

VIRELAY. <1>

ALONE walking In thought plaining, And sore sighing; All desolate,
Me rememb'ring Of my living; My death wishing Both early and late.

Infortunate Is so my fate, That, wot ye what? Out of measure My life
I hate; Thus desperate, In such poor estate, Do I endure.

Of other cure Am I not sure; Thus to endure Is hard, certain; Such is
my ure,* *destiny <2> I you ensure; What
creature May have more pain?

My truth so plain Is taken in vain, And great disdain In
remembrance; Yet I full fain Would me complain, Me to abstain
From this penance.

But, in substance, None allegiance* *alleviation
Of my grievance Can I not find; Right so my chance, With
displeasance, Doth me advance; And thus anend.