

Haverhill

5 10

1. Alas, the brittle clay That built our body first! And every month, and every day, Tis mould'ring back to dust. And every month, and
2. 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. We'll spend them all in

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15 1. 2.

1. every day. Tis mouldering back to dust, Tis mould'ring back to dust.
2. wisdom's way, And let them speed their flight, And let them speed their flight.

1. day, Tis mould - ring back to dust, Tis mould'ring back to dust.
2. way, And let them speed their flight, And let them speed their flight.

1. mould - ring back to dust, Tis mould'ring back to dust.
2. let them speed their flight, And let them speed their flight.

1. mouldring back to dust, Tis mould'ring back to dust. And
2. let speed their flight, And let them speed their flight. We'll