

The cypress curtain of the night

Thomas Campion
Arranged Andrico

1 The cy - press cur - tain of the night is spread. And o - ver
Yet Grief oft seize my my trem - bling eyes that through faint - ness close, And then the
craz'd

6 all a si - - lent dew is cast. The weak - er cares by sleep
map of hell be - fore me and stands, Which ghosts it do to see, and I
bo - dy is con - sum'd and gone, Bear it to thy black den,

11 are con - quer - ed, But I a - lone with hid - - eous grief a -
am one of those, Or - dain'd to pine in sor - rows' end - less
there keep it sure, Where thou ten thou - sand soules doest tire up -

16 gha - In spite of Mor - phe - us' charms a watch do keep
bands. Since from my wretch - ed - soul all hopes are reft,
on. Yet all do not af - ford such food to thee,

22 O - ver mine eyes to ban - ish care to sleep.
And now no cause of life to me part is left.
As this poor one, the wors - er part of me.