

The Seasons

Transcribed from Swan's *New England Harmony*, 1801.

Tr. C. T. B.

E - ter - nal source of eve - ry joy! Thy praise shall eve - ry voice em - ploy, While we with - in thy courts ap - pear, And sing

15 20 25

the boun - ties of the year. As worlds of glo - ry round thee roll, Thy hand supports the steadfast pole, Thy hand sup -

30 35 40

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

-ports the steadfast pole: Directs the sun what hour to rise, And dark - ness when to veil the skies. The flowery spring at thy command Embalms the air, and

45 50 55

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

paints the land; The blazing beams of summer shine, To raise the corn, and cheer the vine. Thy hand in autumn rich-ly pours The copious fruit a - long the

Tr. 60 65 70

C. 60 65 70

T. 60 65 70

B. 60 65 70

shores. While wintry storms direct our eyes With fear and wonder to the skies. Seasons, and months and weeks, and days Demand re- tur - ning


Tr. 75 80 85


C. 75 80 85

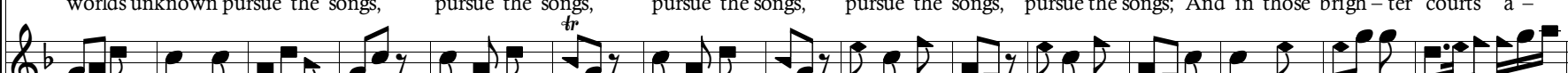
T. 75 80 85

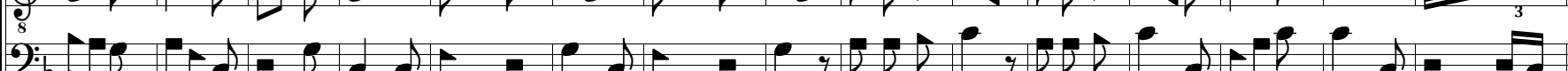
B. 75 80 85

songs of praise; The ope - ning light and eve - ning shade, Shall see the cheer - ful ho - mage paid. And O may our har - mo - nious tongues In


Tr.  90 95 100


C. 

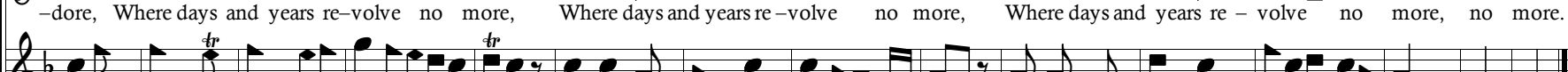
T. 


B. 

worlds unknown pursue the songs, pursue the songs, pursue the songs, pursue the songs, pursue the songs; And in those brigh-ter courts a -

Tr.  105 110 115

C. 

T. 

B. 

-dore, Where days and years re-volve no more, Where days and years re-volve no more, Where days and years re-volve no more, no more.