

Wallace. C.M.

"He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down." -- Job 14:2

F Major Anne Steele, 1760.

R.T. Kelley, 2011.

1. Life is a span—a fleet-ing hour; How soon the va-por flies! Man is a ten-der, tran-sient flower, That ev'n in blooming dies. dies.

2. The once-loved form, now cold and dead, Each mournful thought em-ploys; And na-ture weeps her com-forts fled, And with-ered all her joys. joys.

3. Hope looks be-yond the bounds of time, When what we now de-plore Shall rise in full im-mor-tal prime, And bloom to fade no more. more.

4. Then cease, fond na-ture! cease thy tears; Re-li-gion points on high; There ev-er-last-ing spring ap-pears, And joys that can-not die. die.