27. The saint I serve
Verse by Richard Hill

Anonymous

Lute

The saint I serve and have be- sought full oft, up-
Thus while I held the e- el by the tail, I
Thus did I long bite on the foam- ing bit, which

on my knees to stand my god- dess good, with hope did hold some
had some hope, yet nev- er want- ed fear of dou- ble dread, that
found me play e- nough un- to my pain. Thus while I lov'd I

time my head a- loft and fed my fan- cy fond with
man can nev- er fail that will pre- sume to take the wolf
nev- er want- ed fit, but liv'd by loss, and sought no

1)

2)

1) Extraneous c on 2nd course deleted by editor.
2) Extraneous c deeted from 4th course, here.

GB-AB:National Library of Wales ms 1G i.27:Brogyntyn lute book (1595), p.125b. Encoded and edited by Sarge Gerbode.

dain- ty food. But now I see that words are naught but wind:
by the ear. I snatch, for- sooth, much like to Ae- sop's dog:
o- ther gain. But why should I mis- like with For- tune's fet- ters,

the sweet- er meat, the sour- er sauce I find,
I sought for fish and al- ways caught a frog,
since that the like have happ'd un- to my bet- ters,

the sweet- er meat, the sour- er sauce I find.
I sought for fish and al- ways caught a frog.
since that the like have happ'd un- to my bet- ters?