

# MORNING FLOWER

H 34

Samuel Wesley, Jnr. (1690-1739)

James Leach

1 The morn - ing flow'rs dis - - play their sweets, And gay their  
 2 Nipp'd by the wind's un - kind - ly blast, Parch'd by the  
 3 So blooms the hu - man face div - ine, When youth its

8 silk - en leaves un - fold, As care - less of the  
 sun's di - rec - ter ray, The mo - men - ta - ry  
 8 pride of beau - ty shows: Fair - er than spring the

14 noon - tide heats, And fear - less of the ev' - ning cold.  
 glor - ies waste, The short - liv'd beau - ties die a - way.  
 8 col - ours shine, And sweet - er than the vir - gin 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.