

John Michael Talbot, The Lord Is My Shepherd (P)

The lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want
Beside restful waters
I am there
In the pasture of plenty
My soul lies down

So come all you thirsty
Your soul shall be refreshed
And come all you afflicted
And be healed
For though we walk
In the darkness now
No evil shall be feared
If the light of his banner
Be at our side

The lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want
Beside restful waters
I am there
In the pasture of plenty
My soul lies down

And come
All you hungry
At the table by his bread
And come now
And be annointed
Overflow
With his goodness
And his kindness
For the rest of your years
As you dwell within the hosue
Of our lord

The lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want
Beside restful waters
I am there
In the pasture of plenty
My soul lies down