

Adieu, fond love

§ Robert Johnson

A-dieu, fond love! Fare-well, you wanton pow'rs. I am

free a-gain; Thou dull dis-ease of blood and i-dle hours, Be-

witch-ing pain, Fly to those fools, that sigh a-

way their time! My no-blher love, to hea-ven climb, to hea-ven

climb, And there be-hold beau-ty still young, That time can ne'er cor-

rupt, nor death de- stroy; Im- mor-tal sweet- ness by fair an- gels sung,

And hon- our'd with th'e- ter- ni- ty of joy! There lives my thoughts,

there lives my thoughts. Thi- ther my hopes as- pire; Fond love de-

clines, This heav'n- ly love, this heav'n- ly love, this

heav'n- ly love grows high- er.