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 tend’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-lowed dome Yield me an e-ter-nal home.

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

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