The Morning Flowers Display Their Sweets

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
The morning flowers display their

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
sweets, And gay their silken

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
leaves unfold As careless

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
of the noontide heats, As

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
fearless of th'e- vening cold.

The other verses

2 Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains:
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

Tune OLD HUNDREDTH by Louis Bourgeois (1510–1560); words by Samuel Wesley Jr. (1691–1739). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.