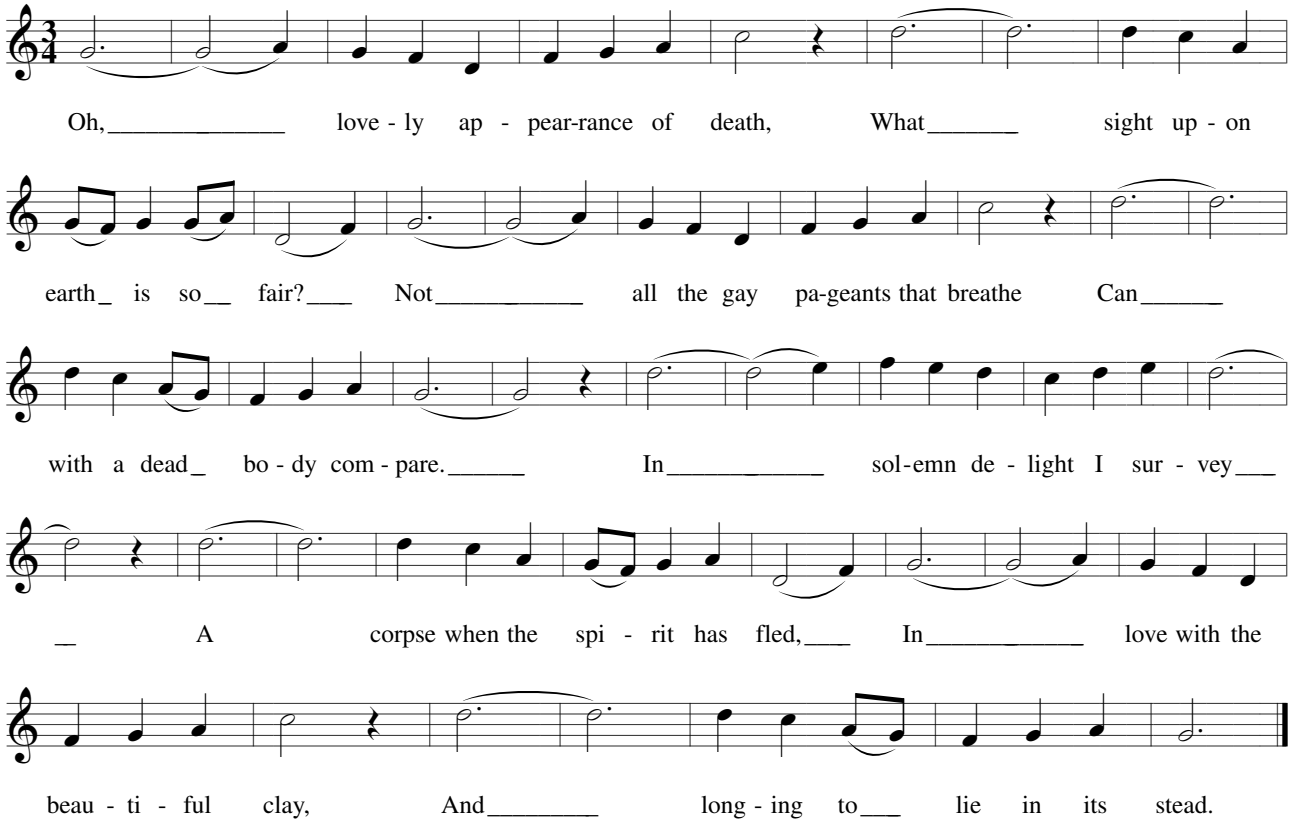
Oh, love - ly ap - pear-rance of death, What sight up - on
earth is so fair? Not all the gay pa-geants that breathe Can
with a dead bo - dy com - pare. In sol-emn de - light I sur - vey
A corpse when the spi - rit has fled, In love with the
beau - ti - ful clay, And long - ing to lie in its stead.