

To Thy Pastures Fair and Large  
James Merrick, 1760.  
Silesian air.

To Thy pastures fair and large,  
Heav'nly Shepherd, lead Thy charge,  
And my couch with tend'rest care,  
'Mid the springing grass prepare.

When I faint with summer's heat,  
Thou shalt guide my weary feet  
To the streams that still and slow  
Thro' the verdant meadows flow.

Safe the dreary vale I tread  
By the shades of death o'erspread,  
With Thy rod and staff supplied,  
This my guard, and that my guide.

Constant to my latest end  
Thou my footsteps shall attend;  
And shalt bid Thy hallowed dome  
Yield me an eternal home.