

Shepherd, of souls, with pitying eye

1840 Manchester Hymnal, #22

Shepherd, of souls, with pitying eye
The thousands of our Israel see:
To thee in their behalf we cry,
Ourselves but newly found in thee.

See where o'er desert wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have;
Nor fold, nor place of refuge near;
For no man cares their souls to save.

Wild as the untaught Indian's brood,
The Christian savages remain;
Strangers, yea, enemies to God,
They make thee spill thy blood in vain.

Thy people, Lord, are sold for nought;
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh:
They perish, whom thyself hast bought,
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.

The pit its mouth has opened wide,
To swallow up its careless prey;
Why should they die, when thou hast died;
Hast died to bear their sins away?

Why should the foe thy purchase seize?
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans:
The meed of all thy sufferings these;
O claim them for thy ransomed ones.

Extend to these thy pardoning grace:
To these he thy salvation showed:
O add them to thy chosen race.
O sprinkle all their hearts with blood.

Still let the publicans draw near:
Open the door of faith and heaven!
And grant their hearts thy word to hear,
And witness all their sins forgiven.