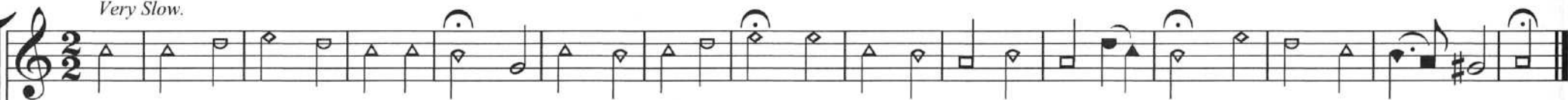


COLESHILL. C.M.

Very Slow.

1. Thee we a - dore, E - ter - nal Name, And hum - bly own to Thee How fee - ble is our mor - tal frame, What dy - ing worms are we.



2. The year rolls round, and steals a - way The breath that first it gave; What - e'er we do, wher - e'er we be, We're trav - 'ling to the grave.



3. Dan - gers stand thick thro' all the ground, To push us to the tomb; And fierce dis - eas - es wait a - round, To hur - ry mor - tals home.

