

1. While my Re-deem-er's near, My Shep-herd and my Guide, I bid fare-well to eve-ry fear; My wants are all sup-plied.

2. To ev-er-fra-grant meads, Where rich a-bun-dance grows, His gra-cious hand in-dulgent leads, And guards my sweet re- pose.

3. A-long the lone-ly scene, Cool wa-ters gent-ly roll, Trans-par-ent, sweet, and all se-rene, To cheer my faint-ing soul.

4. Dear Shep-herd, if I stray, My wand-'ring feet re-store; And guard me with thy watch-ful eye, And let me rove no more.