

# Song of the Brothers of Mercy\*

By FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

*(Translated by Francis Hard)*

With rapid pace on strideth Death;  
No breathing spell to man is given:  
Midway the course Death stops his breath,  
And sends him to his God unshiven;  
And whether he's prepared or no,  
Each man before his Judge must go.

\* From "Wilhelm Tell."