The King of Love My Shepherd Is

1. The King of love my Shepherd is, whose goodness fail eth never. I nothing lack if I am his, and he is mine forever.

2. Where streams of living water flow, my ransom love he sought me; and where the verdant pastures grow, with food celestial feedeth.

3. Perverse and foolish oft I strayed, but yet in love he side me; thy rod and staff my gently laid, and home, rejoicing, brought me. of delight from thy pure charice flow eth!

4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill, with thee, dear Lord, bes tov eth; and oh, what transport sing thy praise within thy house forever.

5. Thou spreadst a table in my sight; thy unction grace bestow eth; and oh, what transport may I

6. And so through all the length of days, thy goodness fail eth never. Good Shepherd, may I

Text: Henry W. Baker, 1868
Tune: Irish Melody; harm. from The English Hymnal, 1906

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