



Shakespeare Songs  
No. 3

**Come away,  
come away, death**

**George A. Macfarren  
(1813-1887)**

# Come away, come away, death

G. A. Macfarren

♩ = 60

The first system of the musical score is for four voices: Soprano (S), Alto (A), Tenor (T), and Bass (B). It begins with a tempo marking of ♩ = 60. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are: 'Come a - way, \_\_\_\_\_ come a - way, \_\_\_\_\_ come a - way, death, \_\_\_\_\_ And in'. The score includes dynamic markings: *pp* (pianissimo) at the start, *cresc.* (crescendo) over the first three phrases, *f* (forte) for 'death', and *pp* for 'And in'. The Soprano part has a melodic line with a long note on 'death'. The Alto part has a similar melodic line. The Tenor and Bass parts provide harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

S  
Come a - way, \_\_\_\_\_ come a - way, \_\_\_\_\_ come a - way, death, \_\_\_\_\_ And in

A  
Come a - way, \_\_\_\_\_ come a - way, \_\_\_\_\_ come a - way, death, \_\_\_\_\_ And in

T  
Come a - way, come a - way, come a - way, death, \_\_\_\_\_ And in

B  
Come a - way, come a - way, come a - way, death, \_\_\_\_\_ And in

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The second system of the musical score continues the four-voice setting. The lyrics are: 'sad cy - press let me be laid; \_\_\_\_\_ Fly a - way, \_\_\_\_\_ fly a -'. The score includes dynamic markings: *pp* (pianissimo) at the start and *pp* for 'fly a -'. The Soprano part has a melodic line with a long note on 'Fly a - way'. The Alto part has a similar melodic line. The Tenor and Bass parts provide harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

S  
sad cy - press let me be laid; \_\_\_\_\_ Fly a - way, \_\_\_\_\_ fly a -

A  
sad cy - press let me be laid; \_\_\_\_\_ Fly a - way, \_\_\_\_\_ fly a -

T  
sad cy - press let me be laid; \_\_\_\_\_ Fly a - way,

B  
sad cy - press let me be laid; \_\_\_\_\_ Fly a - way,

# Come away, come away, death

10

*cresc.* *f* *pp*

S way, fly a - way, breath, I am slain by a

A way, fly a - way, breath, I am slain by a

T *pp* *f* *mf* fly a - way, fly a - way, breath, I am slain, I am slain by a

B *pp* *f* *pp* fly a - way, fly a - way, breath, I am slain, by a

15

*pp* *dolce*

S fair cru - el maid. My shroud of white stuck all with yew, my shroud, O pre -

A *pp* *dolce* fair cru - el maid. My shroud of white stuck all with yew, my shroud, O pre -

T *pp* *dolce* fair cru - el maid. My shroud of white stuck all with yew, my shroud, O pre -

B *pp* *dolce* fair cru - el maid. My shroud of white stuck all with yew, O pre -

20

*f* *dim.*

S pare it; My part of death no one so true, no one so true did share

A pare it; My part of death no one so true, no one so true did share it,

T pare it; My part of death no one so true, no one so true did share it, did

B pare it; My part of death no one so true did share

## Come away, come away, death

25 *dim.* *pp* *pp* *cresc.*

S it, \_\_\_\_\_ did share it. \_\_\_\_\_ Not a flow'r, \_\_\_\_\_ not a flow'r, \_\_\_\_\_ not a

A \_\_\_\_\_ did share it. \_\_\_\_\_ Not a flow'r, \_\_\_\_\_ not a flow'r, \_\_\_\_\_ not a

T share it, did share it. \_\_\_\_\_ Not a flow'r, not a flow'r,

B it, \_\_\_\_\_ did share it. \_\_\_\_\_ Not a flow'r, not a flow'r,

30 *f* *pp* *f* *pp* *f* *pp*

S flow'r sweet, \_\_\_\_\_ On my black cof - fin let there be strown; \_\_\_\_\_

A flow'r sweet, \_\_\_\_\_ On my black cof - fin let there be strown; \_\_\_\_\_

T not a flow'r sweet, \_\_\_\_\_ On my black cof - fin let there be strown; \_\_\_\_\_

B not a flow'r sweet, \_\_\_\_\_ On my black cof - fin let there be strown; \_\_\_\_\_

35 *pp* *f* *pp* *f* *pp* *f* *pp*

S \_\_\_\_\_ Not a friend, \_\_\_\_\_ not a friend, \_\_\_\_\_ not a friend greet \_\_\_\_\_ My poor

A \_\_\_\_\_ Not a friend, \_\_\_\_\_ not a friend, \_\_\_\_\_ not a friend greet \_\_\_\_\_ My poor

T \_\_\_\_\_ Not a friend, not a friend, not a friend greet My poor

B \_\_\_\_\_ Not a friend, not a friend, not a friend greet \_\_\_\_\_ My poor



## Come away, come away, death

54

S To weep there, \_\_\_\_\_

A To weep there, \_\_\_\_\_

T lov - er ne'er find my grave, To weep there, \_\_\_\_\_ To weep

B To weep

*pp*

59

S where Sad true lov - er ne'er find my grave, \_\_\_\_\_ ne'er

A where Sad true lov - er ne'er find my grave, \_\_\_\_\_ ne'er

T there, \_\_\_\_\_ where Sad true there lov - er ne'er find my grave, \_\_\_\_\_ ne'er

B there, \_\_\_\_\_ where Sad true lov - er ne'er find my grave, \_\_\_\_\_ ne'er

*sf*

64

S find \_\_\_\_\_ my grave, \_\_\_\_\_ To weep there, \_\_\_\_\_ To weep \_\_\_\_\_

A find \_\_\_\_\_ my grave, \_\_\_\_\_ To weep there, \_\_\_\_\_ To weep

T find \_\_\_\_\_ my grave, \_\_\_\_\_ To weep there, \_\_\_\_\_ To weep \_\_\_\_\_

B find \_\_\_\_\_ my grave, \_\_\_\_\_ To weep there, \_\_\_\_\_ To weep

*sf* *pp*

# Come away, come away, death

69

S  
there, to weep there.

A  
there, to weep there.

T  
there, to weep there.

B  
there, to weep there.

Novello, Ewre, & Co.  
91885)

**Sir George Alexander Macfarren** (1813-1887) was born in London. From early youth, he suffered from poor health and weak eyesight. His eyesight continually deteriorated until he became totally blind in 1860. However, his blindness had little effect on his productivity. Macfarren began to study music when he was fourteen and, at sixteen, entered the Royal Academy of Music. Because of his eyesight, he abandoned performance and concentrated on composition. He later taught at the Academy, eventually becoming a principal. He was also appointed professor of music at Cambridge University in 1875. He was conductor at Covent Garden, London; founder the Handel Society; program note writer for the Philharmonic Society; and edited the works of Handel and Purcell. He wrote 18 operas, 13 oratorios and cantatas, 9 symphonies, and 162 songs. He was active as writer of part-songs, literature for the many amateur choirs appearing throughout the country. He was knighted in 1883 on the same day as Arthur Sullivan and George Grove. His brother Walter Macfarren (1826-1905) was a pianist, composer and professor of the Royal Academy.

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*  
William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

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