

Shepherd of the Holy Hills

H. C. Leonard.

Jacob Blumenthal, 1847.

Shepherd of the holy hills,
We, Thy lambs with tender feet,
Follow Thee beside the rills,
And thro' pastures fair and sweet,
Thou dost hear us when we cry;
Thou dost watch us when alone;
When we faint Thou drawest nigh,
Soothing us with winning tones.

Thus thro' all our earthly way,
Be our guard and only guide;
Draw us from the evil way;
Keep us ever by Thy side.
And, when fall the shades of night,
On the paths we tread below,
Take us to the fields of light,
Where the living waters flow.