Comes, sable night

John Ward (c.1589-1638)

Cantus (part 1 of 6)

The first set of English madrigals (Thomas Snodham press, London, 1613)

Come, sa - ble night, *come, sa - ble night,* put on thy mour - ning stole, *put on thy mour-ning stole,* and help A - min - tas

sad - ly to con - dole, sad - ly to con-dole, sad - ly to con-dole, sad - ly to con-dole, to con - dole, sad - ly to con - dole. Be - hold, the sun hath shut his gold-en

eye, the day, the day is spent, and shades, and shades fair lights sup-ply, *and shades fair lights sup - ply.* All things in sweet re-pose, *all things in sweet re-pose,* all things in

sweet re-pose their la-bours close. On - ly A-min-tas, A-min-tas, wastes his hours in

wai-ling, in wai - ling, *in wai - ling, in wai - ling,* whilst all his hopes do faint, and life is fai - ling, *and life is*

fai-ling, whilst all his hopes do faint, and life is fai - ling, and life is fai - ling,

Comes, sable night

John Ward (c.1589-1638)

Quintus (part 2 of 6)

The first set of English madrigals (Thomas Snodham press, London, 1613)

Come, sa - ble night, put on thy mour-

- ning stole, thy *mour-ning stole,* put on *thy mour - ning*

stole, and help A - min - tas sad - ly to con-dole, *sad - ly to con-dole, sad-*

- ly to con-dole, sad - ly to con - dole, sad - ly to con-dole, to con-dole. Be-hold, the sun hath

shut his gold-en eye, *the sun hath shut his gold - en eye,* the day, the day is spent, and shades,

and shades, and shades fair lights sup - ply, *fair lights sup-ply.*

All things in sweet re-pose, *all things in sweet re-pose,* *all things in sweet re-pose* their la-bours

close. On - ly A-min-tas, A-min-tas, *A-min-tas* wastes his hours in wai - ling, in wai -

ling, *wastes his hours in wai - ling,* in wai - ling, in wai - ling, in wai -

ling, whilst all his hopes do faint, and life is fai - ling, *and life is fai -*

- *ling,* whilst all his hopes do faint, and life is fai - ling, and life is fai - ling.

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Comes, sable night

Altus (part 3 of 6)

Come, sa - ble night, *come, sa - ble night,* put___ on thy mour - ning stole,___

_ put *on___ thy mour - ning stole, put on thy mour - ning stole,*___ put *on thy*

mour - ning stole, and help A - min - tas sad - ly to con - dole, *sad - ly*

to con-dole, to con - dole, sad - ly to con-dole, *sad - ly to con - dole,*___

_ *sad - ly to con - dole.* Be - hold, the sun hath shut his gold-en eye,

and shades, and shades fair lights sup-ply, and shades, *and shades fair lights sup - ply.*

All things in sweet re-pose, *all things in sweet re-pose* their la-bours close, all *things in sweet re-pose,*

_ *all things in sweet re-pose_* their_la - bours close. On-ly A-min-tas, A-min-tas, *A-min-tas*

wastes his hours in wai-ling, in wai - ling, in wai - ling, *in wai - ling,* wastes *his hours in*

wai - ling, in wai - ling, *in___ wai - ling,* whilst all his hopes do

faint, and life____ is   fai - ling,   *whilst all his hopes do faint, and life   is*___

_ *fai - ling, whilst   all his hopes do faint, and life*___ *is   fai - ling,* is   fai   -   ling.

Comes, sable night

John Ward (c.1589-1638)

Altus (part 3 of 6)

The first set of English madrigals (Thomas Snodham press, London, 1613)

Come, sa - ble night, *come, sa - ble night*, put— on thy mour - ning stole,—

— put *on— thy mour - ning stole, put on thy mour-ning stole,—* put *on thy*

mour - ning stole, and help A - min - tas sad - ly to con - dole, *sad - ly to con-dole,* to con-

dole, sad - ly to con-dole, *sad - ly to con-dole,— sad - ly to con - dole.* Be - hold,

the sun hath shut his gold-en eye, and shades, and shades fair lights sup-

ply, and shades, *and shades fair lights sup - ply.* All things in sweet re-pose,

all things in sweet re-pose their la-bours close, all *things in sweet re-pose,— all things in sweet re-pose—*

— their—la - bours close. On - ly A-min-tas, A-min-tas, *A-min-tas* wastes his hours in wai-

ling, in wai-ling, in wai-ling, *in wai - ling,* wastes *his hours in wai - ling,* in wai - ling, *in—*

wai - ling, whilst all his hopes do faint, and life— is fai - ling, *whilst all his hopes do*

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faint, and life is___ fai-ling, whilst all his hopes do faint, and life___ is fai - ling, is fai - ling.

