Great Shepherd of Thine Israel

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: MELCOMBE

| s - | s - f - m - r - | d - l - s - s - |
Great Shepherd of thine Israel, Who

| d' - t - l - s - | s - fe - s - m - |
didst between the cherubs dwell, And

| m - f - s - m - | r - m - f - f - |
led the tribes, thy chosen sheep, Safe

| m - r - s - f - | m - r - d - |
thro' the desert and the deep.

The other verses

2 Thy church is in the desert now,
Shine from on high and guide us thro';
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

3 Great God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

5 Hast thou not planted with thy hands
A lovely vine in heathen lands?
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heavenly dews enrich the ground?

6 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with the fruit!
But now, dear Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

7 Why is its beauty thus defac'd?
Why hast thou laid her fences waste?
Strangers and foes against her join,
And every beast devours the vine.

8 Return, almighty God, return,
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

9 Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew
Thou wast its strength and glory too;
Attack'd in vain by all its foes,
Till the fair Branch of Promise rose;

10 Fair Branch, ordain'd of old to shoot
From David's stock, from Jacob's root;
Himself a noble vine, and we
The lesser branches of the tree.

11 'Tis thy own Son, and he shall stand
Girt with thy strength at thy right hand;
Thy first-born Son, adorn'd and blest
With power and grace above the rest.

12 O! for his sake attend our cry,
Shine on thy churches lest they die;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

Tune MELCOMBE by Samuel Webbe (1740–1816); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.