

My Shepherd Is the Living Lord

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Karl Reissiger(1798-1859)

My shepherd is the living Lord;
Now shall my wants be well supplied;
His providence and holy Word
Become my safety and my guide.

In pastures where salvation grows
He makes me feed, He makes me rest;
There living water gently flows,
And all the food's divinely blest.

My wandering feet His ways mistake,
But He restores my soul to peace,
And leads me, for His mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.

Though I walk through the gloomy vale
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my Shepherd's with me there.

Amidst the darkness and the deeps,
Thou art my comfort, Thou my stay;
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

The sons of earth, and sons of hell,
Gaze at Thy goodness, and repine
To see my table spread so well
With living bread and cheerful wine.

How I rejoice when on my head
Thy Spirit condescends to rest!
'Tis a divine anointing, shed
Like oil of gladness at a feast.

Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend His household all their days;
There will I dwell to hear His Word,
To seek His face, and sing His praise.