575 Shepherd, Show Me How to Go

“How My Sheep” by Mary Baker Eddy

1. Shep-herd, show me how to go O’er the hill-side steep,
2. Thou wilt bind the stub-born will, Wound the cal-lous breast,
3. So, when day grows dark and cold, Tear or tri-umph harms,

How to gath-er, how to sow,— How to feed Thy sheep;
Make self-right-eous-ness be still, Break earth’s stu-pid rest.
Lead Thy lamb-kins to the fold, Take them in Thine arms;

I will lis-ten for Thy voice, Lest my foot-steps stray;
Stran-gers on a bar-ren shore, La-b’ring long and lone,
Feed the hun-gry, heal the heart, Till the morn-ing’s beam;

I will fol-low and re-joice All the rug-ged way.
We would en-ter by the door, And Thou know’st Thine own;
White as wool, ere they de-part, Shep-herd, wash them clean.