

# Triumph

Anonymous author,  
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Transcribed from *Wyeth's Repository, Part Second*, 1813.

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{ 'Tis done! Lo, they come! bright celestials descend! Spheres are all vo - cal, the raptures draw near, Saints, angels and seraphs their symphonies lend: Im - mor - tal vi - bra - tions resound in my ear! } Cease, cease then, fond nature! O cease

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thy vain strife, And let me now languish and die in - to life; Blest powers re - ceive me; I mount on your wing: O grave, where's thy victory? O death, where's thy sting?

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