

King Death, - song lyrics

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KING DEATH,
Copyright, 1879, by L. P. Goulland.
Words by Barry Cornwall. Music by Ernest Ries.

King Death was a rare old fellow, he sat where no sun could shine;
And he lifted his hand so yellow and poured out his coal-black wine.
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine-hurrah! for the coal-black wine.
There came to him many a maiden whose eyes had forgot to shine,
And widows with grief o'erladen, for a draught of his coal-black wine;
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine-hurrah! for the coal-black wine.

The scholar left all his learning, the poet his fancied woes,
And the beauty her bloom returning, like life to the fading rose.
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine hurrah! for the coal-black wine.
All came to the rare old fellow, who laughed till his eyes dropped brine,
And he gave them his hand so yellow, and pledged them in Death's black wine.
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine-hurrah! for the Coal-black wine.