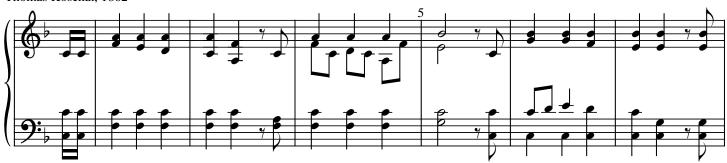
The Lord is my shepherd

Thomas Koschat, 1862







The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest; He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow, Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.

Through valley and shadow of death though I stray, Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear; Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

In midst of affliction my table is spread; With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er; With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head; O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God, Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above; I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod, Through land of their sojourn, Thy Kingdom of love.

James Montgomery