

Catherine Winkworth
(1827-78)

Tender Shepherd, thou hast stilled

Joseph Barnby
(1838-96)



1 Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping.
Ah, how peaceful and how mild
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping!
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

2 In this world of pain and care,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To Thy heav'nly meadows fair
Lovingly Thou dost receive it.
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 O Lord Jesus, grant that we
There may live where it is living,
And the blissful pastures see
That its heav'nly food are giving.
Lost awhile our treasured love,
Gained forever, safe above.