

Song of the beautiful

Emily B. Tallmadge (1840-?) 1880
Text: James D. Tallmadge (1824-1897)

1. Beau-ti - ful flow'rs so fresh and fair, come at the call_ of spring; _ o - pen your buds to
 2. Beau-ti - ful birds, with plu-mage bright, war-bling in bow'rs so gay; _ wel - come, your notes of
 3. Beau-ti - ful thoughts that oft do come glad-den our souls with love; _ shed - ding bright rays in

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 ver - nal air, o - dors so sweet_ you bring. _ Come in your robes_ of va - ed hue,
 wild de - light, sing - ing the live - long day. _ Na - ture hath tuned your voic - e
 ev' - ry home, come ye from spheres a - bove? _ When the dark shades of

10
 spread o'er the meads and who t loves beau - ty lo - not you? Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful
 plain - ly as spok - en with true har - mo - ny com-plete, beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful
 cloud - ing with gloom Then o - ye come t light our skies, beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful

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 flow'rs! _ }
 come, _ we come, _ beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful birds! _ }
 thoughts! _ }
 Yes, we come, yes, we come,

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 We come, _ we come, _ beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful flow'rs! _
 birds! _
 thoughts! _
 Yes, we come, yes, we come,

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