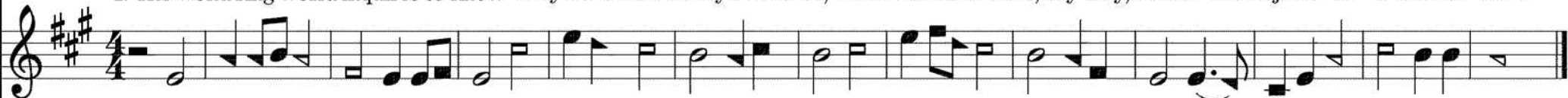


A Major. Isaac Watts, 1707.

Jones, 1820.



1. The wond'ring world inquires to know Why I should love my Je-sus so; What are his charms, say they, above The objects of a mortal love?



2. His eyes are maj - es - ty and love, The eagle temper'd with the dove; No more shall trickling sorrows roll, Thro' those dear windows of his soul.



3. All o - ver glo - rious is my Lord, Must be be - lov'd and yet a-dor'd; His worth if all the nations knew, Sure the whole earth would love him too.