GEOFFREY CHAUCER

VIRELAY

ALONE walking
In thought plaining,
And sore sighing;
All desolate,
Me rememb'ring
Of my living;
My death wishing
Both early and late.
Infortunate
Is so my fate,
That, wot ye what?
Out of measure
My life I hate;
Thus desperate,
In such poor estate,
Do I endure.
Of other cure
Am I not sure;
Thus to endure
Is hard, certain;
Such is my ure,* *destiny <2>
I you ensure;
What creature
May have more pain?
My truth so plain
Is taken in vain,
And great disdain
In remembrance;
Yet I full fain
Would me complain,
Me to abstain
From this penance.
But, in substance,
None alleggeance* *alleviation
Of my grievance
Can I not find;
Right so my chance,
With displeasance,

Doth me advance;
And thus an end.
Notes to Virelay
(Transcriber's note: Modern scholars believe that Chaucer was not the author of this poem)
2. Ure: "heur," or destiny; the same word that enters into "bonheur" and "malheur." (French: happiness & unhappiness)