

SYRIAN SHEPHERD'S PSALM

Though I should walk through death's
dark shade
My shepherd's with me there.

In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.