COME AWAY, DEATH

The words by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, set to music by E. J. MOERAN

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Come away, death

COME away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid ;
Fly away, fly away, breath ;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew ;
O ! prepare it.
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

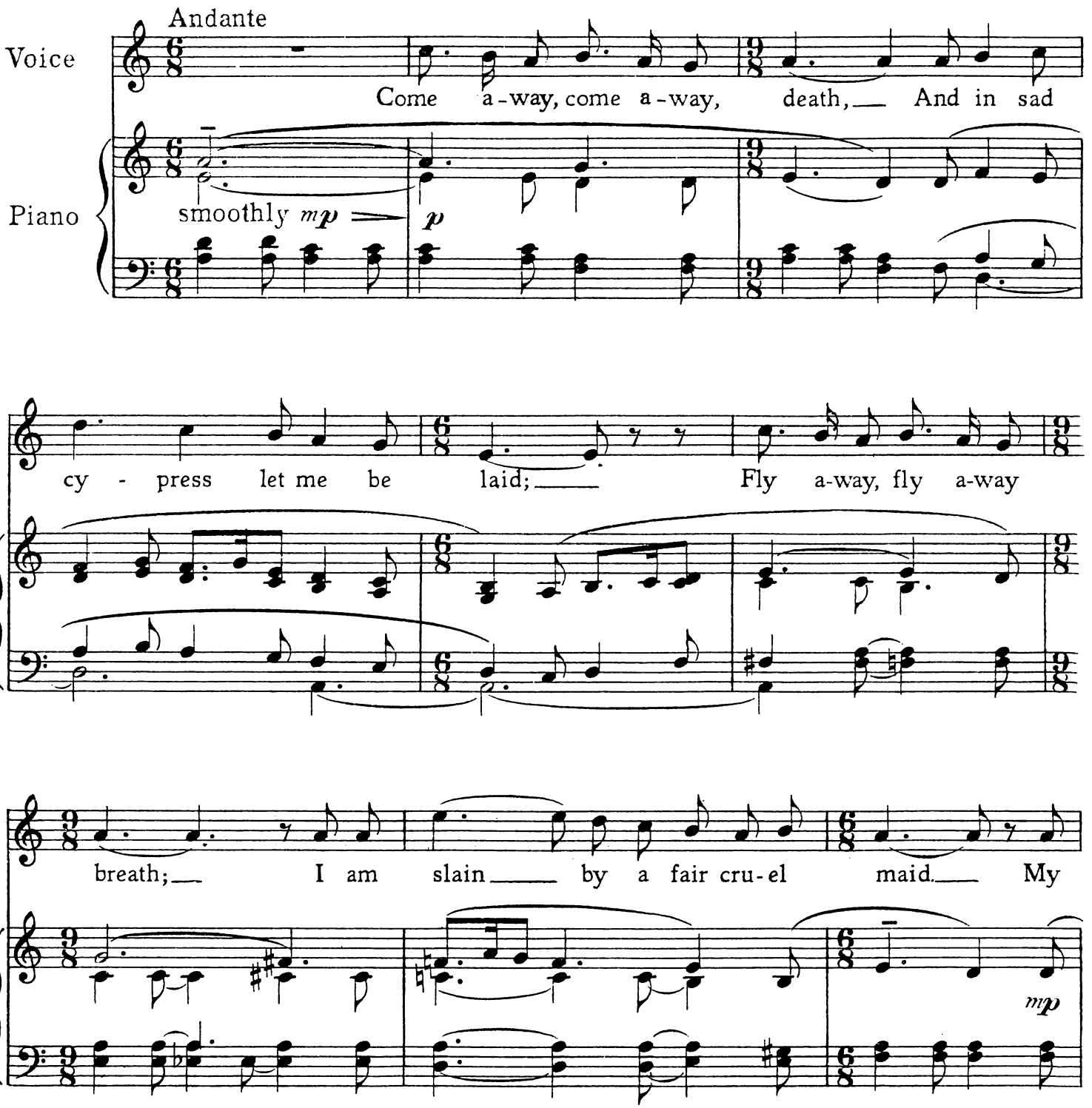
Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown ;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O ! where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

