Our Days, Alas! Our Mortal Days

Doh is D · 4/4 Tune: CAITHNESS

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| d - | m - f - s - d - | t, - d - r - m - |
  Our     days, alas! our          mortal days Are

| f - s - l - l - | s - - - - - s - |
  short and wretched       too; "E-

| l - t - d' - m - | f - s - l - s - |
  vil and few," the        patriarch says, And

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
  well the patriarch       knew.
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The other verses

2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound
That heaven allows to men,
And pains and sins run thro' the round
Of threescore years and ten.

3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste;
Moments of sin, and months of woe,
Ye cannot fly too fast.

4 Let heavenly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

Tune CAITHNESS (Scottish Psalter); 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.