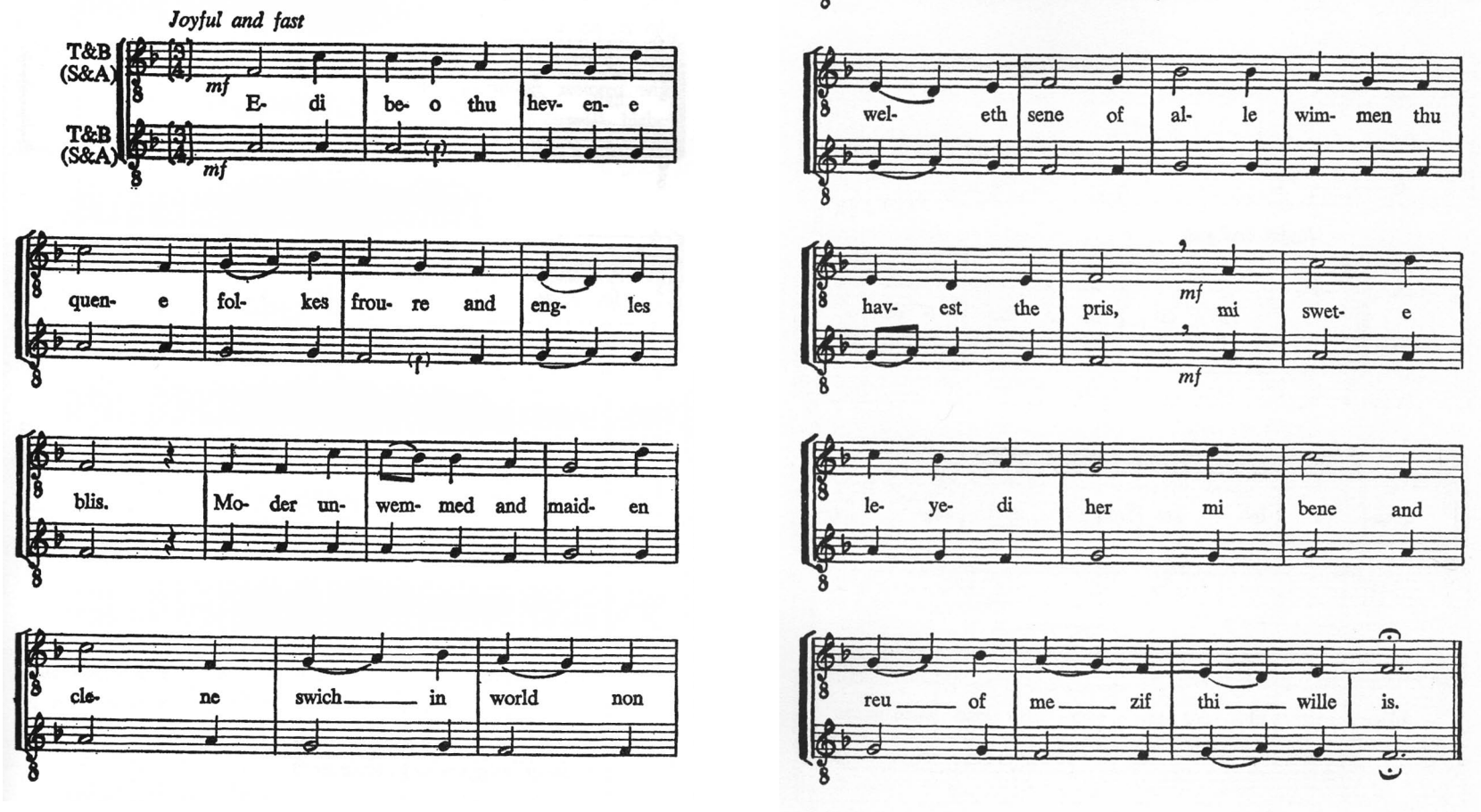
Edi beo thu, hevene quene

ANONYMOUS (XIV*th century*)



Verse 1:
Edi beo thu, hevene quene,
Folkes froure and engles blis,
Moder unwemmed and maiden clene,
Swich in world non other nis.
On thee hit is wel eth sene,
Of all wimmen thu havest thet pris;
Mi swete levedi, her mi bene
And reu of me yif thi wille is.

Verse 2:
Thu asteghe so the daiy rewe
The deleth from the deorke nicht;
Of thee sprong a leome newe
That al this world haveth ilight.
Nis non maide of thine heowe
Swo fair, so schene, so rudi, swo bricht;
Mi swete levedi, of mi thu reowe
And have merci of thin knicht.

Verse 3:
Spronge blostme of one rote,
The Holi Gost thee reste upon;
Thet wes for monkunnes bote
And heore soule to alesen for on.
Levedi milde, softe and swote,
Ic crie thee merci, ic am thi mon,
Bothe to honde and to fote,
On alle wise that ic kon.

Edi Beo Thu, Hevene Quene

This is a 13th Century English gymel (a sort of early English polyphony) in praise of the Virgin Mary.

Middle English Lyrics	Translation
Edi beo thu, hevene quene,	Blessed be you, heaven's queen,
Folkes froure and engles blis,	People's comfort and angel's bliss,
Moder unwemmed and maiden clene,	Mother immaculate and maiden pure,
Swich in world non other nis.	Such in world no other is.
On thee hit is wel eth sene,	In you it is easily seen,
Of all wimmen thu havest thet pris;	Of all women you have the prize;
Mi swete levedi, her mi bene	My sweet lady, hear my prayer
And reu of me yif thi wille is.	And have pity on me if you will.
Thu asteghe so the daiy rewe	You ascend like the ray of dawn
The deleth from the deorke nicht;	Which separates from the dark night;
Of thee sprong a leome newe	From you sprang a new light
That al this world haveth ilight.	That has lit all this world.
Nis non maide of thine heowe	There is no maid of your complexion
Swo fair, so schene, so rudi, swo bricht;	So fair, so beautiful, so fresh, so bright;
Mi swete levedi, of mi thu reowe	Sweet lady, have compassion
And have merci of thin knicht.	And have mercy on your knight.
Spronge blostme of one rote,	Blossom sprung from a single root,
The Holi Gost thee reste upon;	The Holy Ghost rested upon you;
Thet wes for monkunnes bote	That was for mankind's benefit
And heore soule to alesen for on.	And their soul to redeem on.
Levedi milde, softe and swote,	Lady mild, soft and sweet,
Ic crie thee merci, ic am thi mon,	I cry for your mercy, I am your servant,
Bothe to honde and to fote,	Both hand and foot,
On alle wise that ic kon.	In all ways that I know.