

## Mediaeval Baebes, The "Slay Me Suddenly"

Visit "[Slay Me Suddenly](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Your yen two woll sle me sodenly!  
I may the beaute of them not sustene,  
So wondeth it thorowout 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 beaute of them not sustene.

Upon my trouth I sey you feithfully,  
That ye ben of my liffe and deth the quene:  
For with my deth the trouth shall be sene.

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

So hath your beaute fro your herte chased  
Pitee that me n'availleth not to plaine.  
Alas that nature hath in you compased  
So grete beaute that no man may attaine  
To mercy though he sterve for the paine.

Visit [Mediaeval Baebes, The](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.