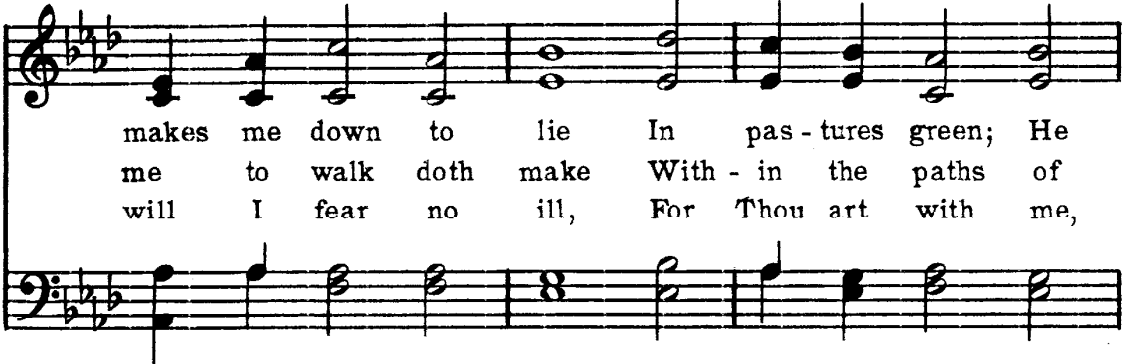
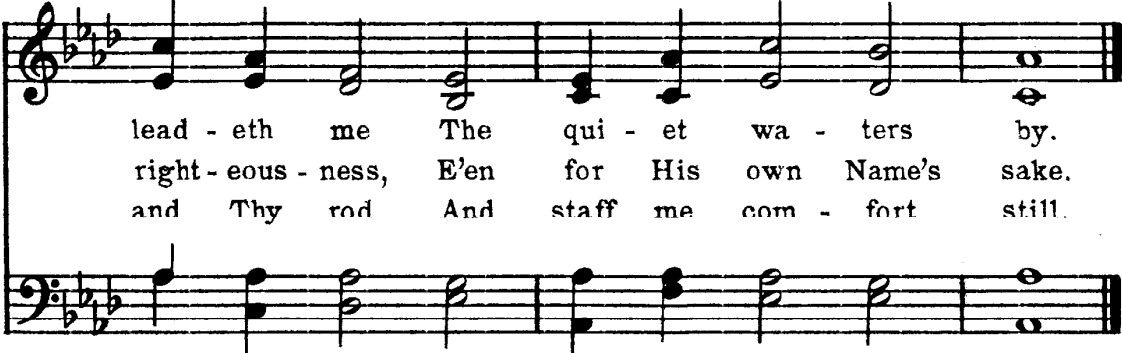


1 The Lord's my Shep - herd, I'll not want; He
 2 My soul He doth re - store a - gain, And
 3 Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale, Yet



makes me down to lie In pas - tures green; He
 me to walk doth make With - in the paths of
 will I fear no ill, For Thou art with me,



lead - eth me The qui - et wa - ters by.
 right - eous - ness, E'en for His own Name's sake.
 and Thy rod And staff me com - fort still.

4 A table Thou hast furnished me
 In presence of my foes;
 My head Thou dost with oil anoint.
 And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
 Shall surely follow me,
 And in God's house forevermore
 My dwelling-place shall be.