# 'Tis now dead night <br> Words by Thomas Campion 


shine, Let now a mo-thermournthe no- blest birth that e- ver wasbothmor- tal, andditent! For ne- ver sor-row near- er touch'd a queen, nor werethere ev- er tearsmoredu- ly


beau- ty! O un-time- ly deathNowMu- sic fill this place with thy mostdole-full breath. pass- ion! O un-hum-man hour! No plea-sure now can grow. for with- er'd is her flow'r.


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


