

FEED MY SHEEP

"FEED MY SHEEP"

1 Lines penned when I was pastor of the Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston.

3 Shepherd, show me how to go
O'er the hillside steep,
How to gather, how to sow, —
6 How to feed Thy sheep;
I will listen for Thy voice,
Lest my footsteps stray;
9 I will follow and rejoice
All the rugged way.

12 Thou wilt bind the stubborn will,
Wound the callous breast,
Make self-righteousness be still,
Break earth's stupid rest.
15 Strangers on a barren shore,
Lab'ring long and lone,
We would enter by the door,
18 And Thou know'st Thine own.

21 So, when day grows dark and cold,
Tear or triumph harms,
Lead Thy lambkins to the fold,
Take them in Thine arms;
Feed the hungry, heal the heart,
24 Till the morning's beam;
White as wool, ere they depart,
Shepherd, wash them clean.