

1. Hear the sweet voice of the Shepherd of Is - rael, Call - ing the
 2. Flee ye in haste from the darkness now deep - ning, Ere he doth
 3. Limped, the sil - ver - y streams that are wind - ing, Thro' ver - dant

lost sheep home—Home to the fold of his love and ten - der - ness,
 turn a - way; And in the wilds of a fruit - less wil - der - ness,
 past - ures broad—Gar - dens, where flowers of im - mor - tal pu - ri - ty,

No more in sin to roam. Wander no more on des - o - late mountains,
 Blighted your hopes decay. Wander no more on des - o - late mountains,
 Send forth their breath to God. Wander no more on des - o - late mountains,

Nor o'er the des - ert barren and drear, Heed ye the tones that are
 Nor o'er the des - ert barren and drear, Hear ye the voice of the
 Nor o'er the des - ert barren and drear, Hear ye the voice that so

plead - ing in mer - cy, Come to my fold my blessing to share.
 Shepherd of Is - rael, Come to my fold I'll gath - er you near.
 sweet - ly is call - ing, Come to my fold, in love draw ye near.