

Heart Cries

A Medieval Lament

Text: Neal P. Murphy

Music: Neal P. Murphy

[Plaintively]

Tenor Viol

My heart cries for you, for I fear you may ne-ver know true love.

Contrabass

6

T. VI.

My heart aches for you, for you could be so ten-der and so sweet.

Cb.

11

T. VI.

Your laugh is like a bard's sweet song, your ca-ress a gen-tle

Cb.

16

T. VI.

sum-mer breeze. You were so bright and full of cheer my heart would

Cb.

20

T. VI.

leap with joy when you were near. Then you scorned me, and be-lit-tled me

Cb.

25

T. VI. and you turned me a-way. And like cry-stal you made it clear no-thing

Cb.

31

T. VI. more should I say. Yet my heart cries for you, 'tis sad you may ne-ver know

Cb.

37

T. VI. true love. My heart aches for you, for you could be such fun and quite the treat.

Cb.

43

T. VI. You were my friend with whom I could chat; the to - pic mat-tered not it could be


Cb.


48

T. VI. this or that. Then you wound - ed me, like no fight-er ev-er would, and you rent


Cb.

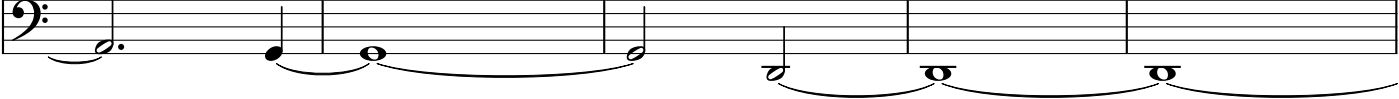
53

T. VI. 
my heart like no sword ev-er could. You lif-ted me up high in - to the clouds

Cb. 

58

T. VI. 
and then you threw me down up - on the ground. Still my heart cries


Cb. 

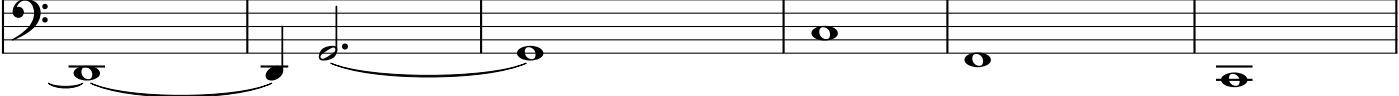
63

T. VI. 
for you, for I fear you may ne-ver know true love. My heart aches


Cb. 

68

T. VI. 
for you, see-ing you smile was such a de - light. Why did you hurt me?


Cb. 

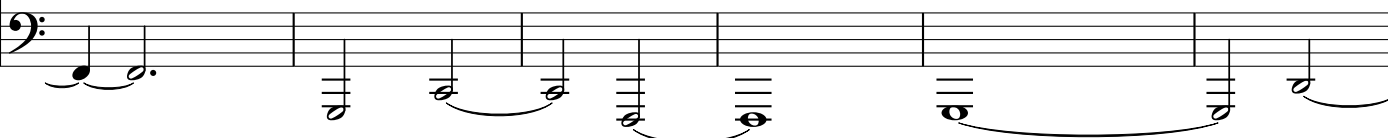
74

T. VI. 
Why did you use me? Why did you draw me near, then fling me a-way? Is it


Cb. 


80

T. VI.  be-cause I am kind and gen - tle, will - ing to help all who but ask? Was


Cb. 

86

T. VI.  it because I did-n't do this or for - got to do that? Was it be-cause I am


Cb. 

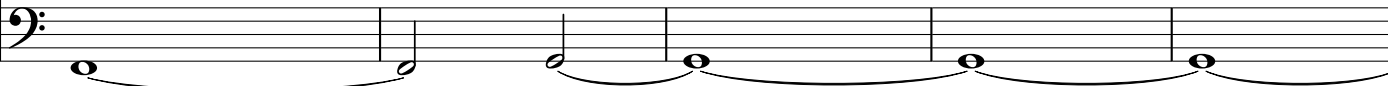
92

T. VI.  hu - man and must make mis - takes? A - las, I'll ne - ver know,


Cb. 

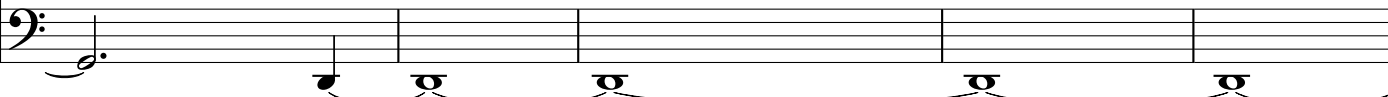
97

T. VI.  for these ques - tions I shan't pose. For I fear that, e - ven if I did,

Cb. 

102

T. VI.  you could not hear. Al - ways, my heart will cry for you, in


Cb. 

107

T. VI. 
my sleep and when a-wake, for you may ne - ver let love fill your heart

Cb. 

112

T. VI. 
and fill your soul. My heart cries for you, and now, 'tis time to weep. [Hoarsely]

Cb. 