

Mediaeval Baebes, Passing Thus Alone

Passing thus alone, through the silent forest
Many a grievous groan sounded in her ear
Where she heard a man to lament the sorest
Chance that ever came, forc'd by deadly strife

Farewell, me dear, quoth he
Whom I shall never see
For why my life is at an end
For thy sweet sake I die
Through villains cruelty
To show I am a faithful friend

Here lie I a bleeding
While my thoughts are feeding
On the rarest beauty found
O hard hap that may be
Little knows my lady
My heart blood lies on the ground