

Fortune my Foe

For - tune, my foe, why dost thou frown on me? And will my
 For - tune hath wrought me grief and great an - noy; For - tune has

Em G D Em D Em B Em D

6
 fa - vours ne - ver grea - ter be? thou, I say, for - e - ver breed me
 false - ly stole my love a - way. My love and joy, whose sight did make me

G D Em D Em B G G G A

12
 pain? And wilt thou ne'er re - store my joys a - gain?
 glad; Such great mis - for - tunes. ne - ver young man had.

A D D G Em Bm Em Em/B B E