

The Morning Flowers Display Their Sweets  
by Charles Wesley

1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,  
And gay their silken leaves unfold  
As careless of the noontide heats,  
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,  
Parched by the sun's directer ray,  
The momentary glories waste,  
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,  
When youth its pride of beauty shows;  
Fairer than spring the colours shine,  
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,  
Or broke by sickness in a day,  
The fading glory disappears,  
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,  
With lustre brighter far shall shine;  
Revive with ever-during bloom,  
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,  
If heaven must recompense our pains:  
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,  
If firm the word of God remains.