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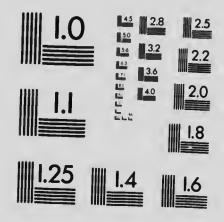
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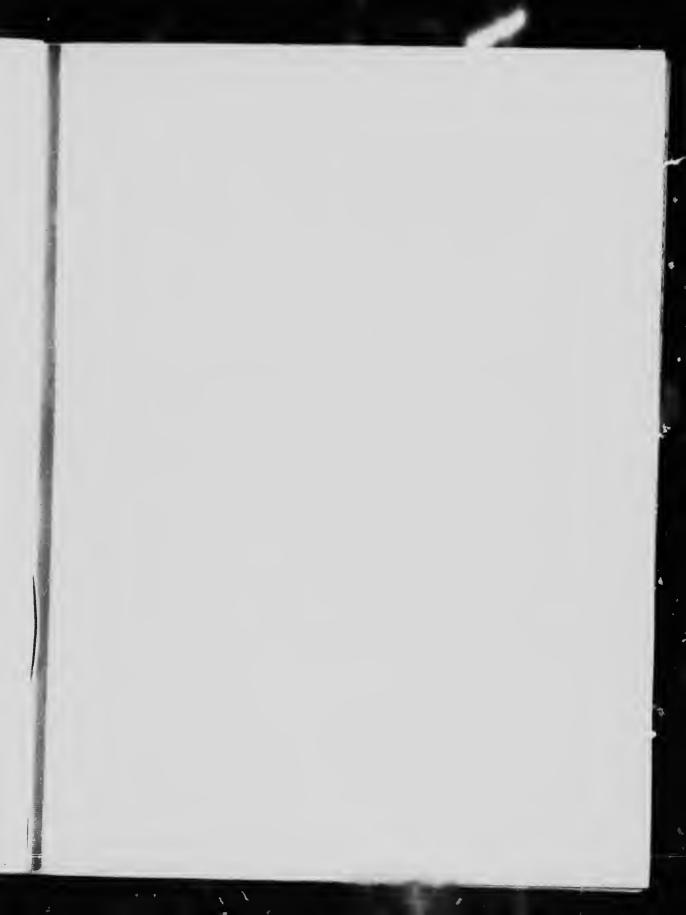
The Sprian Shepherd's Qsalm



Jules Guerin











The Valley of the Shadow

The Syrian Shepherd's Psalm

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOR AND AN INTRODUCTION

BY

JULES GUÉRIN

WITH APPRECIATIONS BY C. H. SPURGEON, HENRY WARD BEECHER, W. M. THOMSON; AND METRICAL VERSIONS OF THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM WITH MUSIC

TORONTO
WILLIAM BRIGGS
1911

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The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

The maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

The restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Pea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.



INTRODUCTION

JULES GUÉRIN



The Syrian Shepherd's Psalm

HIS book is the result of a camping trip of several weeks through Palestine in the spring of 1909. Starting from Damascus, and traveling slowly, we crossed the cold summits of Hermon and descended to Caesarea Philippi, the little town that lies in the valley between Hermon and Lebanon. We traveled south past Merom, where Joshua struck the final blow to Jabin and nis allies; around the quiet sea of Galilee, through glorious forests of oleanders, to Tiberius, the Roman city. Then, after a visit to Nazareth, we turned south and reached Jerusalem by way of Samaria.

In all this trip two things were constantly before my mind: there was the strange beauty of the Holy Land, its

vivid colors and gorgeous contrasts; and then, again, there was the feeling that it had never changed from the beginning of things; that country and people had been the same since the days of Abraham—shepherds then, shepherds now.

Though the kings of Samaria and Jerusa'em are dust, and the palaces, and temples of the Roman conquerors crumbled and decayed, the Land of Promise is the same good land as in the day when Joshua portioned it out as an inheritance among the twelve tribes. There is no more glorious country in the spring of the year than Canaan, watered by the Jordan that stretches north and south like a great, life-giving artery. The fields are red with the rose of Sharon; the blossoming oleanders are like giant pink azaleas, while groves of olives stand thick and strong. Where the country is not a mass of flowers, the green of the fields and the darker foliage of the trees give the effect of an English landscape, but clearer and

richer. The days are balmy and the breezes spice-laden, but at night the e is a cool briskness, and the great stars hang like oranges in the sapphire sky.

