

# Fading Nature

Transcribed from Jenks' *Harmony of Zion*, 1818.



Tr. 1. So fades the love - ly, bloo - ming flower, Frail, smi - ling so - lace of an hour! So  
2. To cer - tain trou - ble we are born, Hope to re - joice, but sure to mourn. Ah

C. 3. Is there no kind, no le - nient art To heal the an - guish of the heart? To  
4. Can rea - son's dic - tates be o - beyed? Too weak, a - las, her stron - gest aid! O

T. 5. Her pow'r - ful aid sup - ports the soul, And na - ture owns her kind con - trol; While  
6. Then gen - tle pa - tience smiles on pain, And dy - ing hope re - vives a - gain; Hope

B. 7. The pro - mise guides her ar - dent flight, And joys un - known to sense in - vite, Those

Tr. 10. soon our tran - sient com - forts fly, And plea - sure on - ly blooms to die! So  
wret - ched ef - fort! sad re - lief, To plead ne - ces - si - ty of grief! Ah

C. ease the hea - vy load of care, Which na - ture must, but can - not bear? To  
let re - li - gion then be nigh, Her com - forts were not made to die. O

T. she un - folds the sa - cred page, Our fier - cest griefs re - sign their rage. While  
wipes the tear from sor - row's eye, And faith points up - wards to the sky. Hope

B. bliss - ful re - gions to ex - plore, Where plea - sure blooms, to fade no more. Those