

DEATH

(Shelley, 1820)

$\text{♩} = 50$
 (Sing on any convenient pitch; like an Appalachian folk song.)

Death is here and death is there, Death is busy e-verywhere, All around, within, beneath, Above is death — and we are death.

(Accompany with rattle, following the vocal rhythm; tremolo with every fermata)

Death has set his mark and seal On all we are and all we feel, On all we know and all we fear, M- m m m m m m m.

(Hum)

First our pleasures die— and then Our hopes, and then our fears— and when These are dead, the debt is due, Dust claims dust— and we die too.

All things that we love and cherish, Like ourselves must fade and perish; Such is our rude mortal lot— Love itself would, did they not.

f *pp*

(ca. 10';
 total Part 7 = ca. 100')