

## 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  
Displeasaunce  
Doeth me avaunce  
And thus an Ende.