

AN ADDRESS FOR ALL. C.M.D.

William Walker

1. I sing a song which doth be-long to all the hu-man race, Con-cern-ing death which steals the breath and blasts the come-ly face;
 2. No hu-man pow'r can stop the hour where - in a mor-tal dies, A Cae-sar may be great to-day, yet death will close his eyes:

3. Tho beau-ty grace your come-ly face, with ros-es white and red, A dy-ing fall will spoil it all, for Ab-sa-lom is dead:
 4. The prin-ces high and beg-gars die, and min-gle with the dust, The rich, the brave, the ne-gro slave, the wick-ed and the just:

Come lis-ten all un-to my call which I do make to-day, For you must die as well as I, and pass from hence a-way.
 Tho some do strive and do ar-rive to rich-es and re-nown, En-joy-ing health and swim in wealth, yet death will bring them down.

Tho you ac-quire the best at-tire ap-pear-ing fine and fair, Yet death will come in-to the room, and strip you na-ked there.
 There-fore pre-pare to meet thy God, be-fore it is too late, Or else you'll weep, la-ment and cry, lost in a ru-ined state.