Comes, sable night

Sextus (part 4 of 6)

Come, sa - ble night, put on thy mour - ning stole, *put on thy mour-ning stole,* put *on* thy mour-ning stole, *thy mour-ning stole,* and help A - min - tas sad - ly to con-dole, *and help A-min-tas sad- ly to con-dole,* *sad - ly to con-dole,* to con - dole, sad - ly to con- dole, *sad - ly to con - dole.* Be - hold, the sun hath shut his gold-en eye, *the sun hath shut his gold - en eye,* the day, the day is spent, and shades, and shades fair lights sup - ply, *and shades fair lights sup - ply.* All things in sweet re-pose, *all things in sweet re - pose* their la-bours close, all *things in sweet re-pose, all things in sweet re-pose* their la-bours close. On - ly A-min-tas, A-min-tas, *A-min-tas* wastes his hours in wai-ling, *wastes his hours in wai - ling, wastes his hours in wai - ling,* in wai - ling, *wai - ling,* whilst
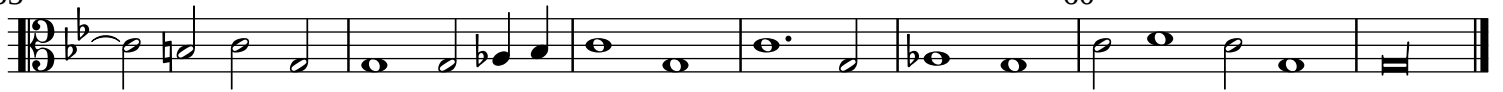
Comes, sable night: (sextus)

all his hopes do faint,__ and life is fai - ling, *whilst all his hopes do faint, and life is fai* -

55

60

$$\frac{6}{2}$$

 - *ling,* and life is fai - ling, *and life is fai - ling,* and life is fai - ling,

Comes, sable night

John Ward (c.1589-1638)

Tenor (part 5 of 6)

The first set of English madrigals (Thomas Snodham press, London, 1613)

Come, sa - ble night, *come, sa - ble night,* put on thy mour-ning stole, thy *mour-ning stole,* put *on thy* mour-ning stole, thy mour-ning stole, *thy mour-ning stole,* and help A - min-tas sad - ly to con-dole, to con - dole, *sad - ly to con-dole,* to con - dole, sad - ly to con-dole, con-dole, sad - ly *to con-dole.* Be - hold, the sun hath shut his gold-en eye, and shades, and shades fair lights, fair lights sup - ply, *shades fair lights sup-ply.* All things in sweet re-pose, *all things in sweet re-pose* their la-bours close. On - ly A-min-tas, *on - ly A-min-tas,* A-min-tas wastes his hours in wai-ling, in wai - ling, *wastes his hours in wai - ling,* in wai - ling, in wai - ling, in wai - ling, whilst all his hopes do faint, and life is fai - ling, *and life is fai-ling,* and life is fai-ling, is fai - ling, and life is fai - ling,

Comes, sable night

Bassus (part 6 of 6)

Come, sa - ble night, *come, sa - ble night,* put on thy mour - ning stole,

put on thy mour-ning stole, thy mour - ning stole, and help A - min - tas sad-

- ly to con-dole, to con - dole, sad - ly *to con - dole,* to con -

dole. Be - hold, the sun hath shut his gold-en eye, and shades,

and shades fair___ lights sup - ply. All things in sweet re-pose, *all things in sweet re-*

pose their la - bours close. On - ly A-min-tas, A-min-tas, *A-min-tas*

wastes his hours in wai - ling, in wai - ling, his *hours in wai - ling,* in

wai - ling, whilst all his hopes do faint, and life is fai - ling,

and life___ is fai - ling, and life is fai - ling.