My Shepherd, You Supply My Need

1 My Shepherd, you supply my need; most holy is your name; in pastures fresh you make me feed, beside the living stream. You bring my wand'ring spirit back, when I forsake your ways; you lead me for your mercy's sake, in paths of truth and grace.

2 When through the shades of death I walk, your presence is my stay; one word of your supply, I tend me all my days; oh, may your house be poring breath drives all my fears away. Your my abode, and all my work be praise. Here would I find a settled rest, while others make your ways; your table spread; your cup with blessings go and come; no more a stranger, overflows, your oil points my head. nor a guest, but like a child at home.

3 Your sure provisions, gracious God at—

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