

MY Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is His name;
In pastures fresh He makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

- 2 He brings my wandering spirit back
When I forsake His ways:
And leads me, for His mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of Thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.
- 4 Thy hand, in spite of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows;
Thine oil anoints my head.
- 5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may Thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748