



2

20 *dolce*

Not a flow'r, not a flow'r sweet, On my black cof-fin let there be strown,

*pp* *mf*

25

Not a friend, not a friend greet my poor corpse, where my bones shall be

*f* *mf*

29 *mezza*

thrown; — A thou-sand, thou - sand sighs to save, Lay me where sad true

*mf* *f*

34 *forte*

love — ne-ver find my grave to wheep there! Come a - way, come a - way, death!

*f* *p* *pp*

*f* *p* *mp* *pp*