

# Norfolk

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. A - las, the brit - tle clay That built our bo - dy first! And eve - ry  
 2. Our mo - ments fly a - pace, Nor will our min - utes stay; Just like a  
 3. Well, if our days must fly, We'll keep their end in sight; We'll spend them  
 4. They'll waft us soon - er o'er This life's tem - pes - tuous sea; Soon we shall

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

10 15

month, and eve - ry day, 'Tis  
 flood, our has - ty days Are  
 all in wis - dom's way, And  
 reach the peace - ful shore Of

1. 'Tis molder - ing back to dust, 'Tis  
 2. Are sweep - ing us a - way, Are  
 3. And let them speed their flight, And  
 4. Of blest e - ter - ni - ty, Of

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

1. 2.

dust, 'Tis molder - ing back to dust. dust.  
 way, Are sweep - ing us a - way. -way.  
 flight, And let them speed their flight. flight.  
 ty, Of blest e - ter - ni - ty. ty.

molder sweep - ing back to dust. dust.  
 let sweep - ing us a - way. -way.  
 blest let them speed their flight. flight.  
 e - ter - ni - ty. ty.

molder sweep - ing back to dust. dust.  
 let sweep - ing us a - way. -way.  
 blest let them speed their flight. flight.  
 e - ter - ni - ty. ty.

molder sweep - ing back to dust. 'Tis dust.  
 let sweep - ing us a - way. Are -way.  
 blest let them speed their flight. And flight.  
 e - ter - ni - ty. Of ty.