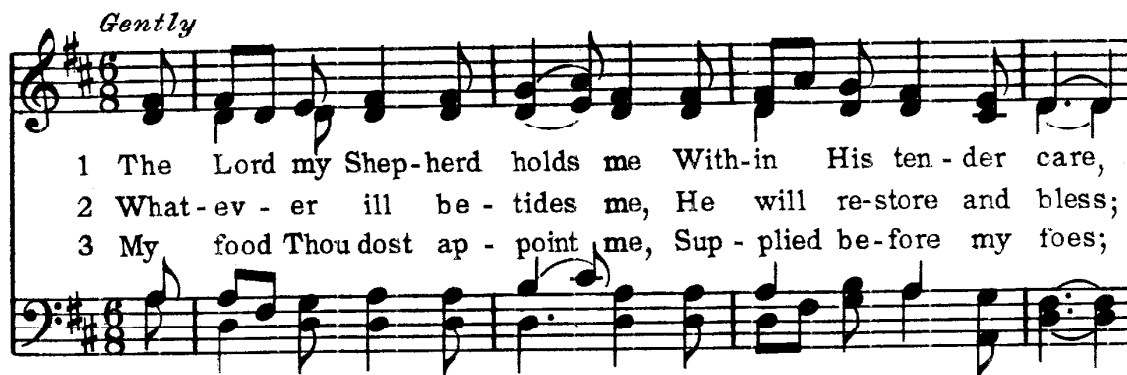
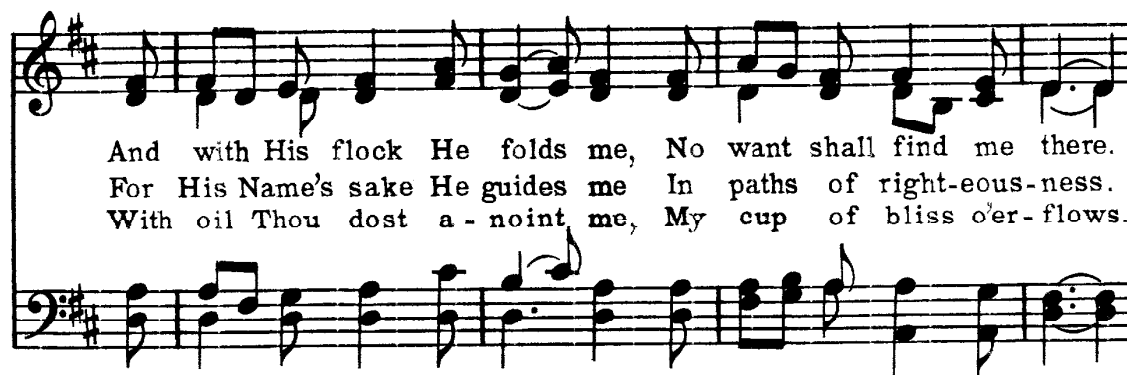


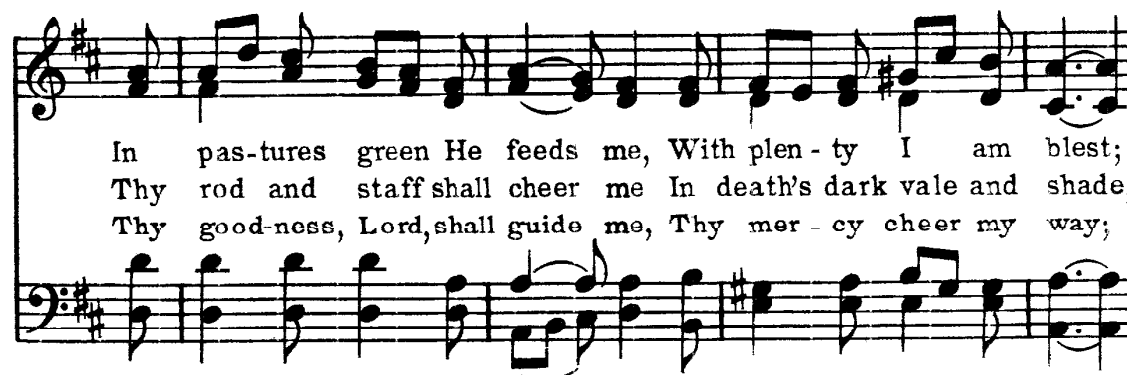
Gently



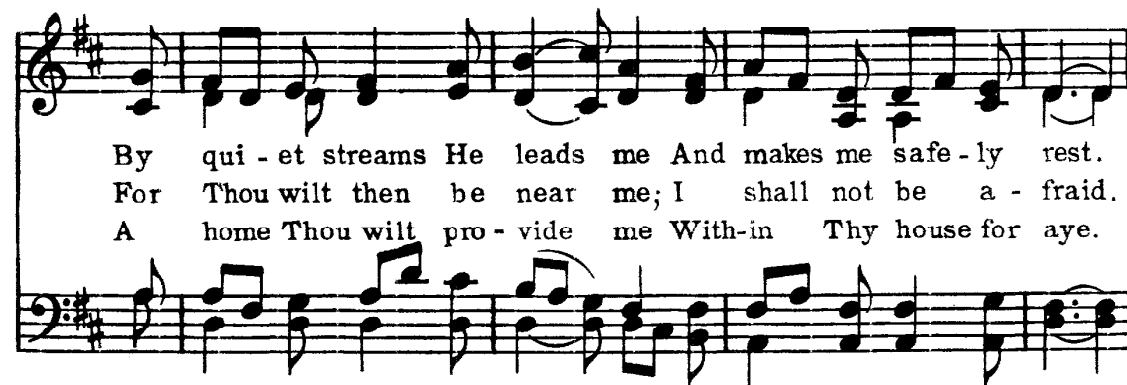
1 The Lord my Shep-herd holds me With-in His ten-der care,
 2 What-ev-er ill be-tides me, He will re-store and bless;
 3 My food Thou dost ap-point me, Sup-plied be-fore my foes;



And with His flock He folds me, No want shall find me there.
 For His Name's sake He guides me In paths of right-eous-ness.
 With oil Thou dost a-noint me, My cup of bliss o'er-flows.



In pas-tures green He feeds me, With plen-ty I am blest;
 Thy rod and staff shall cheer me In death's dark vale and shade,
 Thy good-ness, Lord, shall guide me, Thy mer-cy cheer my way;



By qui-et streams He leads me And makes me safe-ly rest.
 For Thou wilt then be near me; I shall not be a-fraid.
 A home Thou wilt pro-vide me With-in Thy house for aye.

(Alternate tune: EWING, No. 471)