

# Newport

1. Life is a span, a flee - ting hour, How soon the va - por flies! Man is a tender, transient  
2. Death spreads like winter's fro - zen arms, And beau - ty smiles no more: Ah! where are now those rising

3. The once loved form now cold and dead, Each mournful thought employs; And nature weeps her comforts  
4. But wait the in - ter - po - sing gloom, And lo, stern win - ter flies; And dressed in beauty's fairest

5. Hope looks be - yond the bounds of time, When what we now de - plore, Shall rise in full im - mor - tal  
6. Then cease, fond na - ture, cease thy tears, Re - li - gion points on high; There everlasting spring ap -

1. flower, That e'en in blooming dies.  
2. charms Which pleased our eyes before?

3. fled, And wi - thered all her joys.  
4. bloom, The flow - ery tribes a - rise.

5. prime, And bloom to fade no more.  
6. -pears, And joys that can - not die.