

Fortune My Foe

William Byrd (arr. P. Butler)

Am Em Am Em Am G Am E Am Em

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

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Am G Am G Am E C C C Dm C

fav - ours nev - er great - er be? Wilt thou, I say, for - ev - er breed me
false - ly stole my love a - way. My love and joy, whose sight did make me

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G G Am Dm E Am

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

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