1. Good Shep-herd, lead thy wear-y sheep By wa-ters flow-ing still and
depth. In ver-dant pas-tures let them lie; Thy rod and
gold? How shall the vic-tor's crown be won, Ex-cept the
guide. Death's darkened val-ley thus a shade,
race of faith be run? Shall we the milk and hon-ey taste,
crown, her pa-tient years. The poor in heart, how tru-ly blessed!
ho-ly cit-y's doom, O Spir-it, plead-ing for the weak

2. How shall the faith-ful works be told, Ex-cept the fire first prove them
staff re-main their guide. Death's darkened val-ley thus a shade,

3. For Zi-on's glo-ry is her fire; For Is-rael's song is her de-
race of faith be run? Shall we the milk and hon-ey taste,

4. O Fa-ther, ever panged with grief By wand'ring Israel's un-be-
staff re-main their guide. Death's darkened val-ley thus a shade,

The wil-der-ness a rest-ing glade, The vale of mis-er-y, a
Ex-cept we cross the bar-ren waste? For nuptial hour of heav'n and
With groanings far out-strip-ping speech, O suff'ring, sigh-ing Trin-i-
well, Sweet pools where bit-ter tears once fell.
earth En-dure the sev-en years of dearth?
one! For un-to such great com fort comes.
ty, Bring in the Year of Ju bi lee. A-men.