

London Gallery Quire 684


Isaac Watts (1674–1748)
Hymns and Spiritual Songs, 1707

Thou whom my Soul admires above

New Court by E. H.
British Psalmody, 1785
edited by Nicholas Markwell


[♩ = 80]

Soprano [Air]




1. Thou whom my Soul ad - mires a - bove All Earth - ly Joy and
2. **Where is the sha - dow of that Rock, That from the Sun de -**
3. Why should thy Bride ap - pear like one That turns a - side to
4. **The Foot - steps of thy Flock I see ; Thy sweetest Pas - tures**
5. His dear - est Flesh he makes my Food, And bids me drink his

Alto



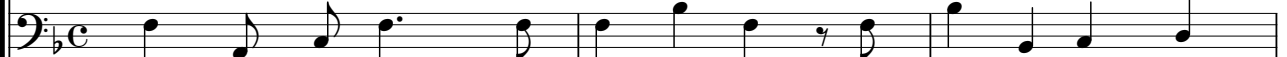
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Tenor



1. Thou whom my Soul ad - mires a - bove All Earth - ly Joy and
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Bass



1. Thou whom my Soul ad - mires a - bove All Earth - ly Joy and
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4. **The Foot - steps of thy Flock I see ; Thy sweetest Pas - tures**
5. His dear - est Flesh he makes my Food, And bids me drink his

4

S



Earth - ly Love, All Earth - ly Joy and Earth - ly Love,
-fends thy Flock, That from the Sun de - fends thy Flock ?
Paths un - known, That turns a - side to Paths un - known ?
here they be, Thy sweet - est Pas - tures here they be ;
rich - est Blood, And bids me drink his rich - est Blood ;

A



Earth - ly Love, All Earth - ly Joy and Earth - ly Love,
-fends thy Flock, That from the Sun de - fends thy Flock ?
Paths un - known, That turns a - side to Paths un - known ?
here they be, Thy sweet - est Pas - tures here they be ;
rich - est Blood, And bids me drink his rich - est Blood ;

T



Earth - ly Love, All Earth - ly Joy and Earth - ly Love,
-fends thy Flock, That from the Sun de - fends thy Flock ?
Paths un - known, That turns a - side to Paths un - known ?
here they be, Thy sweet - est Pas - tures here they be ;
rich - est Blood, And bids me drink his rich - est Blood ;

B



Earth - ly Love, All Earth - ly Joy and Earth - ly Love,
-fends thy Flock, That from the Sun de - fends thy Flock ?
Paths un - known, That turns a - side to Paths un - known ?
here they be, Thy sweet - est Pas - tures here they be ;
rich - est Blood, And bids me drink his rich - est Blood ;

S
T
A
B

Tell me, dear Shep - herd, let me know, Where doth thy sweet - est
Fain would I feed a - mong thy sheep, A - mong them rest, a -
 My con - stant Feet would ne - ver rove, Would ne - ver seek a -
A won - drous Feast thy Love pre - pares, Bought with thy Wounds, and
 Here to these Hills my Soul will come, Till my Be - lov - ed

S
T
A
B

Pas - ture grow, Where doth thy sweet - est Pas - ture grow ?
-mong them sleep, A - mong them rest, a - mong them sleep.
 -no - ther Love, Would ne - ver seek a - no - ther Love.
Groans, and Tears, Bought with thy Wounds, and Groans, and Tears.
 lead me Home, Till my Be - lov - ed lead me Home.