

Come away, Death

Ian Bostridge, Julius Drake

(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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