Balulalow

Lovemongers

O my deare hert, young Jesu sweit,
Prepare thy creddil in my spreit
And I sall rock thee in my hert,
And never mair from thee depert.

But I sall praise thee evermore
With sangis sweit unto thy gloir.
The knees of my hert sall I bow,
And sing that richt Balulalow.

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