

# SOLEMN CALL.

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William Walker

1. I sing a song which doth be-long To all the hu-man race, Con-cern-ing death which steals the breath And blasts the come-ly face;  
*D.C. For you must die as well as I. And pass from hence a - way.*

2. No hu-man pow'r can stop the hour Where-in a mor-tal dies, A Cae-sar may be great to-day, Yet death will close his eyes:  
*D.C. En-joy-ing health and swim in wealth, Yet death will bring them down.*

*D.C.*

1. Come lis-ten all un-to my call, Which I do make to - day. Which I do make to - day.  
 2. Tho some do strive and do ar-rive To rich-es and re - nown. To rich-es and re-nown.

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