



11

*mp*

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,

14

O pre pare it; My part of death no

17

one so true Did share it.

20

*p*

Not a flower, not a flower

*pp*

23

sweet, On my black caf - fin let there be

8 CVIII

⑤

25

strown; Not a friend, not a friend

27

greet My poor corse, where my bones shall be

C3

29

thrown. A

31

thou - sand thou - sand sighs to save,

33

Lay me, O where

35

Sad true lov - er nev - er find my

37

grave, To weep there, to

39 *cresc.* *mf*

weep, to weep

*f*

41

there.

CVIII

⑥

43

CIII CIV CIII

*pizz.* *pizz.* *rall...*