1. Lord, what a fee - ble piece, Is this our mortal frame! Our life how poor a tri - fle 'tis, That scarce de - serves the name!

2. Our moments fly a - pace, Nor will our minutes stay; Just like a flood, our has - ty days Are sweep - ing us a - way.

A - las, the brittle clay That built our bo - dy first! And every month, and every day, 'Tis mould'ring back to dust.

Well, if our days must fly, We'll keep their end in sight; We'll spend them all in wisdom's way, And let them speed their flight.

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