

## If ever hapless woman

Words by Mary Sidney Herbert, Countess of Pembroke John Bartlet

5

19

If ev- er hap- less wo- man  
 Come there- fore mourn- ful Mu- ses  
 The cru- el hand of mur- der  
 Then un- to grief let me a

15

had a cause To breathe her plaints in- to the o- pen  
 and la- ment, For- sake all wan- ton pleas- ing -  
 cloy'd with blood Lewd- ly de- priv'd him of his mor- tal  
 tem- ple make, And mourn- ing dai- ly, en- ter sor- row's

16

17

20 [25]

air, the o- pen air,  
motions,pleas- - ing motions,  
life, his mor- tal life:  
ports, sor- - row's ports,

And ne- ver suf- fer in- ward grief to  
Be- dewthy cheeks, still shall my tears be  
Woe - the death at- tend- ed blades that  
Knock on my breast, sweet bro- ther for thy

8

**F** **d** **F** **a** **e** **d** **r** **a** **ar** **da** **a** **r** **a** **ar** **a** **r** **a** **er**

**e** **e** **e** **e** **r** **a** **e** **a** **e** **a** **ar** **e** **r** **a** **r** **a** **e**

