

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-

Lute

10

15

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

Lute

20

want of friends or goods make I moan, though a- lone thus I groan by
is my glor- ious sun, and mis- chance doth ad- vance hor-ror's lance, still

Lute

25

soul's an- guish. Time, friends, chance, goods might a- gain re- co- ver;
to grieve me. Poor heart, ill hap hath all joy be- rept thee.

Lute

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

[30] [35]

black woes, sad griefs o'or my life do hov- er. Since my loss is
Gone's the sole good which the Fates had left me. Whose es- tate is

[40]

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

[45] [50]

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

[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.

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."