



Death Be Not Proud Poem Lyrics

Death, be not proud, though some have called
thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost
overthrow
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must
flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and
desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou
then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally
And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt
die.

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