

10. Sound, woeful plaints

Francis Pilkington

For his unfortunate friend, William Harwood.

5

Canto

Sound, woeful plaints, in hills and woods. Fly, my
Ay me! My days of bliss are done. Sor-row-

Basso

Lute

10

cries, to the skies. Melt, mine eyes, and heart, lan- guish. Not
ing, must I sing. No- thing can re- - lieve me. E-

Lute

1)

a

15

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

Lute

1) 3rd fret in orig., but see alto part.

20

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

25

chance, goods might a- gain re- co- ver; black woes, sad griefs
ill hap hath all joy be- rept thee. Gone's the sole good

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35

o'or my life do hov- er. Since my loss is with des-
which the Fates had left me. Whose es- tate is like to

40

pair, no bless'd star to me shine fair; all my mirth turn to mourn- ing.
mine? For- tune doth my weal re- pine, en- vy- ing my one plea- sure.

1) a

45

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Heart la- ment, for hope is gone, is gone. Mu- sic leave; I'll
Pa- tience must me - as- sure, as- sure; o- ther plas- ter

a a

55

learn to moan. Sor- row's the sad's a- dorn- ing. Since my ing.
can not cure; There- fore in this my trea- sure. Whose es- sure.

a a 1 2

1) Note added by editor (see tenor and canto parts).

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