

Fading Nature

Transcribed from *The Hartford Collection*, 1807.

Tr.
1. So fades the lovely, blooming flower, Frail, smiling solace of an hour! So soon our transient comforts fly, And pleasure on-ly blooms to die!
2. To cer - tain trouble we are born, Hope to rejoice, but sure to mourn. Ah wretched ef - fort! sad re - lief, To plead ne - ces - si - ty of grief!

C.
3. Is there no kind, no lenient art To heal the anguish of the heart? To ease the hea - vy load of care, Which na - ture must, but cannot bear?
4. Can rea - son's dic - tates be o - beyed? Too weak, alas, her strongest aid! O let re - li - gion then be nigh, Her comforts were not made to die.

T.
5. Her powerful aid supports the soul, And nature owns her kind control; While she unfolds the sacred page, Our fiercest griefs re - sign their rage.
6. Then gen - tle patience smiles on pain, And dying hope revives a - gain; Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye, And faith points upward to the sky.

B.
7. The promise guides her ar - dent flight, And joys unknown to sense invite, Those blissful regions to ex - plore, Where pleasure blooms to fade no more.