Pleasing Spring Again Is Here

Doh is D · 6/4 Tune: WATCHMAN

| d - - - r - m - - - r - | m - - - f - s - - - - - |
Pleasing spring a- gain is here!

| s - - - m - s - - - l - | s - - - m - r - - - - - |
Trees and fields in bloom appear;

| d - - - r - m - - - r - | m - - - f - s - - - - - |
Hark! the birds, with artless lays,

| d' - - - l - s - - - r - | m - - - r - d - - - - - |
Warble their Cre- ator's praise!

| s - - - m - d' - - - l - | s - - - m - d' - - - - - |
Where, in winter, all was snow,

| s - - - m - d' - - - l - | t - - - l - s - - - - - |
Now the flow'rs in clusters grow;

| m - - - r - d - - - r - | m - - - f - s - - - - - |
And the corn, in green array,

| d' - - - l - s - - - r - | m - - - r - d - - - - - |
Promises a harvest day.

The other verses

2 What a change has taken place!
Emblem of the spring of grace;
How the soul, in winter, mourns
Till the Lord, the Sun, returns;
Till the Spirit's gentle rain,
Bids the heart revive again;
Then the stone is turned to flesh,
And each grace springs forth afresh.

3 Lord, afford a spring to me!
Let me feel like what I see;
Ah! my winter has been long,
Chilled my hopes, and stopped my song!
Winter threatened to destroy
Faith, and love, and every joy;
If thy life was in the root,
Still I could not yield thee fruit.

4 Speak, and by thy gracious voice
Make my drooping soul rejoice;
O beloved Savior, haste,
Tell me all the storms are past:
On thy garden deign to smile,
Raise the plants, enrich the soil;
Soon thy presence will restore
Life, to what seemed dead before.

5 Lord, I long to be at home,
Where these changes never come!
Where the saints no winter fear,
Where 'tis spring throughout the year:
How unlike this state below!
There the flow'rs unwith'ring blow,
There no chilling blasts annoy,
All is love, and bloom, and joy.

Tune WATCHMAN by Lowell Mason (1792–1872); words by John Newton (1725–1807). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.