









- 2. There, without crook or sling, walks the Good Shepherd; blossoms white and red round his meek temples cling; and, to sweet pastures led, his own loved flock beneath his eye is fed.
- 3. He guides, and near him they follow delighted; for he makes them go where dwells eternal May, and heavenly roses blow, deathless, and gathered but again to grow.
- 4. He leads them to the height named of the infinite and long-sought Good, and fountains of delight; and where his feet have stood, springs up, along the way, their tender food.
- 5. And when in the mid skies, the climbing sun has reached his highest bound, reposing as he lies, with all his flock around, he witches the still air with numerous sound.

- 6. From his sweet lute flow forth immortal harmonies, of power to still all passions born of earth, and draw the ardent will its destiny of goodness to fulfil.
- 7. Might but a little part, a wandering breath, of that high melody descend into my heart, and change it till it be transformed and swallowed up, O love! in thee:
- 8. ah! then my soul should know,
 Beloved! where thou liest at noon of day;
 and from this place of woe
 released, should take its way
 to mingle with thy flock, and never stray.