

$\text{♩} = 112$



Oh why should we at our lot com-plain or grieve at our dis-



ress? Some think if they could rich-es gain 'twould be true hap-pi-



ness. But a-las how vain is all their strife,



life's cares it will not al-lay, And while we're here with our



friends so dear we'll drive dull care a-way. A-way, a-way, a-



way, a-way— We will drive dull care a-way! And



while we're here with our friends so dear we'll drive dull care a-way,



all the same; we're all made of one clay And