

Come away, Death

Words by William Shakespeare
(from *Twelfth Night*)

Brian Collins

Moderato (♩ = 56) ----- **Omit these two bars if required**

Voice

Piano

pp

4

mp

Come a-way, come a-way, death and in sad cy-press let me be

pp sempre

7

laid; Fly a-way, fly a-way breath, I am slain by a fair cru-el

10 *mf*

maid. My shroud of white, stuck all with yew, O, pre-pare it!—

13 *p*

My part of death, no one so true Did— share it.—

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16 *p*

Not a flower, not a flower sweet, On my black cof-fin let there be strown;

pp

19

Not a friend, not a friend greet— My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:

22

A thou - sand thou - sand sighs to save, Lay me, O, where Sad true lov - er nev - er find my

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25

grave, To weep there!—

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* 2'05"

This version completed 23rd April 2002. Happy Birthday, Will (if it is)!