

# Deep Lamenting

Thomas Morley (c.1557-1602)

Altus (part 2 of 3)

*Canzonets or Little Short Songs to Three Voyces* (1593)

Deep la - men - ting, — grief be-wray - ing; grief be - wray - ing; grief  
 be-wray - ing: (all — for - lorn) poor A-myn - tas thus — sat say -  
 ing, Glut now, now glut thine eyes, glut now, now glut thine eyes, while I lie here a dy - ing; killed  
 with dis-dain, a - las, and pit - y pit - y, pit-y, pit-y, and pit - y cry - ing. Now,  
 now mayst thou laugh full — mer-ri - ly, now, now mayst thou laugh mer - ri -  
 ly: for dead lo is the man, dead is thy mor-tal en-e-my. O no, no, no weep.  
 — not, O — no, no, no, weep not; weep not, I can - not bide this  
 blind - ness; I can - not bide this blind - ness; All too late now God wot, all too late  
 now, all too late, all too late, all too late comes this kind - ness, all too late now too late, all  
 too late comes this your kind - ness. But if you would that death should of life de-prise me,  
 of life, — of life de-prise me, weep not a-las, weep not, weep not, lest you there-by re-vive

Deep Lamenting (altus)

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me, weep not lest you there-by re-vive me, re - vive me, you a-gain re-vive

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me? lest you there-by, ————— there-by re-vive me, Ah cease; ah cease to be-wail, ah

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cease to be - wail me, my life, my life now doth fail, my life now doth fail me.