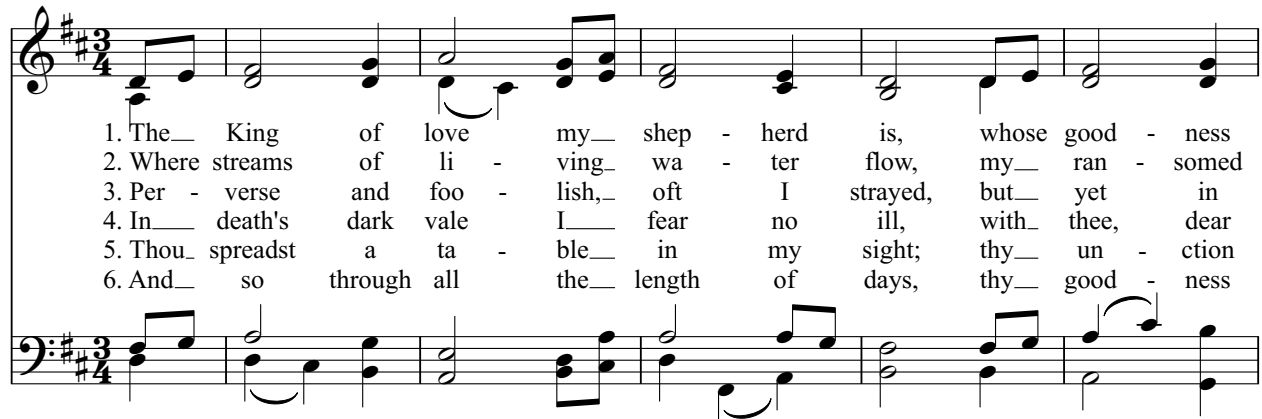


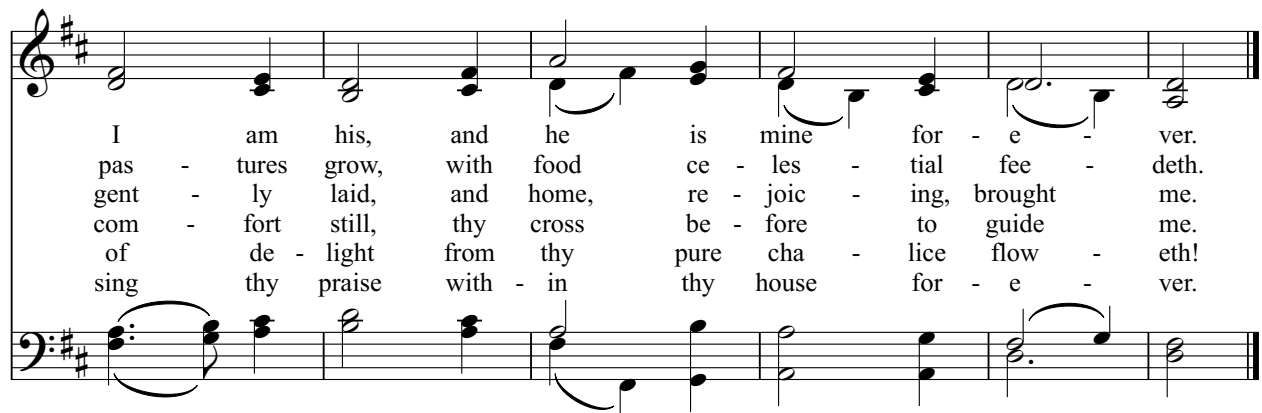
# The King of Love My Shepherd Is



1. The King of love my shep - herd is, whose good - ness  
 2. Where streams of li - ving wa - ter flow, my ran - somed  
 3. Per - verse and foo - lish, oft I strayed, but yet in  
 4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill, with thee, dear  
 5. Thou spreadst a ta - ble in my sight; thy un - ction  
 6. And so through all the length of days, thy good - ness



fail - eth nev - er. I noth - ing lack if  
 soul he lea - deth; and where the ver - dant  
 love he sought me; and on his shoul - der  
 Lord, be - side me; thy rod and staff my  
 grace bes - tow - eth; and oh, what tran - sport  
 fail - eth ne - ver; Good Shep - herd, may I



I am his, and he is mine for - e - ver.  
 pas - tures grow, with food ce - les - tial fee - deth.  
 gent - ly laid, and home, re - joic - ing, brought me.  
 com - fort still, thy cross be - fore to guide me.  
 of de - light from thy pure cha - lice flow - eth!  
 sing thy praise with - in thy house for - e - ver.

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



87 87  
 ST. COLUMBA  
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