

## English 362

### "O very lord o love o god alas"

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And now my pen alas wyth wyche I wryte  
quaketh for drede off that I muste endyte

—

O very lord o love o god alas  
That knowest best myn hert and all my thowght  
what shall my sorowful lyfe donne in thys caas  
Iff I forgo that I so dere haue bowght  
Syns ye [\_\_\_\_] and me have fully brought [5]  
Into your grace and both our hertes sealed  
howe may ye suffer alas yt be repealed

What I may doo I shall whyle I may dure  
or lyue in torment and in curel payne  
Thys infortune or thys dysaventure [10]  
alone as I was borne I wyl complayne  
ne neuer wyl I sene yt shyne or rayne  
but ende I wyl as edyppe in derknesse  
my sorowful lyfe and so dy in dystresse

O wery goste that errest to and fro [15]  
why wyld thou not flye owt off the wofullest  
Body that euer myght on grounde go  
a soule lurkyng in thys woful nest  
flye forth owt my herte and yt breste  
and folowe alwaye [\_\_\_\_] thy lady dere [20]  
they ryght place ys nowe no lenger here

O ye louers that hygh vpon the whele  
ben sette of fortune in good aventure  
god grawnte that ye fynden aye loue of stele  
and longe maye yowr lyfe in ioye endure [25]  
but when ye comen by my sepulture  
remembre that yowr felowe resteth there  
for I louyd eke thowgh I vnworthy were.

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