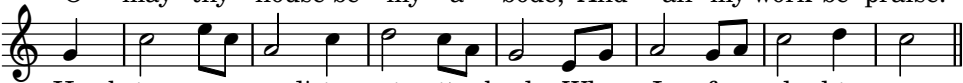




1. My Shep-herd will sup - ply my need, The Lord God is his Name;
2. When I walk through the shades of death Thy pre-sence is my stay;
3. The sure pro - vi - sions of my God At - tend me all my days;



In pas - tures fresh he makes me feed, be - side the liv - ing stream.
One word of thy sup - port - ing breath Drives all my fears a - way.
O may thy house be my a - bode, And all my work be praise.



He brings my wand'ring spir - it back, When I for - sake his ways;
Thy hand, in sight of all my foes, Doth still my ta - ble spread;
There would I find a set - tled rest, While oth - ers go and come;



And leads me, for his mer - cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.
My cup with blessings o - ver-flows, Thine oil a-noints my head.
No more a stranger, nor a guest, But like a child at home.