

CRIMOND

David Grant
Descant by W. Baird Ross

1. The Lord's my shep - herd, I'll not dark want. He
2. Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale yet
3. My soul He doth res - tore a - gain; and
4. My ta - ble and Thou hast cy fur - ni - shed in
5. Good - ness and mer - cy all my life shall

1. makes me down to lie. In pas - tures green He
2. will I fear no ill; for Thou art the paths of me
3. me to walk doth make. Wi - thin the dost with of
4. pre - sence of my foes; my head in God's house with oil for
5. sure - ly fol - low me; and in God's house with oil for

1. lea - deth me the qui - et wa - ters by.
2. and thy rod and staff me com - fort still.
3. righ - teous - ness, ev'n for His own name's sake.
4. a - no - int and my cup ling o - ver - flows.
5. e - ver - more my dwell - ling place shall be.