

OUR CHEERFUL SONG.

WILLIAM AUGUSTINE.

1. Sing we now our cheer - ful song, Bright with youth - ful feel - ing; Soon the years will
 2. Youth and beau - ty haste a - way, Fleet - ing, daz - zling treas - ure; Sick - ness, pain, and

speed a - long, Health and vig - or steal - ing. Days and months re - fuse to wait; He who plucks his
 sor - row stay; Wings a - lone hath pleas - ure. Who can prom - ise we shall sing, Once a - gain in

flow'rs too late, Soon, a - las! will meet his fate; There's no balm for heal - ing.
 fes - tivo ring, And our voic - es sweet - ly bring, Songs of joy - ous meas - ure.