



What is this that I can't see
An icy hand's got a hold on me
I am death and I can tell
I open the doors to Heaven and Hell

I'll fix your feet so you can't walk
I'll lock your jaw so you can't talk
I'll close your eyes so you can't see
This very air come go with me

Oh Death Oh Death won't you spare me over till another year

Death I come to take the soul
Freeze the body and leave it cold
Drop the flesh right off the frame
Where earth and worm both have a claim

Mother come here to my bed
Place cold towels upon my head
My head is warm my feet are cold
Death is moving up on my soul

Oh Death consider my age
Please don't take me at this stage
All my wealth's at your command
If you'll just move your icy hand

The old the young the rich the poor
Are all alike to me you know
No wealth no land no silver or gold
Will satisfy me but your soul