The Wondering World Enquires to Know

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER NEW

| s - | d' - s - l - l - | s - f - m - m - |
The wondering world en- quires to know Why

| f - m - r - s - | s - fe - s - s - |
I should love my Jesus so: "What

| d' - r' - m' - d' - | f' - m' - r' - m' - |
are his charms," say they, "above "The

| d' - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - |
objects of a mortal love!"

The other verses

2 Yes, my beloved, to my sight,
Shews a sweet mixture red and white:
All human beauties, all divine,
In my beloved meet and shine,

3 White is his soul, from blemish free;
Red with the blood he shed for me;
The fairest of ten thousand fairs:
A sun amongst ten thousand stars.

4 His head the finest gold excels,
There wisdom in perfection dwells;
And glory like a crown adorns
Those temples once beset 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 nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.

7 Tho' once he bow'd 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 temper'd with the dove:
No more shall trickling sorrows roll
Thro' those dear windows of his soul.

9 His mouth, that pour'd 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 belov'd, and yet ador'd:
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

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