

Try to decode these 15th century English phrases

Six water potts of tyn for byrds to drynke of
Foteball and prety playes maketh a good chylde
I lye styll abedde, delitynge myselfe in slepe and ease
The sone sent in hys beamys at the wyndowes that gave me lyght
My brekefaste was brought to my beddys side
All my pleasure is in catchynge of byrdes and makynge and throwyng of snowballys
Whan I was a litell boye an old woman sat by the fier with vs
“Take thy brede and butter with the”, sayeth my moder
A pennar, an ynke horne, a penn knyff and a payre of tabullys hath the chylde in the scole chambre
A seven yeer old lykes to syngen and rede
O good turne asket another
When the hors is stolen, steyke the stabul door
Where is no fyre ther is no smoke

Try to decode these 15th century English phrases

Many hondes maken lite werke
Bettur ys late thanne never
It is no shame to fall but to lye longe
Myne asse hath eares, and thou hast eares, ergo thou arte my asse
I loke so sad for fere of the rodde
Hys bedde be covered with pylowes and shetys
A penye pece of byefe and a few porage with salte and otemell
He walketh or runne halfe an houre to get a heat on his feet
He hath hit the nayle on the hed
She toke payne in strayte byndyng vpp her here to make her a fayre large forhed
My derlynge wyue is twentie years olde
The pouere man worshippeth the Chryst
Cough not, ner spitte and talk wyth softe speche

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ANSWERS

Six water potts of tyn for byrds to drynke of
Six water pots of tin for birds to drink from
Foteball and prety playes maketh a good chylde
Football and pretty plays make a good child
I lye styll abedde, delitynge myselfe in slepe and ease
I lie still in bed, delighting myself in sleep and ease
The sone sent in hys beamys at the wyndowes that gave me lyght
The sun sent in his beams at the windows that gave me light
My brekefaste was brought to my beddys side
My breakfast was brought to my bedside
All my pleasure is in catchynge of byrdes and makynge and throwyng of snowballys
All my pleasure is in catching of birds and making and throwing of snowballs
Whan I was a litell boye an old woman sat by the fier with vs
When I was a little boy, an old woman sat by the fire with us
"Take thy brede and butter with the", sayeth my moder
"Take your bread and butter with you", said my mother
A pennar, an ynke horne, a penn knyff and a payre of tabullys hath the chylde in the scole chambre
A pen, an ink horn, a pen knife and a pair of tablets has the child in the school room
A seven yeer old lykes to syngen and rede
A seven year-old likes to sing and read
O good turne asket another
One good turn deserves another
When the hors is stolen, steykke the stabul door
When the horse is stolen, stake the stable door
Where is no fyre ther is no smoke
There is no smoke without fire,
Many hondes maken lite werke

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Many hands make light work
Bettur ys late thanne never
Better (is) late than never
It is no shame to fall but to lye longe
It is no shame to fall but to lie long
Myne asse hath eares, and thou hast eares, ergo thou arte my asse
My ass has ears, and you have ears, therefore, you are my ass
I loke so sad for fere of the rodde
I look so sad for fear of the rod
Hys bedde be covered with pylowes and shetys
His bed is covered with pillows and sheets
A penye pece of byefe and a few porage with salte and otemell
A penny piece of beef and some porridge with salt and oatmeal
He walketh or runne halfe an houre to get a heat on his feet
He walks or runs half an hour to warm his feet
He hath hit the nayle on the hed
He has hit the nail on the head
She toke payne in strayte byndyng vpp her here to make her a fayre large forhed
She took pain in straight-binding up her hair to make her a fair large forehead
My derlynge wyue is twentie years olde
My darling wife is twenty years old
The pouere man worshippeth the Chryst
The poor man worshipped the Christ
Cough not, ner spitte and talk wyth softe speche
Cough not, nor spit and talk with soft speech