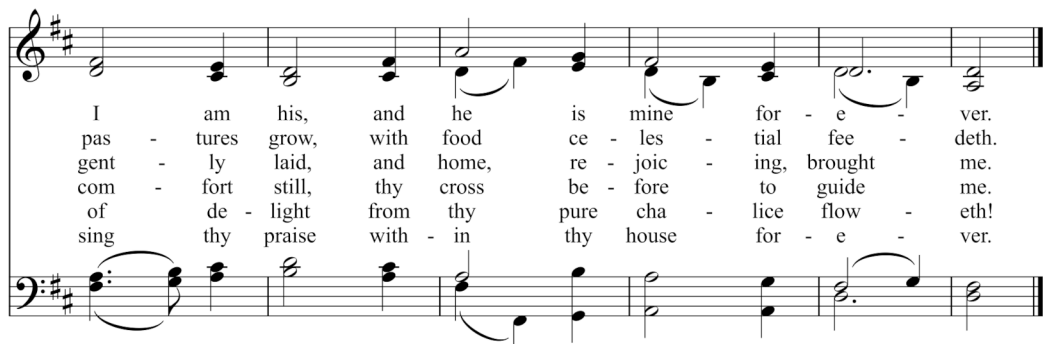




1. The King of love my shep - herd is, whose good - ness
 2. Where streams of li - ving wa - ter flow, my ran - somed
 3. Per - verse and foo - lish, oft I strayed, but yet in
 4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill, with thee, dear
 5. Thou spreadst a ta - ble in my sight; thy un - ction
 6. And so through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

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ST. COLUMBA

www.hymnary.org/text/the_king_of_love_my_shepherd_is