

The Good Shepherd

Mark Mariner

Irish folk song, "Slane"

$\text{♩} = 95$

8

My Shep-herd stands firm the hi - re - ling flees
His love is so great; for ev er un ites
In death He tri - umphs and grants vic - tor y
One day we'll bow down be - fore His great throne

14

In love He re - mains though wolves com - pass me
I rest in the fold safe through the dark night
this work He does by His Fath - er's de cree.
and cast down all crowns for they are His own

18

Through death he con - tends with our dread - ed foe
I know His sweet voice when He calls my name
He lays down His life end - ing all my strife
all will be hold Him in His maj es ty

Where 'er He leads me will I glad ly go
My Good Shep - herd's love is ev - er the same.
His death grants to me my e - ter - nal life.
wor ship ping e ver for e ter ni ty