

# Come, sable night

John Ward (c.1589-1638)

Bassus (part 6 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, 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.