

# LITTLE WORTH. 8,8,4,8,8,4.

531

Col. D.H. Smith, 1853

1. A - las! how poor and lit - tle worth Are all those glit - t'ring toys of earth That lure us  
 2. Where is the strength that spurned de - cay, The step that rolled so light and gay, The heart's blithe

3. Our birth is but a start - ing place; Life is the run - ning of the race, And death the  
 4. Oh, let the soul its slum - bers break, A - rouse its sens - es and a - wake To see how

here! Dreams of a sleep that death must break: A - las! be - fore it bids us wake, They dis - ap - pear.  
 tone? The strength is gone, the step is slow, And joy grows wea - ri - ness and woe, When age comes on.

goal: There all those glit - t'ring toys are brought; That path a - lone, of all un - sought, Is found of all.  
 soon Life, like its glo - ries glides a - way, And the stern foot - steps of de - cay Come steal - ing on.