Jesus is our Shepherd



Jesus is our Shepherd, Wiping ev'ry tear; Folded in His bosom, What have we to fear? Only let us follow Whither He doth lead; To the thirsty desert, Or the dewy mead.

Jesus is our Shepherd; Well we know His voice, How its gentlest whisper Makes our hearts rejoice; Even when He chideth, Tender is His tone: None but He shall guide us; We are His alone. Jesus is our Shepherd, For the sheep He bled; Every Lamb is sprinkled With the blood He shed. Then on each He setteth His own secret sign: They that have My Spirit, These, saith He, are Mine.

Jesus is our Shepherd; Guarded by His arm, Though the wolves may ravin, None can do us harm: When we tread death's valley, Dark with fearful gloom, We will fear no evil, Victors o'er the tomb.

Hugh Stowell