

Shepherd Of Souls, With Pitying Eye  
by Charles Wesley

1 SHEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye  
The thousands of our Israel see:  
To thee in their behalf we cry,  
Ourselves but newly found in thee.

2 See where o'er desert wastes they err,  
And neither food nor feeder have,  
Nor fold, nor place of refuge near,  
For no man cares their souls to save.

3 Wild as the ill-taught Indian's brood  
The Christian savages remain;  
Strangers, yea, enemies to God,  
They make thee spill thy blood in vain.

4 Thy people, Lord, are sold for nought,  
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh;  
They perish, whom thyself hast bought,  
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.

5 The pit its mouth hath opened wide,  
To swallow up its careless prey:  
Why should they die, when thou hast died,  
Hast died to bear their sins away?

6 Why should the foe thy purchase seize?  
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans:  
The meed of all thy sufferings these,  
O claim them for thy ransomed ones!

7 Extend to these thy pardoning grace,  
To these be thy salvation showed:  
O add them to thy chosen race!  
O sprinkle all their hearts with blood!

8 Still let the publicans draw near:  
Open the door of faith and heaven,  
And grant their hearts thy word to hear,  
And witness all their sins forgiven.