

ARMLEY L.M.

1. Thou whom my soul admires a - bove All earth - ly joy and earth - ly love, Tell me, dear Shep-herd, let me know, Where do thy sweet-est pas-tures grow?

2. Where is the shadow of that Rock, That from the sun de - fends the flock? Fain would I feed a - mong the sheep, A-mong them rest, a - mong them sleep.

3. Why should the bride ap-pear like one That turns a-side to paths unknown? My constant feet would nev - er rove, Would never seek an - oth - er love.

4. The foot - steps of thy flock I see; Thy sweet - est pas - tures here they be; A wondrous feast thy love prepares, Bought with thy wounds, and groans and tears.