# Life Is a Span, — a Fleeting Hour

**Doh is F · 4/4** Tune: YORK

| d - | m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - r - |
Life is a span, a fleeting hour: How

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - d - |
soon the vapor flies! Man

| m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - s - |
is a tender, transient flower, That

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
e'en in blooming dies.

## The other verses

2 The once-loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps, her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

4 Cease, then, fond nature, cease thy tears;
Thy Saviour dwells on high;
There everlasting spring appears;
There joy shall never die.

Tune YORK (Scottish Psalter); words by Anne Steele (1717–1778). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.