Canaan has always been a country of shepherds — Abel was a shepherd; David was a shepherd, and he watched las father's flocks in the same from which a later generation of herds saw the star of the Messiah bu

Last year, as our little to n lingered along the valley of the Jo an, we saw the white flocks, drinking at shallow brooks or clustered in the shift just as in the days of patriarch and king. At their head stood the same solitary figure, staff in hand, clad in the long abayeh, and with the amplimous shawl about the face.

It is because this is a country shepherds that shepherd imagery pears so constantly in its history and literature. Christ chose the figure of the shepherd to represent his attitude

of love and tender care towards his disciples: "I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." The king who ruled the land of Israel during her greatest prosperity began life as a shepherd, while at l.er darkest hour Jeremiah prophesied of the new Jerusalem: "And I will set ur shepherds over them; and they shall fear no more, nor be dismayed, neither shall they be lacking, saith the Lord." Isaiah saw the coming Messiah in the same guise. "He shall feed his flocks like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm and carry them in nis bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young."

Again, in the Hebrew poetry, one finds that the most beautiful lyric of the whole collection, the Twenty-third Psalm, is a song of praise in which David pours out his adoration for the Almighty as from one of the flock to his shepherd. One can imagine no better figure to

one of thankfulness for life and all its blessings, of perfect trust and unquestioning obedience. It is at once a summary of the ideal of religion and a key to the race whose sweetest singer produced it. And so, for one who would really know Canaan, let him study this psalm, while for one who would picture the home-land of our faith as it was in the time of David, and as it is still to-day, there can be no better medium than its interpretation.

The purpose of this short introduction has been to bring the sliepherd psalm nearer home to those who read it to-day, by emphasizing how lightly time has touched its setting during three thousand years. There follow some eloquent discussions and appreciations of the psalm itself.



DAVID'S HEAVENLY PASTORAL

C. H. SPURGEON



David's Heavenly Pastoral

HERE is no inspired title to this psalm and none is needed, for it records no special event, and needs no other key than that which every Christian may find in his own bosom. It is David's Heavenly Pastoral; a surpassing ode, wnich none or the daughters of music can excel. clarion of war here gives place to the pipe of peace, and he who bewailed the woes of the shepherd tunefully rehearses the joys of the flock. Sitting under a spreading tree, with his flock around him, like Bunyan's shepherd-boy in the Valley of Humiliation, we picture David singing this unrivaled pastoral with a heart as full of gladness as it could hold; or, if the psalm be the product of his

after years, we are sure that his soul returned in contemplation to the lonely water-brooks which rippled among the pastures of the wilderness, where in early days he had been wont to dwell. This is the pearl of psalms, whose soft and pure radiance delights every eye; a pearl of which Helicon need not be ashamed, though Jordan claims it. Of this delightful song it may be affirmed that its piety and its poetry are equal, its sweetness and its spirituality are unsurpassed.

It has been said that what the night-ingale is among birds, that is this divine ode among psalms, for it has sung sweetly in the ear of many a mourner in his night of weeping, and has bidden him hope for a morning of joy. I will venture also to compare it to the lark, which sings as it mounts, and mounts as it sings, until it is out of sight, and even then is not out of hearing. Note the last words of the psalm — "I will

dwell in the house of the Lord forever"; these are celestial notes, more fitted for the eternal mansions than for these dwelling-places below the clouds. Oh, that we may enter into the spirit of the psalm as we read it, and then we shall experience the days of heaven upon earth!

From "The Treasury of David" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.)



THE INTIMATE PSALM

HENRY WARD BEECHER



The Intimate Psalm

AVID has left no sweeter psalm than the short twenty-third. It is but a moment's opening of the soul; but as when one, walking the winter street, sees the door opened for some one to enter, and the red light streams a moment forth, and the forms of gay children are running to greet the comer, and genial music sounds, though the door shuts and leaves the night black, yet it cannot shut back again all that the eyes, the ear, the heart, and the imagination have seen - so in this psalm, though it is but a moment's opening of the soul, are emitted truths of peace and consolation that will never be absent from the world. The Twentythird Psalm is the nightingale of the

psalms. It is small, of a homely feather, singing shyly out of obscurity; but oh! it has filled the air of the whole world with melodious joy, greater than the heart can conceive. Blessed be the day on which that psalm was born!

