

Death is a Melancholy Call

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Death is a melancholy call,
A certain judgment for us all.
It takes the young as well as the old
And takes them in his arms so cold.
And it's awful, awful, awful.

I saw a youth the other day,
And in his bloom he looked so gay,
Who trifled all his time away
And sank into eternity.

When he was lying on his deathbed
Eternity he seemed to dread;
He says, "Dear Lord, I see my state,
And I am afraid I've come too late."

With dear parents and friends a-weeping round,
With tears a-flowing to the ground,
He says, "Dear parents, pray for me,
For I am bound for eternity."

A tender sister came weeping by.
Says she, "Dear brother, you are going to die
Your joys are o'er, your days are past
And you are a-going to your grave at last"

A few more breaths he seemed to breathe
Before he took his final leave:
"So, father and mother, fare you well;
I'm dragged by demons down to hell."

His corpse was laid beneath the ground
With brothers and sisters weeping round
With aching hearts and troubled minds
To think their brother's in hell confined.

"Oh, my heart aches, and my heart mourns
To see you all so unconcerned.
Repent, believe, while you have time
Before you are in hell confined.'

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