As the Sweet Flower That Scents the Morn

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: MELCOMBE

| s - | s - f - m - r - | d - l - s - s - |
As the sweet flower that scents the morn, But

| d' - t - l - s - | s - fe - s - m - |
withers in the rising day, Thus

| m - f - s - m - | r - m - f - f - |
lovely was this infant's dawn, Thus

| m - r - s - f - | m - r - d - |
swiftly fled its life away.

The other verses

2 It died ere its expanding soul
Had ever burnt with wrong desires,
Had ever spurned at Heaven's control,
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.

3 Yet the sad hour that took the boy
Perhaps has spared a heavier doom, —
Snatched him from scenes of guilty joy,
Or from the pangs of ills to come.

4 He died to sin; he died to care;
But for a moment felt the rod;
Then, rising on the viewless air,
Spread his light wings, and soared to God.

Tune MELCOMBE by Samuel Webbe (1740–1816); words by Anonymous. Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.