

1. Our days, alas! our mortal days Are short and wretched too; 2. Tis but at best a narrow bound That heav'n allows to men, 3. Well, if ye must be sad and few, Run on, my days, in haste; 4. Let heav'nly love prepare my soul, And call her to the skies,
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1. "Evil and few," the patriarch says, And well the pa - triarch knew. 2. And pains and sins run through the round Of threescore years and ten. 3. Moments of sin and months of woe, Ye cannot fly too fast. 4. Where years of long salvation roll, And glory ne - ver dies
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Tr.


