1 The morning flow'rs display their sweets, And gay their play

2 Nipp'd by the wind's unkindly blast, Parch'd by the

3 So blooms the human face divine, When youth its

silk-en leaves unfold, As careless of the sun's direc-ter ray, The mo-men-ta-ry

pride of beauty shows: Fairer than spring the

noon-tide heats, And fear-less of the ev'-ning cold.

glories waste, The short-liv'd beauties die a-way.

col-ours shine, And sweeter than the vir-gin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years, 5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
Or broke by sickness in a day, With lustre brighter far shall shine;
The fading glory disappears, Revive with ever-during bloom,
The short-lived beauties die away. 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.