



# Come away, death

Norman O'Neill  
(1875–1934)

*Poco adagio*

S  
Come a-way, come a-way, death, And in sad cy - press let me be laid;

A  
Come a-way, come a-way, death, And in sad cy - press let me be laid;

T  
Come a-way, come a-way, death, And in sad cy - press let me be laid;

B  
Come a-way, come a-way, death, And in sad cy - press let me be laid;

## Come away, death

5

*cresc.* *mf*

S Fly a-way, fly a-way, breath, I am slain by a fair cru-el maid.

A Fly a-way, fly a-way, breath, I am slain by a fair cru-el maid.

T Fly a-way, fly a-way, breath, I am slain by a fair cru-el maid.

B Fly a-way, fly a-way, breath, I am slain by a fair cru-el maid.

9

*p cresc.* *p* *pp*

S My shroud of white, stuck all with yew, O pre- pare it; My part of

A My shroud of white, stuck all with yew, O pre- pare it; My part of

T My shroud of white, stuck all with yew, O pre- pare it; My part of

B My shroud of white, stuck all with yew, O pre- pare it; My part of

13

*rit.* *pp a tempo*

S death, no one so true, Did share it. Not a flow'r, not a flow'r sweet,

A death, no one so true, Did share it. Not a flow'r, not a flow'r sweet,

T death, no one so true, Did share it. Not a flow'r, not a flow'r sweet,

B death, no one so true, Did share it. Not a flow'r, not a flow'r sweet,

# Come away, death

17

S On my black cof - fin let there be strown; Not a friend, not a friend greet My

A On my black cof - fin let there be strown; Not a friend, not a friend greet My

T On my black cof - fin let there be strown; Not a friend, not a friend greet My

B On my black cof - fin let there be strown; Not a friend, not a friend greet My

21

S poor corpse where my bones shall be thrown: A thou-sand thou - sand sighs to save,

A poor corpse where my bones shall be thrown: A thou-sand thou - sand sighs to save,

T poor corpse where my bones shall be thrown: A thou-sand thou - sand sighs to save,

B poor corpse where my bones shall be thrown: A thou-sand thou - sand sighs to save,

Meno mosso

25

S Lay me, oh, where Sad true lov - er ne'er find my grave, To weep there!

A Lay me, oh, where Sad true lov - er ne'er find my grave, To weep there!

T Lay me, oh, where Sad true lov - er ne'er find my grave, To weep there!

B Sad true lov - er ne'er find my grave, To weep there!

**Norman Houston O'Neill** (1875–1934) was born in Kensington, London, England, son of Irish painter George Bernard O'Neill. He studied in London with Arthur Somervell and at the Hoch Conservatory in Frankfurt. He taught harmony and composition at the Royal Academy of Music, conductor at the Haymarket Theatre, and was treasurer of the Royal Philharmonic Society. He died of blood poisoning after being struck by a carrier tricycle on Oxford Street, London, on his way to Broadcasting House for a recording session. His compositions include a significant amount of music for the theatre as well as symphonic suites, chamber works, instrumental music, piano works, choral works, and songs; and, in 1910, he was the first British composer to conduct his own orchestral music on record.

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 where my bones shall be thrown:  
A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me, oh, where  
Sad true lover never find my grave,  
To weep there!

*Twelfth Night*  
Act II: Scene 4  
William Shakespeare (1564–1616)

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