I Met The Good Shepherd

SHADOW OF DEATH, 11, 11, 11, 11.

1. I met the good Shepherd just now on the plain,
   As home-ward He carried His lost one again.
   I marveled how gently His burden He bore;
   And as He passed by me, I knelt to adore.

2. O Shepherd, good Shepherd, Thy wounds they are deep;
   The wolves have sore hurt Thee in saving Thy sheep;
   Thy raiment all o-ver with crimson He dyed,
   And what is this rent they have made in Thy side?

3. O Shepherd, good Shepherd, and it is for me
   This griev-ous af-flic-tion has fall-en on Thee?
   Ah, then let me strive, for the love Thou hast borne,
   To give Thee no longer oc-ca-sion to mourn! A-men.

Words: Edward Caswall (1814-1878)
Music: Myles B. Foster (1891)

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