

Thou Whom My Soul Admires Above

Words: Isaac Watts, 1707.

Music: Joseph Funk, 1832.

Thou whom my soul admires above  
All earthly joy and earthly love,  
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,  
Where do Thy sweetest pastures grow?

Where is the shadow of that rock  
That from the sun defends Thy flock?  
Fain would I feed among Thy sheep  
Among them rest, among them sleep.

Why should Thy bride appear like one  
That turns aside to paths unknown?  
My constant feet would never rove,  
Would never seek another love.

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.

His dearest flesh He makes my food,  
And bids me drink His richest blood:  
Here to these hills my soul will come,  
Till my beloved lead me home.