

1. Ye lit - tle flock whom Je - sus feeds, Dis - miss your anxious cares, Look to the Shep - herd of your souls, And smile a - way your fears.

2. Though wolves and li - ons prowl a - round, His staff is your defense; 'Midst sands and rocks, your Shepherd's voice, Calls streams and pastures thence.

3. Your Fa - ther will a kingdom give, And give it with de - light; His feeblest child his love shall call, To tri - umph in his sight.

4. Ten thousand prais - es, Lord, we bring, For sure supports like these; And o'er the pi - ous dead we sing, Thy liv - ing pro - mis - es.