

There Is a Little Lonely Fold

Maria Saffery, 1834.

Anonymous.

There is a little lonely fold,
Whose flock one Shepherd keeps,
Through summer's heat and winter's cold,
With eye that never sleeps.

By evil beast, or burning sky,
Or damp of midnight air,
Not one in all that flock shall die
Beneath that Shepherd's care.

For if, unheeding or beguiled,
In danger's path they roam,
His pity follows through the wild
And guards them safely home.

O gentle Shepherd, still behold
Thy helpless charge in me;
And take a wanderer to Thy fold
That trembling turns to Thee.