

# A Lyke-Wake Dirge

By Anonymous

This ae nighte, this ae nighte  
—*Every nighte and alle,*  
Fire and fleet and candle-lighte,  
*And Christe receive thy saule.*

When thou from hence away art past,  
—*Every nighte and alle,*  
To Whinny-muir thou com'st at last;  
*And Christe receive thy saule.*

If ever thou gayest hosen and shoon,  
—*Every nighte and alle,*  
Sit thee down and put them on;  
*And Christe receive thy saule.*

If hosen and shoon thou ne'er gav'st nane  
—*Every nighte and alle,*  
The whinnes sail prick thee to the bare bane;  
*And Christe receive thy saule.*

From Whinny-muir when thou may'st pass,  
—*Every nighte and alle,*  
To Brig o' Dread thou com'st at last;  
*And Christe receive thy saule.*

From Brig o' Dread when thou may'st pass,  
—*Every nighte and alle,*  
To Purgatory fire thou com'st at last;  
*And Christe receive thy saule.*

If ever thou gayest meat or drink,  
—*Every nighte and alle,*  
The fire sall never make thee shrink;  
*And Christe receive thy saule.*

If meat or drink thou ne'er gav'st nane,  
—*Every nighte and alle*  
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane;  
*And Christe receive thy saule.*

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,

—*Every nighte and alle,*  
Fire and fleet and candle-lighte,  
*And Christe receive thy saule.*