What would you say of a pilgrim commissioned of God to travel up and down the earth singing a strange melody, which, when one heard, caused him to forget whatever sorrows he had? And so the singing angel goes on his way through all lands, singing in the language of every nation, driving away trouble by the pulses of the air which his tongue moves with divine power. Behold just such an one! This pilgrim God has sent to speak in every language on the globe.

It has charmed more griefs to rest than all the philosophy of the world. It has remanded to their dungeon more felon thoughts, more black doubts, more thieving sorrows, than there are sands on the sea-shore. It has comforted the

noble host of the poor. It has sung courage to the army of the disappointed. It has poured balm and consolation into the heart of the sick, of captives in dungeons, of widows in their pinching griefs, of orphans in their loneliness. Dying soldiers have died easier as it was read to them; ghastly hospitals have been illuminated; it has visited the prisoner, and broken his chains, and, like Peter's angel, led him forth in imagination, and sung him back to his home again. It has made the dying Christian slave freer than his master, and consoled those whom, dying, he left behind mourning, not so much that he was gone, as because they were left behind, and could not go too.

Nor is its work done. It will go singing to your children and my children, and to their children, through all generations of time; nor will it fold its wings till the last pilgrim is safe, and time ended; and then it will fly back to

the bosom of God, whence it issued, and sound on, mingled with all those sounds of celestial joy which make heaven musical forever.

From "Life Thoughts from Henry Ward Beecher," compiled by Edna Dean Proctor (Phillips, Sampson & Co.)

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERD

W. M. THOMSON



The Faithful Shepherd

UR Saviour says that the good shepherd, when he putteth forth his own sheep, goeth before them, and they follow (John x. 4). This is true to the letter. They are so tame and so trained that they follow their keeper with the utmost docility. He leads them forth from the fold or from their houses in the villages, just where he pleases. As there are many flocks in such a place as this, each one takes a different path, and it is his business to find pasture for them. It is necessary, therefore, that they should be taught to follow, and not to stray away into the unfenced fields of corn which lie so temptingly on either side. Any one that thus wanders is sure to get into

trouble. The shepherd calls sharply from time to time to remind them of his presence. They know his voice, and follow on; but, if a stranger call, they stop short, lift up their heads in alar and, if it is repeated, they turn and flee, because they know not the voice of a stranger. This is not the fanciful costume of a parable, it is simple fact. I have made the experiment repeatedly. The shepherd goes before, not merely to point out the way, but to see that it is practicable and safe. He is armed in order to defend his charge, and in this he is very courageous. Many adventures with wild 1. occur, not unlike that recounted by savid (I Sam. xvii. 34-36), and in these very mountains; for though there are now no lions here, there are wolves in abundance; and leopards and panthers, exceeding fierce, prowl about the wild wadies. They not frequently attack the flock in the very presence of the shepherd, and he must be ready to

do battle at a moment's warning. I have listened with intense interest to their graphic descriptions of downright and desperate fights with these savage beasts. And when the thief and the robber come (and come they do), the faithful shepherd has often to put his life in his hand to defend his flock. I have known more than one case in which he had literally to lay it down in the contest. A poor faithful fellow last spring, between Tiberius and Tabor, instead of fleeing, actually fought three Bedawin robbers until he was hacked to pieces with their khanjars, and died among the sheep he was defending. Some sheep always keep near the shepherd, and are his special favorites. Each of them has a name, to which it answers joyfully, and the kind shepherd is ever distributing to such, choice portions which he gathers for that purpose. These are the contented and happy ones.

