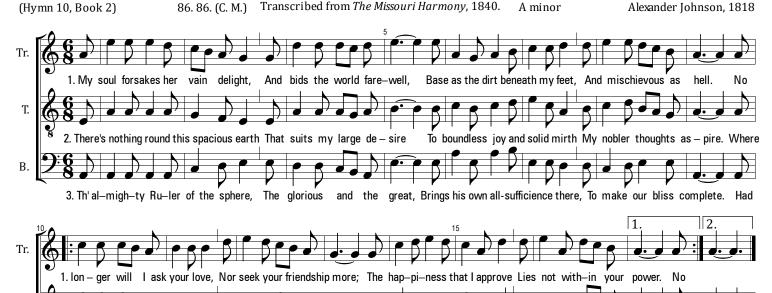
T.

В.



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

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

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.