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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 Con - fused and fool - ish oft I strayed, But
 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill With

good - ness fails me nev - er; I noth - ing lack if
 Sav - ior gent - ly leads me; And where the ver - dant
 yet in love he sought me; And on his shoul - der
 you, dear Lord, be - side me; Your rod and staff my

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

5 You spread a table in my sight,
 A banquet here bestowing;
 Your oil of welcome, my delight;
 My cup is overflowing!

6 And so through all the length of days
 Your goodness fails me never.
 Good Shepherd, may I sing your praise
 Within your house forever!

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Text: Henry W. Baker, 1821-77, alt.
 Tune: Irish melody, c. 18th century, alt.

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