

The King of Love My Shepherd Is

8. 7. 8. 7. *Iambic*



1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev-er;
2. Where streams of liv-ing wa-ter flow My ran-somed soul I'll lead-eth,
3. Per-verse and fool-ish oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me,
4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, be-side me;
5. Thou spread'st a ta-ble in my sight; Thy unc-tion grace be-stow-eth;
6. And so thru all the length of days Thy good-ness fail-eth nev-er;



I noth-ing lack if I am His And He is mine for-ev-er.
And where the ver-dant pas-tures grow, With food ce-les-tial feed-eth.
And on His shoul-der gen-tly laid, And home, re-joic-ing, brought me.
Thy rod and staff my com-fort still, Thy cross be-fore to guide me.
And O what trans-port of de-light From Thy pure chal-ice flow-eth.
Good Shep-herd, may I sing Thy praise With-in Thy house for-ev-er. A-men.

