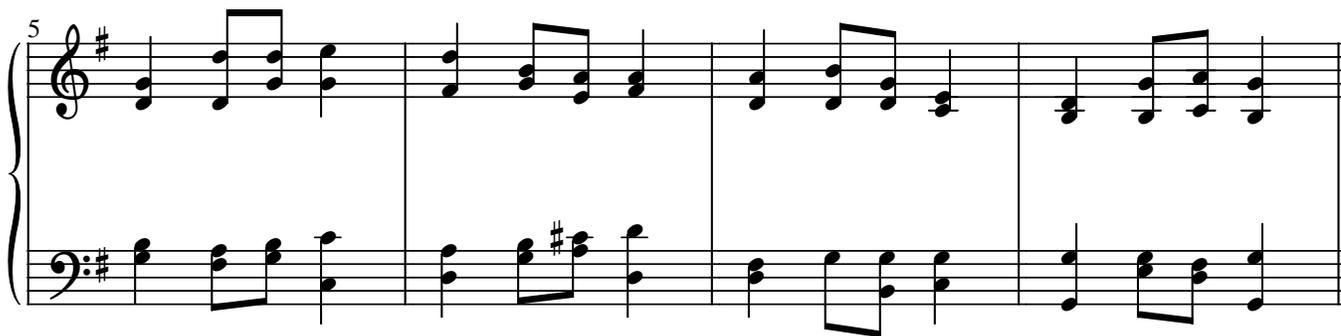


The Lord my shepherd is

Lowell Mason, 1830



The 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 heav'nly 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.

Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessing overflows,
And joy exults 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.

Isaac Watts