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# I. Come away, come away, death



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

GERALD FINZI

Lugubre ♩ = c. 60

VOICE

PIANO

Come a - way,

come a - way, death,..... And in sad cy - press..... let me be

ritard. a tempo  
laid; ..... Fly a - way, fly a - way, breath; ..... I am

slain by a fair cru - el maid.....

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,..... O, pre - pare.....

..... it! ..... My part of death, no one so true.....

ritard. a tempo

..... Did share..... it.....

Not a flower, not a flower

sweet,..... On my black cof - fin ..... let there be strown;.....

ritard. a tempo  
..... Not a friend, not a friend..... greet..... My poor

corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:.....

A thousand thous - and sighs to save, Lay me, O....

⑥

*pp subito* *mp* *p*

... where Sad.... true lov-er nev-er find my grave, To weep.....

*ritard.* *a tempo*

*pp lusingando*

there!....

⑦

*mf* *poco f* *pp* *mp*

*sva bassa*

*p* *pp*