My Shepherd Will Supply My Need

SAB

Psalm 23
Paraphrased by Isaac Watts

American Folk Hymn
from Southern Harmony 1835
arr by Linda Pratt

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My Shepherd will supply my needs. Jehovah is His name.

In pastures fresh He makes me
feed	Beside the living stream.

He brings my wan-d'ring spirit.

Ooh back when I forsake His ways.
And leads me, for His Mercy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.

When I walk thru the shades of
death, Thy presence is my stay;

A word of Thy supporting

breath Drives all my fears a way.
Thy hand, in sight of all my foes, Doth still my table spread;

My cup with blessings overflow.
flows; Thine oil anoints my head.
The sure provisions of my God Attend me all my days.

O may Thy house be mine a-
bode, And all my work be praise!

There would I find a

set tled rest (While oth ers

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No more a strang er, or a guest er, But like a child at home.

No more a strang er, or a guest er, But like a child at home.
stranger or a guest. But like a

child at home.