

SYRIAN SHEPHERD'S PSALM

In the midst of affliction my table is
spread;

With blessings unmeasured my cup
runneth o'er;

With perfume and oil Thou anointest my
head;

Oh, what shall I ask of Thy provi-
dence more?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful
God,

Still follow my steps till I meet Thee
above;

I seek — by the path which my fore-
fathers trod

Through the land of their sojourn —
Thy kingdom of love.