

English 362

"Alas that men be so ungent"

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Alas that men be so ungent
to order me so creuely
off ryght they shoold themself repent
yff they regard there honesty

They kno my hart ys set so sure [5]
that all ther words can not preuayle
Tho that the thynke me to allure
wyth doubyll tongue and flaterynge tayle

Alas me thynke the do me wronge
That they wold haue me to resyne [10]
my tyle wych ys good and stronge
that I am yowrs and yow ar myne

I thynke the wold that I shold swere
yowr company for to forsake
but ons ther ys no worldly fere [15]
shold cawse ane such anothe to make

ffor I do trust ere yt be longe
that god off hys benyngnyte
wyll send us ryght where we haue wrong
for servyng hym thus faythfulye [20]

Now fare ye well my none swete wyfe
trustyng that shortely I shall here
from you the story off all my lyfe
[thy?] helth alone ys all my chere

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