



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.