Tender Shepherd, Thou Hast Stilled

WINKWORTH 7s, 8s & 7s.

1. Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping:
   Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping!
   And no sigh of anguish sore Heaves that little bosom more.

2. In this world of care and pain, Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
   To the sunny heavenly plain Thou dost now with joy receive it;
   Cloth'd in robes of spotless white, Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3. Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we Where it lives may soon be living,
   And the lovely pastures see That its heavenly food are giving;
   Then the gain of death we prove, Tho' Thou take what most we love.

Words: C. Winkworth, tr.
Music: A. S. Sullivan