

## **My Shepherd will supply my need**

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    Jehovah is His Name;  
in pastures fresh he makes me feed,  
    beside the living stream.  
He brings my wandering spirit back  
    when I forsake his ways,  
and leads me, for his mercy's sake,  
    in paths of truth and grace.

When I walk through the shades of death  
    his presence is my stay;  
one word of his supporting grace  
    drives all my fears away.  
His hand, in sight of all my foes,  
    doth still my table spread;  
my cup with blessings overflows,  
    his oil anoints my head.

The sure provisions of my God  
    attend me all my days;  
O may thy house be my abode,  
    and all my work be praise.  
There would I find a settled rest,  
    while others go and come;  
no more a stranger, nor a guest,  
    but like a child at home.