

Spring

Transcribed from *The Harmonist's Companion*

Issac Watts

Daniel Belknap

He sends his word, and melts the snow, The fields no longer mourn:
He sends his word, and melts the snow, The fields no longer mourn:
He sends his word, and melts the snow, The fields no longer mourn:
He sends his word, and melts the snow, The fields no longer mourn:

He calls the warmer gales to blow,
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
He calls the warmer gales to blow, He calls the warmer gales to blow,

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And bids the spring return. turn. 1. 2.
And bids the spring return. turn.
And bids the spring return. turn.
And bids the spring return. turn.