

METRE 1 Isaac Watts

# ABINGDON L.M.

Jones

1. The wond'ring world inquires to know Why I should love my Je-sus so! What are his charms, say they, a-bove The ob-jects of a mortal love.

2. Yes, my Be - lov - ed to my sight, Shows a sweet mixture red and white; All human beauties— all di-vine, In my Be - lov - ed meet and shine.

3. White is his soul from blemish free, Red is his blood he shed for me; The fair-est of ten thousand fairs, A Sun a-mongst ten thousand stars.

4. Compassions in his heart are found, Close by the sig-nals of his wound: His sa-cred side no more shall bear The cru - el scourge, the piercing spear.