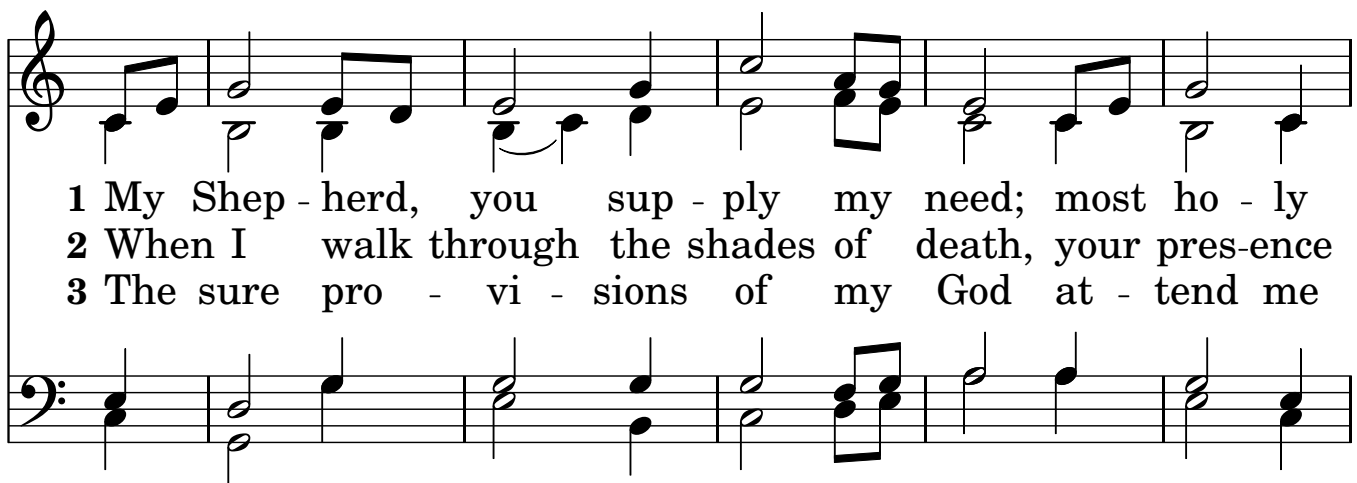
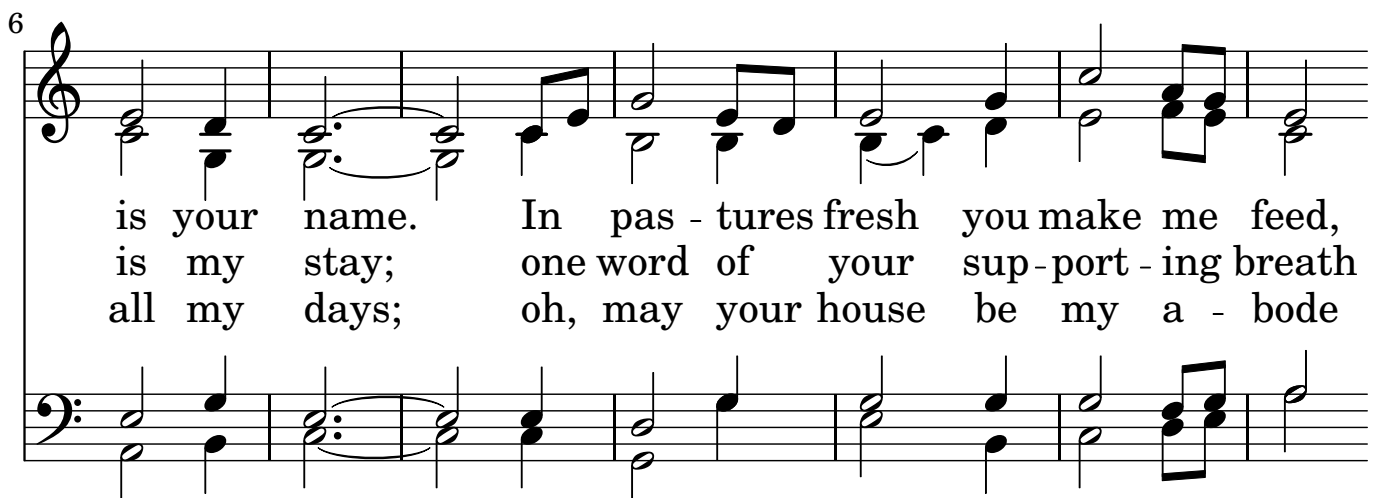


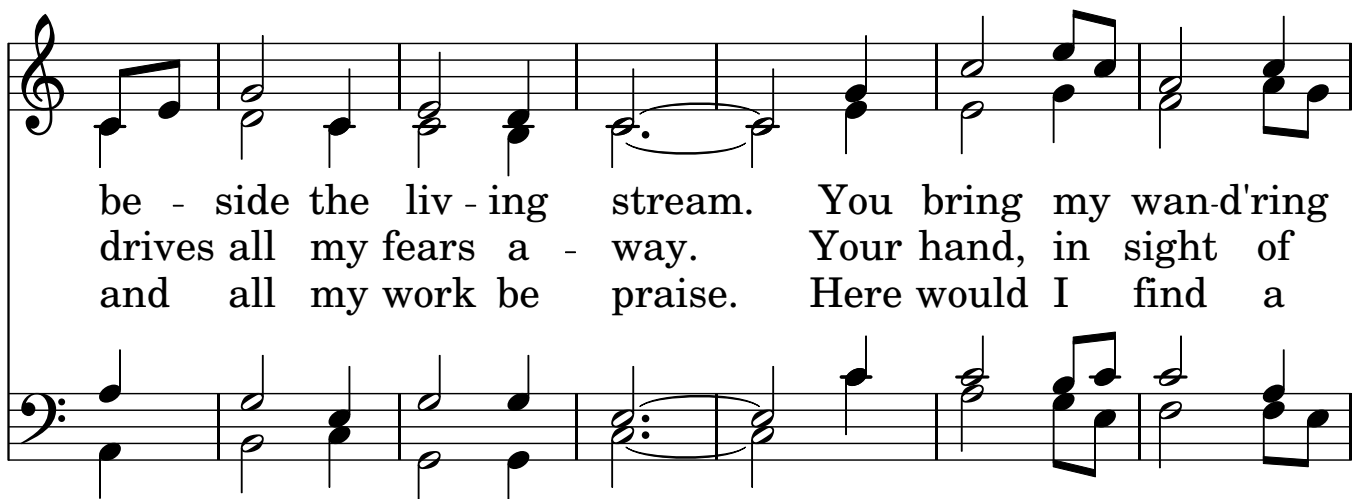


1 My Shep - herd, you sup - ply my need; most ho - ly
2 When I walk through the shades of death, your pres - ence
3 The sure pro - vi - sions of my God at - tend me

6



is your name. In pas - tures fresh you make me feed,
is my stay; one word of your sup - port - ing breath
all my days; oh, may your house be my a - bode



be - side the liv - ing stream. You bring my wan - d'ring
drives all my fears a - way. Your hand, in sight of
and all my work be praise. Here would I find a

19

spir - it back when I for-sake your ways, and lead me,
all my foes, does still my ta - ble spread; my cup with
set - tled rest, while oth - ers go and come; no more a

26

for your mer - cy's sake, in paths of truth and grace.
bless-ings o - ver-flows, your oil a-noints my head.
strang-er or a guest, but like a child at home.