The morning flower's display their sweets, And gay their play.

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

So blooms the human face divine, When youth its silk-en leaves unfold, As careless of the sun's director ray, The momentary pride of beauty shows: Fairer than spring the noon-tide heats, And fearless of the evening cold.

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

Revive with ever-during bloom, Safe from diseases and decline.

Yet these, new rising from the tomb, With lustre brighter far shall shine;

Colours shine, And sweeter than the virgin rose.

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.