

THE NEXT TO DIE

(Songbooks 2008)

We meet 'neath the sounding rafters
And the walls around are bare
As they echo to our laughter
Twould not seem that the dead were there
 So stand to your glasses steady
 'Tis all we have left to prize
 Quaff a cup to the dead already
 And one to the next who dies

Who dreads to the dead returning
Who shrinks from that sable shore
Where the high and the haughty yearning
Of the souls will be no more
 So stand...

There's a mist on the glass congealing
'Tis the hurricane's firey breath
And tis thus that the warmth of feeling
Turns to ice in the grasp of death
 So stand...

There is not time for repentance
'Tis folly to yield to despair
When a shudder may finish a sentence
Or death put an end to a prayer
 So stand...

Time was when we frowned upon others
We thought we were wiser then
But now let us all be brothers
For we never may meet again
 So stand...

But a truce to this dismal story
For death is a distant friend
So here's to a life of glory
And a laurel to crown each end
 So stand...