They are in no danger of getting lost

or into mischief, nor do wild beasts or thieves come near them. The great body, however, are mere worldlings, intent upon their mere pleasure or selfish interests. They run from bush to bush, searching for variety or delicacies, and only now and then lift their heads to see where the shepherd is, or rather, where the general flock is, lest they get so far away as to occasion a remark in their little community, or rebuke from their keeper. Others, again, are restless and discontented, jumping into everybody's field, climbing into bushes, and even into leaning trees, when they often fall and break their limbs. These cost the good shepherd incessant trouble.

Come down to the river; there is something going forward worth seeing. You shepherd is about to lead his flock across; and as our Lord says of the good shepherd — you observe that he goes before, and the sheep follow. Not all in

the same manner, however. Some enter boldly, and come straight across. These are the loved ones of the flock, who keep hard by the footsteps of the shepherd, whether sauntering through green meadows by the still water, feeding upon the mountains, or resting at noon beneath the shadow of great rocks. And now others enter, but in doubt and alarm. Far from their guide they miss the ford, and are carried down the river, some more, some less; and yet, one one, they all struggle over and ma... good their landing. Notice those little lambs. They refuse to enter, and must be driven into the stream by the shenherd's dog, mentioned by Job in his parable. Poor things! how they leap and plunge, and bleat in terror! That weak one yonder will be swept quite away, and perish in the sea. But, no; the shepherd himself leaps into the stream, lifts it into his bosom, and bears it trembling to the shore. All safely

over, how happy they appear! The lambs frisk and gambol about in high spirits, while the older ones gather round their faithful guide, and look up to him in subdued but expressive thankfulness. Now, can you watch such a scene, and not think of that Shepherd who leadeth Joseph like a flock; and of another river, which all His sheep must cross? He, too, goes before, and, as in the case of this flock, they who keep near Him "fear no evil." They hear His sweet voice saying, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee" (Isaiah xliii. 2). With eve fastened on Him, they scarcely see the stream, or feel its cold and threatening waves.

In ordinary circumstances the shepherd does not feed his flock, except by leading and guiding them where they may gather for themselves; but there are

times when it is otherwise. Late in autumn, when the pastures are dried up, and in winter, in places covered with snow, he must furnish them food or they die. In the vast oak woods along the eastern sides of Lebanon, between Baalbek and the cedars, there are there gathered innumerable flocks, and the shepnerds are all day long in the bushy trees, cutting down the branches, upon whose green leaves and tender twigs the sheep and goats are entirely supported. The same is true in all mountain districts, and large forests are preserved on purpose.

The shepherd invariably carries a staff or rod with him when he goes forth to feed his flock. It is often bent or hooked at one end, which gave rise to the shepherd's crook in the hand of the Christian bishop. With this staff he rules and guides the flock to their green pastures, and defends them from their enemies.

With it also he corrects them when disobedient, and brings them back when wandering. This staff is associated as inseparably with the shepherd as the goad is with the ploughman.

From "The Land and the Book"
[Harper & Brothers]

Metrical Versions with Music



Note on the Metrical Versions

LL through the Christian era, poets and versifiers have aspired to amplify or paraphrase great and striking scriptural passages. Milton, Addison, Pope, Byron, and a host of others have tried their hand. Sometimes, the inspiration of the lofty theme has lifted the poet above himself. More often, however, their verses show cheap and tawdry against the background of the Bible's perfect prose.

The following hymns are the finest and most widely known of the hymns founded on the Twenty-third Psalm. With them are printed the familiar tunes to which they are most often sung. In spite of the identity of their subject, they have a wide variety of form, and are peculiarly interesting in the way that each reflects the spirit of its author and his epoch.

First comes the old Scu.h version, by Francis Rous. Both this and the verses taken from the old Bay Psalm Book of New England are crude from a literary point of view, but there is a religious fervor and an unshaken confidence in the Almighty that

thrill through every line. In spite of shortcomings, they more nearly approach the spirit of the Psalmist than the hymn that follows. This is by Joseph Addison, exquisite litterateur and essayist. Here is English whose purity, restraint, and refinement show the best of the classical school. The lofty, placid spirit, however, is very different from the zeal of the first two hymns. The Spectator was far removed from the Zealot.

Next is the version of James Montgomery. He, too, is an artist, but writes in still another key. Montgomery was a true poet, and in his lines there is a swing and singing quality that contrast vividly with the faultless precision of Addison.

