

www.practicetracks.co.uk

Fear No More

Reference number PT0349

Fear no more the heat o'the sun,
Nor the furious Winter's rages;
Thou thy wordly 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 lightning flash,
Nor the all dreaded thunderstone;
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.