

Spiers And Boden, Doleful Dance Of Death

Can you dance the shaking of the sheets,
The dance that everyone must do?
Hear the drummer strike a noble beat,
The harp ring sweet and true.
Gather rosebuds while you may,
For when you hear the piper play,
You may to heaven dance away,
You may to heaven dance away.

You may fill your pockets up with gold,
And dress all in rich array.
Wise or foolish, meek or bold,
There's only a penny left to pay.
The poorest man is crowned complete,
The day he finds his winding sheet,
For death is the man that all must meet,
Yes, death is the man that all must meet.

You may build your mansions high,
With roaring fires to keep you warm.
Shut the shutters, bolt the gates,
Draw curtains tightly against the storm.
The strongest tower its hearth betrays,
When my tune the minstrel plays,
A doleful dance to end your days,
A doleful dance to end your days.