

# ASPIRATION.

MT. LEBANON, N. Y.

1. O Heav'n, sweet empire of my song, Ce - les-tial clime of heaven'ly bliss,  
 2. Let earth her wealth and splendor boast, Her coronets and wreaths display,

Realm of the pure an - gel-ic throng, Bright land of glowing happiness.  
 Her . . heroes, kings and no-bles toast, — Ephemeral glories of a day.

My soul is filled with love di-vine, Sweet joys around my heart entwine;  
 This pomp is all a transient joy, Far higher themes my tho'ts employ;

My spir - it soars to spheres a - bove, Where all is har-mo-ny and love,  
 I con-tem-plate the spheres a - bove, Where all is har-mo-ny and love,

My spir - it soars to spheres above, Where all is har-mo-ny and love.  
 I con-tem-plate the spheres above, Where all is har-mo-ny and love.