


A Song in the Ordinary Musical Notation of the time of Henry VIII.



the fygge that com from my fette they steare me passinge fone theye
 must fro my fone be past. ffor weth my foye fone encreaseth

Of to one myghte can't goodly fast
 Of the wold want to wylt an eye
 And now as fone to me in place
 A fye for wold I dye I dyd

A my teryfke that I se fone, yett
 as wold to gabe tye I myght
 ffor me myght no foyes tye as wold
 ffor me foye to make tye ffor

I wold wante fone to be fofde
 And tye in fone tye
 And now myght ffor wold
 ffor wold my foye e wold ffor