

# Lyke-Wake Dirge

This ae neet, this ae neet,  
Any neet and all.  
Fire an' fleet an' candleleet  
And Christ receive thy soul.

If thou from here our wake has passed,  
To Whinny Moor thou comes at last.

And if ever thou gavest hosen or shoen,  
Then sit ye down and put them on.

But if hosen or shoen thou ne'er gav'st nane,  
The whinny will prick thee to thy bare bane.

And if ever thou gavest meat or drink,  
The fire will never make thee shrink.

But if meat nor drink thou ne'er gav'st nane,  
The fire will burn thee to thy bare bane.

And if thou from here our wake has passed,  
To Purgatory fire thou com'st at last.