

SHEPHERD. L.M.

1. Thou whom my soul ad-mires a - bove All earth-ly joy and earth-ly love, Tell me, dear Shep-herd! let me know Where do Thy sweet - est pas-tures grow?

2. Where is the shad - ow of that rock That from the sun de-fends Thy flock? Fain would I feed a - mong Thy sheep, A - mong them rest, a - mong them sleep.

3. Why should Thy bride ap-pear like one That turns a-side to paths un-known? My con-stant feet would nev - er rove, Would nev - er seek an - oth - er love.

4. The foot-steps of Thy flock I see; Thy sweet-est pas-tures com-fort me: A won-der - ous feast they pre-pare, Bought with Thy wounds and groans and tears.