

Isaac Watts, 1709

(Hymn 67, Book 1) 88. 88. (L. M.)

Ashham

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A Major

William Billings, 1778

1. Thou whom my soul admires above All earthly joy and earthly love, Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know, Where
 2. Where is the shadow of that rock, That from the sun defends thy flock? Fain would I feed among thy sheep, A -
 3. Why should thy bride appear like one That turns aside to paths unknown? My constant feet would never rove, Would
 4. The footsteps of thy flock I see; Thy sweetest pastures here they be; A wondrous feast thy love prepares, Bought
 5. His dearest flesh he makes my food, And bids me drink his richest blood: Here to these hills my soul will come, Till

doth thy sweetest pasture grow?
 2. -mong them rest, among them sleep.
 3. never seek another love.
 4. with thy wounds, and groans, and tears.
 5. my Beloved lead me home.