Lord What a Feeble Piece

Doh is Bb · 4/4 Tune: ST. BRIDE

| l, - | m, - l, - d - t, - | l, - - - - - d - |
Lord what a feeble piece Is

| s, - d - m - r - | d - - - - - m - |
this our mortal frame! Our

| r - d - t, - l, - | s, - f, - m, - m - |
life how poor a trifle 'tis, That

| l, - r - d - t, - | l, - - - - - |
scarce deserves the name!

The other verses

2 Alas the brittle clay
That built our body first!
And every month, and every day
'Tis mouldering 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.

Tune ST. BRIDE by Samuel Howard (died undefined); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.