The Grass, and Flow'rs, Which Clothe the Field

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
The grass, and flow'rs, which clothe the field, And

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
look so green and gay; Touched

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
by the scythe, de- fenseless yield, And

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
fall, and fade a- way.

The other verses

2 Fit emblem of our mortal state!
Thus in the scripture glass,
The young, the strong, the wise, the great,
May see themselves but grass;

3 Ah! trust not to your fleeting breath,
Nor call your time your own;
Around you, see, the scythe of death
Is mowing thousands down.

4 And you, who hitherto are spared,
Must shortly yield your lives;
Your wisdom is to be prepared,
Before the stroke arrives.

5 The grass, when dead, revives no more,
You die, to live again;
But o! if death should prove the door
To everlasting pain.

6 Lord, help us to obey thy call,
That from our sins set free
When like the grass our bodies fall,
Our souls may spring to thee.

Tune WINCHESTER OLD by Thomas Este (died undefined) and George Kirbye (died 1634); 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.