

LEANDER. C.M.D.

"Then answered Peter and said unto him, Behold, we have forsaken all, and followed thee." -- Matt. 19:27.

A Minor Isaac Watts, 1707.

Tennessee Harmony, 1818.

1. My soul for-sakes her vain de-light And bids the world fare-well; Base as the dirt be-neath the feet And mis-chievous as hell.

2. There's noth-ing round this spa-cious earth That suits my soul's de-sire; To bound-less joy and sol-id mirth My no-bler thoughts as-pire.

No long-er will I ask your love, Nor seek your friend-ship more; The hap-pi-ness that I ap-prove Is not with-in your pow'r. pow'r.

Oh, for the pin-ions of a dove To mount the heav'n-ly road; There shall I share my Sav-ior's love, There shall I dwell with God. God.