

Come away, Death

Ian Bostridge, Julius Drake

(harle/shakespeare)

Come away, come away, death

And in sad cypress 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 itCome away, come away, deathNot 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 thereCome away, come away, death

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