

The King of Love My Shepherd Is

1 The King of love my shep - herd is, whose good - ness
 2 Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow my ran - somed
 3 Per - verse and fool - ish oft I strayed, but yet in
 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill with thee, dear

fail - eth nev - er; I noth - ing lack if
 soul he lead - eth, and where the ver - dant
 love he sought me, and on his shoul - der
 Lord, be - side me; thy rod and staff my

I am his and he is mine for - ev - er.
 pas - tures grow, with food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
 gent - ly laid, and home, re - joic - ing, brought me.
 com - fort still, thy cross be - fore to guide me.

5 Thou spreadest a table in my sight;
 thy unction grace bestoweth;
 and Oh what transport of delight
 from thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so through all the length of days
 thy goodness faileth never;
 Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
 within thy house forever.

Words: Henry Williams Baker (1868), P. D.

Music: Ancient Irish melody, P. D.