

The Lord's My Shepherd, I'll Not Want  
by Charles Wesley

1 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.

2 My soul he doth restore again,  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
Even for his own name sake.

3 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.

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

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