

Nor turn'd from poverty his face,
But hears its humble cry.

Thus in thy sacred courts will I
My cheerful thanks express ;
In presence of thy saints perform
The vows of my distress.

- 4 Let all the glad converted world,
To God their homage pay ;
And scatter'd nations of the earth
One sov'reign Lord obey.

PSALM XXIII. C. M.

THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide ;
The shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.

- 2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose ;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

- 3 He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.

- 4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free ;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.