

To John Macdonald

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

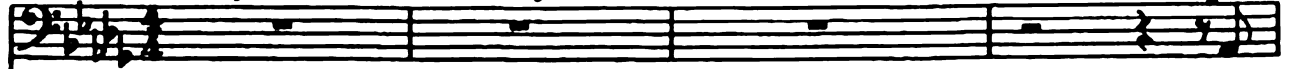
PSALM XXIII

Compass: 

LEO SOWERBY

Quietly, but not too slowly

Voice



The

Sw. strings, 8'

Organ



Choir: soft 8' coupled to Sw.

Pedal

Lord is my shep-herd: there-fore can I lack no-thing. He— shall feed me



in a green pas-ture: and lead me forth be-side the wa-ters of com-fort.



pp

He shall con-vert my soul: and

pp

Sw. Ch.

bring me forth in the paths of right-eous-ness for his Name's sake.

Solo: string 8'

increase Sw. reduce Sw.

p Sw.

pp

Yea, though I walk through the val - ley of the shad - ow of death, I will

very soft strings, 8'

pp

fear no ev - il: for thou art with me,

increase Sw. slightly

Oh.

tranquilly

thy rod and thy staff com - - fort me.

slightly faster and more animated

Sw. strings, flutes, and soft reed

p Sw.

mf

Thou shalt prepare a

ta - ble be - fore me — a - gainst them that trou - ble me:

increase Sw.

thou hast a-nointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be

ff

full.

reduce Sw.

retarding gradually

But thy lov - ing kind - ness and mer - cy shall

registration as at first
pp

fol - low me all the days of my life. and I will dwell in the house of the Lord

p *pp* *p* *pp* *p* *pp*

for ev - er.

reduce Sw.

pp *pp* *ppp*