

# Sound woeful plaints in hills and woods

First Book of Airs (1605), No. 10.

Francis Pilkington  
Ed. Amy Hill

Voice

1. Sound woeful plaints in hills and woods,  
2. Aye me, my days of bliss are done,

Lute or Piano

4

V.

Fly my cries, to he skies, melt mine eyes, and heart lan - guish, Not  
Sor-row-ing must I sing, no-thing can re - lieve me: E -

Pno.


8

V.


for the want of friends or goods, Make I moan, though a - lone thus I  
clip - sed is my glo - rious Sun, And griefchance doth ad-vance hor-ror's

Pno.

11

V. 

groan, by soul's an - guish: Time, friends, chance, goods might a - gain  
lance, still to grieve me. Poor heart, ill hap hath joy be -

Pno. 


16

V. 

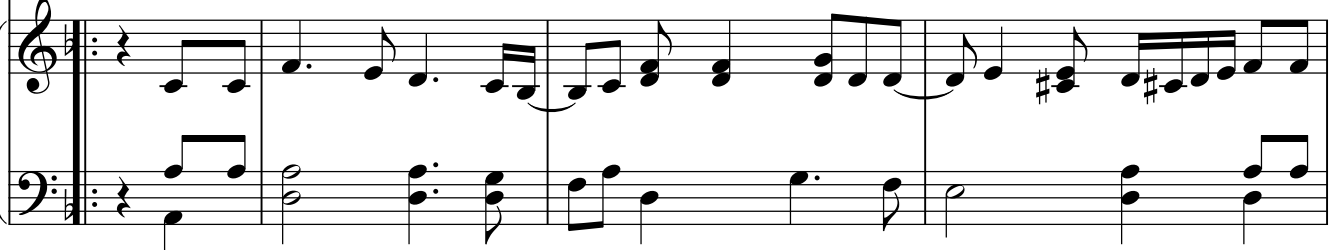
re - co-ver, Black woes, sadgriefs o'er my life do \_\_\_\_\_ ho - ver,  
reft thee: Gone's the sole good, which the Fates had \_\_\_\_\_ left me.

Pno. 

21

V. 

Since my loss is with dis - pair, No blessed Star to me shine fair, All my  
Whose es - tate is like to mine? For - tune doth my weal re - pine, En-vy

Pno. 

25

V.