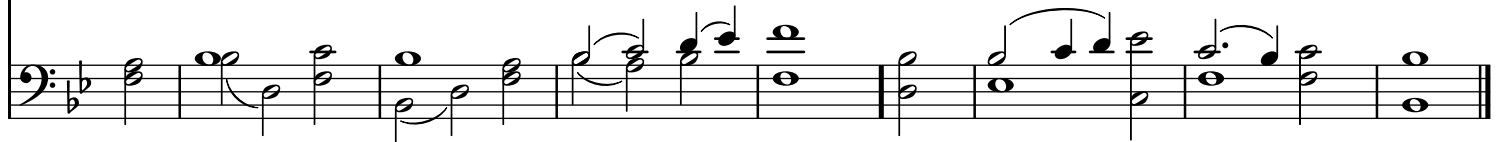




1. The Lord's my Shep-herd, I'll not want: He makes me down to lie
 2. My soul He doth re - store a - gain; And me to walk doth make
 3. Yea, tho' I walk in death's dark vale, Yet I will fear no ill;



In pas - tures green: He lead - eth me The qui - et wa - ters by.
 With - in the paths of right - eous - ness, E'en for His own name's sake.
 For Thou art with me; and Thy rod And staff they com - fort 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 forevermore
 My dwelling-place shall be.

Alternate tune: No. 252.