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TRANSLATION:

Hay, hay, hay, hay, hay, hay, hay, hay, Take good hede wat youe say.

A domusday we schull ysee Fadere and Sone in Trinite With grete powere and magisti, And angelys in grete aray.

An angele with a trumpat schall blow, That all the worlde schall yt yknow They that beyne on yyrth so low, They schull aryse all off the clay.

They that byne in yrth soo deppe, They schull to thys trumpat take And aryse and full sorre wyppe Fore there they schull rehersse here pay,

God hymselffe Sune hyt ys That schall yeve the dome, iwys, And therfore avys hym that hath ido amys, That ever they wer toyenst to fay. Hay, hay, hay, hay, hay, hay, hay, hay, Take good heed what you say.

At doomsday we shall see Father and Son in Trinity With great power and majesty, And angels in great array.

An angel with a trumpet shall blow, That all the world shall it know They that been in earth so low, They shall arise all from the clay.

They that been in earth so deep, They shall to this trumpet take heed, And arise and weep full sore For then they shall meet reckoning.

The son of God himself it is That shall give them that judgement, And therefore counsel them that have done amiss, Whoever e'er was hostile to the faith.