

1 I met the good Shepherd just now on the plain, As homeward he carried His lost one again; I marvelled 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 over with crimson is dyed; And what is this wound they have made in thy side?

3 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.