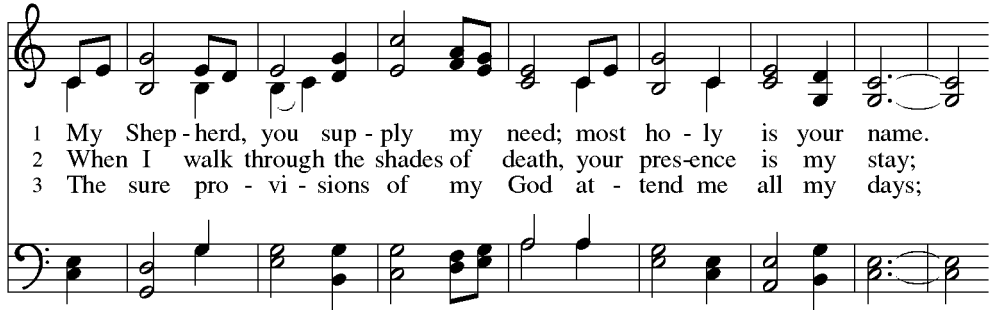
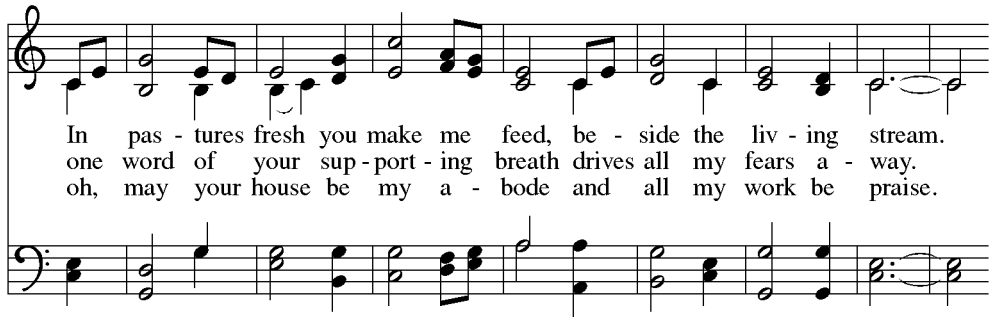


# My Shepherd, You Supply My Need



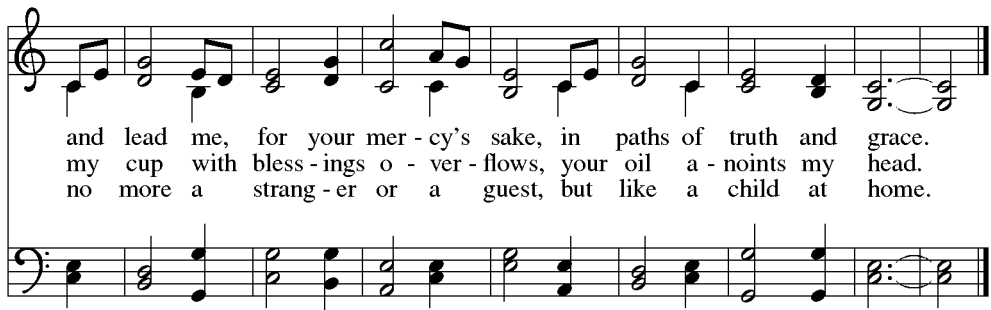
1 My Shep-herd, you sup-ply my need; most ho-ly is your name.  
2 When I walk through the shades of death, your pres-ence is my stay;  
3 The sure pro-vi-sions of my God at-tend me all my days;



In pas-tures fresh you make me feed, be-side the liv-ing stream.  
one word of your sup-port-ing breath drives all my fears a-way.  
oh, may your house be my a-bode and all my work be praise.



You bring my wan-d'ring spir-it back when I for-sake your ways,  
Your hand, in sight of all my foes, does still my ta-ble spread;  
Here would I find a set-tled rest, while oth-ers go and come;



and lead me, for your mer-cy's sake, in paths of truth and grace.  
my cup with bless-ings o-ver-flows, your oil a-noints my head.  
no more a strang-er or a guest, but like a child at home.