

THE
SHEPHERD BOY.



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ONCE more I quit my wintry bower,
And hasten, pleased, away:
While sweet content crowns every
hour,
And brightens all the day.



Onward I trip with cheerful speed,
To yonder smiling plain,
And whistling with my tuneful reed,
I call my fleecy train.

My little dog, how willing he
Runs all the country o'er;
Performs his duty faithfully,
And then trips on before.



Soon as the cheering sun is up,
The tuneful lark begins :
Well pleased to hear, I gladly stop
To listen while she sings.

All nature's works, with one accord
Some grateful tribute pay ;
And fain would I adore the Lord,
And louder sing than they.



Oft am I filled with peace and joy ;
How good is God to me :
O do thou bless a shepherd boy ;
Teach him to sing of thee.

Where'er around I turn my eyes,
How charming is the scene :
Mountains whose summits reach the
skies,
And valleys clothed in green.



Thou feedest all my num'rous flock,
Extend thy care to me ;
They drink the cooling water-brook,
But give me drink from thee.

Each morn I call them out to feed
Beside the sparkling rills ;
But feed thou me with food indeed,
From thine eternal hills.



Once, as oppressed with sleep, I lay,
With pining hunger bold,
A prowling enemy came by
And robbed my little fold.

But thou, great Shepherd, dost not
sleep,

Nor slumber oft, like me ;
So that no foe can steal a sheep
Eternally from thee.



Then let my humble voice resound ;
To thee my strains belong—
While hills and valleys catch the
sound,
And echo back the song.

Often as this is my employ,
Jesus shall be my theme ;
He died to save a shepherd boy,
And I will sing of him.



Two gentlemen were riding out one day, and they saw a shepherd lad reading his Bible; they went to him, and asked which was the road to Heaven. The shepherd boy looked at them for a moment, and seeing they intended to make a jest of him, said, "Gentlemen, the way to Heaven is by that Tower," pointing to one at some distance. They laughed at

him, and rode on. Presently they came near the tower, when one of them said, I should like to know the name of that tower. He stopped and asked a countryman what it was called. The man told them it was the "Tower of Repentance." This explained what the shepherd boy had told them.

Remember that it is written, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

To the dear fountain of thy blood,

Incarnate God, I fly:

Here let me wash my spotted soul

From crimes of deepest dye.

A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,

On thy kind arms I fall;

Be thou my strength and righteousness,

My Jesus and my all.



The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.



When on the sultry plain I faint,
Or on the barren mountains pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow
Amid the verdant landscape flow.



Though in the path of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful
shade.



Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through lonely desert wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile—
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With beauteous green and herbage
 crowned,
And streams shall murmur all
 around.



Now the winter is over,
And spring comes again,
To keep you here, robin,
Would be to you pain.

When out in the meadow,
I'll hear your sweet song ;
Then fly away, robin,
I'll see you ere long.