

Isaac Watts, 1709
(Hymn 142, Book 1)
66. 86. (S. M.)

Dublin

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F minor
William Billings, 1779

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

3

1. Like sheep we went a - stray, And broke the fold of God, Each
2. How dread-ful was the hour When God our wand - 'rings laid, And

3. How glor-ious was the grace When Christ sus-tained the stroke; His
4. His hon - or and His breath Were tak - en both a - way, Joined

8

5. But God shall raise His head O'er all the sons of men, And
6. "I'll give Him, saith the Lord, A por-tion with the strong, He

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

8

9

wand-'ring in a differ - ent way, But all the down - ward road.
did at once His ven-geance pour Up - on the Shep - herd's head.

life and blood the Shep - herd pays A ran - som for the flock.
with the wick - ed in His death, And made as vile as they.

make Him see a numer - ous seed, To re - com - pense His pain.
shall pos - sess a large re - ward, And hold His hon - ors long."