SHAKESPEARE

COME AWAY, DEATH

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

E. J. MOERAN



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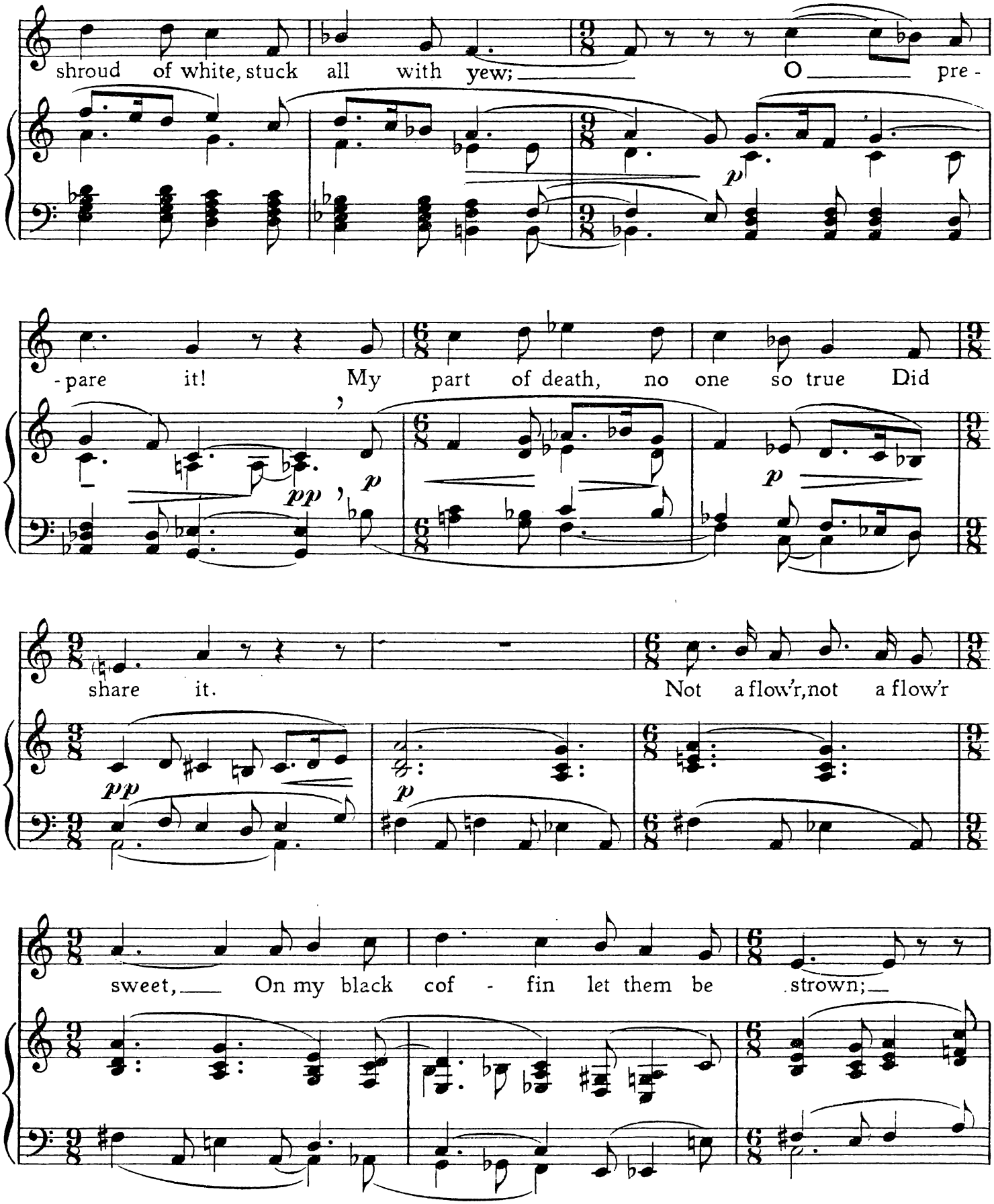
