Savior, Who Thy Flock Art Feeding

MUHLENBERG 8, 7.

1. Savior, Who Thy flock art feeding, With the shepherd's kindness care,
   All the feeble gently leading, While the lambs Thy bosom share;
   There we know, Thy word believing, Only there secure from harm.
   Let Thy tenderness, so loving, Keep them all life's dangerous way.

2. Now, these little receiving, Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
   Let Thy tender, so loving, Keep them all life's dangerous way.
   Let Thy loving, so gentle, Keep them all life's dangerous way.
   Let Thy love, so tender, Keep them all life's dangerous way.

3. Never from Thy pasture roving Let them be the lion's prey;
   Let them find a resting place;
   Let them find a resting place;
   Let them find a resting place;

4. Then, within Thy fold eternal, Let them find a resting place;
   All the feeble gently leading, While the lambs Thy bosom share;
   There we know, Thy word believing, Only there secure from harm.
   Let Thy loving, so gentle, Keep them all life's dangerous way.

Words: W. A. Muhlenberg
Music: S. M. Bixby

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