

Isaac Watts, 1706

To William Blackbourn, Alt.

10 10. 10 12.

# Spring

Transcribed from *The New American Melody*, 1789.

G Major

Jacob French, 1789

Tr.

1. Mark how it snows! how fast the val - ley fills; And the sweet rose the hoa - ry garment wears; Yet the warm sunbeams, boun - ding from the  
2. But when old age has on your tem - ples shed Her sil - ver frost, there's no re - tur - ning sun; Swift flies our au - tumn, swift our sum - mer's

C.

3. Then cold and win - ter and your a - ged snow, Stick fast up - on you; not the rich ar - ray, Not the green garland, nor the ro - sy  
4. The chase of plea - sures is not worth the pains, While the bright sands of health run was - ting down; And ho - nor calls you from the sof - ter

T.

5. Tis but one youth, and short, that mor - tals have; And one old age dissolves our fee - ble frame: But there's a hea - venly art t'e - lude the  
6. The man that has his coun - try's sac - red tears Be - de - wing his cold hearse, has lived his day: Thus, old friend, we should leave our names our

B.

Tr.

1. hills, Shall melt the veil a - way, and the young green ap - pear.  
2. fled, When youth and love and spring, and gol - den joys are gone.

C.

3. bough, Shall can - cel or con - ceal the me - lan - cho - ly gray.  
4. scenes, To sell the gau - dy hour for a - ges of re - nown.

T.

5. grave; And with the he - ro race im - mor - tal kin - dred claim.  
6. heirs; Old time and waning moons sweep all the rest a - way.

B.

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2018

1. Measure 8, *Bass*: written as changed to . 2. Measure 16, *Counter*: last note changed from F# to G.

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