

## **The King of Love My Shepherd Is**

The King of love my shepherd is,  
Whose goodness faileth never.  
I nothing lack if I am his,  
And He is mine forever.

Where streams of living water flow,  
My ransomed soul he leadeth;  
And where the verdant pastures grow,  
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,  
But yet in love he sought me;  
And on His shoulder gently laid,  
And home, rejoicing brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill,  
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;  
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spreadst a table in my sight;  
Thy unction grace bestoweth;  
And oh, what transport of delight  
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

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

**Text:** Henry W. Baker, 1868

**Tune:** Irish Melody