Sad Cypress
for the Brampton Consort

Martin Johnson

not too slow $\frac{d}{=}$ 85

Come away, come away, death
And in sad cypress, come away, come away, death
And in sad cypress, come away, come away, death
And in sad cypress

let me be laid
Fly away, fly away, breath
press let me be laid
Fly away, fly away, breath
press let me be laid
Fly away, fly away, breath
press let me be laid
fly away, breath
I am slain by a fair cruel maid. My shroud of white, stuck all with

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I am slain by a fair cruel maid. My shroud of white, stuck all with

I am slain by a fair cruel maid. My shroud of white, stuck all with

I am slain by a fair cruel maid. My shroud of white, stuck all with
a tempo pp

Not a flower, not a flower sweet on my black coffin

let there be strown:
Not a friend, not a friend greet

let there be strown
Not a friend, not a friend greet

let there be strown
Not a friend, not a friend greet

let there be strown
Not a friend, not a friend greet

let there be strown
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand

My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown
A thousand thousand

My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown
A thousand thousand

My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown
A thousand thousand

My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown
A thousand thousand

Lay me, O! where sad true lover ne'er

Lay me, O! where sad true lover ne'er

Lay me, O! where sad true lover ne'er

Lay me, O! where sad true lover ne'er

Lay me, O! where sad true lover ne'er

Lay me, O! where sad true lover ne'er

My sighs to save,
sighs to save,
sighs to save,
sighs to save,
sighs to save,
sighs to save,
sighs to save,
sighs to save,