

- 4 Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy Vale
Where Death and all its Terrors are,
My Heart and Hope shall never fail,
For God my Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 Amidst the Darkness and the Deep
Thou art my Comfort, thou my Stay;
Thy Staff supports my feeble Steps,
Thy Rod directs my doubtful Way.
- 6 The Sons of Earth, and Sons of Hell
Gaze at thy Goodness and repine
To see my Table spread so well
With living Bread and chearful Wine.
- 7 [How I rejoice when on my Head
Thy Spirit condescends to rest!
'Tis a divine Anointing, shed
Like Oil of Gladness at a Feast.
- 8 Surely the Mercies of the Lord
Attend his Household all their Days;
There will I dwell to hear his Word,
To seek his Face, and sing his Praise.]

P S A L M 23. Common Metre.

- 1 MY Shepherd will supply my Need,
Jehovah is his Name;
In Pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living Stream.
- 2 He brings my wand'ring Spirit back
When I forsake his Ways,
And leads me for his Mercy's Sake
In Paths of Truth and Grace.
- 3 When I walk through the Shades of Death,
Thy Presence is my Stay;
A Word of thy supporting Breath
Drives all my Fears away.
- 4 Thy Hand in Spite of all my Foes
Doth still my Table spread;
My Cup with Blessings overflows,
Thine Oil anoints my Head.

- 5 The sure Provisions of my God
Attend me all my Days ;
O may thy House be mine Abode,
And all my Work be Praise !
- 6 There would I find a settled Rest,
(While others go and come)
No more a Stranger or a Guest,
But like a Child at Home.

P S A L M 23. Short Metre.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supply'd
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside ?
- 2 He leads me to the Place
Where heav'nly Pasture grows,
Where living Waters gently pass,
And full Salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my Soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right Way,
For his most holy Name.
- 4 While he affords his Aid
I cannot yield to Fear :
Tho' I should walk thro' Death's dark Shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In Spite of all my Foes,
Thou dost my Table spread,
My Cup with Blessings overflows,
And Joy exalts my Head.
- 6 The Bounties of thy Love
Shall crown my following Days ;
Nor from thy House will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy Praise.

P S A L M 24. Common Metre.

Dwelling with G O D.

- 1 **T**HE Earth for ever is the Lord's,
With *Adam's* num'rous Race ;