



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