Come Away, Death

From "Twelfth Night" by Shakespeare

Chris Hutchings

Moderato \( \frac{\dot{\}}{4} = \text{c.} 50 \)

Soprano

Come a-way, come a-way, Death, and in sad cy-press let me be laid.

Alto

Come a-way, come a-way, Death, and in sad cy-press let me be laid.

Tenor

Come a-way, Death, and in sad cy-press let me be laid.

Bass

Come a-way, Death, and in sad cy-press let me be laid.

Fly a-way, fly a-way, breath; I am slain by a fair cruel maid!

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My shroud of white, stuck all with yew, O prepare it;
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew, O prepare it;
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew, O prepare it;
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew, O prepare it;
My part of death, no-one so true did share it.
My part of death, no-one so true did share it.
My part of death, no-one so true did share it.
My part of death, no-one so true did share it.
Not a flow'r, not a flow'r, sweet on my black co-ffin let there be strown.

Not a flow'r, not a flow'r, sweet on my black co-ffin let there be strown.

Not a flow'r, not a flow'r, sweet on my black co-ffin let there be strown.

Not a friend, not a friend, greet my poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown;

Not a friend, not a friend, greet my poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown;

Not a friend, not a friend, greet my poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown;
Come Away, Death

thou-sand thou-sand sighs to save, Lay me, O, where sad

thou-sand thou-sand sighs to save, Lay me, O, where

A thou-sand thou-sand sighs to save, Lay me where sad

A thou-sand thou-sand sighs to save, Lay me where

true lover ne-ver find my grave, to weep there.

sad true lover ne-ver find my grave, to weep there.

tue lover ne-ver find my grave, to weep there.

sad true lover ne-ver find my grave, to weep there.