

Adieu, fond love

Robert Johnson

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

Thou dull disease of blood and idle hours, Be-witching pain,

Fly to those fools, that sigh away their time! My nobler love, to heaven

climb, to heaven climb, And there behold beauty 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.