

Of silk my gown was shapen  
Scarlet they did dye me  
Then to the sea-strand was I borne  
And laid in a bark of the sea  
O well would I from the world depart

Ah thereon I might not drown  
For God to me was good;  
The billows bore me up a-land  
Where grew the fair green wood.

There came a knight a-riding  
With three swains along the way  
And he took me up, the little one,  
On the sea-sand as I lay.

He took me up and bore me home  
To the house that was his own,  
And there bode I so long with him  
That I was his love alone

But the very first night we lay a-bed  
Fell this sorrow and harm,  
That neither came the King's ill men,  
And slew him on mine arm.

There slew they the King Adallright  
Two of his swains slew they,  
But the third sailed swiftly from that land  
Forever and a day.

O wavering hope of this world's bliss  
Let not men brow in thee:  
My grove of gems is gone away,  
For mine eyes no more to see.

Each hour that this my life shall last  
Remembers him alone:  
Such heavy sorrow have I now  
From our meeting while agoe.

O early in the morning-tide  
Men cry, "Christine the fair,  
Art thou content with that true-love  
Thou sittest loving there?"

" Ah yea, so well I love him  
So ~~sure~~<sup>dear</sup> my love shall be,  
That the very God of heaven aloft  
Worshippeth him and me.

" As me, all ~~that~~<sup>the</sup> ~~red~~<sup>red</sup> gold that I have  
Well would I give to day,  
Even for this and nothing else,  
From the world to win away.

" Nay midst all folk upon the earth  
Keep thou thy ruddy gold  
And love withal the mighty lord  
That wedded thee of old."

O well would I from the world  
depart