Then comes Isaac Watts. In spirit his work reminds one again of the spirit of the Scotch and New England versions. The form of his verses is unadorned simplicity: the substance — devout, unswerving sincerity.

Last in the collection is the noble hymn by Sir W. II. Baker. Here is a most impressive conception—the conception of a church firmly seated, long established. Wedded to Dykes's beautiful tune, it sustains the majestic note sounded in its first line, that is strikingly characteristic of the whole hymn.

"The King of Love my Shepherd is, whose goodness faileth never."

THE OLD SCOTCH VERSION

FRANCIS ROUS (1650)



The Old Scotch Version

From the "Scotch Psalter," "allowed by the authority of the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland." Edinburgh, 1711.

HE Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.

He makes me down to lie

In pastures green: He leadeth me

The quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness
Ev'n for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale, Yet will I fear none ill; For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff me comfort still!

My table Thou hast furnished,
In presence of my foes.
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life Shall surely follow me. And in God's house for evermore My dwelling-place shall be.

EVAN

REV. W. H. HAVERGAL (1793-1870)

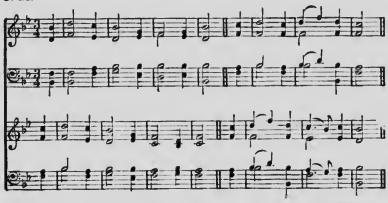
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R. SIMPSON

THE PURITAN VERSION



The Puritan Version

FROM "THE BAY PSALM BOOK"

The New England collection of metrical versions of the Psalter. Edition of 1726.

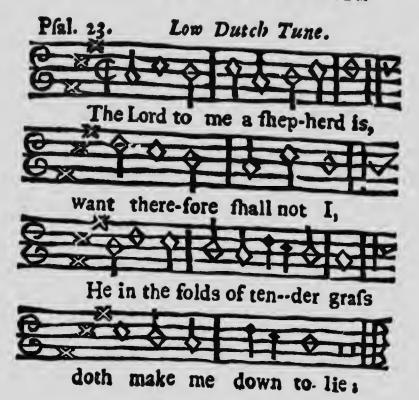
HE Lord to me a shepherd is,
Want therefore shall not I.
He in the folds of tender grass
Doth cause me down to lie.

To waters calme me gently leads, Restore my soul doth He. He doth in paths of righteousness For His name's sake lead me.

Yea though in valley of death's shade I walk, none ill I'll fear. Because Thou art with me, Thy rod And staff my comfort are.

For me a table Thou hast spread
In presence of my foes.
Thou dost anoint my head with oil,
My cup it overflows.

Goodness and mercy surely shall
All my days follow me.
And in the Lord's house I shall dwell
So long as days shall be.





Eymn by JOSEPH ADDISON



Hymn hy Joseph Addison

HE Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care;

His presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye; My noonday walks He shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend.

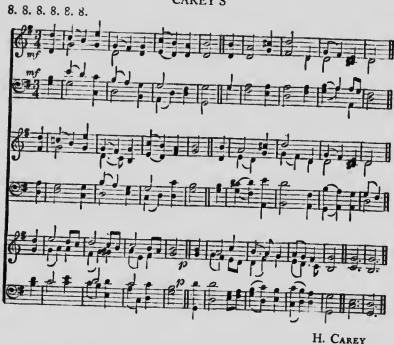
When in the sultry glebe I faint, Or on the thirsty mountain pant, To fertile vales and dewy meads My weary, wandering steps He leads, Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow, Amid the verdant landscape flow.

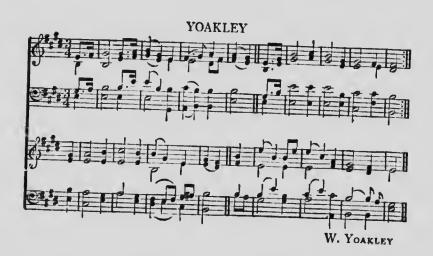
Though in the paths of death I tread, With gloomy horrors overspread, My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,

For Thou, O Lord, art with me still; Thy friendly rod shall give me aid, And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

CAREY'S







Hymn by ISAAC WATTS



Hymn by Isaac Watts

HE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine and I am His;
What can I want beside?

