

Jesu, Thy Wandering Sheep Behold!  
by Charles Wesley

1 JESU, thy wandering sheep behold!  
See, Lord, with tenderest pity see  
The sheep that cannot find the fold,  
Till sought and gathered in by thee.

2 Lost are they now, and scattered wide,  
In pain, and weariness, and want;  
With no kind shepherd near to guide  
The sick, and spiritless, and faint.

3 Thou, only thou, the kind and good  
And sheep-redeeming Shepherd art:  
Collect thy flock, and give them food,  
And pastors after thine own heart.

4 Give the pure word of general grace,  
And great shall be the preachers' crowd;  
Preachers, who all the sinful race  
Point to the all-atoning blood.

5 Open their mouth, and utterance give;  
Give them a trumpet-voice, to call  
On all mankind to turn and live,  
Through faith in him who died for all.

6 Thy only glory let them seek;  
O let their hearts with love o'erflow!  
Let them believe, and therefore speak,  
And spread thy mercy's praise below.