

Like Sheep We Went Astray

Isaac Watts, 1707.

Francis Linley, ca. 1800.

Like sheep we went astray,  
And broke the fold of God,  
Each wandering in a different way,  
But all the downward road.

How dreadful was the hour  
When God our wanderings laid  
And did at once His vengeance pour,  
Upon the Shepherd's head!

How glorious was the grace  
When Christ sustained the stroke!  
His life and blood the Shepherd pays  
A ransom for the flock.

His honor and His breath  
Were taken both away,  
Joined with the wicked in His death,  
And made as vile as they.

But God shall raise His head  
O'er all the sons of men,  
And make Him see a numerous seed,  
To recompense His pain.

"I'll give Him," saith the Lord,  
"A portion with the strong;  
He shall possess a large reward;  
And hold His honors long."