

10. Sound, woeful plaints

Francis Pilkington

For his unfortunate friend, William Harwood.

5

Canto

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

Alto

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

Tenor

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

Basso

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

Lute

10

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

cries, to the skies, fly, my cries, to the skies. Melt, mine eyes, and heart, lan-
ing, must I sing, sor- row- ing, must I sing. No- thing can re- - lieve

cries, to the skies, fly, my cries, to the skies. Melt, mine eyes, and heart,
ing, must I sing, sor- row- ing, must I sing. No- thing can re- -

cries, to the skies, fly, my cries, to the skies. Melt, mine eyes, and heart, lan-
ing, must I sing, sor- row- ing, must I sing. No- thing can re- - lieve

b e e g h h f f f e e e f a r e p
r d h i h p r r e e a o o [r] f a r e p
e h a r e r

1)

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

guish. me. Not for the want of friends or goods, of
E-clip-sed is my glorious sun, my

guish. me. Not for the want of friends or goods, of
E-clip-sed is my glorious sun, my

lan- guish. Not for the want of friends or goods, of
lieve me. E- clip- sed is my glor- ious sun, my

guish. Not for the¹⁾ want of friends, Not for sun, the want of
me. E- clip- sed is my glor- ious sun, e- clips- ed

Tablature:
 fea | r | a | ra | a | dr | da | ra | ee | r
 e | r | a | e | ra | a | a | a | e | r
 r | r | a | e | ra | a | a | r | e | r

a

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

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

friends or goods sun moan, though a- lone thus I groan by
glor- ious sun chance doth ad- vance hor-ror's lance, still

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

Tablature:
 a | b a r | da | ra | ea | r | da | ra | ee | a | a
 a | a | a | r | e | e | b | da | da | e | a
 a | a | a | r | r | e | r | a | r | r | r

1) Bb in orig. But see lute part.

soul's an-
to grieve

guish.
me.

Time, friends,
Poor heart,

chance, goods
ill hap

might a- gain
hath all joy

soul's an-
to grieve

guish.
me.

Time, friends,
Poor heart,

chance, goods
ill hap

might a- gain
hath all joy

soul's an-
to grieve

guish.
me.

Time, friends,
Poor heart,

chance, goods
ill hap

might a- gain
hath all joy

soul's an-
to grieve

guish.
me.

Time, friends,
Poor heart,

chance, goods
ill hap

might a- gain
hath all joy

a r e f r e

a a a a a e a b d

a r

a r a r a r a

a r

re- co- ver;
be- reft thee.

black woes, sad griefs

Gone's the sole good

o'or my life do
which the Fates had

re- co- ver;
be- reft thee.

black woes, sad griefs o'or

Gone's the sole good which

o'or my life do
which the Fates had

re- co- ver;
be- reft thee.

black woes, sad griefs o'or my life,

Gone's the sole good which the Fates,

o'or my life do
which the Fates had

re- co- ver;
be- reft thee.

black woes, sad griefs

Gone's the sole good

o'or my life do
which the Fates had

a r e e e

b a r r e e

a a a a b d f a

a r e e

a r

e

r a

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

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

life do hov- er. Since my loss is with des- pair, no bless'd star to
Fates had left me. Whose es- tate is like to mine? For- tune doth my

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

1)

2)

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

me shine fair; all my mirth turn to mourn- ing. Heart la- ment,
weal re- pine, en- vy- ing my one plea- sure. Pa- tience must

me shine fair; all my mirth turn to mourn- ing. Heart la- ment,
weal re- pine, en- vy- ing my one plea- sure. Pa- tience must

me shine fair; all my mirth turn to mourn- ing. Heart la- ment,
weal re- pine, en- vy- ing my one plea- sure. Pa- tience must

a

1) Sharped in orig. Clashes with alto and lute parts.

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

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

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

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

for hope is gone. Mu- sic leave; I'll
me - as- sure; o- ther plas- ter

e a a a r b e r r a a a a

a a

learn to moan. Sor- ¹⁾row's the sad's a- dorn- ing. Since my ing.
can not cure; There- fore in this my trea- sure. Whose es- sure.

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.

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.

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.

r a r a a a r a e a a f e a a b e e a a a a a r r r a a

a a

1 2

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