

Gentle Shepherd, thou hast stilled

At the death of a child:

Gentle Shepherd, thou hast stilled
now thy little lamb's long weeping,
in thy loving arms 'tis sleeping--
Ah! how peaceful, pure and mild!
Now no sigh of helpless anguish
heaves that little bosom more;
ne'er again in pain to languish,
he has reached the happy shore.

In this world of pain and care,
Lord, thou wouldst no longer leave him;
lovingly thou dost receive him
to thy meadows bright and fair.
Ah, Lord Jesus, bring us thither
where he dwells with thee above;
where thy saints rejoice together
reunite us to our love.

At the death of an adult:

God, we thank thee; not in vain
lived our friend on thee believing;
not for him can we be grieving:
ours the loss, but his the gain.
Ours the vanity of sorrow,
his the vision from the height;
his today and ours tomorrow,
change and awe and love and light.

What thou doest, Lord, is good:
though his body now sleeping,
lives his spirit in thy keeping,
pain and sorrow understood.
Grant him rest among the living,
bring him to thy vision clear,
all his sin in love forgiving
when as Judge thou dost appear.