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.

2. When through the shades of death I walk, your presence is my stay; one word of your poring breath drives all my fears away. oh, may your house be my abode, and all my work be praise.

3. Your sure provisions, gracious God attend me all my days; you bring my wand'ring spirit back, when I forsake your ways; Your hand in sight of all my foes, does still my table spread; Here would I find a settled rest, while others go and come;

4. You lead me for your mercy's sake, in paths of truth and grace. my cup with blessings overflows, your oil anoints my head. no more a stranger, nor a guest, but like a child at home.

Text: Isaac Watts (1674-1748), alt.
Tune: North American traditional

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