## 10. Sound, woeful plaints Francis Pilkington For his unfortunate friend, William Harwood. 5 Canto Sound, ful plaints, in hills and woods. woe-Ay me! My days of bliss are done. Alto woods. Fly, my Sound, woeful plaints, in hills and bliss done. Sor- row-Ay me! My days of are Tenor Sound, ful plaints, in hills and woods. Fly, my woe-My days of bliss are done. Sor- row-Ay me! Basso hills and Sound, ful plaints, in woods. Fly, my woeme! My days of bliss are done. Sor- row-Ay Lute 10 Fly, my cries, to the skies. Melt, mine eyes, and heart, lan-Sor- row- ing, must I No- thing can lieve sing. recries, to the skies, fly, my cries, to the skies. Melt, mine eyes, and heart, laning, must I sing, sor- row- ing, must I sing. No- thing can relieve Melt, mine eyes, the skies, fly, my cries, to the skies. and heart, No- thing can sing, sor- row- ing, must I sing. ing, must I re-Melt, mine eyes, the skies, fly, my cries, to the skies. and heart, lanto sing, sor- row- ing, must I No- thing can lieve ing, must Ι sing. rer

1)

<sup>1) 3</sup>rd fret in orig., but see alto part.



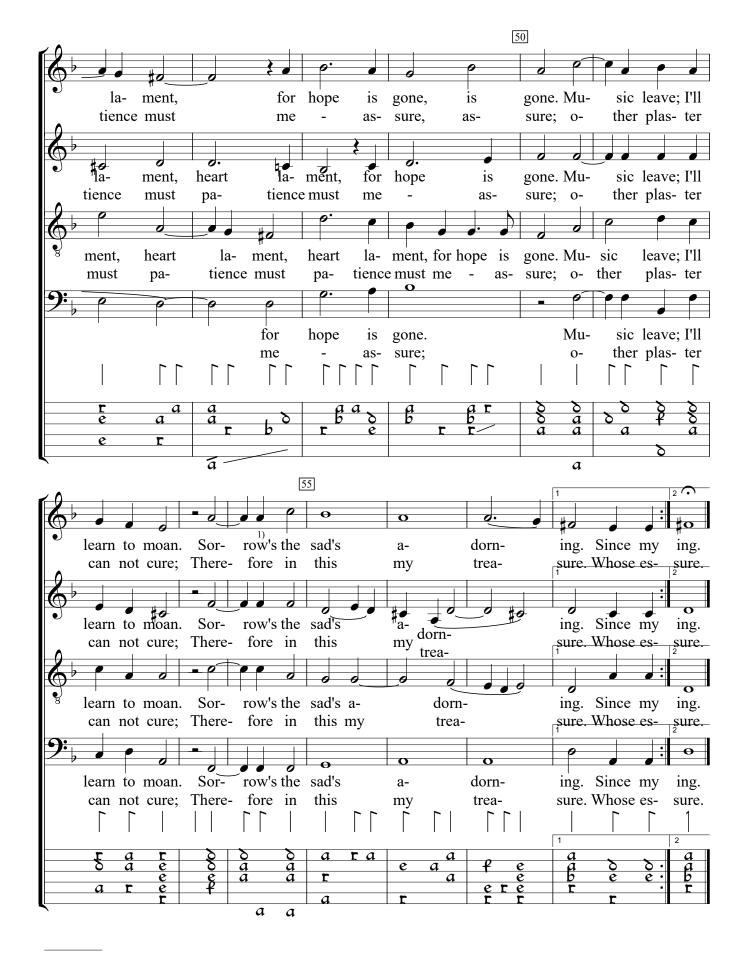
<sup>1)</sup> Bb in orig. But see lute part.





<sup>1)</sup> Sharped in orig. Clashes with alto and lute parts.

<sup>2)</sup> Note added by editor (see tenor and canto parts).



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