

Leander

Tr. 1. My soul forsakes her vain delight, And bids the world fare-well, Base as the dirt beneath my feet, And mischievous as hell. No

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

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

Tr. 10. 1. lon-ger will I ask your love, Nor seek your friendship more; The hap-pi-ness that I approve Lies not with-in your power. No

T. 2. pleasure rolls its living flood, From sin and dross refined, Still springing from the throne of God, And fit to cheer the mind; Where

B. 3. I the pin-ions of a dove, I'd climb the heaven-ly road; There sits my Saviordressed 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.