Behold, Amid His Little Flock

Doh is G · 3/4 Tune: ST. AGNES

| m - m - m - | r - - - m - | f - - - t, - | d - - - - - |
Behold, a- mid his little flock,

| s, - s, - s, - | m - - - r - | r - - - - - | f - f - m - |
The Saviour stands se- rene, Unawed by

| r - - - d - | t, - - - l, - | s, - - - - - | s, - l, - d - |
suffering yet to be, Unchanged by

| m - - - r - | d - - - - - |
what hath been.

The other verses

2 Still beams the light of love undimmed
In that benignant eye,
Nor, save his own prophetic word,
Aught speaks him soon to die.

3 He pours within the votive cup
The rich blood of the vine,
And "Drink ye all the hallowed draught,"
He cries, "This blood is mine."

4 He breaks the bread; then clasps his hands,
And lifts his eyes in prayer,
Receive ye this and view by faith
My body symbolled there.

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