

Anna Laetitia Barbauld

*With great gentleness and delicacy.*

I.B. Woodbury

1. How blest the sa - cred tie that binds, In sweet com - mu - nion, kin - dred minds!

2. To each the soul of each how dear! What ten - der love, what ho - ly fear!

3. Nor shall the glow - ing flame ex - pire, When dim - ly burns frail na - ture's fire;

How swift the heav'n - ly course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!

How doth the gen - 'rous flame with - in Re - fine from earth, and cleanse from sin

Then shall they meet in realms a - bove, A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.