

## VERSION OF THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

My guiding shepherd is the Lord,  
I have no want nor care ;  
His pastures he doth me accord  
To walk by waters there.

Still waters, pastures green, and he  
Restores my soul and guides  
Me in those righteous paths which are  
Calm like the river tides.

So for his own name's sake ; and though  
In the gray vale of death  
Adown its darkening glooms I go  
I have no fear of scaith.

In death's dark shadow's valley I  
Walk fearless through the midst,  
For thou art with me and thy rod  
Bringest and comfort bidst.

Thy rod and staff a solacement  
Seem ; and among my foes,  
Where hostile forms their ire present  
Thy presence cures my woes.

A table is before me spread  
E'en where the foeman stands ;  
With oil thou dost anoint my head,  
A cup putst in my hands.

A brimming cup and mercy kind  
And goodness shall for aye  
Follow me, and within God's house  
I evermore shall stay.