

## The Whyle

Qntal

Alas, alas, the while  
Thout I on no gile,  
So have I good chaunce.  
Alas, alas, the while  
That ever I coude daunce.

Lad I the daunce a missomer day,  
I made smale trippes, soth fore to say.  
Jak, oure haly water clerk, com be the way,  
And he lokede me upon; he thout I was gay-  
Thout I on no gile.

Alas, alas, the while  
Thout I on no gile,  
So have I good chaunce.  
Alas, alas, the while  
That ever I coude daunce.

Jak, ic wot priyede in my faire face;  
He thout me full worly, so have I good grace.  
As we turnden oure daunce in a narrowe place,  
Jak bed me the mouth, a kussinge ther was-  
Thout I on no gile.

Alas, alas, the while  
Thout I on no gile,  
So have I good chaunce.  
Alas, alas, the while  
That ever I coude daunce.