

The dreaded Cupid wishes you
a mirthful Seynt Valentynes Day!



Le Vostre TS

His gilte heer was coroune with a sonne,
Insteede of gold, for hevinesse and wighte;
Therwith me thoughte his face shoon so brighte
That wel unnethes mighte I him beholde;
And in his hande me thoughte I saugh him holde
Two fyry dartes, as the gledes rede;
And aungellyke his winges suagh I sprede.
And al be that men seyn that blind is he,
Algate me thoughte that he mighte see;
For sternly on me he gan biholde,
So that his loking doth myn herte colde.

