

Chapel Street (8.8.8.8.8.8.)

Give ear to me ye sons of men. Why stand ye ga — zing round my — bed We all must die, The Lord knows when, and lie a — mong the

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Give ear to me ye sons of men. Why stand ye ga — zing round — my bed? We all must die, The Lord knows when, and lie a — mong the

lie a — mong the lie a — mong the . si — lent dead. Though now in health you all may die Though

lie — and lie — a — mong the . si — lent dead. Though now in health you all may die. You

lie a — mong the lie a — mong the . si — lent dead. Though now in health you all may die — — — — — Though now in — health you —

now in health you all — may die And turn and turn to dust — as soon as I. I.

all may die. And turn and turn to dust — as soon — as I. I.

all may die — — — — — And turn and turn to dust as soon as I I.