

Adieu, fond love

Robert Johnson

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A- dieu, fond love! Fare-well, you wanton pow'rs. I am free a- gain; Thou dull dis-

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ease of blood and i- dle hours, Be- witch- ing pain, Fly to those

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fools, that sigh a- way their time! My no- bler love, to hea- ven climb, to hea- ven

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climb, And there be- hold beau- ty still young, That time can ne'er cor- rupt, nor death de-

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stroy; Im- mor- tal sweet- ness by fair an- gels sung, And hon- our'dwith th'e- ter- ni- ty of joy!

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

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clines, This heav'n- ly love, this heav'n- ly love, this heav'n- ly love grows high- er.