



# PSALM 23

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.

