coste;
   'Deo gracias'

4. Than, for soth, þat knyõt comely,
   In Agincourt feld he faõt manly;
   Thorw grace of God most myõty
   He had bothe þe feld and þe victory;
   'Deo gracias'

5. There dukys and erlys, lorde and barone
   Were take and slayne, and þat wel sone,
   And summe were ladde into Lundone
   With ioye and merthe and grete renone;
   'Deo gracias'

6. Now gracious God he saue oure kynge,
   His peple and alle his wel wyllynge;
   þef hym gode lyfe and gode endynge,
   þat we with merth mowe sauely synge;
   'Deo gracias'