





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

O Shepherd, Good Shepherd, Thy wounds they are deep; The wolves have sore hurt Thee in saving Thy sheep. Thy raiment all over with crimson is dyed; And what is this wound they have made in Thy side?

Ah me! How the have entangled Thy hair, And cruelly riven that forehead so fair; How feebly Thou drawest Thy faltering breath; And lo, on Thy face is the shadow of death.

O Shepherd, Good Shepherd, and is it for me This grievous affliction has fallen on Thee? Thy wounds make me love Thee, my heart shall be Thine; With Thee I will journey, my Shepherd divine.

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