These Mortal Joys, How Soon They Fade

Doh is D · 4/4 Tune: CAITHNESS

| d - | m - f - s - d - | t, - d - r - m - |
These mortal joys, how soon they fade! How

| f - s - l - l - | s - - - - - s - |
swift they pass a- way! The

| l - t - d' - m - | f - s - l - s - |
dying flower re- clines its head, The

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
beauty of a day.

The other verses

2 Soon are those earthly treasures lost,
We fondly call our own;
Scarce the possession can we boast,
When straight we find them gone.

3 But there are joys which cannot die,
With God laid up in store;
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
More bright than golden ore.

4 The seeds which piety and love
Have scattered here below,
In the fair, fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.

Tune CAITHNESS (Scottish Psalter); words by Philip Doddridge (1702–1751). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing.
Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.