

Spring

Isaac Watts, 1706

To William Blackbourn, Alt. 10 10. 10 12.

Transcribed from *The New American Melody*, 1789.

G Major

Jacob French, 1789

Tr. Soprano
1. Mark how it snows! how fast the valley fills; And the sweet rose the hoary garment wears; Yet the warm sunbeams,
2. But when old age has on your temples shed Her silver frost, there's no returning sun; Swift flies our autumn,

C. Alto
3. Then cold and winter and your aged snow, Stick fast upon you; not the rich array, Not the green garland,
4. The chase of pleasures is not worth the pains, While the bright sands of health run wasting down; And honor calls you

T. Tenor
5. 'Tis but one youth, and short, that mortals have; And one old age dissolves our feeble frame: But there's a heavenly
6. The man that has his country's sacred tears Be - de - wing his cold hearse, has lived his day: Thus, old friend, we should

B. Bass

Tr. Soprano
1. bounding from the hills, Shall melt the veil away, and the young green appear.
2. swift our summer's fled, When youth and love and spring, and golden joys are gone.

C. Alto
3. nor the rosy bough, Shall cancel or conceal the melancholy gray.
4. from the softer scenes, To sell the gaudy hour for a - ges of renown.

T. Tenor
5. art to - lude the grave; And with the hero race immortal kindred claim.
6. leave our names our heirs; Old time and waning moons sweep all the rest away.

B. Bass

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.