

Fortune My Foe

Akercocke

Fortune, my foe, why dost thou frown on me?
And will thy favours never lighter be?
Wilt thou, I say, forever breed my pain?
And wilt thou not restore my joys again?

In vain I sigh, in vain I wail and weep,
In vain my eyes refrain from quiet sleep;
In vain I shed my tears both night and day;
In vain my love my sorrows do bewray.

Then will I leave my love in Fortune's hands,
My dearest love, in most unconstant bands,
And only serve the sorrows due to me:
Sorrow, hereafter, thou shalt my Mistress be.

Ah, silly Soul art thou so sore afraid?
Mourn not, my dear, nor be not so dismayed.
Fortune cannot, with all her power and skill,
Enforce my heart to think thee any ill.

Live thou in bliss, and banish death to Hell;
All careful thoughts see thou from thee expel:
As thou dost wish, thy love agrees to be.
For proof thereof, behold, I come to thee.

Die not in fear, not live in discontent;
Be thou not slain where blood was never meant;
Revive again: to faint thou hast no need.
The less afraid, the better thou shalt speed.