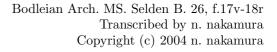
Deo gracias Anglia

Ver.0.0.2







Deo gracias Anglia Redde pro victoria

Ι.

Owre kynge went forth to Normandy With grace and my3t of chyualry; Ther God for hym wrought mervelusly; Wherfore Englonde may calle and cry, 'Deo gracias'

Deo gracias Anglia Redde pro victoria

2.

He sette a sege be sothe for to say, To Harflu tourne with ryal aray; Pat toune he won and made a fray Pat fraunce shal rywe tyl domesday; 'Deo gratias'

Deo gracias Anglia Redde pro victoria

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'

Deo gracias Anglia Redde pro victoria

4.

Than, for soth, þat kny3t comely, In Agincourt feld he fau3t manly; Thorw grace of God most my3ty He had bothe þe feld and þe victory; 'Deo gracias'

Deo gracias Anglia Redde pro victoria

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'

Deo gracias Anglia Redde pro victoria

6.

Now gracious God he saue oure kynge, His peple and alle his wel wyllynge; 3ef hym gode lyfe and gode endynge, Pat we with merth mowe sauely synge; 'Deo gracias'

Deo gracias Anglia Redde pro victoria