



sick- ness wants re- lief; Lend  
 none my plaints will rue. Tears,

ears and tears to me, most hap- less man, That sings  
 sighs, and cease- less cries a- lone I spend: My woe

- my sor- rows, that - sings my sor- rows  
 - wants com- fort, my - woe wants com- fort,

like and the my dy- ing swan. swan.  
 and my sor- row row end. end.