

2. Alas, the brittle clay That built our body first! And every month, and every day, 'Tis mould'ring back to dust. 3. Our moments fly apace, Nor will our minutes stay; Just like a flood, our hasty days Are sweeping us away. 4. 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. 5. They'll waft us sooner o'er This life's tempestuous sea; Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore Of blest eternity.