

THE SHEPHERD,—Psalm 23.

Jehovah is my Shepherd now,
 He does relieve my wants;
 Nor will I longer mourn below
 While he directs my sense.

My famished soul he's taught to feed
 In pastures of his grace,
 Such ample food is all I need
 In this most sacred place.

He leads me to the fountain's side
 That I may drink with ease,
 Where living streams of water glide,
 That does my thirst appease.

He guards me with his ardent sway
 For his own honor's sake,
 When weakness would entice astray,
 He shows me the mistake.

He does provide me ample breath,
 That can exalt his name
 And if I tread the glen of death
 His care will be the same.

My table he supplies with bread,
 In presence of my foes;
 His precious oil anoints my head,
 My cup of bliss o'er flows.

His mercy still attends my way
 And often does reprove;
 His goodness shields me all the day
 With a devoted love.