

On His Heid-Ake

My heid did yak yester nicht,
This day to mak that I na nicht.
So sair the magryme dois menyie,
Perseing my brow as ony ganyie,
That scant I luik may on the licht.

And now, schir, laitlie, efter mess,
To dyt thocht I begowthe to dress,
The sentence lay full evill til find,
Unsleipit in my heid behind,
Dullit in dulness and distress.

Full oft at morrow I upryse
Quhen that my curage sleiping lyis.
For mirth, for menstrallie and play,
For din nor dancing nor deray,
It will not waukin me no wise.

By William Dunbar
Read by Matthew Fitt

mak - write; menyie - hurt; ganyie - arrow; mess - Mass; to dyt thocht I
begowthe to dress - though I began to address myself to writing; sentence -
theme; unslepit - not having slept; dullit - made dull; curage - spirit;
menstrallie - minstrelsy; deray - revelry; waukin - waken