

# Danbury

5

Treble  
1. Lord, what a fee - ble piece Is this our

Counter  
2. A - las, the brit - tle clay That built our

Tenor  
3. Our mom - ents fly a - pace, Nor will our  
4. Well, if our days must fly, We'll keep their

Bass  
5. They'll waft us soon - er o'er This life's tem -

Tr.  
mor - tal frame! Our life, how poor a

C.  
bo - dy first! And eve - ry month, and

T.  
min - utes stay; Just like a flood, our  
end in sight; We'll spend them all in

B.  
pes - tuous sea; Soon we shall reach the

10

Tr.  
tri - fle 'tis, That scarce de - serves the name!

C.  
eve - ry day, 'Tis molder - ing back to dust.

T.  
has - ty days Are sweep - ing us a - way.  
wis - dom's way, And let them speed their flight.

B.  
peace - ful shore Of blest e - ter - ni - ty.