


Wha is my Shepherd, weel I ken,
the Lord himsel' is he;
He leads me whaur the girse is green,
an burnies quate that be.

Aft times I fain astray wad gang,
an wanner far awa;
He fins me oot, He pits me richt
an brings me hame an a'

Tho I pass through the gru'some cleugh,
fine I ken He is near,
His muckle crook will me defend,
sae I hae nocht tae fear.

A' the comforts whilk a sheep could need,
His thoctfu' care provides;
Tho wolves and dugs may prowle about,
in safety me he hides.

His guidness and mercy baith,
nae doot will bide wi' me;
While faulded on the fielded on the fields o' time,
for a' eternity.

 Molly Gould <mollygould60@gmail.com>
to Graha

Jun 7 (11 days ago)