

“Come away, death”, *Three Shakespeare Songs*, Op. 6. I
(Roger Quilter – William Shakespeare)

Come away, come away, death,
[kʌm ə'weɪ kʌm ə'weɪ dɛθ]

And in sad cypress let me be laid.
ænd in sæd 'saɪprɪs lɛt mi: bi: leɪd

Fly away, fly away, breath;
flaɪ ə'weɪ, flai ə'weɪ brɛθ

I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
aɪ æm sleɪn baɪ ə feə kru:əl meɪd

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
maɪ fraʊd ɒv waɪt stʌk ɔ:l wið ju:

O, prepare it!
oʊ pri'peə_ɪt

My part of death, no one so true
maɪ pɑ:t ɒv dɛθ noʊ wʌn soʊ tru:

Did share it.
dɪd ʃeə_ɪt

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
nɒt ə 'flaʊə nɒt ə 'flaʊə swi:t

On my black coffin let there be strown.
ɒn maɪ blæk 'kɒfɪn lɛt ðeə bi: stroʊn

Not a friend, not a friend greet
nɒt ə frɛnd nɒt ə frɛnd gri:t

My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
maɪ puə kɔ:ps weə maɪ baʊnz ʃæl bi: θroun

A thousand thousand sighs to save,
ə 'θaʊzənd 'θaʊzənd saɪz tu: seɪv

Lay me, O, where
leɪ mi: oʊ weə

Sad true lover never find my grave,
sæd tru: 'lʌvə 'nevə faɪnd maɪ greɪv

To weep there!
tu: wi:p ðeə]