No Man Is An Island

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Music: Chris Hutchings
Lyrics: John Donne (1572-1631)

Andante ($\frac{4}{4} = c. 72$), always flexible

No man is an island, entire of itself;

No man is an island, entire of itself;

Ev’ry one is a piece of the continent, a part of the main;

Ev’ry one is a piece of the continent, a part of the main;

If a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less,

If a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less,

much as if a promptory were, much as if a promptory were,

As much as if a promptory were, as much as if a promptory

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pro-mon-to-ry were, as much as if a ma-nor of thy
friend's or a ma-nor of thy friend's or if a
friend's or of thine own were; A-ny man's death di-mi-nish-es me,
cause I am in-volved in man-kind. And there-fore ne-ver send to know
for whom the bell tolls, ne-ver send to know for whom the bell tolls;
for whom the bell tolls, ne-ver send to know for whom the bell tolls;
It tolls for thee, it tolls for thee.
It tolls for thee, it tolls for thee.