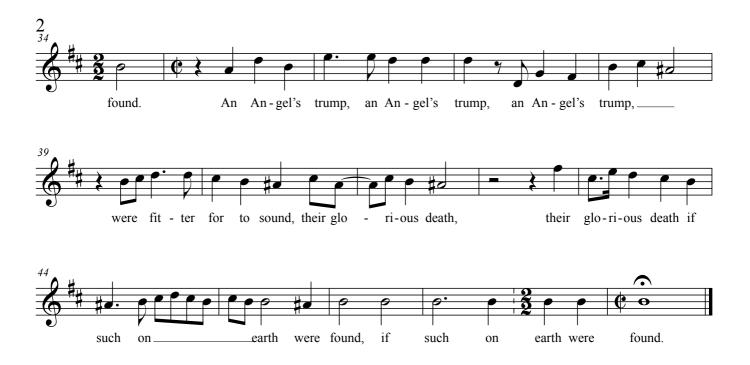
## Why do I use my paper, ink and pen?

Psalmes, Sonnets and Songs... (1588), no. 33

Wilham Byrd (c.1540-1623)

Intavolierung - Anton Höger





1.

Why do I use my paper, ink and pen, And call my wits to counsel what to say? Such memories were made for mortal men; I speak of Saints whose names cannot decay. An Angel's trump were fitter for to sound Their glorious death if such on earth were found

2.

That store of such were once on earth pursued, The histories of ancient times record, Whose constancy great tyrants' rage subdued Through patient death, professing Christ the Lord: As his Apostles perfect witness bare, With many more that blessed Martyrs were.

## 3.

Whose patience rare and most courageous mind, With fame renowned perpetual shall endure, By whose examples we may rightly find, Of holy life and death a pattern pure. That we therefore their virtues may embrase Pray we to Christ to guide us with his grace.