

Great Shepherd of Thine Israel
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.
Music: James McGranahan.

Great Shepherd of Thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, Thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep;

Thy church is in the desert now,
Shine from on high and guide us through;
Turn us to Thee, Thy love restore,
We shall be saved and sigh no more.

Great God, whom heavnly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain Thy kind return?
How long shall Thy fierce anger burn?

Instead of wine and cheerful bread
Thy saints with their own tears are fed:
Turn us to Thee, Thy love restore,
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

Hast thou not planted with Thy hands
A lovely vine in heathen lands?
Did not Thy power defend it round,
And heavnly dews enrich the ground?

How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with the fruit!
But now, dear Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

Why is its beauty thus defaced?
Why hast Thou laid her fences waste?
Strangers and foes against her join,
And every beast devours the vine.

Return, Almighty God, return,
Nor let Thy bleeding vineyard mourn;
Turn us to Thee, Thy love restore,
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew,
Thou wast its strength and glory too;
Attacked in vain by all its foes,
Till the fair Branch of Promise rose:

Fair Branch, ordained of old to shoot
From Davids stock, from Jacobs root;
Himself a noble vine, and we
The lesser branches of the tree.

Tis Thy own Son; and He shall stand
Girt with Thy strength at Thy right hand;
Thy first-born Son, adorned and blest
With power and grace above the rest.

O for His sake attend our cry,
Shine on Thy churches lest they die;
Turn us to Thee, Thy love restore,
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.