The Silver Swan

Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)

The Silver Swan who, living, had no note,

When death approach’d, unlock’d her silent throat.

Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,

The Silver Swan who, living, had no note,

When death approach’d, unlock’d her silent throat.

Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
against the reed-y shore, Thus sung her first and 

shore, Thus sung her first and last, And sung, and 

reed-y shore, Thus sung her first and last, And 

Thus sung her first and last, And sung no more, and sung 

shore, Thus sung her first and last, And 

last, And sung no more: "Fare-well all 

sung no more: "Fare-well all joys, O death come 

sung no more: "Fare-well all joys, O 

sung no more: "Fare-well all joys, O 

joys, O death come close mine eyes. More 

close mine eyes. More geese than swans now 

close mine eyes. More geese than swans 

close mine eyes. More geese than
geese than swans now live, more fools than wise."

live, more fools, more fools than wise."

now live, more fools than wise."

swans now live, more fools than wise."

swans now live, more fools than wise."