Tioga

1. See Israel's gentle shepherd stand, With all engaging charms,
   Hark! how He calls the tender lambs, And folds them in His arms.
   For 'twas to bless such souls as these, The Lord of angels came.
   Joyful that we ourselves are Thine, Thine let our offspring be.

2. "Permit them to approach," He cries, Nor scorn their humble name,
   For 'twas to bless such souls as these, The Lord of angels came.
   Joyful that we ourselves are Thine, Thine let our offspring be.

3. We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands And yield them up to Thee;
   Hark! how He calls the tender lambs, And folds them in His arms.
   For 'twas to bless such souls as these, The Lord of angels came.
   Joyful that we ourselves are Thine, Thine let our offspring be.

Words: Philip Doddridge
Music: O. R. Barrows