

Bishop of the Souls of Men

Gerard Moultrie, 1867.

William Monk, 1861.

Bishop of the souls of men,
When the foeman's step is nigh,
When the wolf lays wait by night
For the lambs continually,
Watch, O Lord, about us keep,
Guard us, Shepherd of the sheep.

When the hireling flees away,
Caring only for his gold,
And the gate unguarded stands
At the entrance to the fold,
Stand, O Lord, Thy flock before
Thou the guardian, Thou the door.

Lord, whose guiding finger ruled
In the casting of the lot,
That Thy Church might fill the throne
Of the lost Iscariot,
In our trouble ever thus
Stand, good Master, nigh to us.

When the saints their order take
In the New Jerusalem,
And Matthias stands elect,
Give us part and lot with him,
Where in Thine own dwelling place
We may witness face to face.