

# If ever hapless woman

Words by Mary Sidney Herbert, Countess of Pembroke John Bartlet

If  
Come  
The  
Then

[10] [15]

ev- er hap- less wo- man had a cause To  
there- fore mourn- ful Mu- ses and la- ment, For-  
cru- el hand of mur- der cloy'd with blood Lewd-  
un- to grief let me a tem- ple make, And

[20]

breathe her plaints in- to the o- pen air, the o- pen air,  
sake all wan- ton pleas- - ing - motions, pleas- - ing motions,  
ly de- priv'd him of his mor- tal life, his mor- tal life:  
mourn- ing dai- ly, en- ter sor- row's ports, sor- - row's ports,

[25]

- And ne- ver suf- fer in- ward grief to  
- Be- dew thy cheeks, still shall my tears be  
- Woe - the death at- tend- ed blades that  
- Knock on my breast, sweet bro- ther for thy

pause Or seek her sor- row- shak- en soul's  
 spent: Yet still in- creas'd with in- un- da-  
 stood, In op- po- si- tion gainst him in  
 sake, Na- ture and Love will both be my

- re- pair. Then I, for I  
 - - tions, For I must weep,  
 - the strife, Where- in he fell,  
 - con- sorts, And help me aye

have lost my on- ly brother,  
 since I have lost my brother, Whose  
 and where I lost a bro- ther,  
 to wail my on- ly bro- ther,

like this age can scarce- ly yield an- oth- er.