

DULL CARE.

"And when the people complained, it displeased the Lord." -- Num. 11:1.

Arr. - E. J. King, 1844.

Bb Major

1. Why should we at our lot com-plain, Or grieve at our dis-tress? Ah! we're much to blame, We're all the same --
 Some think if they could rich-es gain, They'd gain true hap-pi-ness.
2. Why should the rich de-spise the poor? Why should the poor re-pine? Ah! we're much to blame, We're all the same --
 A lit-tle time will make us all In e-qual friend-ship join.

3. The on-ly cir-cum-stance of life That ev-er I could find When we've this in store, We have much more
 To soft-en cares and tem-per strife Was a con-tent-ed mind;
4. When age, old creep-ing age comes on, And we are young no more, We'll more faith-ful be Than for-mer-ly,
 Let's all re-pent the sins we've done, Nor grieve that youth is o'er;

A - like we're made of clay; Then, since we have a Sav - ior dear, Let's drive all care a - way.
 A - like we're made of clay; Then, since we have a Sav - ior dear, Let's drive all care a - way.

Than wealth could e'er con - vey; Then, since we have a Sav - ior dear, Let's drive all care a - way.
 And con - stant - ly to pray; Then, since we have a Sav - ior dear, Let's drive all care a - way.