Fear no more the heat o' the sun

Fear no more the heat o' the sun, Nor the furious winter's rages;

Thou thy worldly task hast done, Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages;

Golden lads and girls all must, As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.
Ah Ah Ah Ah tyrant's stroke: Ah

Ah Ah Ah Ah

more the frown o' the great; Thou art past the tyrant's stroke: Care no

Ah

Ah Ah as the oak: Ah

Ah Ah Ah Ah Ah

more to clothe and eat; To thee the reed is as the oak: The sceptre, learning,

Ah

Ah Ah Ah Ah Ah

Ah Ah Ah Ah Ah

physic, must All follow this, and come to dust. Ah

Ah

Fear no more the light-
flash, Nor the all-dreaded thunderstone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan;
All lovers young, all lovers must consign to thee, and come to dust.
No exorciser harm thee!
Qui- et con- summ- a- tion have; And re- nown- ed be thy grave!

No- thing ill come near thee!

Qui- et con- summ- a- tion have; And re- nown- ed be thy grave!

Nor no witch- craft charm thee! Ghost un- laid for- bear thee! No- thing ill come near thee!

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