

The King of Love My Shepherd Is



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



good - ness fail - eth nev - er; I noth - ing lack if
 ran - somed soul he lead - eth, and where the ver - dant
 yet in love he sought me, and on his shoul - der
 thee, dear 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: John Bacchus Dykes (1868), P. D.