To Thy Pastures Fair And Large

DIJON 7s.

1. To Thy pastures fair and large, Heav’n-ly Shep-herd, lead Thy charge,
   And my couch, with ten-d’rest care, ’Mid the spring-ing grass pre-pare.

2. When I faint with sum-mer’s heat, Thou shalt guide my wea-ry feet
   To the streams that, still and slow, Thru the ver-dant mead-ows flow.

3. Safe the drear-y vale I tread, By the shades of death o’er-spread,
   With Thy rod and staff sup-plied, This my guard- and that my guide.

4. Con-stant to my lat-est end, Thou my foot-steps shalt at-tend;
   And shalt bid Thy hal-low’d dome Yield me an e-ter-nal home.

Words: James Merrick
Music: J. G. Bitthauer, 1785