



## All Things Will Die

Clearly the blue river chimes in  
its flowing  
Under my eye;  
Warmly and broadly the south  
winds are blowing  
Over the sky.  
One after another the white  
clouds are fleeting;  
Every heart this May morning in  
joyance is beating  
Full merrily;  
Yet all things must die.  
The stream will cease to flow;  
The wind will cease to blow;  
The clouds will cease to fleet;  
The heart will cease to beat;  
For all things must die.  
All things must die.  
Spring will come never more.  
O, vanity!  
Death waits at the door.  
See! our friends are all forsaking  
The wine and the merrymaking.  
We are call'd-we must go.  
Laid low, very low,  
In the dark we must lie.  
The merry glees are still;  
The voice of the bird  
Shall no more be heard,  
Nor the wind on the hill.

O, misery!  
Hark! death is calling  
While I speak to ye,  
The jaw is falling,  
The red cheek paling,  
The strong limbs failing;  
Ice with the warm blood mixing;  
The eyeballs fixing.  
Nine times goes the passing bell:  
Ye merry souls, farewell.  
The old earth  
Had a birth,  
As all men know,  
Long ago.  
And the old earth must die.  
So let the warm winds range,  
And the blue wave beat the  
shore;  
For even and morn  
Ye will never see  
Thro' eternity.  
All things were born.  
Ye will come never more,  
For all things must die.



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