



Fidele

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages:
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy
wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to
dust.
Fear no more the frown o' the
great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic,
must
All follow this, and come to dust.
Fear no more the lightning flash
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-
stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to
dust.



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