

# Balulalow

## Lovemongers

O my deare hert, young Jesu sweet,  
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 sweet unto thy gloir.  
The knees of my hert sall I bow,  
And sing that richt Balulalow.

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