The Twenty-third Psalme

D J Loxley-Blount
144. The Twenty-third Psalme.

HE God of love my shepherd is,
And he that doth me feed:
While he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender grass,
Where I both feed and rest;
Then to the streams that gently passe:
In both I have the best.

Or if I stray, he doth convert,
And bring my minde in frame:
And all this not for my desirt,
But for his holy name.

Yes, in deaths shadie black abode
Well may I walk, not fear:
For thou art with me, and thy rod
To guide, thy staffe to bear.

Nay, thou dost make me sit and dine,
Ev'n in my enemies sight;
My head with oyl, my cup with wine
Runnes over day and night.

Surely thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my dayes;
And as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my praise.


*The Twenty-third Psalme*
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George Herbert

Andante con moto
c. \( \frac{7}{6} \)

The God of love my shep-herd is, And he that doth me feed: While he is

Andante con moto
c. \( \frac{7}{6} \)

mine, and I am his, What can I want or need? He leads me to the

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mild grasse; Where I both feed, and rest; Then to the streams that gen-tly passe; In
both I have the best.

Or if I stray, he doth convert And bring my minde.

in frame: And all this not for my des-ert But for his ho-ly name.

Yea, in deaths shad-ie black a-bode Well may I walk, not fear: For thou art

with me; And thy rod To guide, thy staffe to bear.
Nay, thou dost make me sit and dine, Ev'n in my enemies sight: My head with oil, my cup with wine Runnes over day and night. Sure ly thy sweet and won-drous love Shall measure all my dayes; And as it never shall re-move So nei-ther shall my praise.

poco rit.  
Meno mosso

poco rit.  
Meno mosso