

Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us
UMH 381

Savior, like a shepherd lead us,
much we need thy tender care;
in thy pleasant pastures feed us,
for our use thy folds prepare.

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

We are thine, thou dost befriend us,
be the guardian of our way;
keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
seek us when we go astray.

Refrain

Thou hast promised to receive us,
poor and sinful though we be;
thou hast mercy to relieve us,
grace to cleanse and power to free.

Refrain

Early let us seek thy favor,
early let us do thy will;
blessed Lord and only Savior,
with thy love our bosoms fill.

Refrain

Would I Have Answered When You Called
TFWS 2137

Would I have answered when you called,
“Come, follow, follow me!”?

Would I at once have left behind both work and family?
Or would the old, familiar round have held me by its claim
and kept the spark within my heart from bursting into flame?

Would I have followed where you led through ancient Galilee,
on roads unknown, by ways untried, beyond security?

Or would I soon have hurried back
where home and comfort drew,
where truth you taught would not disturb
the ordered world I knew?

Would I have matched my step with yours
when crowds cried, “Crucify!”

when on a rocky hill I saw a cross against the sky?
Or would I too have slipped away and left you there alone,
a dying king with crown of thorns
upon a terrible throne?

O Christ, I cannot search my heart
through all its tangled ways,
nor can I with a certain mind my steadfastness appraise.
I only pray that when you call, “Come, follow, follow me!”
you’ll give me strength beyond my own
to follow faithfully.

Marching to Zion

UMH 733

Come, we that love the Lord,
and let our joys be known;
join in a song with sweet accord,
join in a song with sweet accord
and thus surround the throne,
and thus surround the throne.

We're marching to Zion,
beautiful, beautiful Zion;
we're marching upward to Zion,
the beautiful city of God.

Let those refuse to sing
who never knew our God;
but children of the heavenly King,
but children of the heavenly King
may speak their joys abroad,
may speak their joys abroad.

Refrain

The hill of Zion yields
a thousand sacred sweets
before we reach the heavenly fields,
before we reach the heavenly fields,
or walk the golden streets,
or walk the golden streets.

Refrain

Then let our songs abound,
and every tear be dry;
we're marching through
Emmanuel's ground,
we're marching through
Emmanuel's ground,
to fairer worlds on high,
to fairer worlds on high.

Refrain

Precious Lord

UMH 474, v. 1

Precious Lord, take my hand,
lead me on, let me stand,
I am tired, I am weak, I am worn;
through the storm, through the night,
lead me on to the light:
Take my hand, precious Lord,
lead me home.