

Fortune ys fickle

Lyrics by Anon.

Mufic by Anon.

F C F B^b C min B^b F B^b

For - tune ys fic - kle and won - der - ful tic - kle hir
 And with hir thun - der, of world - ly won - der, She
 She frownes, she flat - ters; shee gat - ters, she scat - ters, She
 As zele most slip - per no howlde tho yow hip - per. At

E^b B^b A dim B^b E^b C G C

pow - er ys mic - kle in eache de - gree:
 brings menne un - der ad - ver - si - ty:
 rules al mat - ters as wynde wa - ve - ringe,
 neede aye yow kepe hit, prooffe hath yt so tried,

5 F C C Gm C F

And with hir scep - ter she makes him bet - ter
 She rocks hir cra - dle, which is un - sta - ble,
 She laughes, she lo - wres, she shines, she sho - wres,
 Hir mirth is mad - nes, hir joye is sad - nes:

7 F B^b F C F B^b C4/3sus F

and this man grea - ter of gowld and fee.
 And sytts in hir sad - dle of dig - ni - - - tye.
 Now is strai - gest yours, Sans stay qua - ve - ringe.
 Hir sor - row is glad - nes, this wise - men have spied.