

THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want:
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

- 2 My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.
- 3 Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill:
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
- 4 My table Thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.