

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,  
Even 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 my comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnishèd  
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 forevermore  
My dwelling place shall be.