

Cymbeline

Loreena McKennitt

Fear no more the heat o' th' sun
Nor the furious winters' 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. The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this and come to dust. Fear no more the frown o' th' great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke.
Care no more to clothe and to eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this and come to dust. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee and come to dust. Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor th' all-dreaded thunder stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan.
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee and come to dust

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