

**O** SHEPHERD of the church, give ear,  
Lord above highest angels—hear;  
Thou Who didst lead Thy chosen sheep  
Safe through the desert and the deep.

- 2 Lord, Thou hast planted with Thy hands  
A lovely vine in heathen lands;  
How did those spreading branches shoot  
And bless the nations with their fruit!
- 3 But now its beauty is defaced,  
And foes have laid her fences waste;  
Return, O God! How long! Return!  
Nor let Thy failing vineyard mourn.
- 4 Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew,  
Thou gavest strength and glory too;  
Kept it through years from numerous foes  
Until the Branch of promise rose.
- 5 Fair Branch, ordained of old to shoot  
From David's stock, from Jacob's root,  
Our Saviour came to Israel's land,  
Down from His throne at Thy right hand.
- 6 O for His sake attend our cry,  
Shine on our churches lest they die,  
Turn us to Thee, revive, restore,  
We shall be saved and blessed once more.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†*