

# Psalm 23

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Paraphrase: George Herbert (1593-1633)

Psalm 23

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1. The God of love my shep - herd is, And He that doth me feed: While  
 2. Or if I stray, He doth con - vert, And bring my mind in frame: And  
 3. No, you make me to sit and dine, E'en in my e - ne-mies' sight: My

D Bm G D G Em D A

D 0 2 3 2 3 1 0 1  
 A 0 0 1 2 1 2 0 0 1 1 0 1  
 B 2 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 1

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He is mine, and I am His, What can I want or need? He  
 all this not for my de - sert, But for His ho - ly name. Yes,  
 head with oil, my cup with wine, Runs o - ver day and night. Sure-

D Bm G D G Em/A Dsus D

D 0 2 3 2 3 3 3 2  
 A 0 0 1 2 1 2 0 0 1 1 2 0 0  
 B 2 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0

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leads me to the ten - der grass, Where I both feed and rest; Then  
 in death's sha - dy black a - bode, Well may I walk, not fear: For  
 ly your sweet and won - drous love, Shall meas - ure all my days. And

D F#m G/E F#m G Em G/E A

D 0 2 3 2 0 1 1 1  
 A 0 2 3 2 1 1 1 0 0  
 B 2 3 4 4 5 4 3 4 2 3 2 1 0 1 1 0 0

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to the streams that gent - ly pass: In both I have the best.  
 you are with me, with your rod To guide, your staff to bear.  
 as it nev - er shall re - move, So neith - er shall my praise.

D Bm G D G Em/A Dsus D

D 0 2 3 2 3 3 3 2  
 A 0 0 1 2 1 2 0 0 1 1 2 0 0  
 B 2 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0