

Newport

Transcribed from Belknap, *Evangelical Harmony*, 1800.

5 10

Treble

1. Life is a span, a fleeting hour, How soon the va - por flies! Man is a tender, transient flower, That e'en in blooming dies.
2. Death spreads like winter's frozen arms, And beauty smiles no more: Ah! where are now those rising charms Which pleased our eyes before?

Counter

3. The once loved form now cold and dead, Each mournful thought employs; And nature weeps her comforts fled, And withered all her joys.
4. But wait the in - ter - po - sing gloom, And lo, stern winter flies; And dressed in beauty's fairest bloom, The flowery tribes a - rise.

Tenor

5. Hope looks beyond the bounds of time, When what we now deplore, Shall rise in full immortal prime, And bloom to fade no more.
6. Then cease, fond nature, cease thy tears, Re - li - gion points on high; There everlasting spring appears, And joys that cannot die.

Bass