Shepherd divine, Thou leadest me





Shepherd divine, Thou leadest me Where the still waters gently flow; In pastures fair Thou feedest me, I trust Thy love, no want I know.

In danger's hour Thou hidest me, Safe from the foe of Thy dear flock; At sultry noon Thou guidest me, To rest beside the cooling rock.

When chilling dews of evening fall, Then to the fold Thou bidst me come; Gladly I hasten at Thy call; Sweet is the Voice that calls me home.

F.E. Beldon

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