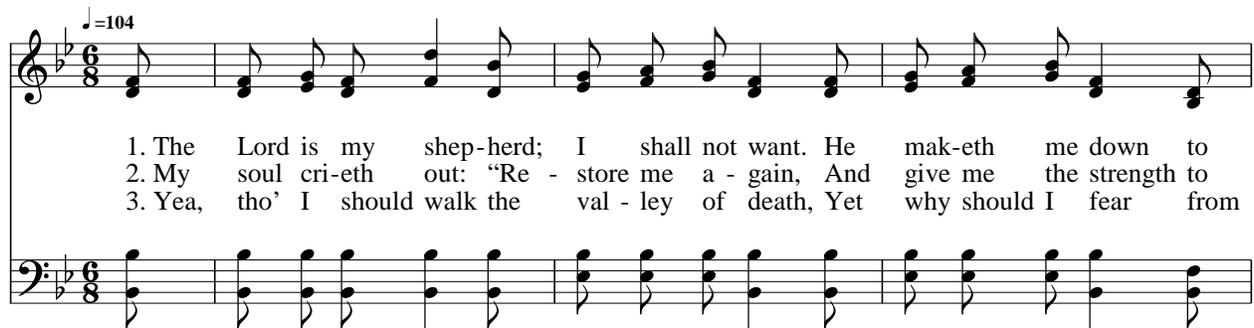


His Yoke Is Easy

Ralph Erskine Hudson, 1885

$\text{♩} = 104$

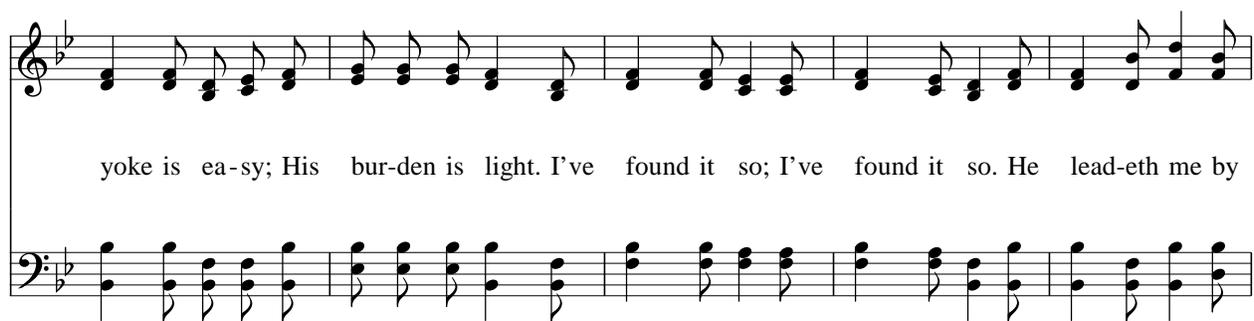


1. The Lord is my shep-herd; I shall not want. He mak-eth me down to
2. My soul cri-eth out: "Re - store me a - gain, And give me the strength to
3. Yea, tho' I should walk the val - ley of death, Yet why should I fear from

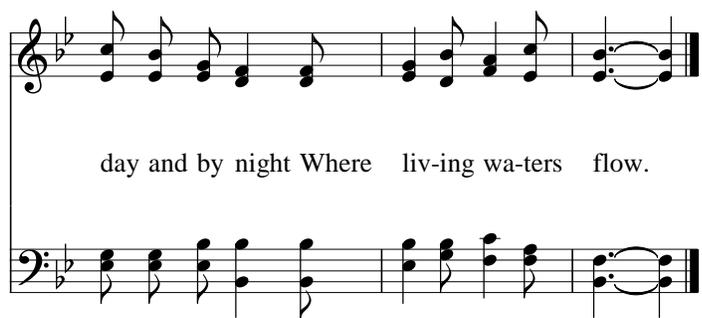
Refrain



lie In pas - tures green He lead-eth me The qui - et wa - ters by.
take The nar - row path of right-eous-ness, E'en for His own name's sake." His
ill? For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.



yoke is ea-sy; His bur-den is light. I've found it so; I've found it so. He lead-eth me by



day and by night Where liv-ing wa-ters flow.