

Ashham

Tr. ³ ⁶ ⁹

1. Thou whom my soul admires above All earthly joy and earthly love, Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know, Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow?
2. Where is the shadow of that rock, That from the sun de-fends thy flock? Fain would I feed a-mong thy sheep, A - mong them rest, among them sleep.

C.

3. Why should thy bride appear like one That turns a - side to paths unknown? My constant feet would never rove, Would ne - ver seek a - no - ther love.

T.

4. The footsteps of thy flock I see; Thy sweetest pastures here they be; A wondrous feast thy love prepares, Bought with thy wounds and groans and tears.
5. His dearest flesh he makes my food, And bids me drink his richest blood: Here to these hills my soul will come, Till my Be - lo - ved lead me home.

B.