



(“THE SHEEPFOLD” from First Presbyterian Church, Wichita, Kansas)

John 10: 1-2

“I tell you the truth, the man who does not enter the sheep pen by the gate, but climbs in by some other way, is a thief and a robber. The man who enters by the gate is the shepherd of the sheep.”



THE SHEEPFOLD

The Lord is my Shepherd, the great protector; to Him I am thrilled to belong
For life with Him, is on a higher plane, far away from the madding throng
Left entirely on my own, I'd graze the same hills, until they became a desert waste
Stubborn and self-willed, following familiar trails, all my days would pass in reckless haste.

A sheepfold for His lambs, Jesus has prepared, a place of protection and rest
Where He will be the Shepherd, of His flock forever, and to them eternal life bequest
The world cannot pluck them from His hand, for the sheep belong to Him and will not perish
For His Heavenly Father, gave them all to Him, and His Son's sheep, He, too, will cherish.

The Good Shepherd Jesus, called the sheepfold door, is the only way one can enter
Woe to the stranger, claiming to be the shepherd, for the flock will turn away and splinter
Since the Good Shepherd died for the sins of His sheep, to follow Him only was their choice
Thus, grazing in green pastures, under loving care, they'll respond just to His voice.

The Saviors eager eyes, search the broad horizon, with compassion pathos and concern
If a sheep has come undone, He's eagerly by its side, teaching the lessons it needs to learn
When a lamb is cast down, unable to move, 'tis in God it will find a place of hope
For the Good Shepherd waits, ready to restore, as they walk each slippery slope.