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

2 Nipp'd by the wind's unkindly blast, Parch'd by the silk'en leaves unfold, As careless of the sun's director ray, The momentary pride of beauty shows: Fairer than spring the

3 So blooms the human face divine, When youth its silken leaves unfold, As careless of the sun's director ray, The momentary pride of beauty shows: Fairer than spring the

4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years, Or broke by sickness in a day, The fading glory disappears, The short-lived beauties die away. noon'tide heats, And fearless of the evening cold. glories waste, The short-lived beauties die away. colours shine, And sweeter than the virgin rose.

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.

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