

Song (My Silks and Fine Array)

(from Poetical Sketches)

William Blake

Marc Mangen

even ♩ / ♩ = 70

D#7b9 G#-/D# D#7b9 D#7b9

1. My

A

silks and fine ar - ray, My smiles and lan - guish'd air, By
face is fair as heav'n, When spring - ing buds un - fold; O

G#- F#o/G# D#/G# E/G# F#7/G#

love are driv'n a - way; And mourn-ful lean Des-pair Brings me
why to him_ was't giv'n, Whose heart is win - try cold? His breast is

G#- A#ø/G# C#-7 B6ADD4 F#ADD4/E BΔ7#5/D#

yew to deck my grave: Such end true lov - ers
 love's all wor-ship'd tomb, Where all love's pil - grims

1. have. 2. His come.

SOLO on B

B

C

me an axe and a spade, Bring me a wind - ing sheet; When

G#- Fx0/G# D#/G# E/G# F#7/G#

I my grave have made, Let winds and tem - pests beat: Then down I'll

G#- A#0/G# C#-7 B6ADD4 F#ADD4/E BΔ7#5/D#

lie, as cold as clay. True love doth pass a -

C#-6 BΔ7#5 Fx0 Fx0/G# G#-

way!

D#7b9 G#-