

Mediaeval Baebes, Slay Me Suddenly

Your yen two woll sle me sodenly!
I may the beute of them not sustene
So wondeth is throrowout my herte kene
And, but your word woll helen hastely
My hertes wound, while that it is grene

Your yen two woll sle me sodenly!
I may the beute of them not sustene
Upon my trowth, I sey you feithfully
That ye ben of my liffe and deth the quene
For with my deth the trowth shall be sene

So hath your beaute fro your herte chased
Pitee, that me n'availeth not to plaine
For Danger, halt your mercy in his chaine
Giltless, my deth thus have ye me purchased!
I sey you soth, me nedeth not to feine

So hath your beaute fro your herte chased
Pitee, that me n'availeth not to plaine
Alas! That Nature hath in you compassed
So grete beaute that no man may attaine
To mercy, though he sterve for the paine

Your yen two woll sle me sodenly!
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So wondeth is throrowout my herte kene
And, but your word woll helen hastely
My hertes wound, while that it is grene