

Fortune My Foe

Source: Poulton 62

Fortune, my foe, why dost thou frown on me?

And will my favours never greater be?

thou, I say, forever breed me pain?

And wilt thou ne'er restore my joys again?

Fortune hath wrought me grief and great annoy;

Fortune has falsely stole my love away.

My love and joy, whose sight did make me glad;

Such great misfortunes never young man had.

Appeared in the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book (ca 1550-1620) in a setting by Byrd.

Referred to in Shakespeare (Merry Wives of Windsor)