

# BOSTON. L.M.D.

William Cowper, 1779

Jesse Pearlman Karlsberg, 2010



1. No more I ask, or hope to find, De-light or hap-pi-ness be - low; Sor-row may well pos-sess the mind That feeds where thorns and this-tles grow.



2. Cleave to the world ye sor-did worms, Con-ten-ted lick your na-tive dust; But God shall fight, with all his storms, A-gainst the i-dol of your trust. The



The joy that fades is



The joy that fades is not for me, I seek im-mor-tal joys a-bove; There, glo-ry with-out end, shall be The bright re-ward of faith and love. love.



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