

The Wondering World Inquires to Know  
Words: Isaac Watts, 1707.  
Music: Joseph Funk, 1832.

The wondering world inquires to know  
Why I should love my Jesus so:  
What are His charms, say they, above  
The objects of a mortal love?

Yes! my belovd, to my sight  
Shows a sweet mixture, red and white:  
All human beauties, all divine,  
In my belovd meet and shine.

White is His soul, from blemish free;  
Red with the blood He shed for me;  
The fairest of ten thousand fairs;  
A sun among ten thousand stars.

His head the finest gold excels;  
There wisdom in perfection dwells,  
And glory like a crown adorns  
Those temples once beset with thorns.

Compassions in His heart are found,  
Hard by the signals of His wound:  
His sacred side no more shall bear  
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.

His hands are fairer to behold  
Than diamonds set in rings of gold;  
Those heavnly hands, that on the tree  
Were nailed, and torn, and bled for me!

Though once He bowed His feeble knees,  
Loaded with sins and agonies,  
Now on the throne of His command  
His legs like marble pillars stand.

His eyes are majesty and love,  
The eagle tempered with the dove;  
No more shall trickling sorrows roll  
Through those dear windows of His soul.

His mouth, that poured out long complaints,  
Now smiles and cheers His fainting saints;  
His countenance more graceful is  
Than Lebanon with all its trees.

All over glorious is my Lord;  
Must be beloved, and yet adored;  
His worth if all the nations knew,  
Sure the whole earth would love Him, too.