

Slay Me Suddenly

Mediaeval Baebes

Your yen two woll sle me sodenly!
I may the beute of them not sustene
So wondeth is throrowout 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 beute 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 your beaute fro your herte chased
Pitee, that me n'availeth not to plaine
For Danger, halt your mercy in his chaine
Giltless, my deth thus have ye me purchased!
I sey you soth, me nedeth not to feine
So hath your beaute fro your herte chased
Pitee, that me n'availeth not to plaine
Alas! That Nature hath in you compassed
So grete beaute that no man may attaine
To mercy, though he sterve for the paine

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