

Omnes Gentes Plaudite (The Drinking Song)

(Words Middle English anon, Music Katharine Blake)

E saw miny briddes seten on a tree;
He token her flight and flownen away,
With ego dixi, have a good day. With .
Many white federes hath the pye -
I may noon mor singen, my lippes arn so drye!
Manye white federes hath the swan -
The mor that I drinke, the lesse good I can!
Ley stikkes on the fer, wil mot it brenne -
Geve us onys drinken er we gon henne!
Omnes gentes, plaudite.

I saw a flock of birds a-sitting in a tree
The birds took flight and flew away,
I say! Have a good day!.
Many white feathers has the magpie -
I can sing no more, my lips are so dry!
Many white feathers has the swan -
The more I drink, the less I'm good for!
Lay sticks on the fire, well may it burn -
Give us a drink before we go!
All people, rejoice!