

Samuel Wesley, Jnr. (1690-1739)

James Leach

Treble

1 The morn - ing flow'rs dis - play their sweets, And gay their

Alto

2 Nipp'd by the wind's un - kind - ly blast, Parch'd by the

Tenor

3 So blooms the hu - man face div - ine, When youth its

Bass

8

silk - en leaves un - fold, As care - less of the

sun's di - rec - ter ray, The mo - men - ta - ry

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.

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.