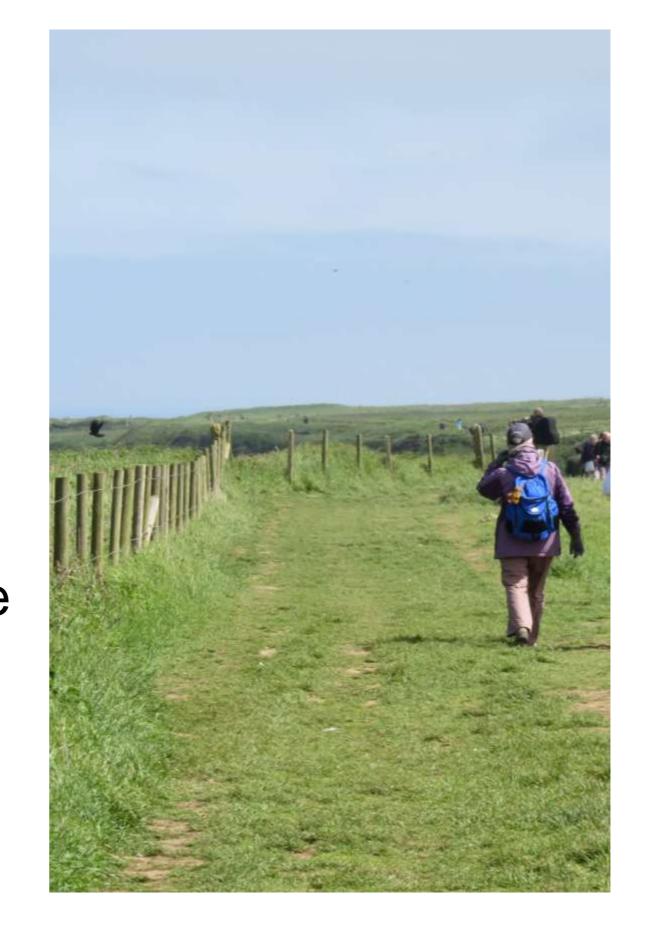


The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want; He makes me down to lie In pastures green; he leadeth me The quiet waters by.



My soul he doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.



Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale, Yet will I fear no ill: For thou art with me, and thy rod And staff me comfort still.



My table thou hast furnished In presence of my foes; My head thou dost with oil anoint And my cup overflows.



Goodness and mercy all my life Shall surely follow me; And in God's house for evermore My dwelling-place shall be.

