

Qntal, The Whyle

Alas, alas, the while
Thout I on no gile,
So have I good chaunce.
Alas, alas, the while
That ever I coude daunce.

Lad I the daunce a missomer day,
I made smale trippes, soth fore to say.
Jak, oure haly water clerk, com be the way,
And he lokede me upon; he thout I was gay-
Thout I on no gile.

Alas, alas, the while
Thout I on no gile,
So have I good chaunce.
Alas, alas, the while
That ever I coude daunce.

Jak, ic wot priyede in my faire face;
He thout me full worly, so have I good grace.
As we turnden oure daunce in a narrowe place,
Jak bed me the mouth, a kussinge ther was-
Thout I on no gile.

Alas, alas, the while
Thout I on no gile,
So have I good chaunce.
Alas, alas, the while
That ever I coude daunce.