

# 'Tis now dead night

Words by Thomas Campion

John Coprario

Tis now dead night, and not a light on  
Sleep, joy! Die, mirth! and not a smile be

. | | | | | | | | |

a b a a b b a b a a b b a b a

r r a r r r r r a r r r r r r r

earth, or star in heav'n doth shine, Let now a mother mourn the  
seen, or show of heart's content! For never sorrow near-er

| | | | | | | | |

a b a a b a a a a a a a a a a a

r r r a r r r r r r r r r r r r r r r

r r a a a a a a a a a a a

no-blest birth that e-ver was both mor-tal, and di-vine. O  
touch'd a queen, nor were there ev-er tears more du-ly spent. O

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a b a b a a a a a a a a a a a

r r r r r r r r r r r r r r r r r r r r

e a a a a a a a a a a a

sweet-ness peer-less! more than hu-man grace! O  
dear re-mem-brance, full of rue-ful woe! O

| | | | | | | | |

b a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a

r r r r r r r r r r r r r r r r r r r r

e a a a a a a a a a a a

flow- 'ry beau- ty! O un- time- ly death! Now Mu- sic fill this  
 cease- less pass- ion! O un- hum- man hour! No plea- sure now can

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o r d a r r r a b a a b a a b a r r a r e

place with thy most dole- full breath. O, sing- ing,  
 grow. for with- er'd is her flow'r. O an- guish,

| | | | | | | | | | | | |

o r e e a a b a a b a r r a r b o b

a r e e b r a r a a a b

wail a fate more tru- ly fu- ne- ral, than when with all his sons the  
 do thy worst, and fu- ry tra- gi- cal, since Fate, in tak- ing one, hath

| | | | | | | | | | | | |

b b a o a o r r a o o a r b a b a b

o r a e a a e a r r r a r e a r r r

sire of Troy did fall.  
 thus dis- or- der'd all.

| | | | | | | | | | | | |

a a a a b a a b a b a a

r b r e a a r a o r b r a r b r