So Fades the Lovely, Blooming Flower

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
So fades the lovely, blooming

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
flower, Frail, smiling solace

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
of an hour; So soon our

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
transient comforts fly, And

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
pleasure only blooms to die.

The other verses

2 Is there no kind, no healing art,
To soothe the anguish of the heart?
Spirit of grace, be ever nigh:
Thy comforts are not made to die.

3 Let gentle patience smile on pain,
Till dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

Tune OLD HUNDREDTH by Louis Bourgeois (1510–1560); 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.