1. See Is - rael's gen - tle shep - herd stand, With all en - gag - ing charms,
   "Per - mit them to ap - proach," He cries, Nor scorn their hum - ble name,
   We bring them, Lord, in thank - ful hands And yield them up to Thee;

Hark! how He calls the ten - der lambs, And folds them in His arms.
"For 'twas to bless such souls as these, The Lord of an - gels came.
Joy - ful that we our - selves are Thine, Thine let our off - spring be.

Words: Philip Doddridge
Music: O. R. Barrows