

Mediaeval Baebes, All For The Love Of One

I must go walk the wood so wild
And wander here and there
In dred and deadly fere
For where I trusted I am begeld
And all for love of one
Thus am I banished from my bliss
By craft and false pretence
As one from joy were fledde
As from my lief day by day I flee
And all for love of one
My bed shall be the greenwood tree
The running stremes my drinke
And acorns be my food
When of your beauty I do think
And all for love of one