My shepherd will supply my needs



Doth still my table spread, My cup with blessings overflows, Thine oil anoints my head.

Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,

3. The sure provisions of my God Attend me all my days: O may thy house be mine abode, And all my work be praise! There would I find a settled rest, While others go and come; No more a stranger or a guest, But like a child at home.

Circled numbers correspond with lines of text; original key D; alto bar 22; original f# g e' (i. e. first two notes an octave lower); ornaments realised.

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