

The cypress curtain of the night

Thomas Campion

The cy- press press cur- tain of the night is spread,
Yet oft my trem- bling eyes through faint- ness close;
Grief, seize my soul, for that will still en- dure

And ov- er all a si- silent dew is
And then the map bo- be- fore me
When my craz'd dy is con- sum'd and

cast. The weak- er cares by sleep are con- quer-
stands, Which ghosts do see, and I am one of it
gone; Bear it to thy black den, there keep it

ed, But I a-
those Or- Where dain'd thou to ten
sure,

lone pine thou- with hi- in sor- sand souls deous grief row's end- dost tire a- less up- ghast, bands, pon; 1 |

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