***The Crede of Piers the Ploughman***

*As I went on my way,*

*I saw a poor man over the plough bending.*

*His hood was full of holes,*

*And his hair was sticking out,*

*His shoes were patched.*

*His toes peeped out as he the ground trod.*

*His wife walked by him*

*In a skirt cut full and high.*

*Wrapped in a sheet to keep her from the weather.*

*Bare foot on the bare ice*

*So that the blood flowed.*

*At the field’s end lay a little bowl,*

*And in there lay a little childwrapped in rags*

*And two more of two years old upon another side.*

*And all of them sang a song*

*That was sorrowful to hear.*

*The all cried a cry,*

*A sorrowful note.*

*And the poor man sighed sore and said*

*"Children be still.”*

William Langland (1332-1400)