Jesus, Thy wandering sheep behold

Hesperus (Elim) L.M.



Jesus, thy wandering sheep behold! See, Lord, with tenderest pity see The sheep that cannot find the fold, Till sought and gathered in by thee.

Lost are they now, and scattered wide, In pain, and weariness, and want; With no kind shepherd near to guide The sick, and spiritless, and faint.

Thou, only thou, the kind and good And sheep-redeeming Shepherd art: Collect thy flock, and give them food, And pastors after thine own heart. Give the pure word of general grace, And great shall be the preachers' crowd; Preachers, who all the sinful race Point to the all-atoning blood.

Open their mouth, and utterance give; Give them a trumpet-voice, to call On all the world to turn and live, Through faith in him who died for all.

Thy only glory let them seek; O let their hearts with love o'erflow! Let them believe, and therefore speak, And spread thy mercy's praise below.

Charles Wesley

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