

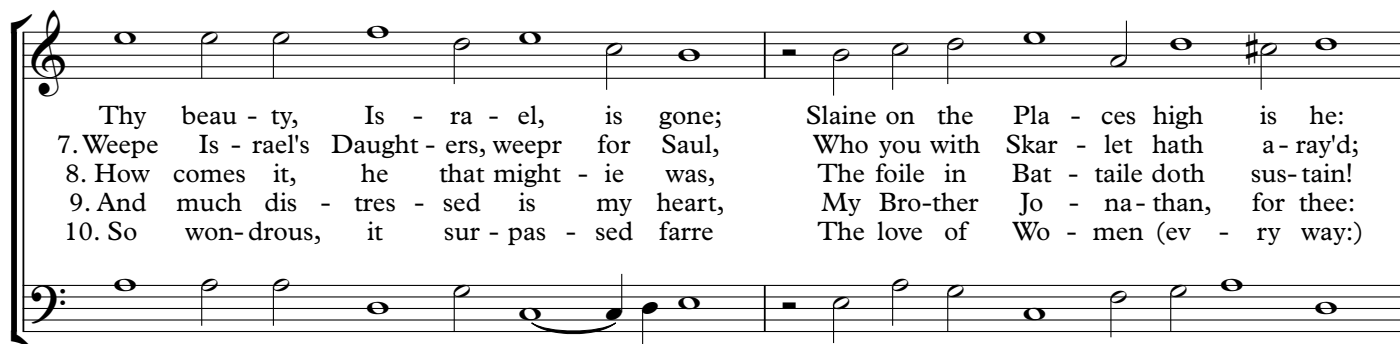
# SONG. V.

The Lamentation of David over Saul, and Jonathan his sonne.

George Wither

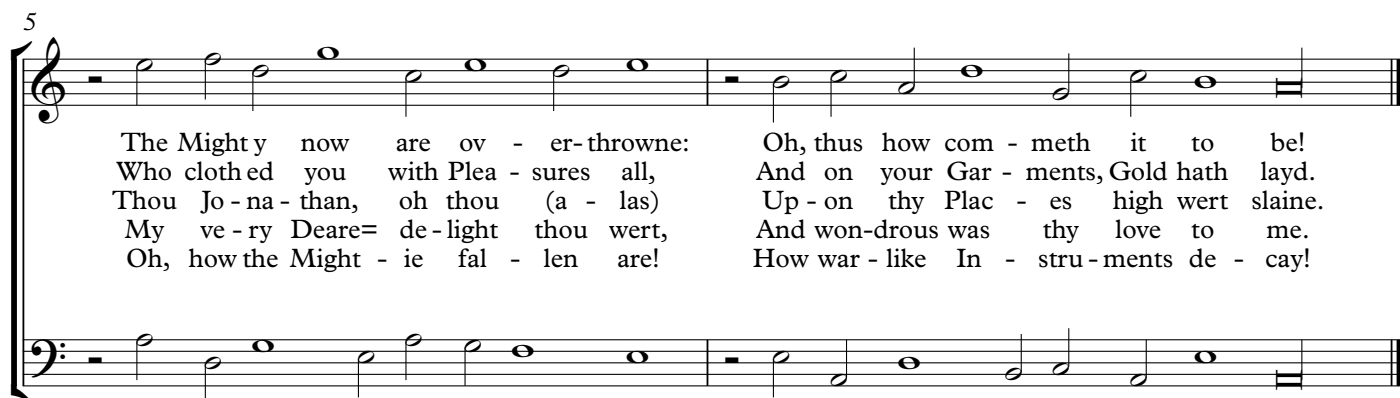
*The Hymnes and Songs of the Church, 1623*

Orlando Gibbons



Thy beau - ty, Is - ra - el, is gone; Slaine on the Pla - ces high is he:  
7. Weepe Is - rael's Daught - ers, weep for Saul, Who you with Skar - let hath a - ray'd;  
8. How comes it, he that might - ie was, The foile in Bat - taile doth sus - tain!  
9. And much dis - tres - sed is my heart, My Bro - ther Jo - na - than, for thee:  
10. So won - drous, it sur - pas - sed farre The love of Wo - men (ev - ry way:)

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The Might y now are ov - er - throwne: Oh, thus how com - meth it to be!  
Who cloth ed you with Plea - sures all, And on your Gar - ments, Gold hath layd.  
Thou Jo - na - than, oh thou (a - las) Up - on thy Plac - es high wert slaine.  
My ve - ry Deare = de - light thou wert, And won - drous was thy love to me.  
Oh, how the Might - ie fal - len are! How war - like In - stru - ments de - cay!