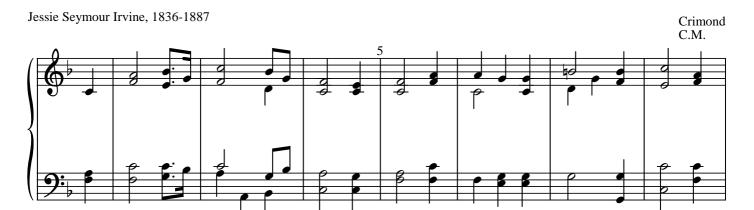
The Lord's my Shepherd





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.

My soul He doth restore again; And me to walk doth make Within the paths of righteousness, Even for His own Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale, Yet will I fear no ill; For Thou art with me; and Thy rod And staff my comfort still. My table Thou hast furnishèd In presence of my foes; My head Thou dost with oil anoint, And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life Shall surely follow me; And in God's house forevermore My dwelling place shall be.

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