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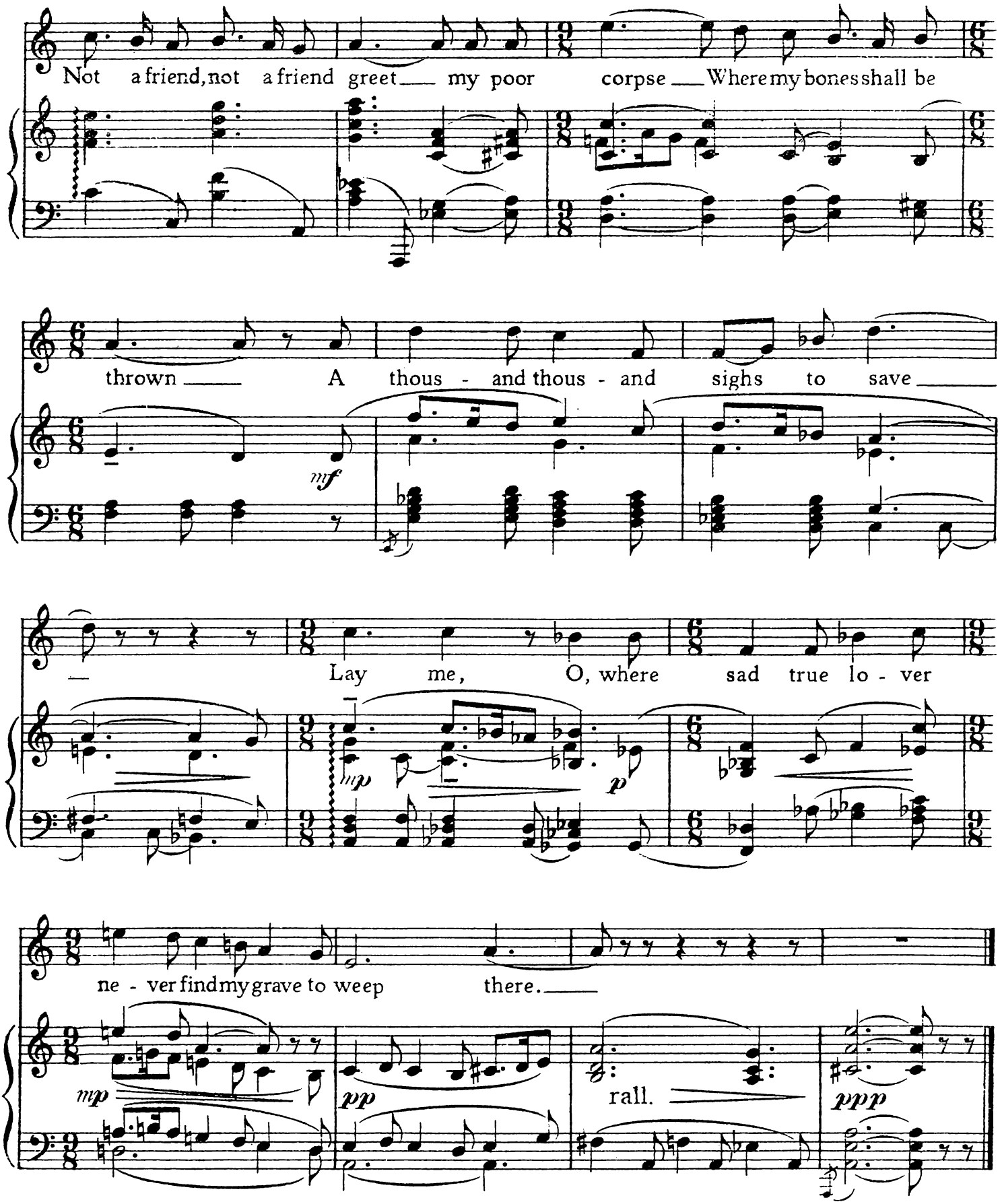

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