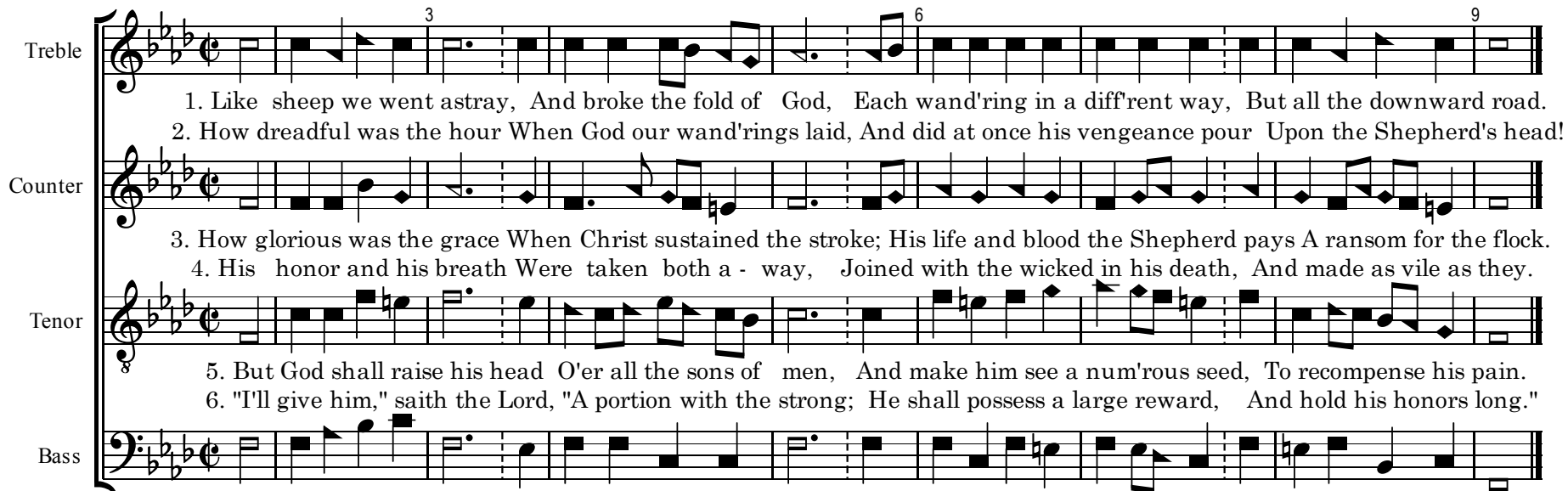


Isaac Watts, 1709  
(Hymn 142, Book 1) 66. 86. (S. M.)

# Dublin

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F minor  
William Billings, 1779



Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. Like sheep we went astray, And broke the fold of God, Each wand'ring in a different way, But all the downward road.

2. How dreadful was the hour When God our wand'rings laid, And did at once his vengeance pour Upon the Shepherd's head!

3. How glorious was the grace When Christ sustained the stroke; His life and blood the Shepherd pays A ransom for the flock.

4. His honor and his breath Were taken both a - way, Joined with the wicked in his death, And made as vile as they.

5. But God shall raise his head O'er all the sons of men, And make him see a num'rous seed, To recompense his pain.

6. "I'll give him," saith the Lord, "A portion with the strong; He shall possess a large reward, And hold his honors long."