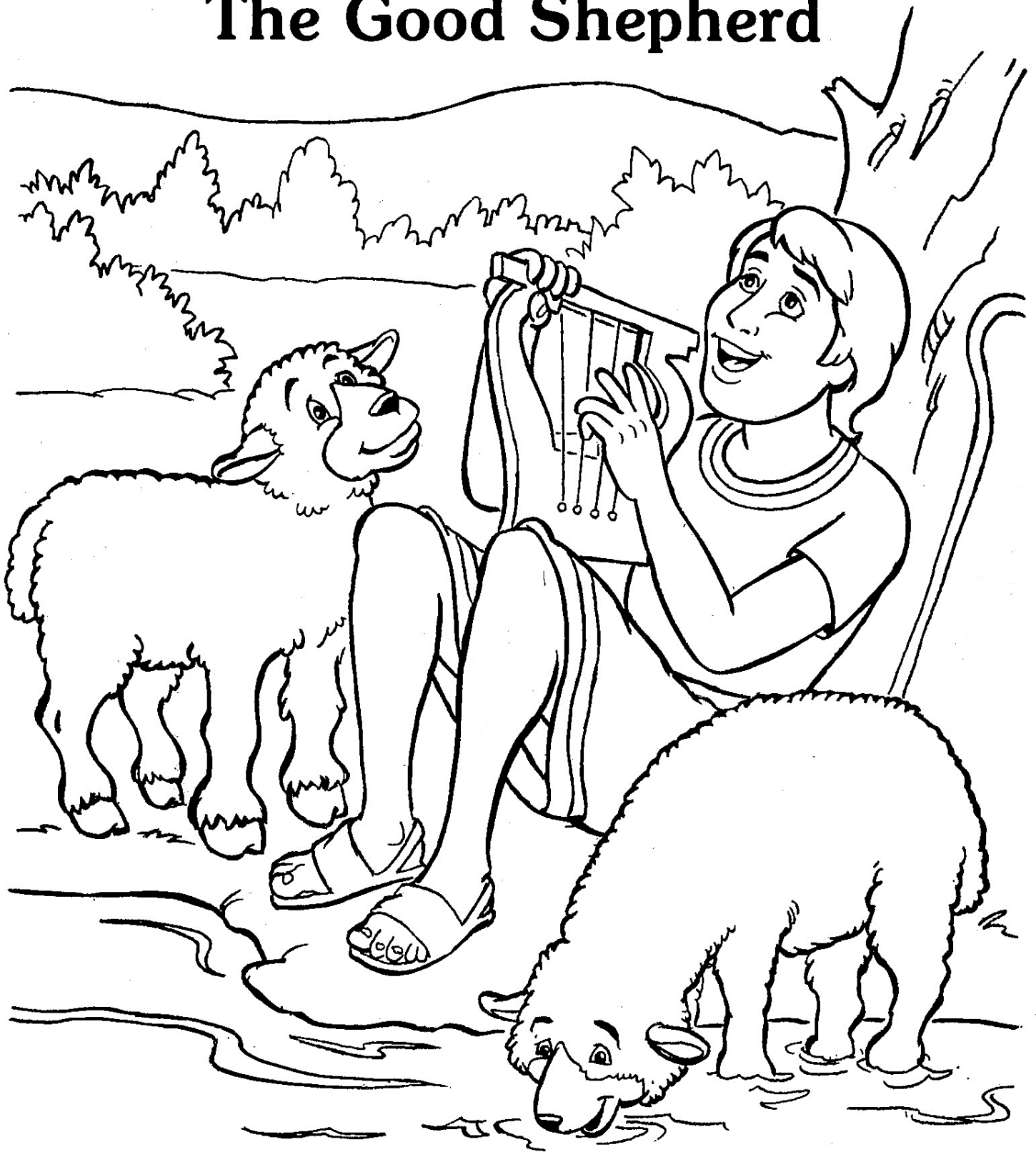


The Good Shepherd



David the shepherd took care of his sheep.
He'd look for still water, and grass that was deep.
While mama sheep rested, he'd watch the lambs play,
And strum on his harp, as he'd sing and he'd pray.



Each night David counted the sheep in his fold.
There they were safe from the wind and the cold.
If one sheep was missing, he'd go out at night,
With his staff in one hand, and the other a light.



He'd walk through dark valleys. He wasn't afraid.
He had to find the lamb that had strayed.
He was a good shepherd, and he did his best,
To bring the lost sheep to the fold with the rest.



One day a lion who wanted a snack,
Got hold of a lamb, but David fought back.
He grabbed him and shook him, he prayed as he fought.
The lamb got away, but the lion did not!



He killed that big cat! He knew it was God.
All that he had were his hands and a rod.
David was learning, "When God is your friend,
And you do what is right, you will win in the end!"