Down In The Pleasant Pastures

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1. Down in the pleasant pastures, Beside the waters still,
   Be hold, the Shepherd lead eth His little flock at will;
   And gently, gently guiding, The way His sheep must go.
   Still onward to the fountain Where living waters flow.

2. The stranger's voice they heed not, When he seeks their ear to win,
   And never can a robber To the sheep fold enter in:
   No hireling is the Shepherd, For He His watch will keep;
   'Tis He alone Who giveth His own life for His sheep.

3. And all His own He know eth, He calleth them to come;
   O'er distant hills they hear Him, And so He draws them home.
   Tho' the way be set with briars, Tho' the narrow path be steep,
   They know His word of warning, And the Shepherd knows His sheep.

4. And other sheep He owneth, From Him that wander far;
   He, the Good Shepherd, knoweth Where all His loved ones are:
   The blessed day is dawning, That day by Him foretold,
   When they shall own one Shepherd, Safe sheltered in one fold. Amen.

Words: Anna Shipton
Music: Raymond Huntington Woodman (1861-1943), 1895