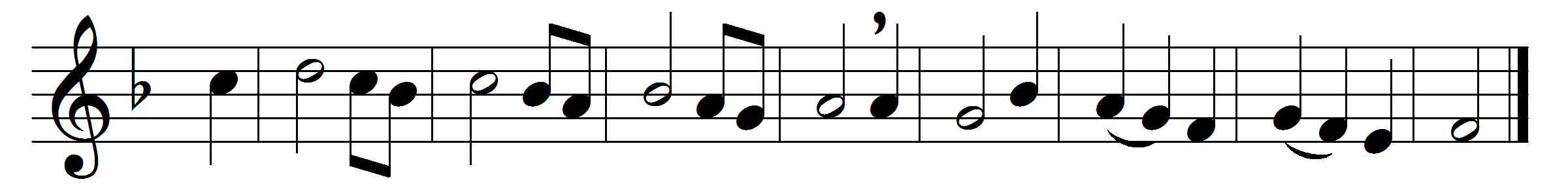
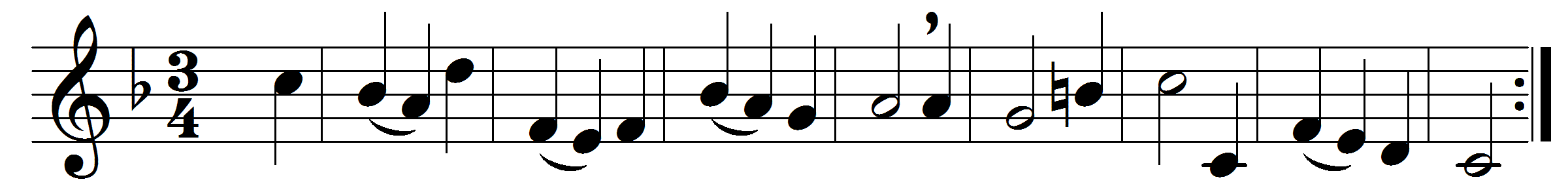
The Lord my pasture shall prepare AMNS 111 Melody: Surrey 8 8. 8 8. 8 8.



The Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
and feed me with a shepherd’s care;  
his presence shall my wants supply,  
and guard me with a watchful eye;  
my noonday walks he shall attend,  
and all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
to fertile vales and dewy meads  
my weary wandering steps he leads,  
where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in a bare and rugged way  
through devious lonely wilds I stray,  
thy bounty shall my pains beguile;  
the barren wilderness shall smile  
with sudden greens and herbage crowned,  
and streams shall murmur all around.

Though in the paths of death I tread,  
with gloomy horrors overspread,  
my steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
for thou, O Lord, art with me still:  
thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
and guide me through the dreadful shade.

Words: Joseph Addison (1672-1719)

Music: Henry Carey (c. 1690-1743)