

Leander

Tr. 1. My soul for-sakes her vain de-light, And bids the world fare-well, Base as the dirt beneath my feet, And mischievous as hell. No lon-ger will I

T. 2. There's nothing round this spacious earth That suits my large de-sire To boundless joy and solid mirth My nobler thoughts aspire. Where plea-sure rolls its

B. 3. Th'al-migh-ty Ru-ler of the sphere, The glorious and the great, Brings his own all-sufficiency there, To make our bliss complete. Had I the pin-ions

Tr. 1. ask your love, Nor seek your friendship more; The hap-pi-ness that I ap-prove Lies not with-in your power. No

T. 2. living flood, From sin and dross re-fined, Still springing from the throne of God, And fit to cheer the mind; Where

B. 3. of a dove, I'd climb the heaven-ly road; There sits my Savior dressed in love, And there my smi-ling God. Had

A folk hymn, derived from one or more folk tunes (Jackson 1953b, no. 107). This song occurs on page 71 of *The Sacred Harp*, 1844 to the present; in the 1911 James Edition of *The Sacred Harp*, it appears with an alto part, but the composer of that part is not stated.