

Alone Walkyng

Hades

Alone walkyng, in thought planning,
And sore sighing, all desolate.
Me remembering, of my livyng,
My dethe wishyng,
Bother erly and late.
Infortunate, is so my fate,
That vote ye what? out of
Measure.
My life I hate, thus desperate
In soche pore eslate doe I endure.
Of othir cure am I not sure
Thus to endure is hard certain.
Such is my ure I you ensure:
What creature
Maie have more pain?
My truthe so plain is take in vain,
And grete disdain in remembraunce;
Yet I full faine
Would me complaine
Me to abstaine from this penaunce;
But in substaunce none
Allegeaunce
Of my grevaunce can I not finde;
Right so my chaunce with
Displesaunce
Doeth me avaunce
And thus an Ende.

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