

## A CAROL



**I** SING of a maiden  
That is makeles;  
King of all kings  
To her son she ches.

He came also still  
There his mother was,  
As dew in April  
That falleth on the grass.

He came also still  
To his mother's bour,  
As dew in April  
That falleth on the flour.

He came also still  
There his mother lay,  
As dew in April  
That falleth on the spray.

Mother and maiden  
Was never none but she;  
Well may such a lady  
Goddes mother be.

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FROM A FIFTEENTH CENTURY  
CAROL IN THE OXFORD BOOK OF  
ENGLISH VERSE

BROAD SHEET No. 3

(A 15<sup>th</sup> century Middle English poem celebrating  
the Annunciation and Virgin Birth of Jesus –  
engraving by Eric Gill)

## THE MILKMAID



**O** UR LADY was a Milkmaid,  
a peasant girl, and poor,  
she whom Almighty God obeyed  
would scrub her dairy floor.

Meekly would goat or heifer stand  
for Mary in the field,  
obedient udders to her hand  
did their abundance yield.

Our Lady well could merrimake  
and sing sweet songs to Him,  
of butter, cheese, and curdle cake,  
of how to milk and skim.

She ground 'tween stones then mixed the  
with water from the well, [flour  
the Bread God broke in His last hour  
to make His first Housel.

And for the fire to cook God's food  
she gathered fallen sticks  
among proud trees where grew the  
and loomed the Crucifix. [Rood,

So sing we songs of bread and bake  
of butter, cheese, and curdle cake,  
of wells and washing days;  
for every Milk Maid's song is blest  
because one maid with Child at breast  
has sung them in His praise.

*S. Dominic's Press, Sussex. Rhyme Sheet No. 4.*

(Engraving by David Jones)