Apt for low recorders, as indicated.

The Silver Swan

Orlando Gibbons

The silver swan who, living, had no note, When death approach'd, un

lock'd her

silent

throat:

lean- ing her breast against the reedy

shore, Thus

sang her

silent silent throat: Lean- ing her breast against the reedy shore, Thus
shore, Thus sang her first and last, and sang no more.
Farewell all joys, O death, come close mine eyes; More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.

Thus sang her first and last, and sang no more. Farewell all joys, O farewell all joys, O