THE SONG OF DYING



- 2. What is there more uncertain than life, a fleeting breath, or what more sure or certain than dying, parting, death?Our death is drawing nearer at every step we take, our heart's delights are dying, and with them our hearts break.
- 3. With staff in hand we journey like pilgrims to the grave, the monarch's golden sceptre is but a pilgrim's stave.

 The earth on all bestoweth a garment at our birth, upon the earth we wear it, and leave it to the earth.
- 4. Pass rugged heights and valleys, climb mountains, if ye will, yet can ye not get over yon little grave's green hill; thou canst not get beyond it, though it be e'er so small, for other hands within it will lay both thee and all.
- 5. Then sing of death and dying, that ancient pilgrim lay, because thy feet draw nearer thy grave from day to day; let it be wafted o'er thee, like distant vesper bell, and not alone of dying, but of thy rising tell.

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