

10. Sound, woeful plaints

Francis Pilkington

For his unfortunate friend, William Harwood.

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Canto

Basso

Sound, woeful plaints, in hills and woods.
Ay me! My days of bliss are done.

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Fly, my cries, to the skies. Melt, mine eyes,
Sor- row- ing, must I sing. No- thing can

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and heart, lan- guish. Not for the
re- - lieve me. E- clip- sed

want of friends or goods make I moan, though a-
is my glor- ious sun, and mis- chance doth ad-

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lone thus I groan by soul's an- guish. Time, friends,
vance hor- ror's lance, still to grieve me. Poor heart,

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chance, goods might a- gain re- co- ver; black
ill hap hath all joy be- ref't thee. Gone's

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woes, sad griefts o'or my life do hov- er.
 the sole good which the Fates had left me.

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Since my loss is with des- pair, no bless'd star to
 Whose es- tate is like to mine? For- tune doth my

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me shine fair; all my mirth turn to mourn- ing.
 weal re- pine, en- vy- ing my one plea- sure.

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Heart la- ment, for hope is gone, is
 Pa- tience must me - as- sure, as-

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gone. Mu- sic leave; I'll learn to moan. Sor- row's the
 sure; o- ther plas- ter can not cure; There- fore in

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sad's a- dorn- ing. Since my ing.
 this my dorn- trea- sure. Whose es- sure.

1) No apostrophe in orig.; same in next bar. I interpret it as "sorrow is what sad people wear."