

The world is round and surrounded with care
 His fears to give the ground
 And of my soul, at all no care
 My heart is set as in the sun
 But of all things I am afraid
 As that the world is not so true
 As can consist. Maria is dead
 And that this night throughly is brought
 And I have the letter brought

[2]

Thus I find some forms that women do
 With the world's care
 And that a way is to be made
 Which is to lead us to my bed
 But that I may not be afraid
 And not that the world is true
 Some of the best of this world die
 And me a man of so true a heart
 Of the world's conditions with the world

[3]

My heart is set as in the sun
 And of my soul, at all no care
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 My heart is set as in the sun
 And of my soul, at all no care

[4]

XX

Dear Love continue nice and chaste
 For I will use no other way
 To part with the love you have
 - have enough to use the love
 I have and you is in my way
 The heart is set as in the sun
 The heart is set as in the sun
 The heart is set as in the sun