

Pawtuxet

Our days, alas! our mor-tal days Are short and wretched too; And well the pat-riarch knew. 'Tis
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but at best a narrow bound That heaven al-lows to men, And pains and sins run through the round Of three-score years and ten. Well,
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if ye must be sad and few, Run on, my days in haste, Run on, my days, Run on my days, Run on my days in haste;

Well, if ye must be sad and few, Run on, my days, Run on my days in haste, Run on, my days, Run on my days in haste;

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if ye must be sad and few, Run on, my days. Run on my days in haste, Run on my days, Run on my days in haste;

Moments of sin and months of woe, Ye can - not fly too fast. Let heavenly love pre - pare my soul, And call her to the

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skies, Where years of long sal-va-tion roll, And glo - ry ne - ver dies, Where years of long sal - va-tion roll, And glo - ry ne - ver dies.

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