

O Shepherd of the Sheep
Vincent Coles, 1868.
Johann Spiess, 1745.

O Shepherd of the sheep,
High Priest of things to come,
Who didst in grace Thy servant keep,
And take him safely home;

Accept our song of praise
For all his holy care,
His zeal unquenched through length of days,
The trials that he bare.

Chief of Thy faithful band,
He held himself the least,
Though Thy dread keys were in his hand,
O everlasting Priest.

So, trusting in Thy might,
He won a fair renown;
So, waxing valiant in the fight,
He trod the lion down.

Then rendered up to Thee
The charge Thy love had given,
And passed away Thy face to see
Revealed in highest Heav'n.

On all our bishops pour
The Spirit of Thy grace;
That, as he won the palm of yore,
So they may run their race.

That, when this life is done,
They may with him adore
The ever blessed Three in One,
In bliss forevermore.