

The wandering flock of Israel
is scattered and far from home and hope;
the Shepherd alone, with crook and staff,
can find them and lead and keep them safe.

*He made and upheld us, granted grace;
His smile is our peace, His word our hope.*

I walk on the heights, I climb and cling,
the terror beneath, the ice aloft.
I look for His tracks, await His hand
to help and to hold, to guide and save.

I thirst for His word as grass in drought
dry, brittle and barren, parched and brown;
no shower can fall, no sap rise green
no hope, if the Lord should send no rain.

Creator of all, Your craftsman's care
with fashioning hand caressed our clay;
this vine is the work Your hands have wrought,
Your love is the sun, our soil of growth.