

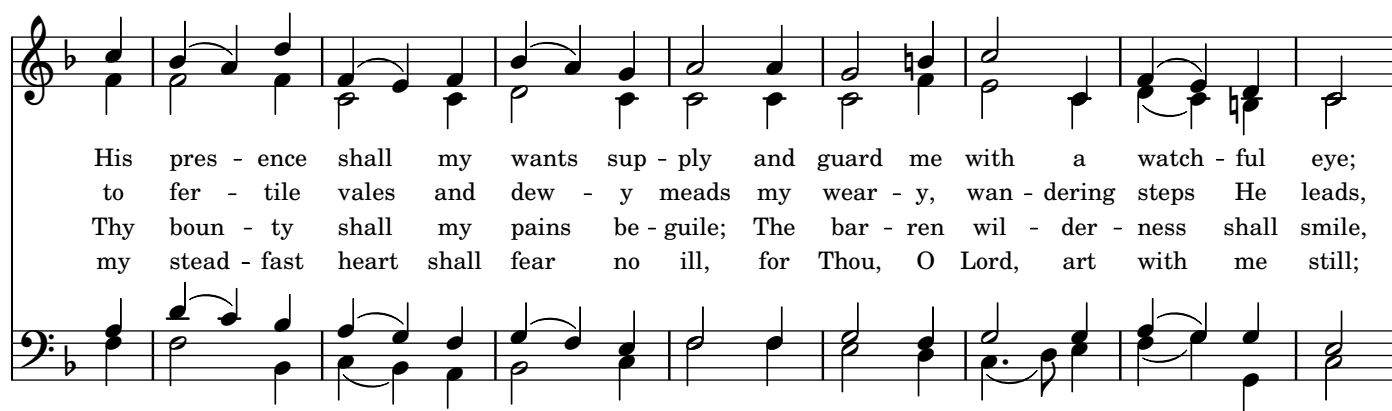
The Lord My Pasture Shall Prepare

Text: Joseph Addison, 1712

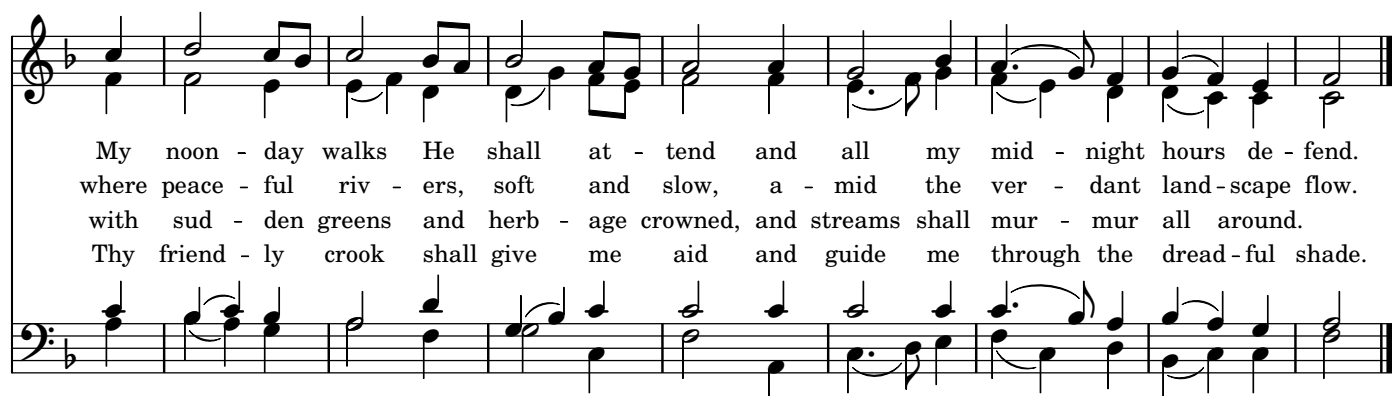
Tune: Henry Carey, 1723



1. The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare and feed me with a shep - herd's care;
2. When in the sul - try glebe I faint or on the thirst - y moun - tain pant,
3. Though in a bare and rug - ged way, through de - vious lone - ly wilds, I stray,
4. Though in the paths of death I tread, with gloom - y hor - rors o - ver - spread,



His pres - ence shall my wants sup - ply and guard me with a watch - ful eye;
to fer - tile vales and dew - y meads my wear - y, wan - dering steps He leads,
Thy boun - ty shall my pains be - guile; The bar - ren wil - der - ness shall smile,
my stead - fast heart shall fear no ill, for Thou, O Lord, art with me still;



My noon - day walks He shall at - tend and all my mid - night hours de - fend.
where peace - ful riv - ers, soft and slow, a - mid the ver - dant land - scape flow.
with sud - den greens and herb - age crowned, and streams shall mur - mur all around.
Thy friend - ly crook shall give me aid and guide me through the dread - ful shade.