

$\text{♩} = 125$ A Description of Christ, the Beloved. Song. 5. 9-16 I. Watts

1. The won - d'ring world in - quires to know Why I should
 2. Yes, my Be - lov - ed to my sight Shows a sweet
 3. White is his soul, from blem - ish free; Red with the
 4. [His head the fin - est gold ex - cels; There wis - dom

love my Je - sus so; "What are his charms," say they,
 mix - ture, red and white: All hu - man beaut - ies, all
 blood he shed for me; The fair - est of ten thou -
 in per - fec - tion dwells; And glor - y, like a crown,

"a - bove The ob - jects of a mor - tal love?"
 di - vine, In my Be - lov - ed meet and shine.
 - sand fairs; A sun a - mongst ten thou - sand stars.
 a - dorns Those temp - les once be - set with thorns.

5. 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.]

6. [His hands are fairer to behold
 Than diamonds, set in rings of gold;
 Those heavenly hands that on the tree
 Were nailed, and torn, and bled for me.]

7. [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.]

8. [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.]

9. [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.]

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