

tire-some clock, As it call'd at day-break bold - ly, When the dawn look'd grey o'er the mist - y way And the hearts are gone, That warm - er beat, and young - er; Its hands still move, though hands we love Are

rit. *ra'l.* *a tempo.*
morn - ing air blew cold - ly. Tick, tick, it said, . . . Quick out of bed, For five I've giv'n
clasp'd on earth no long - er. Tick, tick, it said, To the church - yard bed, The grave hath giv'n

warn - ing; You'll nev - er have health you'll nev - er get wealth, Un - less you're up soon in the morn - ing.
warn - ing; Up, up, and rise, and look to the skies, And pre - pare for a heav - en - ly morn - ing.

p *rall.*