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Shepherd Divine

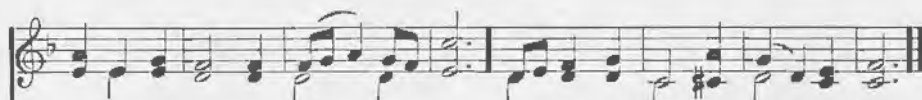
F. E. BELDEN, 1886

Winterbourne. L.M.

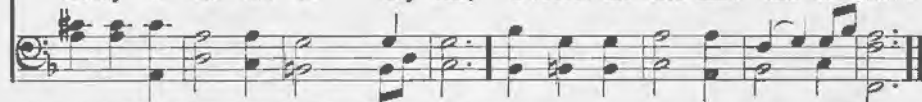
EDWIN BARNES, 1886



1. Shep-herd di-vine, Thou lead-est me Where the still wa-ters gent-ly flow;
 2. In dan-ger's hour Thou hid-est me, Safe from the foe of Thy dear flock;
 3. When chill-ing dews of eve-ning fall, Then to the fold Thou bidst me come;



- In pas-tures fair Thou feed-est me; I trust Thy love, no want I know.
 At sul-try noon Thou guid-est me, To rest be-side the cool-ing rock.
 Gladly I has-ten at Thy call; Sweet is the voice that calls me home.



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Unshaken as the Sacred Hills

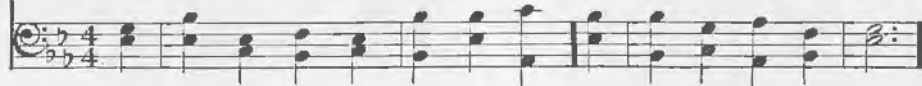
ISAAC WATTS, 1707

Dundee. C.M.

Scottish Psalter, 1615



1. Un-shak-en as the sa-cred hills, And fixed as moun-tains stand,
 2. Not walls nor hills could guard so well Fair Sa-lem's hap-py ground
 3. Do good, O Lord, do good to those Who cleave to Thee in heart,



- Firm as a rock the soul shall rest That trusts th' Al-might-y hand.
 As those e-ter-nal arms of love That ev-ery saint sur-round.
 Who on Thy truth a-lone re-pose, Nor from Thy law de-part.

