Come Away Death

Vocal / Horns / Bass

Come a - way   come a - way   death and

in sad cy - press let me be laid.   Fie a - way   Fie a -

way   breath   I am slain by a fair cruel maid.   My

Clarinet

shroud of white stuck all with Yew, O pre-pare it My

part of death no one so true did share it.