

# *Francis Pilkington*

## THE FIRST BOOKE OF Songs or Ayres of 4.parts:

1605

### **X. Sound wofull plaints in hils and woods.**

For his vnfortunate friend William Harwood.

Sound wofull plaints in hils and woods,  
Fly my cries, to the skies, Melt mine eies, and hart languish,  
Not for the want of friends, or goods,  
Make I moane, though alone, this I groane by soules anguish.  
Time, friends, chance, goods, might againe recouer,  
Black woes, sad griefes, ore my life doe houer,  
Since my losse is with dispaire, No blest Star to me shine faire,  
All my mirth turne to mourning,  
Hart lament, for hope is gon, Musick leaue, Ile learne to moane,  
Sorrowes the sads adorning.

Aye mee my daies of blisse are done,  
Sorrowing must I sing, nothing can relieue mee :  
Eclipsed in my glorious Sunne,  
And mischance doth aduance horrors lance, still to greiue mee.  
Poore hart, ill happ hath all ioy bereft thee :  
Gon's the sole good, which the Fates had left mee.  
Whose estate is like to mine ? Fortune doth my weale repine.  
Enuying my one pleasure,  
Patience must mee assure, other plaster can not cure.  
Therefore in this my treasure.