

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in His chosen way,
For His most holy name.

4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd will be there.

5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy anoints my head.

6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.