

# Come Away, Death

Elvis Costello

(harle/shakespeare)

Come away, come away, death  
And in sad cyprus let me be laid  
Fie away, fie away, breath  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid  
My shroud of white stuck all with you  
O prepare it  
My part of death no one so true  
Did share it Come away, come away, death Not a flower, not a flower, sweet  
On my black coffin let there be strewn  
Not a friend, not a friend, greet  
My poor corpse where my bones shall be thrown  
A thousand thousand sighs to say  
Lay me over  
Sad true lover never find my grave  
To weep there Come away, come away, death

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