

## PSALM XXIII.

God is my Shepherd: not a care  
 Shall fret this tranquil heart of mine;  
 By waters still, in pastures fair,  
 He leads me with His love divine.

My erring footsteps He doth bring  
 Back to the paths of righteousness,  
 That I His praise may always sing,  
 His wisdom and His love confess.

Thy staff, dear Lord, is in my hand  
 And Death's dark vale I'll boldly tread;  
 Though famine ravage all the land  
 Thy table is before me spread.

What can my heart desire? e'en now  
 My cup is full and running o'er;  
 Like oil upon a royal brow  
 Thy gifts upon Thy servant pour.

Surely Thy tender care has blest  
 My footsteps from the earliest day,  
 And in Thy house, a willing guest,  
 I'll dwell <sup>when</sup> ~~till~~ time has passed away.