

Blow, northerne wind
Send thou me my sweting

Hire lure lumes light
Ase a launterne anight
Hire be blikieyth so bright
So fair he is and fine
Swetly swire he hath to holde
With armes, shuldre ase mon wolde
And fingres faire to folde
God wolde she were mine

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Blow, northern wind
Send me my darling

Her luminous cheek is alight
Like a lantern in the night
Her face gleams so bright
So fair she is, and fine
A lovely neck she has, to embrace
Her arms and shoulders are all men could wish for
And fair fingers to enfold
Would to God she were mine

Blow, northern wind
Send me my darling

A lovely neck she has, to embrace
Her arms and shoulders are all men could wish for

Blow, northern wind
Send me my darling