

## The Silver Swan

Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)

*The First Set of Madrigals and Mottets* (London, 1612)

Cantus      The sil-ver Swanne,      who liv - ing had no Note,      When

Altus      The sil-ver Swanne,      who liv-ing had no Note,      When

Quintus      The sil-ver Swanne, who liv-ing had no\_\_ Note, When death ap - proacht un -

Tenor      The sil - ver Swanne, who liv-ing had no\_\_\_\_\_Note,      When      death ap-

Bassus      The sil-ver Swanne,      who liv - ing had no Note,      When death ap-proacht

death ap - proacht un - lockt her si - lent throat,      Lean - ing her

death ap - proacht un - lockt her si - lent throat,      Lean - ing her breast a -

- lockt\_ her\_ si - lent\_\_\_\_\_ throat, Lean - ing her breast a - -

proacht un - - lockt her si - lent throat,      a - gainst the ree - dy

un - lockt her si - lent, si - lent throat, Lean - ing her breast a -

breast a - gainst the ree - dy shore,      Thus sung her first and

gainst the\_\_\_\_\_ ree - dy shore,      Thus sung her first and last, and

gainst the ree - dy shore,      Thus sung her first and last, and sung no

shore,      Thus sung her first and last, and sung no more, and sung\_

gainst the ree - dy shore,      Thus sung her first and last, and

last, and sung no more, Fare - well all joyes, O  
 sung no more, Fare - well all joyes, O death come  
 more, no more, Fare - well all joyes, O death come close mine  
 no more, Fare - well all joyes, O death  
 sung no more, Fare - well all joyes, O death come close mine

10  
 death come close mine eyes, More Geese than Swannes now live, more fooles than wise.  
 close mine eyes, More Geese than Swannes now live, more fooles than wise.  
 eyes, More Geese than Swannes now live, more fooles than wise, than wise.  
 come close mine eyes, More Geese than Swannes now live, more fooles than wise.  
 eyes, More Geese than Swannes now live, more fooles than wise.

The silver Swanne, who living had no Note,  
 When death approacht unlockt her silent throat,  
 Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,  
 Thus sung her first and last, and sung no more,  
 Farewell all joyes, O death come close mine eyes,  
 More Geese than Swannes now live, more fooles than wise.