

# The Lord My Shepherd Is

Words by Isaac Watts

Tune by George J. Elvey

Arranged by Sterling Suggs

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

The Lord my Shep - herd is; I shall be well sup - plied. Since

S

A

T

B

He is mine and I am His, What can I want be - side? He leads me to the place Where

S

A

T

B

heav'-nly pas-ture grows, Where li - ving wa-ters gen-tly pass, And full sal - va - tion flows.

33

S If e'er I go a - stray, He doth my soul re - claim. And guides me in his own right way for

A If e'er I go a - stray, He doth my soul re - claim. And guides my way for

T If e'er I go a - stray, I go a - stray, He doth my soul re - claim. And guides my way for

B If e'er I go a - stray, He doth my soul re - claim. And guides me in his way for

39

S his most ho - ly name. While he af - fords his aid I can - not yield to

A his most ho - ly name. While he af - fords his gra - cious aid, I

T his most ho - ly name. While he af - fords his aid, I

B his most ho - ly name. While he af - fords his aid, I

48

S fear; Though I should walk through death's dark shade, My Shep - herd's with me there. *molto rit.*

A can - not yield to fear; Death's dark shade, My Shep - herd's with me there.

T can - not yield to fear; Death's dark shade, My Shep - herd's with me there.

B can - not yield to fear; Death's dark shade, My Shep - herd's with me there.

54

S In sight of all my foes, Thou dost my ta - ble spread. My cup with bles - sing o - ver - flows, And

A In sight of all my foes, Thou dost my ta - ble spread. My cup with bles - sing o - ver - flows, And

T In sight of all my foes, Thou dost my ta - ble spread. My cup with bles - sing o - ver - flows, And

B In sight of all my foes, Thou dost my ta - ble spread. My cup with bles - sing o - ver - flows, And

60

S joy ex - alts my head. The boun - ties of thy love Shall crown my foll' - wing days; Nor

A joy ex - alts my head. The boun - ties of thy love Shall crown my foll' - wing days; Nor

T joy ex - alts my head. The boun - ties of thy love Shall crown my foll' - wing days; Nor

B joy ex - alts my head. The boun - ties of thy love Shall crown my foll' - wing days; Nor

66

S from thy house will I re - move, Nor cease to speak thy praise. 7

A from thy house will I re - move, Nor cease to speak thy praise. 7

T from thy house will I re - move, Nor cease to speak thy praise. 7

B from thy house will I re - move, Nor cease to speak thy praise. 7