

The Lord, My Shepherd Still Has Been

B \flat

Con moto



1. The Lord, my Shep-herd still has been, There - fore no want I know;
2. He makes my soul at peace to be From pain and sore dis - tress,
3. Yea, tho' death's dark-some vale I trod, Yet would I fear no ill,
4. Thou dost for me a ta - ble spread In pres - ence of my foes,
5. Good - ness and mer - cy stead - fast - ly Shall fol - low me al - ways,



He lead - eth me in pas - tures green And where calm wa - ters flow.
And for His name's sake guid - eth me In paths of right - eous - ness.
For e - ven there Thy staff and rod Would be my com - fort still.
With oil a - noint - est thou my head, My cup it o - ver - flows.
And in the house of God shall I Dwell to the end of days.

