



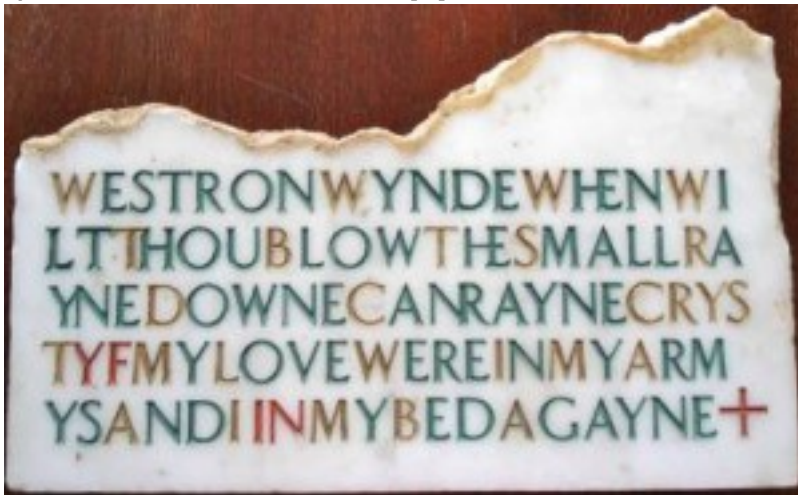
Poem - Westron wynde, when wylt thou blow The smalle rayne downe can rayne?

Sat, 27/07/2019 - 11:06am — Carol
Old poem - mediaeval or even older.

'Westron wynde, when wilt thou blow,
The small raine down can raine.
Cryst, if my love were in my armes
And I in my bedde again!'

Westron wynde, when wylt thou blow
The smalle rayne downe can rayne?
Cryst yf my love were in my armys
And I yn my bed agayne!

Quoted in [The Lie of the Land](#) [1]



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