

Danbury

Transcribed from *The American Harmony*, 1793.

1. A - las, — the brit - tle clay That built our bo - dy first!
2. Our mo - ments fly — a - pace, Nor will our min - utes stay;

And eve - ry month, and
Just like a flood, our

And eve - ry month, and eve - ry day, 'Tis mold - ering back to
Just like a flood, our ha - sty days Are swee - ping us a -

eve - ry month, and eve - ry day, 'Tis mold - ering back to dust, 'Tis mold -
like a flood, our ha - sty days Are swee - ping us a - way, Are swee -

eve - ry day, 'Tis mold - ering back to dust, 'Tis mold - ering back to dust, 'Tis mold -
ha - sty days Are swee - ping us a - way, Are swee - ping us a - way, Are swee -

dust, 'Tis mold - ering back to dust.
way, Are swee - ping us a - way.

back to dust, 'Tis mold - ering back to dust.
us a - way, Are swee - ping us a - way.

- ering back to dust, 'Tis mold - ering back to dust.
- ping us a - way, Are swee - ping us a - way.

- ering back to dust, 'Tis mold - ering back to dust. And
- ping us a - way, Are swee - ping us a - way. Just

3. 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.

4. They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.