

Funeral Bell

Phidel

Oh mother, I'm scared to die.
Where, where do my good deeds lie?
Oh father, I'm scared to live,
Takes more than I've got to give.
Oh sister, my voice is weak.
Oh brother, I long for sleep.
Oh hunger, I know you well
My cruel friend is a funeral bell.

And it rings in the day and it rings in the evening.
Oh, I could pray but it won't stop you leaving.
Shadow in black, you are grim from your reaping.
Oh, can't you spare just a day for the weeping?

Oh lover, I know you're there
And I'd follow you anywhere.
Oh, give me a hand to hold
So that I may face the cold.

'Cause it rings in the day and it rings in the evening.
Oh, I could pray but it won't stop you leaving.
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