

# Come, 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,