

The Lord my pasture shall prepare

Paraphrased by Joseph Addison (1672-1719)

Psalm 23

"Hymn 18", by Phocion Henley (1724-68)
 Edited by Robert Barr and Francis Roads

Lively [$\text{♩}=80$]

Soprano [Air]
 The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, —

Alto
 The Lord my past - ture shall pre - pare,

Tenor
 The Lord my past - ture shall pre - pare,

Bass
 The Lord my past - ture shall pre - pare,

Keyboard

4

S
 And feed me with a shep - herd's care.

A
 And feed me with a shep - herd's care.

T
 And feed me with a shep - herd's care.

B
 And feed me with a shep - herd's care.

Kbd.

2. When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirstly mountain pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads,
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3. Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still,
 The friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4. Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely woods I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile
 With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

Addison's text appears in *The Spectator* Volume 6 p. 254.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare

9

S His pre - sence shall my wants sup - ply,

A His pre - sence shall my wants sup - ply,

T His pre - sence shall my wants sup - ply,

B His pre - sence shall my wants sup - ply,

Kbd.

12

S And guard me with a watch - ful eye.

A And guard me with a watch - ful eye.

T And guard me with a watch - ful eye.

B And guard me with a watch - ful eye.

Kbd.

2. ...

To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3. ...

My steadfast heart shall fear no ill
For thou, O Lord, art with me still,
The friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4. ...

Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

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17

S
My noon - day walks he shall at - tend,

A
My noon - day walks he shall at - tend,

T
My noon - day walks he shall at - tend,

B
My noon - day walks he shall at - tend,

Kbd.

20

S
And all my mid - night hours de - fend.

A
And all my mid - night hours de - fend.

T
And all my mid - night hours de - fend.

B
And all my mid - night hours de - fend.

Kbd.

2. ...
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3. ...
The friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4. ...
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.