

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Come Away, Come Away, Death

Come Away, Come Away, Death  
(Shakespeare, Vaughan Williams)

Come away, come away, death,  
And in sad cypress let me be laid;  
Fly away, fly away, breath;  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
O prepare it!  
My part of death, no one so true  
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
On my black coffin let there be strown;  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corpse, when my bones shall be thrown:  
A thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me, O where  
Sad true lover never find my grave,  
To weep there!

(Text by William Shakespeare (1564-1616), from Twelfth  
Night, Act II, scene 4 Set by Vaughan Williams in 1909)

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