He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

If e'er I go astray,

He doth my soul reclaim;

And guides me in His own right way,

For His most holy name.

While He affords His aid, I cannot yield to fear;

Though I should walk through death's dark shade

My shepherd's with me there.

In spite of all my foes,

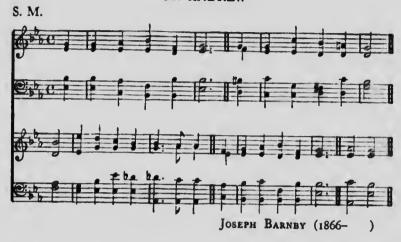
Thou dost my table spread;

My cup with blessings overflows,

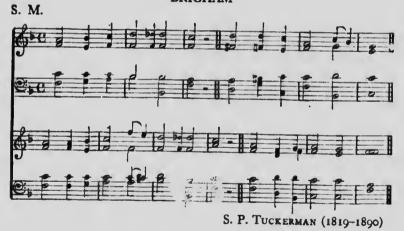
And joy exalts my head.

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

ST. ANDREW

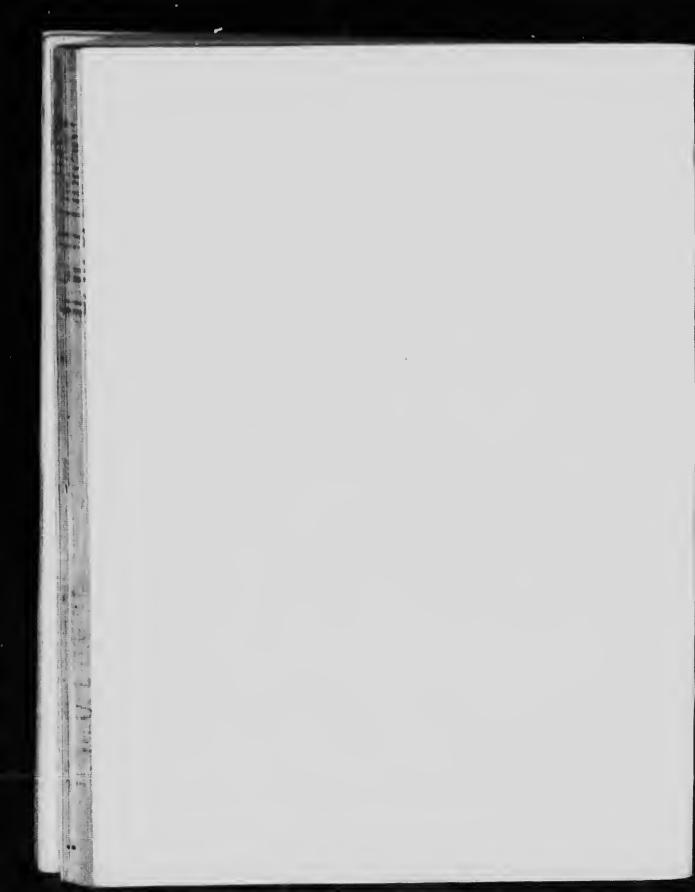


BRIGHAM





Hymn by JAMES MONTGOMERY



Hymn by James Montgomery

HE Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know;

I feed in green pastures, safefolded I rest;

He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,

Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,

Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I fear:

Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;

No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

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 providence more?

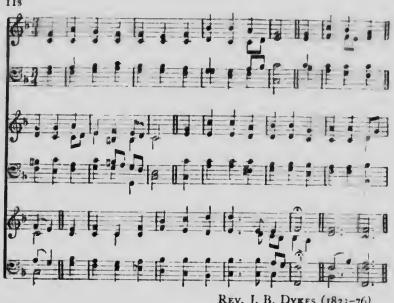
Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,

Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above:

I seek — by the path which my forefathers trod

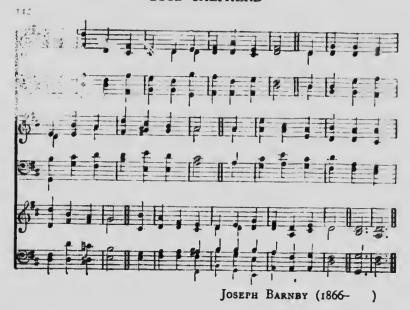
Through the land of their sojourn — Thy kingdom of love.

