

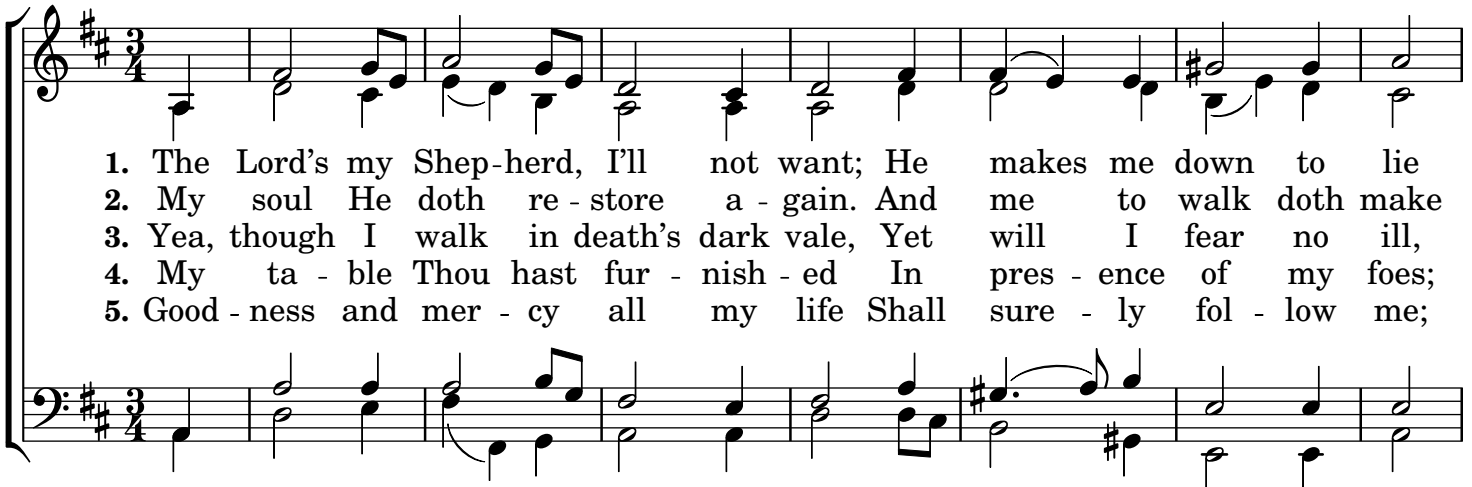
The Lord's My Shepherd

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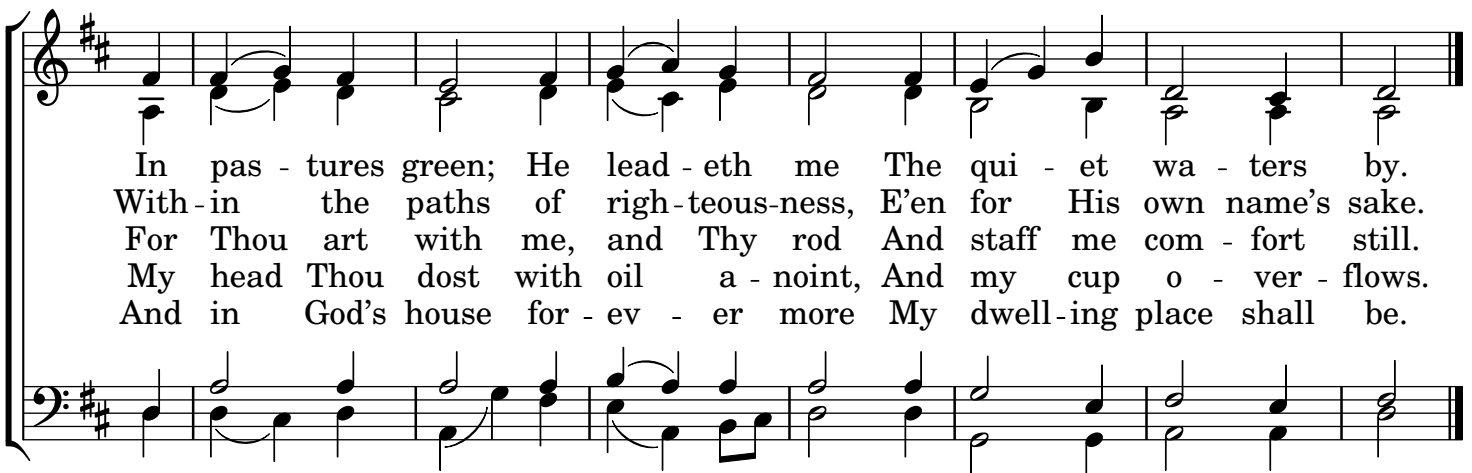
Scottish Psalter (1650)

SATB

Jessie S. Irvine



1. The Lord's my Shep-herd, I'll not want; He makes me down to lie
2. My soul He doth re-store a-gain. And me to walk doth make
3. Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale, Yet will I fear no ill,
4. My ta-ble Thou hast fur-nish-ed In pres-ence of my foes;
5. Good-ness and mer-cy all my life Shall sure-ly fol-low me;



In pas-tures green; He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.
With-in the paths of righ-teous-ness, E'en for His own name's sake.
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.
My head Thou dost with oil a-noint, And my cup o-ver-flows.
And in God's house for-ev-er more My dwell-ing place shall be.