

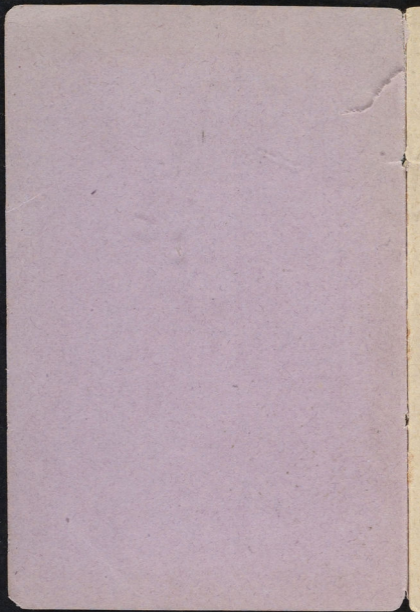
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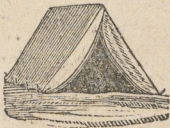
SHEPHERD BOY.



PORTLAND:
BAILEY & NOYES.



THE
SHEPHERD BOY.



PORTLAND:
BAILEY & NOYES.

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THE
SHEPHERD BOY.

Once more I quit my wintry
bower,
And hasten, pleas'd away ;
While sweet content crowns ev-
ery 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 pleas'd to hear, I gladly
stop
To listen while he 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 fill'd 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 cloth'd in green.

SHEPHERD BOY.



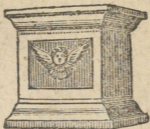
Thou feedest all my numerous
flocks,
Extend thy care to me
They drink the cooling water
brook,
But give me drink from 'Thee.

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



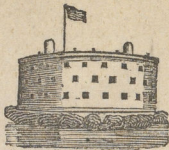
Once, as oppress'd with sleep I
lay,
With pining hunger bold,
A prowling enemy came by,
And robb'd my little fold.

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 re
sound—
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

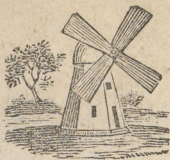


Two gentlemen were riding out one day, and they saw a shepherd lad reading his Bible ; they went to him, and asked which was the road to Heaven. The shepherd boy looked at them for a moment, and seeing they intended to make a jest of him, said, " Gentlemen, the way

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."

Good understanding giveth favor: but the way of transgressors is hard.



The Lord my pasture shall pre-
pare,
And feed me with a shepherd's
care ;
His presence shall my wants
supply,
And guard me with a watchful
eye ;
My noon-day walks he shall at-
tend,
And all my midnight hours de-
fend.



When on the sultry plain I faint,
Or on the barren mountains
pant,
To fertile fields and dewy
meads
My 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 over-
spread,
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 dread-
ful shade.



Though in a bare and rugged
way,
Through lonely deserts wild I
stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains be-
guile—
The barren wilderness shall
smile,
With beauteous green and her-
bage crown'd ;
And streams shall murmur all
around.



