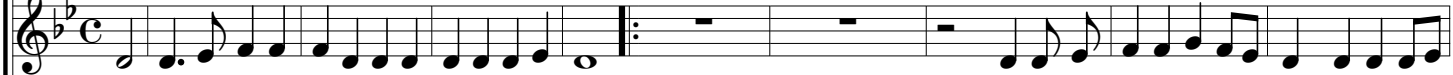


Wilton

Tr.  5 10

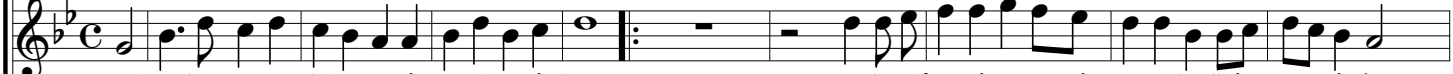
1. Our days, alas! our mortal days Are short and wretched too;
2. Tis but at best a narrow bound That heav'n allows to men,
3. Well, if ye must be sad and few, Run on, my days, in haste;
4. Let heav'nly love prepare my soul, And call her to the skies,

"E-vil and few," the patriarch
And pains and sins run through the
Moments of sin and months of
Where years of long sal-va-tion

C. 

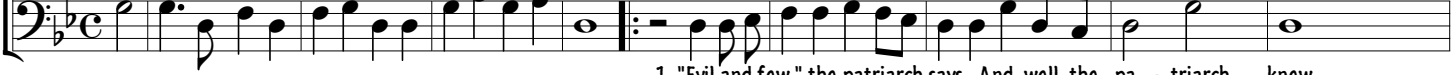
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"E- vil and few," the patriarch says, And well the
And pains and sins run through the round Of threescore
Moments of sin and months of woe, Ye can - not
Where years of long salvation roll, And glo - ry


T. 

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,


"E-vil and few," the patriarch says, And well the patriarch knew.
And pains and sins run through the round Of threescore years and ten.
Moments of sin and months of woe, Ye can- not fly too fast.
Where years of long salvation roll, And glo-ry ne - ver dies.

B. 


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.

Tr.  15

1. says, And well the patriarch knew. And well the pa - triarch knew.
2. round Of threescore years and ten. Of three - score years and ten.
3. woe, Ye can - not fly too fast. Ye can - not fly too fast.
4. roll, And glo - ry ne - ver dies. And glo - ry ne - ver dies.

C. 

1. patriarch knew. "E- vil and few," the pa-triarch says, And well the pa - triarch knew.
2. years and ten. And pains and sins run through the round Of three - score years and ten.
3. fly too fast. Moments of sin and months of woe, Ye can - not fly too fast.
4. ne - ver dies. Where years of long sal-va-tion roll, And glo - ry ne - ver dies.

T. 

1. "E-vil and few," the patriarch says, And well the pa - triarch, pa - triarch knew.
2. And pains and sins run through the round Of three - score, three - score years and ten.
3. Moments of sin and months of woe, Ye can - not, can - not fly too fast.
4. Where years of long salvation roll, And glo - ry ne - ver, ne - ver dies.

B. 