

The Song Of Death

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
Now gay with the broad setting sun;
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties,
Our race of existence is run!
Thou grim King of Terrors; thou Life's gloomy foe!
Go, frighten the coward and slave;
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know
No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant-he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero-a glorious mark;
He falls in the blaze of his fame!
In the field of proud honour-our swords in our hands,
Our King and our country to save;
While victory shines on Life's last ebbing sands, -
O! who would not die with the brave!

-Robert Burns