JUDEA

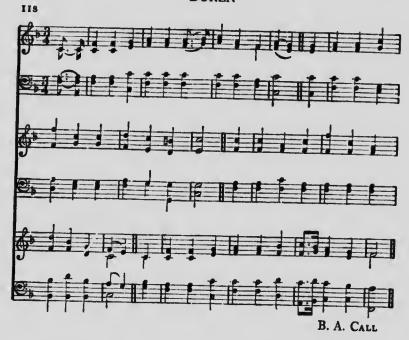


REV. J. B. DYKES (1823-76)

GOOD SHEPHERD



DUREN



Hymn by SIR HENRY W. BAKER



Hymn hy Sir Henry W. Baker

HE King of love my shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me, And on His shoulder gently laid, And home, rejoicing, brought me.

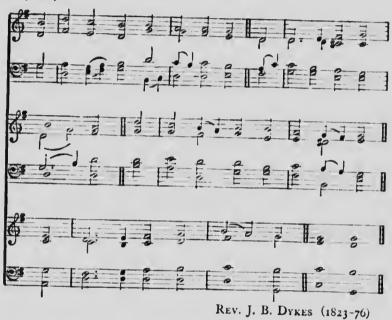
In death's dark vale, I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days, Thy goodness faileth never; Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise, Within Thy house for ever.

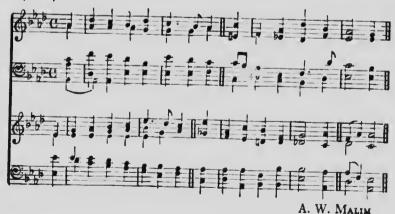
DOMINUS REGIT ME

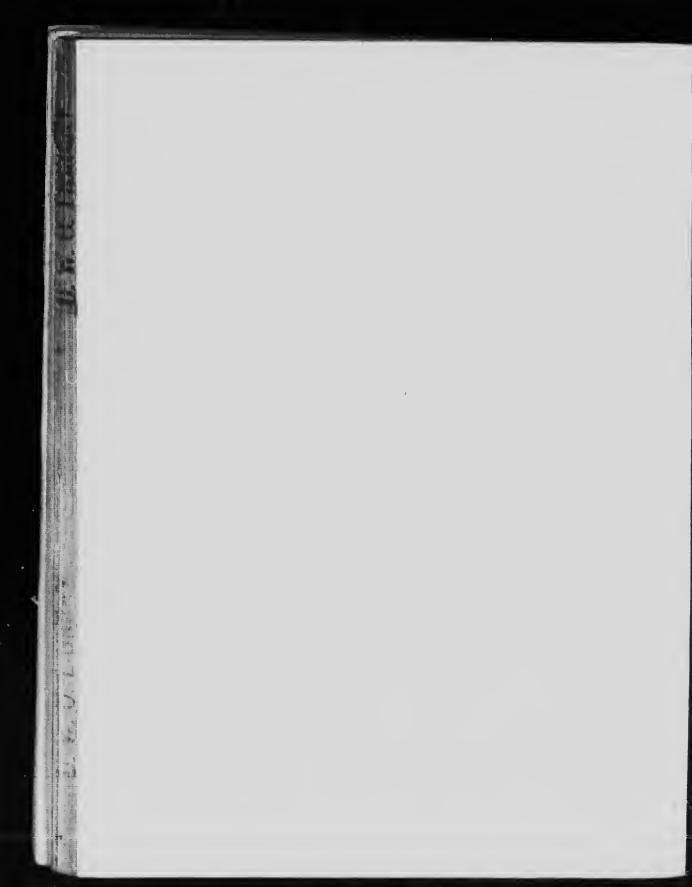
ε. 7. 8. 7.



MITTIT (KING OF LOVE)

8. 7. 8. 7.





CHANT

