

To Thee, O God, the Shepherd Kings

Words: John Brainard, 1845.

Music: Deodatus Dutton, Jr. (1808-1832).

To Thee, O God, the shepherd kings
Their earliest homage paid,
And wafted upon angel wings
Their worship was conveyed.

And they who "watched their flocks by night"
Were first to learn Thy grace,
Were first to seek by dawning light,
Their Savior's dwelling place.

The hills and vales, the woods and streams,
The fruits and flowers, are Thine;
Where'er the sun can send its beams
Or the mild moon can shine.

By Thee, the spring puts forth its leaves,
By Thee, comes down the rain,
By Thee, the yellow harvest sheaves
Stand ripening on the plain.

When winter comes in storm and wrath,
Thy soothing voice is heard;
As round the farmer's peaceful hearth
Is read Thy holy Word.

Thus are we fostered by Thy care,
Supported by Thy hand;
Our heritage is rich and fair,
And this Thy chosen land.