

The 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,
Even for His own Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff my 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 forevermore
My dwelling place shall be.

Words: Scottish Psalter

Music: Richard Swan

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